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The small inflatable boat glided up to the big Gibson houseboat that was anchored out in the back country of the lower keys. The houseboat had been there for over a month now and a young couple lived on it full time. They had made every effort to find a home in Key West, but no luck. There just never was anything available in the area that met their price range.

The husband, Harry Adams, had equipped the boat with enough solar panels and a wind driven generator to furnish all of the electrical power they needed. They even had a desaltinator unit that converted the saltwater to fresh water in an amount that met their requirements.

Harry was coming home from work when he tied his small but very fast inflatable boat up to the houseboat. His wife, a voluptuous but petite blonde greeted him in the nude. Jean never wore any clothes on the houseboat. She never needed to because very seldom were there any other boats around or people to stare at her. Both she and her husband were devoted nudists.

"Hi Baby Doll, "the young husband greeted his nude wife when he took her into his arms and kissed her deeply. The two of them kissed and hugged each other as if they had been separated for a very long time, not just ten hours that day. His hands ran up and down her thirty five inch hips and caressed her generous ass cheeks. He noticed something different about the way she greeted him and he gently pushed her away from his body and asked.

"What's wrong, Baby Doll. You seem awful nervous this evening?"

"Oh, it's nothing, just woman's nerves." She replied holding him tightly to her body again. Pressing her big thirty four see cup breasts in his chest.

"Yes, there is, now what is it?" he asked again.

"Okay, but don't get yourself all upset about it." She told him quickly. "There was a boat close by today with a young man in it that was watching me with binoculars. I was up on the upper deck, reading and he kept watching me the whole morning."

"Probably a voyeur just wanting to see your beautiful nude body, Baby doll." Her husband tried to reassure her, but delighted that someone would be interested in her nude body enough to take the time to spy on her.

"No I don't think so. He has been out here several times, but today he was a lot closer and he seems to get a lot bolder each time. I think he has some thing besides looking in his mind for me." She shivered when she said that to her husband, all the time thinking of her erotic fantasy about a young man when her husband makes love to her in his boring way.

"We can always move the boat to some other anchorage, Baby Doll. Where would you like to be if we do move it?" He asked her.

"I don't want to move from this place. I love it here. The privacy is what I have always wanted and I can always take the Whaler and run into the Marina for the mail and anything I might need. No I don't want to move any closer to town than I am right now."

Harry thought about a fantasy that he had mentioned to his wife a long time ago, and a lewd idea raced through his mind when he began to put his thoughts into words.

"Maybe we should get a guard dog, one that is big and vicious looking. That should keep any

strangers off our boat. I don't think you would have any problems then and you could be more at ease when you are alone all day."

"Get a dog! You know I never wanted a big dog and besides the first thing you would be trying, is to get me to do it with him while you watch. I haven't forgotten that crazy idea you had when we were living in the Philippines when we kept Erick's guard dog for him." She had an angry pout on her face, but deep down she had a very exciting erotic shiver going through her body at the thought of what her husband had suggested many months ago. That occurred another time when she said she was very bored with the way they did sex one night a week and it always had to be either Friday or Saturday. She had mentioned her dissatisfaction with his sexual performance many times after that.

"Aw, come off of it, Baby Doll. A guard dog is just what we need out here. We both could sleep a lot better at night if we had a dog that would alert us if someone tried to sneak up on us and get aboard. You never know when somebody might get the idea that we have something of value here to steal and they would cut our throats just to get it." He watched his wife's alarm and reaction to what he had just said. He saw that she was thinking hard about it.

Jean looked out across the water and slowly back at him when she replied. "What kind of guard dog do you have in mind?"

"How would you like a half Wolf and half German Shepherd dog? One that would grow up to be at least a hundred pounds so he could handle anyone that might try to attack you. I understand that they get very possessive of their owners and will fight to the death to protect them. The reason I said part Wolf is that he would be very quiet and not bark unless someone was actually going after you or me."

"Maybe I would feel a lot safer if I had a companion like that around, Honey, but where in the world would you find that kind of dog?" She asked.

Harry had never mentioned it to Jean, but he had been investigating the possibility of getting just such a dog ever since they moved out on the houseboat. Many times he worried about Jean's safety, alone on the houseboat all day. He had found an ad in a Dog Breeders magazine that advertised just the kind of dog he wanted for his wife up on the mainland of Florida... The sneaky husband had even gone so far as to call the Breeder and inquired about just such a dog a few months ago.

"Well, if you think you could get along with the dog, I will look into finding one that will suit our purpose." He told her, knowing damn well that all he had to do was call the Breeder and arrange a meeting.

"Well alright. I believe I would like that. I remember my brother's German shepherd when I was small and he never left my side. He was very protective of me and no one would come close to me when he was around. Yes, I think having a dog like that might be a good idea and I could get to like a dog like that too if he would be like Jimmy's dog." She told her husband.

The next day while at work, Harry called the Breeder and began to ask questions on how to obtain the dog he wanted.

"Hi, my name is Harry Adams and I am in the market for a guard dog for my wife." He told the man on the other end of the line when he was greeted with the man's name, Chris.

"Well, Mr. Adams, I have dogs of every kind, and I can give your wife instruction in how to handling a guard dog. Do you have any particular kind in mind?" Chris asked Harry.

"Yes. I was thinking of a half Wolf and half German shepherd. I have read that they make wonderful guard dogs plus a great companion for a woman that is along a lot." Harry was fishing for information on a possible dog to mate with his wife.

"Yes they do make wonderful guard dogs, but as for a companion for a woman, they have to be trained to recognize the commands a woman may give them. It would be best to have your wife train with the dog for a week, so the animal will know how to respond to her commands." Chris stated to Harry.

"I have something else in mind for the dog's duties also." Harry hesitated in coming out directly with the idea of having a dog that would mate with his wife.

Chris heard the hesitation in Harry's voice and he knew from experience what the husband wanted then and he said,

"I think I know what your requirements are for the dog you want, Mr. Adams. I sell and train dogs for many women and husbands that require the animal to be able to please the woman in every way. I think you know what I mean, to give her a lot of pleasure, the kind you normally would give her if you are at home, but when you are away she is deprived of this. Is that what you are looking for, Mr. Adams?"

"Yes" Yes, Chris. I believe that is exactly what she needs and I do want her to enjoy her pet. I have mentioned this to her before, but so far she has been very reluctant to say that a pet like that is what she wants." Now there was no question about what kind of pet Harry wanted his wife to have. He had told this stranger just what he wanted.

"I mentioned one week for training the dog, Mr. Adams. What I was driving at is that your wife would have to take instructions for a week along with the animal on how to handle the dog and train it for her pleasure. It would be best if there are no hang up or inhibitions about performing the duties that will be required of her to please the animal for her to overcome... Do you understand what I am trying to say in a polite way, Mr. Adams?"

"I believe I do understand, Chris. That will be the hardest part for her during the training period with her new pet." Harry replied.

"Yes, that will be a big hurdle for her to overcome. She can be made to accept this and shortly she will enjoy it immensely. All of the men that have bought pets for their wives have enjoyed watching their wife mate with their new pet. The husband gets a thrill watching and of course the wife, thoroughly enjoys the awesome sexual drive of the animal. It is quite thrilling to see her reaction to a very fast and furious coupling with a perfectly trained dog. I'm sure that is just what you want and you're in luck. We have a young dog that is fifty percent wolf and fifty percent German shepherd. He is a beautiful animal and has been trained as a guard dog and now in the first stages of training on mating with a woman. Would you be interested in this animal?"

"Yes, he is just what I want for my wife, Chris. How much for the animal and the week of training of both my wife and the animal?" Harry asked.

Chris gave Harry the price of both and then added, "If your wife is inhibited about sex and such, I may have to use drugs to get her to forget her hang up for the first two days of instruction on mating. Will you agree to that?"

"What kind of drugs, Chris." Harry asked.

"Just a tranquilizers. It isn't habit forming and once she gets into the training to mate with her new pet, she won't require it anymore." He told the young man.

"Fine, I guess that will be okay. I don't want anything that might endanger her health or mar her beauty." He answered.

"What does your wife look like, Mr. Adams?"

"She is twenty, five feet even and weights one hundred and five pounds. Every pound is in the right place even if I do say so. Her breasts are gorgeous, not small and not too big. She has a tiny waist and thirty five inch hips. I think she has a perfect figure along with a gorgeous face and honey brown hair, and most of all, I love her so much I would die if anything harmed her." He told the Breeder.

"Your description of her makes her to be the perfect woman, Harry. My wife and I will enjoy having her as out guest for the week while she is training with the dog. There is one little thing I might suggest if you want her to really lose all of her inhibitions in one week." His voice had lowered and when he spoke it was very, very lewd.

Harry was so aroused at the thought of his wife mating with a dog that he would agree to anything at that moment, and he asked. "What is this little thing that would help her forget her inhibitions so quickly?"

"It is a little service my wife and I provide for husbands that have wives that are totally inhibited. We teach them the meaning of really way out uninhibited sex, with others, along with the dog. Of course we use the time that the wife is influenced by the drug to convince her that the sex act is wonderful anyway she can have it with man, woman, or animals..." Chris waited for Harry to say something after that statement.

"Are you suggesting that with your training she will do it not only with dogs but with other people, strangers." Harry's cock rose and stiffened like a flag pole at the thought of Jean being a completely wanton wife that he had always dreamed of having.

"Yes, you have the idea, Mr. Adams. She will do anything, anywhere, with anyone you wish when you command her. She will be the wife you have always wanted." He told the eager young husband.

Harry thought about that for a moment before he asked his main concern about it. "How much will it cost me for this additional training, Chris?"

"Oh, I have thought about that and if she is the perfect female that you say she is, my wife and I can give her this training at a great rate. We will deduct twenty five percent from the whole deal if you agree. You know of course, my wife and I will be her trainers to teach her to obey your commands for her new erotic sexual ways"

Harry never hesitated then and asked. "When should I bring her up to your place to start her training? Would Saturday be okay?"

"That would be perfect. The sooner we get started with her training, the better for all concerned, you, your wife, and the animal."

"Great, we will be there at ten Saturday morning, Chris." Then he hung the telephone up.

When Harry shut the outboard motor off and coasted up to their houseboat, Jean was not on the

deck to greet him. He quickly tied the little dingy up to the stern of the big boat and went into the cabin of their home.

Jean was at the kitchen sink, making a salad when he walked up behind her and patted her on the right ass cheek. She was nude except for an apron, as usual and she turned and gave him a quick kiss.

"How was your day, Honey? Did you get all of your problems solved at work?" She asked sweetly.

"Sure did. Did your voyeur show up today?" her husband asked her.

"He sure did and he moved even closer this time. He was so close that I came back inside just to get out of his view. You know, Honey, we are going to have to get that dog pretty quick or I am afraid that that man will do something drastic, like rape me." But this idea wasn't as terrifying as it should be to her. She was thinking of her fantasy of a man that would force her to do his bidding and make her please him so much that it would trigger her hidden passion, bring it out in the open for once. She knew she wanted that, at least once she thought.

"I made a call to a breeder and he said he has just the guard dog for us, but he never sells one of his dogs unless the new owners know how to take care of the animal and how to treat him. It will take seven days of training with the animal before he will let us bring it back here to the boat."

"Is it a German Shepard?" Jean asked.

"Better yet, the dog is a year old and already trained as a guard dog, but need to be trained with you. He has to get to know you and you have to learn the correct commands to handle him. He is half wolf and half German Shepard." He eagerly told his wife.

"The dog must be very special if I have to go through training too, but that will be okay. I would rather learn how to handle the animal while the breeder watches me so I never make any bad mistakes. When do I start this training, Honey?"

Harry pulled her into his arms and his wife felt the growing stalk in his pants when he said, "Saturday. I told him that we would be up there at ten. So now all we have to do is for you to learn all about the animal." His hands were roaming all around his wife's beautifully rounded ass cheeks and his mind was fantasizing about how exciting it will be to watch Jean mating with the dog anytime he wished and even with some strangers.

Saturday morning they left the Marina in their station wagon at seven thirty to drive the one hundred twenty miles up to the breeder's place of business.

They arrived right on the dot and Jean was so eager that she swiftly got out of the car and headed for the front of the beautiful home sitting way back from the main road in a grove of palm trees.

Knocking on the large old fashioned door, she relaxed. "Yes?" A beautiful well proportioned blonde appeared her voice deep and sultry. Her wide blue eyes quickly took inventory of Jean's voluptuous petite figure.

Jean caught the glancing appraisal and immediately sensed the erotic aura that surrounded this beautiful blonde woman. "My husband made an appointment with Mr. Chris to buy one of your dogs. I am supposed to receive the training with the dog to get used to it.

The blonde's exquisite features broke into a smile, a sizzling smile that reeked of sex. "Come on in.

You must be Jean Adams. Chris and I have been expecting you. The blonde stood aside, allowing Jean to enter. She feasted her eyes on Jean's delicious swinging ass encased in the skin tight short shorts. Her tongue slid across her full lips, her body tensed like a large cat ready to pounce on an unsuspecting mouse.

Jean felt the woman's eyes on her. For some reason it gave her an erotic little sexual shock as if a small electric current had passed through her cunt as she turned to see her husband talking to a handsome men outside that had met him when he got out of the car.

Jean's green eyes swept over the luscious blonde when she said. "It seems that my husband has met your husband outside."

"Really?" The blonde's eyebrows arched, her perfect, graceful legs bringing her to the door. She looked intently out at the two men and shrugged. "You're right."

Jean was shorter than the blonde woman. Her sparkling emerald eyes followed the curve of the elegant blonde's neck, down over her huge melon tits to her slim waist, and stopping as the waist flared out into full, voluptuous hips the woman's sexual aura was overpowering and Jean stepped back, quieting the erotic tremor in her stomach. This was something new in her young life. Never before had any female made her feel so hot, so eager, for something like sex...Something in Jean's subconscious was telling her that she was about to experience the most erotic sexual adventure of her life. She shivered with the thought, but not in fear, but in anticipation with arousal.

The blonde turned slightly. "I'm awfully sorry. I guess we will have to wait until the men finish their conversation and join us."

Jean was aware of the blonde's obvious leer. She felt as if she were being stripped of her clothing. It was a powerful erotic sensation and desire that made her think of nothing but sex...

The blonde laid her hand on Jean's slender arm. The contact was charged with electricity. "My husband will talk to yours forever, so we might as well get comfortable. The blonde said. "We can have a drink and get acquainted while we wait." She turned and her clinging silk mini dress licked her upper thighs as she strode elegantly into the living room. Her well-proportioned body turned to Jean. "I have just the thing to relax you after that long drive." Her blonde fluffy hair was like spun gold caressing her face.

Mesmerized, Jean followed. She was glad Harry never came in with her. He would be drooling. This intoxicating woman appeared to be exactly what Harry liked. She was certainly the sexiest female she had ever met, not just sexy but blatantly sexy without trying, with a touch of danger thrown in to make her own juices began to flow.

Jean bit her lip, forcing back the lewd thoughts from her mind. Jean blushed, her cheeks burning as the blonde turned, catching Jean's gaze.

The same sultry smile came to the blonde's lips, revealing a hint of pearl-white teeth. "Since we'll be together for a week, I think it would be nice if you know my name." Her sensual body floated as she went behind the bar, her long, graceful fingers bringing out two tall glasses. She moved with total ease. "I'm Katherine." She dropped ice cubes into the glasses and her eyebrows rose expectantly.

"I'm Jean." Jean surprisingly felt her breath shorten and her heart skipping when she said that, knowing perfectly well the Katherine knew her name and all about her. Harry had told her husband all about them including her name.

Katherine splashed gin over the ice in liberal amounts and added seven up to Jean's drink. She carried the drinks over to the coffee table and handed one to Jean.

"This will relax you in short order."

"Yes, I have been a little stretched out about the trip and getting a dog as a pet." Jean said, and then sipped the potent drink slowly. "Mmmmm. This is a coincidence. My favorite gin served the way I like it, with seven up."

Katherine was seated on the large comfortable velvet chair and motioned Jean to the couch opposite her. "Sit down ...relax."

Katherine crossed her long sensuous legs, the silk dress gliding effortlessly up to the very top of her thigh. "Chris, my husband usually takes awhile when he is talking business. I'm sure that is what he is doing with Mr. Adams."

The husky note in her voice was heavy. Her long fingers, the nails dabbed in a brilliant red, curled around her glass of gin. Her other hand toyed with one of the buttons of her dress.

Jean settled into the soft luxurious comforts of the couch, draining the gin and seven up almost to the end before realizing she had done so.

"God, I needed that." Jean's gaze reverted to the button of Katherine's dress for the third time, watching the long painted fingers playing with it. Jean thought again of Harry and was again glad he wasn't here. This woman was sexual dynamite!

"You're very beautiful," Katherine said abruptly, her voice heavy, laced with sex. "Chris and I will be very happy to be the ones to instruct you on how to please your new pet."

Jean not showing the suspicion or any discomfort at what the blonde was insulating about the training, she forced a smile anyway, thinking about what she might have to do while training to handle her new pet this next week.

"I'm happily married," she told the blonde woman plainly, setting her empty glass down on the table in front of her. "Harry, that's my husband, will be very grateful for all the instructions you and your husband will be giving me."

Katherine kept her warm smile on Jean's face. "Yes, I know you are married? Your husband has already thanked Chris for taking you on as a student. I believe they discussed the complete course you will receive for the next week and your husband agreed to everything my husband suggested for your training."

Katherine went on to say, "I am happily married too, Jean." The button finally came open. "I met someone back a few years that has made me very happy, my husband Chris. He has been so wonderful and he knows my needs and helps me to obtain all the pleasure that I wish. You can have that too, Jean, but you have to work at it, like I did."

Jean leaned back comfortably into the soft cushions of the couch and relaxed. She never had felt this good in the few years of her marriage... She sighed aloud and then was startled that she had. She began giggling, surprised at herself for acting so silly.

"I bet it takes more than one man to make you happy." Jean's hand instantly flew to her open mouth, her eyes widening in shock. She swallowed uneasily, trying to comprehend her actions, her thoughts

being blurted out like that, without a moment's hesitation, she thought it absurd. She began giggling again. The sound of her voice was strange, eerie.

Katherine laughed with her, a sizzling throaty laugh that oozed of lust. "Well I do like a couple of women once in awhile, too."

Jean's head was whirling. "I ... I ... didn't-Women? You like women, sexually?" She gulped harder, a tremor sweeping through her groin. She felt funny, fuzzy around the edges and all warm and gooey inside, but mostly suddenly aroused, wanting and desire sex.

"It is easy for me to love anything that will give me pleasure," Katherine purred, "whether it's a man, a woman ..." She paused, looking Jean right in the eye. "Or a beautiful animal."

"Animal?" Jean gasped incredulously, the room whirling even faster, her body tingling sexually from her head to her toes. She tried getting up, but couldn't co-ordinate her muscles properly her limbs didn't seem to respond to her wishes

"Ohhh, yesss," Katherine hissed in her catlike tone, her eyes glittering dangerously. "Animals and women are extremely exciting; sometimes even more that a man can be." She stepped closer to Jean. "Have you ever made love to a woman-or a dog, Jean?"

"No"no." Jean's answer came out of her mouth like a whisper, her voice raspy, her throat dry, parched. "It's so ..." Her sentence hung lifeless in the air as her mouth dropped suddenly.

Katherine was stripping off her dress. "I see you're shocked," Katherine purred, an expression of delight and excitement in her eyes. She eased the dress off her shoulders. It whispered to the floor, a puddle at her feet. "Wouldn't you like to kiss me, touch me, and feel my body, my tits, my pussy, Jean?"

Jean's eyes were shining like five caret diamonds in the sun with the effects of the strong drink. In Jean's mind, she wanted to leave, but a bigger part of her, her sexually hidden desires, seemed drawn to this beautiful creature. Jean shook her head slowly, ineffectually clearing it of the buzz that was careening around in her brain.

"I can tell you want me," Katherine said, her soothing tones hypnotic and soft. "We can enjoy ourselves together until our husbands return to us."

"Nnnooo," Jean mouthed half-heartedly, finding the very thing Katherine suggested revolting and yet so erotically desirable at this moment. She had to get out of here! She attempted to stand up, but her limpid body fell back to the couch, her head reeling, all

of her senses heightened with sexual need. Jean couldn't help but notice the intoxicating perfume that this golden goddess wore. It seemed stronger now. Her stomach was fraught with butterflies and she knew her panties were soaked. She couldn't comprehend this. Never, never in her life had she felt this way. Fragmented thoughts plagued her dizzy mind. A woman, the mention of animals ... Those repulsive, sickening thoughts whirled through her head like a storm. Yet deep down and hidden in her subconscious she knew she desired the extreme excitement of what the woman was suggesting. She remembered the times her husband had expressed a desire to see her pleasure herself with an animal and this only added more fuel to the fire building in her lower body.

She couldn't understand the dramatic change in herself. All of a sudden, it hit her like a bolt of lightning. The drink! Her eyes widened with the realization. She had been drugged!

Katherine saw it on her face. "Yes, my gorgeous little pet. I put something in your drink. Nothing dangerous. It is truly a wonder drug. Wipes away all will, leaves you highly susceptible, clears away any and all inhibitions you may have." She winked. "You're already thinking about how nice and sexually exciting it would be to touch and kiss me," Katherine said knowingly.

Jean couldn't help herself and found herself nodding eagerly in agreement, unable to stop herself. She anticipated the taste of the luscious woman's red glistening mouth. A hungry erotic expression flooded Jean's face she stared hotly at the, beautiful blonde.

Jean's eyes wandered to the goddess's tits, large, melon-shaped, encased in black lace, an ample amount spilling out. Jean's dreamy-eyed gaze swept down her golden body to the wispy band of lace that hugged Katherine's hips and concealed the delights of her pussy. Jean's eyes continued down Katherine's never-ending legs, stopping at the smooth curve of her calves. She kept her eyes there, fighting the perverted urges that were growing inside her.

"Look at me, Jean," Katherine mewed, her voice dripping with desire. "Look at me and want, want what I have to offer to you for your first time with a desirable female. It's all yours if you want."

Jean lifted her eyes slowly, drooling as she stared wide-eyed at Katherine's cunt wrapped in a package of black lace. She wanted Katherine's pussy, wanted it so badly she could actually smell the aromatic scent exuding from between Katherine's sensuously full thighs.

Katherine stepped closer. She was within Jean's reach. Her perfume and body musk attacked Jean's senses and added to the power of the drug.

"Take off my panties, Jean. Look at my cunt."

Jean swiftly obeyed willingly. At this moment, the most important thing in her life was to feast her gaze on Katherine's blonde-haired pussy. Jean's hands touched the exotic woman's hips, static electricity seeming to sizzle from the tips of her fingers. Latching onto the elastic of Katherine's panties, she didn't hesitate and slipped the black lace down, baring her full hips. Then a neatly trimmed triangle of silky blonde pussy hair appeared. She swallowed her head in the clouds as she let Katherine's panties drop to the floor. Katherine stepped back and out of her panties, kicking them across the room.

"Your pussy is beautiful," Jean admitted openly. She couldn't believe herself blurting out things she never would have even thought about in the past. "You are making my mouth water for it. I'm so hot I need it!"

Jean gave up fighting her urges. Whether they were born of her own self, or induced by the drug, it would never matter after this day. They were there and she craved to satisfy herself this way for the first time in her young life.

Jean looked up at Katherine. "I'm hot for your cunny Katherine. I want it."

"Well what are you waiting for, Jean, do something about it," Katherine said. "For now, my body belongs to you." Her flashing eyes said exactly the opposite. Jean staggered to her feet. Her legs wobbled for a second and she moved unsteadily, but it passed. Her green eyes burned into the twin mounds of golden tit flesh trapped in Katherine's bra. She wanted to see them nude and free. Satisfying her impulse, her hands went to the Goddess's shoulders, slipping the straps off. Trembling on her feet, Jean spotted the hook in the front and snapped it open. She heaved a sigh of relief. Jean wasn't disappointed, the tits were gorgeous!

"Ummmm," Katherine moaned, reveling in her freed tits. She was always hot, always turned on, and ready for this petite young wife. She caressed Jean's flushed face that was almost level with her tits. "You're such a beautiful doll, so delicate, so fragile, and best of all, so inexperienced."

Katherine's deep sultry voice ran around inside of Jean's brain as her hands spanned the golden tit flesh, her fingers sinking into the bloated softness. Jean was captivated by her creamy golden skin and the long pink nipples that were hard as a rock.

"Mmmmm, your tits are so big, so beautiful." Jean squeezed the tits and heard whimpering sighs of pleasure escaping Katherine's lips. It was music to Jean's ears. Katherine took her hands off Jean's petite body, the bra floating to the floor. She stepped out of Jean's grasp.

"It's not fair for only one of us to be naked." Katherine said as she stared at the luscious tidbit before her, ready for the eating.

Jean quickly and clumsily pulled her sweater off, tugging it over her head and tossing it carelessly to the floor. Her breathing was shallow, rapid, and noisy. Her hands peeled the tight short shorts off her well rounded hips and down her slender legs. She exhibited herself before the elegant blonde, modeling unashamedly, treating Katherine to a luscious look at her own small compact body, a smaller version of Katherine's perfection.

Jean's lush curves, sweeping hips, jutting tits were sweet and innocent, with a sexual subtlety. Katherine's strong physical beauty was blatantly sexual, an advertisement for lust. Eager to be naked, Jean snapped off her bra and kicked off her panties. Jean gasped with pride, as naked as the tall jewel that waited patiently for her.

"You're even more beautiful naked," Katherine purred. "Kiss me." Her arms opened for the petite woman, her tits billowing as she breathed, her swollen nipples pointing. Jean went into Katherine's waiting arms, melting against the larger woman, her head tilted back, her mouth open and anxious for the fiery red lips to kiss her. Katherine encompassed the smaller woman with her embrace and plunged her tongue into Jean's waiting mouth. Katherine's hands pawed hungrily, kneading, exploring the smaller woman's flesh, feeding on the softness, the newness of another female. Her legs slipped easily between Jean's thighs, feeling the heat of the young wife's bare cunt mound. Katherine's full thigh grazed the juicy pussy and was immediately drenched with hot cunt-cream. Jean's dainty frame turned into a blazing fire of lust. She fused her body into Katherine's sucking her tongue-meat, scraping her eager cunt against Katherine's smooth thigh, and rubbing her tits urgently into Katherine's sizzling hot flesh. Slowly, they both sank to the floor, their fiery hot bodies burning up on the inside, their passion fire melting them on the deep-piled carpet. Their passion-filled moans floated through the room as their hands and legs became entwined. Their mouths pressed urgently together, their lips working feverishly. Their bodies twisted on the soft carpet, wriggling in spasms, hands and fingers delving, one with the exuberance and curiosity of inexperience, the other with the deftness of an expert.

Neither girl realized that their husbands had entered the room and were avidly watching the sexual performance, both men in a trance as they watched the passion flowing between the two women.

Jean gasped when her mouth came away from Katherine's hungry lips. "Oh, my God," Jean moaned, "I've, I've never ... oooooohh. I'm so hot!" She pawed Katherine's golden body, delighting in her catlike murmuring purrs. "I want you so much, sooo muchhhh ..." Jean lost herself in the larger woman's bloated tits. Jean slipped her body free of Katherine's embrace, kissing, licking and tasting the succulent flesh of the golden goddess for the first time. She was delicious! She worked her mouth down Katherine's swanlike neck, over her graceful shoulders to the firm and pulpy meat of

her tits. Jean hummed, her hot busy mouth fervently sucking the silky-smooth flesh of one of the goddess's tits, her hand massaging and gently squeezing the other.

Katherine hissed like a snake, content to let the inexperienced Jean indulge in the sheer pleasure of making it with another woman.

"Your mouth is so hot," Katherine told her, squirming on the rug. "You're making me all juicy between my legs."

Her long fingers weaved through Jean's brown hair and pressed her head down firmly. "Bite! Bite!"

The small and delicate Jean nipped the massive tits, sinking her sharp teeth into the bullet-like tips. Jean sucked a swollen nipple with ferocity, grinding her mouth and teeth into it. Jean was purring deep in her throat, gurgling on her own saliva as she washed Katherine's tits in her drool. With her slender hands, Katherine pushed the delicate creature down gently, urging the hot sexy Jean to explore her entire body. "My pussy, Jean. Lick my pussy. Eat me!"

She spread her legs and, while Jean feasted eagerly on her massive tit, Katherine stroked her own finger through her blonde pussy, coating it with warm cunt, cream. She brought it to Jean's lips. Her juice-coated finger went into Jean's mouth. The pungent flavor inflamed Jean's mind and she delighted in the special taste of Katherine's cunt. Sucking the juice-laden fingers made Jean forget the soft titty flesh and she gobbled the fingers into her mouth, sucking them clean.

"Delicious," she rasped as she was inflamed with the desire to taste more.

"There's plenty more where that came from," Katherine moaned heatedly. "I have an unlimited supply right between my legs. Go down there and see for yourself." She pushed Jean down with more determination this time.

Jean was still dazed and wavered in the strange sensations of her drugged stupor. She allowed Katherine to guide her down to the delights of her cunt mound as she licked a fiery path over her belly, sloshing warm spit into her bellybutton. The musky scent grew stronger as she slowly descended to the object of her desire—the goddess's pussy.

"Eat me," Katherine moaned between jagged breaths. Her ass humped, tempting Jean. "Eat me!"

Jean busily slobbered over Katherine's thighs, en route to her sensitive pussy. Jean stopped, her mind swirling in a vat of bubbling passion. Her eyes became fixed on the reddened cunt and the white cream oozing from deep within Katherine's body. She licked her lips in readiness for the tender delicacy of Katherine's choice pussy-meat.

"Don't torment me," Katherine whimpered excitedly. "Do it! Do it quick before I lose my mind." This was no longer a game. Her lust had encompassed her in its web. She was trapped, unable to be freed until she was satisfied. "Lick it. Tongue my pussssyyy!" She opened her red swollen labia pussy lips for Jean.

"EAT!" It was a hoarse gurgling demand. "EAT!"

Jean raised her head from between Katherine's long, sexy legs. Jean hissed, seeing the animal lust on the goddess's face. A sly grin spread across Jean's mouth as she spoke.

"When I'm ready, I will dive right in."

"Ewwwwwwwww, you little bitch," Katherine crooned, liking Jean's response. The tiny creature was a natural! Katherine tingled with the fantastic joy of knowing she would have her for an entire week. "Eat me!" One blissful week!

Jean, her inhibitions gone and her passion in control, jabbed a finger into the hot gulping pussy and gouged into the spongy wet walls.

"You like that?" Jean rasped. "You want more?"

"Yesss," Katherine answered, her high-shrilled voice breaking. She rode Jean's finger in her cunt, her cunt muscles squeezing as much pleasure from it as she could. "Now use your tongue. Use your tongue and mouth!"

Jean pulled her finger out from Katherine's pussy and wiped it clean with her tongue. With her head whirling round and round, she swooped down to the blonde woman's cunt, ready to feast on the velvety lips and oozing slit of Katherine's pussy. She clamped her mouth tight against the hot cunt, holding steadfast as Katherine contorted with wild spasms.

"Ahhhh, Jean! Suck! Suck me!" Katherine went berserk on Jean's clamped mouth, grinding and twisting in frantic gyrations, her huge tits jerking with her erotic contortions. Her hands sought out her own flesh and began clawing.

"Tongue my clit!" Katherine cried.

Jean was overwhelmed. Her small hands grasped Katherine's hips for a moment, and then slid them under her big, humping ass, her mouth still clamped onto Katherine's delicious pussy. She dug her fingers into the woman's ass cheeks and plunged her tongue as deep into her pussy as she possibly could.

Katherine cried out in bliss. "Ohhh, YESSS!" She went crazy, thrashing on the floor, her mouth open, moaning incoherently, her fists pounding the carpet.

Jean sucked with a vengeance, lashing her tongue across Katherine's oozing pussy and tasting the buttery sauce. She lapped up the flavorful pussy ooze, the seeping cream adhering to her face and mouth. Jean knew what to do. She sucked the dark, swollen labia lips of Katherine's delicious cunt deep into her mouth, reveling in the scrumptious meal. She sucked on the woman's cunt the way she liked Harry to do it to her. Her mouth released Katherine's pussy lips and drew in the hard, miniature bloated penis shaped clit.

Jean was at once rewarded with a piercing howl that made her shiver. Katherine went into a violent rage. "Ohhh, Jean! Bite my clitty! Chew it! Hurt meeee!"

Jean obliged with overwhelming fervor. She chewed on the frantic woman's clit as if she were chewing a piece of tough rubbery meat. She nipped it with gusto, turning her captor into a mass of whimpering squirming flesh.

"Jean! Jean! I'm sooo, sooo close!" Her hips hammered the carpeted floor, her pussy continually creaming, her tits bouncing, her arms and fists pounding the rug. "Ohhhh, I'm I'm ... ooohh!"

Jean reveled in getting another woman off with her mouth. It spurred her on. She sucked and chewed on the tender meat of succulent pussy with renewed vigor, plunging her tongue deep inside the pulsing cunt, then slashing it across the hard button clit again for the final assault.

"I'm cummmmmmingggg!" Katherine moaned, her siren wail piercing Jean's ears. An explosion rumbling deep inside her pussy spread like wildfire to encompass the rest of her twisting body. Katherine soared. A tidal wave of orgasms swept through her lush body like giant waves curling and gaining momentum to slash their fierce power against the shore.

Jean needed no announcement of Katherine's climax. The gyrating, jerking body of the larger woman and the river of hot cunt-cream told her before the shrill cry. Jean rode with the fury of Katherine's orgasm, her teeth clamped tight to the throbbing blood-gorged clit, where all the pleasure originated. Once Katherine's clit was tightly trapped in Jean's teeth, she used her tongue and beat it back and forth, until Katherine went mad with her uncontrolled passion.

Katherine, trapped in the pangs of orgasm, ground her pussy into Jean's mouth and mashed her clit between the eager novice's teeth. Katherine's head snapped from one side to the other, her face a burnt-red, her blue crystal eyes dilated, focusing on the spinning ceiling.

"I'm creammmmmmingggg!" Katherine clawed the rug with her talon-like nails, her legs flailing, her heels thudding into the floor.

Scalding white cum gushed from Katherine's oozing pussy, drowning Jean in a pool of it. Jean drank it and found it to be the most delicious juice she had ever tasted, a sumptuous feast. She renewed her attack by gnashing her teeth into the woman's clit, hurling Katherine once again to the summit for another wild ride into ecstasy.

Katherine's back arched, her head thrown back, blonde strands of hair fanned out across the carpet. A violent orgasm wreaked its destruction on her jangled nervous system. She screamed hoarsely and tremulously, hot shivery spasms racking her body, tearing through her cunt and stomach.

The last wave of her orgasm washed over her and she collapsed back on the carpet, squirming and twisting from its aftermath. She tumbled with the crashing waves, lightheaded and swirling in the white water until her orgasm left her beached on the shore. Her magnificent body quivered silently, and then she sighed, a soft purr.

Jean came up from between the woman's sticky thighs, her face drenched with the filmy cum-cream. "I loved it," Jean moaned, still not believing it. "I really loved it. Oh God, I could get addicted to this."

Katherine rolled away. "You're going to love this even more." Katherine scrambled down to the petite woman and licked her face and chin clean of her own cum juice.

The blonde goddess reciprocated, turning Jean into a bundle of bubbling energy. She sucked Jean until she climaxed. When Jean came back to reality, she clutched Katherine's body. "I don't believe the things I'm doing," Jean confessed dreamily. "Is it the drug?"

"Partially," Katherine's husky voice purred.

"I hope it lasts forever," Jean said, floating in a state of euphoria and liking the freedom of having no regrets, no conscience.

"Soon you won't need the drug. You will be the way you are meant to be for your husband, open with no repressive thoughts about sex, you will willingly and eagerly perform sex with anyone and especially with animals for his watching eyes."

"Harry has told me that he wants me to make it with dogs while he watches," Jean giggled while she held Katherine, luxuriating in her softness.

"Maybe you should give my husband some of this stuff you gave me. He'd be able to give me the drug and he'd have his wish." She giggled again as she thought about it.

"You will never need it after your training period," Katherine said, crawling out of Jean's arms. "When you leave here, you will have a whole new perspective about sex." Katherine reached into a drawer under the coffee table. "Look at these." She handed the naked Jean a packet of photos.

Jean's eyes bugged out at the sight of the pictures. They were of Katherine and a giant German shepherd pinscher. The close-up shots of the dog's giant cock looked menacing, disgusting, yet Jean's mouth dried up, then watered in speculation.

"He's my pet. Your new guard dog and pet is the one you will be mated with. His name is King," Katherine explained in her husky tone. "My husband gave me that dog few years ago. His cock, as you can see, is normally large, and your new mate will have one just as big if not bigger."

Still under the spell of the drug, yet slowly coming out of it, Jean leered at the pictures. She was fraught with mixed emotions. Disgust and desire struggled inside her with the idea of being mated to her guard dog.

"God, I believe I will enjoy having him fuck me." Jean tried gulping back the vile words, but her hidden thoughts had over ridden her brain and she had already spoken.

"You will have the next six days to enjoy King," Katherine promised.

She stroked Jean's soft silky thigh flesh. "You'll learn to enjoy all the excitement of a woman pleasuring dog, his long tongue, his long cock; everything. You'll fuck him, suck him and he'll lick your cunt anytime you wish."

Her intoxicating voice was soft, having that same melodious quality that had been present earlier.

"I can't wait," Jean said slowly, suddenly feeling sleepy. "I ... I ..." She was drifting. She looked to Katherine for help. The beautiful image of the goddess turned fuzzy. Her head spun. The room spun. She didn't know what to do.

Katherine cradled her, bringing her tightly into her arms. She felt Jean shudder, and then drop into a light sleep. She eased the dead weight out of her arms and gazed with hunger one last time at the petite morsel of delight sleeping soundly on the floor.

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## **Chapter Two**

After a few moments, Chris and Harry came into the room.

"Take her up to her room, Chris." Katherine stood up when she said that, stretching her long catlike body. Every muscle, every inch of her glowing flesh was alive.

Harry feasted his eyes on Katherine's body and he wanted her. He had wanted her from the first moment he saw her from the kitchen door, while watching her introduce Jean into lesbian love.

Chris smiled. "I got it all on film, Harry." His long body leaned over as he scooped up the sleeping Jean into his powerful arms. "We're going to have a ball with our guest before she goes. A real ball." The lewdest expression on his face that Harry had ever seen.

Katherine still had her eye on Jean. Not paying any attention to the young husband.

Chris laughed when he looked at Harry and said, "My cock is aching already too, Harry." His one hand was strategically placed under Jean's ass, a finger in the wet oozing gash of her dripping pussy. "I can't wait. Harry. I think I will start your wife's instructions now. Might as well and not waste any part of the week." He turned and carried her away.

Katherine plopped back down in a chair and heaved a sigh, her hand going to her pussy. She settled back, her eyes closing. The hot torrid session with Jean had worn her out.

"Why don't you have a seat, Mr. Adams? Chris will be all afternoon giving your wife her first instructions in the bedroom on how to relax and forget her inhabitation with a stranger. That's what you wanted isn't it"

"Yes" "Yes" "That's exactly what I want her to do. I think it would be best if I left now and leave her training to you and your husband. When her training is up next Saturday morning, I will be here to pick her up and her new guard dog. Please remember I want a video tape of all of her instruction periods this week for my library."

"No problem. We will have her all ready for you next Saturday. Feel free to call us any time while we have her here in training too." Katherine said in a very sultry voice, laced with sexual innuendoes.

With that, Harry quickly left the home and Katherine slowly went to sleep, dreaming of the many sexual ways she would have Jean for the next seven days.

Jean opened her eyes. She felt numb, fuzzy, still filled with the cobwebs of sleep. Drugs! She bolted up in bed. The sudden jerk practically sent her brain spinning. She moaned, half-asleep. She sat on the edge of the bed holding her head. An image of what she had done flashed vividly before her eyes like a silent "X" rated motion picture.

"Oh, my God!" she said to herself. Warily, she glanced around. She was in a beautiful room. She stood, and then realized for the first time that she was naked. A whimpering gasp escaped her mouth. Her eyes darted around the room for her clothes. Panic gripped her, she didn't see them! She hunted for them with no luck. She went to the door and tried the knob. It was locked from the outside. Fear twisted its grip on her heart. Her throat tightened, it was impossible to swallow. She was a prisoner!

"Jesus ... oooh ... GOD!" She shook, every nerve in her body caught up in her fear. She spun on her bare feet, seeing another door. Relief swept over her, and she dashed over to it. Halfway there, she was stopped short by an unfamiliar sound. She froze, her feet cemented to the floor. What's that noise? She thought.

Suddenly, there was that strange sound again. Her eyes darted around the room to the door on the other side of the. Then a loud voice flooded the area.

"Yes," Katherine's voice said, "This is your first treat for the day, Mrs. Adams." As she spoke a large flap in the door opened and a large silver-gray head peeked in. It was a dog, his pointed muzzle sniffing the new scent of a strange woman in the room.

Jean let out a scream as the giant silver and gray Wolf and German Shepherd dog eased silently through the door and into the room, the flap in the door closed without a sound. The white long, shiny fangs glistened perilously as the dog growled softly at her. His coal-black eyes burned into Jean's shrinking nude body. She cowered, trying to back out of the room through the woodwork



away from the huge animal.

"Take him away! Take him away!" Jean screamed, hysterically.

Her eyes filled with overwhelming fear and she gulped, frozen

Up against the opposite wall, her body trembling as if she were in a Hurricane. She went silent as the dog took a step toward her. Whimpering sighs of helplessness emanated from her quivering mouth as her body kept trembled uncontrollably. Her heart beat increasing each second, the rapid pounding on her heart was in her ears. She squeezed her eyes, expecting to wake up from this horrible dream. The monstrous dog was still there and moving closer. Jean's eyes flitted about desperately, seeking safety. There was none, not even a window that she could jump through. She backed away and into the edge of the bed. Her legs gave way and she fell backwards onto the bed then. She then noticed the door at the bottom of the big door where the dog had made his entrance and she slid off of the bed and moved slowly to it. The dog was watching, not making any aggressive move toward her when her hand pushed against the smaller door. It wouldn't move. She put all of her strength against the door, but no luck. It wouldn't move. Then she panicked.

"Sorry," Katherine's hot, sexy voice purred through the hidden speakers in the room. "It locks automatically. So, you will have to remain with King and let him show you how pleasant it is to love a dog." A deep throaty laugh followed. Then a snapping noise came over the speakers. It was the first signal to King.

The German shepherd gave a low growl, showing his full set of sharp, dangerous teeth, the sparkling white fangs grew even longer in Jean's imagination when she stared at them. She froze and he came toward her, his paws padding silently on the thick carpet.

"Nooooooooo, noooo, noooo!" Jean cried and whimpered like a small child, sliding down to the floor, her legs completely failing her and she couldn't control them. "Noooooooo!" She curled up into a fetal position, sobbing into her hands, her eyes closed, every nerve in her body as tight as a violin string, as she waiting to be ripped apart by the god awful monster looking animal. King sniffed her thighs, his cold nose brushing lightly against the trembling skin.

"Aaaayieeeee!" Jean squealed, going into hysterics. Her body cringed more tightly into a ball. "Don't bite me. Don't bite me." She was almost ready to pass out with fright.

The dog never flinched. He continued to sniff out the new smell of the stranger petite girl. The terror exuding from this petite girl was as exciting as the musky scent of dried cunt juice. His cold, wet nose flared and his tongue swiped slowly over Jean's thigh. He licked her firm fleshed thighs from her knees up to the junction where the wonderful dried cunt smell was originating. He continued to do this until his saliva had thoroughly covered both of her thighs.

Once he was satisfied with the trembling girl's thighs, the huge dog began licking her arms as she held them pinned across her chest. His tongue slapped out across her hands, pressed to her frightened face. He growled a low unearthly sound that brought sobs from Jean.

"Take him away ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... pleeeeeease!" She was scared senseless, afraid to look up, afraid that at any second the dog would bite a chunk out of her. "Go away! Gooooo ...aaawayyy!"

"You shouldn't be so frightened," Katherine's familiar voice floated out through the loudspeaker system. "King only wants to be your friend. He loves nice tender girls, especially the pretty petite ones like you, with nice soft smooth bodies. You have everything he wants, Jane. Be proud of yourself that you please him."

Katherine was watching the closed-circuit television. Her sultry voice flowed through the room that held Jean prisoner as she spoke into the microphone Jean wanted to lash out at the soft perverted voice that was filling her head with loathsome thoughts. The dog was licking her hands and face and becoming increasingly active with his lapping tongue. She blamed it on the seductive voice, associating the two.

The dog whimpered, his bluish red tongue going into Jean's ear. His tongue was long and wet, with warm spit dribbling from around the edges. King nibbled on her tiny ear, then slashed his whip like tongue down to her neck, and nuzzled his pointed snout between her bent elbows. He sought the tender flesh of his new girl's tits; the flesh he had grown to like during his training with Katherine, the first female woman he fucked and he remember how wonderful it felt.

"Give him a tit to lick, Jean. You will enjoy the sexual sensations that long tongue will bring to you." Katherine said softly to Jean, "You'll love it. He is really a very gentle lover."

All the hideous memories of what she had done with Katherine bombarded Jean's mind. King persisted to seek her tits and it made her sick. This seemed like a dream—a nightmare horrible nightmarish dream of awesome terror.

King growled, his stubby tail wagging furiously. He barked and shook his long head, his cold nose snuggling between Jean's forearms and finally touching the flesh of her a bare tit. He continued, barking and nuzzling. His strength forced her arms apart for a moment or two before he pulled back and barked at her, demanding access to her tits.

"It is time for you to give yourself to your new animal mate, Jean." Katherine warned. "King gets very angry when he's deprived of what he wants. He can be very vicious if you don't submit to his demands."

"He will bite you; bite your arm if you don't give him your tits."

It was a threat Jean believed and her throat constricted. She knew she didn't have a choice now. She couldn't refuse the beast access to her tits. If she did she would be bitten. She would have to submit to the depraved act and let the dog lick her slowly, fearfully, she lowered her arms. Her only hope was that he wouldn't maim her. Her eyes shifted to the camera peering down at her, revolted at the thought of giving the bitch in the other room, pleasure she knew Katherine was having by treating her in this inhumane manner. She felt sick just thinking about the lesbian acts they had done together. How she had thoroughly enjoyed the perverted things she had done to the blonde. She could remember the softness of Katherine's vulva when she buried her face into it. The awesome erotic sexual sensations that coursed through her body when Katherine had gone down on her. At this moment it sickened her.

"Aaieeee!" Jean whimpered as the dog's hard tongue slapping violently on her tits brought her quickly back to the present. What was happening now was worse, even more sickening! Her eyes widened. She stared at the silver-gray hairy dog intently licking the flesh of her soft tits. Her eyes followed his tongue as it whipped across her tit mounds. Each contact of his wet tongue brought a shuddering groan from Jean's throat and an erotic sexual churning in her stomach and down to her cunny. Her hand went to her mouth, and she was afraid at first that she was going to be sick, but that was not going to happen.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Katherine's voice tormented.

Jean looked up at the camera. She was ready to kill the woman whose voice was tormenting her, whose drug had removed all of her proper will power and turned her into a bitch Katherine was. Her

hands clenched into fists. She moved towards the camera and its impersonal eye focused on her naked body. When she moved, King growled, nipping her arm. Jean hesitated. Then she realized that being licked was better than being chewed alive and she stopped. The ferocious looking dog was happy again as he slobbered his spit between Jean's two perfectly rounded tits. They were smaller than his first woman trainer and he enjoyed the difference. His nostrils reveled in the aroma of this fresh new cunt while he licked the naked petite girl's tits, his tongue whipping over both beautifully rounded orbs and across her long nipples. They were pointed and rigid with fright. He whined, growling low, nuzzling his snout in between her firm tits and tasting the succulent soft, warm meat.

Jean was leaning against the wall in fright, her eyes seeing but impossible to believe what was happening to her. Her heart was trying to leap to her throat. Her stomach was tight and tumbled in like a rolling sea. Her mind was trying to understand why this was happening to her.

"Do you like having your tits licked by your new pet, my darling?" Katherine asked. "His tongue is marvelous if you would only relax and go with the flow. Enjoy his fondling, Jean." She continued to watch the monitor.

Jean was horror stricken. She trembled, utter horror sweeping over her face as she saw the animal, tired of sloshing her tits with his vile spit, sniff down lower, catching the much stronger and sweet scent of her cunt. Afraid of touching him, yet not about to let him do those horrible things to her cunt, she pushed her hand against his snout. "Go away, go away."

The giant Wolf-German shepherd took her push as a sign of affection. Then licked her hand, whimpering playfully. Jean screwed up her face in disgust and pulled her hand away. Her body twisted around, trying to protect her pussy from the shiny silver and gray animal with the dangerous coal black eyes and the slobbering tongue.

King caught an even stronger sweet smelling scent of Jean's pussy as it drifted up to him when she tried to turn. He inhaled, his cold black nose quivering with arousal. He nudged her with his huge head, trying to get at her pussy, his body slinking down to a reclining position. He renewed the search for her cunt from another angle but the young girl's thighs still were closed to him.

Jean was afraid the dog would squeeze through her legs to get at her cunt. She turned, uncurling her legs from her fetal position and covering her pussy with both hands to protect her now exceedingly juicy hole. All of a sudden, she realized in this position her tits were completely vulnerable to the peering eye of the camera and the gaping blonde bitch. Knowing this, Jean turned her head, slowly and furtively inching around to face the wall, trying to hide her body from the prying eye of the camera and her cunt from the tenacious dog's effort to uncover her vulva for his tongue. King, anxious for the taste of her sweet pussy meat, nipped Jean's thigh, his eyes glowing menacingly. He yearned for that special taste which his mistress, Katherine his first trainer, had introduced him to and he had acquired a great taste for. He nipped Jean again with his front teeth, turning her into a mass of trembling, squeamish nerves.

"Ohhhh, oaaaahh," she cried, believing this time she would be maimed by the brutish dog's dangerously sharp fangs. She began to cry again, going into loud racking howls that annoyed Katherine.

"Don't be a stupid little shit, Jean, quit that howling." Katherine snapped into the microphone. "Let the dog have your pussy. Give him what he wants and you won't be in any danger, besides, you will find the experience deliciously erotic."

"Nooooo," Jean wailed. "It's vile, it's-" She was too scared, too intimidated to speak. The silver-gray

dog was biting her legs on his way up to her wet cunny.

"It's fabulous," Katherine said softly. "Give him a chance to show you how he can love you." Her voice was suddenly laced with anger. "I'm getting impatient, Jean, and so is King, he wants to be your pet."

Jean trembled as the dog nipped her tits, catching her off guard. She turned sharply, falling back, more vulnerable now as her arms went to brace her fall. She tumbled to her stomach, still having the presence of mind to protect herself.

King pawed her smooth back as she lay frightened and trembling on her stomach, her thighs together, her arms underneath her body. He growled again, snipping his teeth on her ass cheek and making Jean cry louder. He sniffed the crack of her ass, his tongue darting out and licking from top to bottom of the wrinkled, deep crack.

"Nnnnnn," she whined through clenched teeth. The dog was feasting on her twin ass cheeks and the deep crack that separated them.

King soaked her ass cheeks as he had soaked her delicious tits. He bit her beautiful rounded ass flesh, nipping slightly playfully and barking anxiously for the meat of her sweet smelling cunt. Jean's head was spinning. No matter which way she turned some part of her body was open to the dog's tongue. She found herself losing control of her senses. She was hysterical, crying, trying to crawl under the bed and find some port of safety from the vicious animal and the blonde bitch who was watching her every move. King saw the naked girl was trying to scramble under the bed and his mouth opened. Latching his jaw around her trim ankle, the silver and gray dog growled his warning. His jaw gripped her ankle as if it was a bone and he shook his head, holding her ankle with his teeth, but not tight enough to break her skin. A piercing laugh floated out the loudspeakers. "You better not try to hide under that bed. He'll rip off your leg, my dear."

With that warning, Jean stopped. She decided that surrender to her animal captor and her new pet dog was better than losing a leg. She lay on the floor, defeated, ready to let the dog have his way and be done with it. She closed her eyes, not able to move a muscle. She was a petite piece of white creamy, young girl flesh, readying herself for what she thought was going to be a major sacrifice of her body to the dog for his pleasure and his pleasure only.

King growled deep and menacing, his huge head motionless, his jaw still holding her trim ankle, his black eyes alert and waiting for Jean to try to escape. Getting no resistance, his mouth opened and he dropped her ankle. There was spittle all over her flesh and a deep indentation evident in her smooth skin from the sharp tips of his teeth.

Leisurely, King licked her leg, working up the back of her calf.

Jean buried her face in her arms, shutting everything from her mind, except the dog's slapping wet tongue and Katherine's dirty and perverted suggestions that came to her over the loudspeaker system.

Katherine settled back in the comforts of her chair. She watched Jean's new pet Wolf-German Shepherd licking his tongue all over her sweet creamy nude body. King soaked the back of Jean's thighs, casually nipping her ass, his tongue working up a bubbly lather between the cheeks of her creamy, firm ass. He nestled his nose between the back of her thighs, his head shaking, forcing Jean's thighs further apart. His tongue hit the back of her pussy like a lightning bolt.

Jean wailed, terrified. She began to shake like never before. She quivered in sheer fright. She balled

her hands into fists and prayed to God this would end soon.

At last attaining his goal, King growled with supreme satisfaction. He buried his snout between the folds of her hot juicy cunt and snorted, his tongue delving into the juicy cunt. He plunged his tongue deep inside the soft and long pink slit that was now his, his doggie spit lathering the hole into an even wetter bubbly mixture. He shoved his nose inside, between the sweet, hot depths of her cunt as far as he could penetrate the wondrous opening. Jean's whimpering cries of anguish were lost on the horny animal as he tried to shove his tongue to the very deepest depths of her juicy cunt. Seeking her cervix.

She cried, afraid to move, afraid that if she did the dog would bite her cunny the way he had her ankle. She suffered the ministrations of the animal's tongue as it snaked into her cunt deeply and up through the crack of her ass, praying it would end soon.

King enjoyed the scent of her cunt as he worked it feverishly with his tongue and saliva. He dropped to his haunches between the frightened woman's legs, devoting his tongue completely to her cunt. He licked, slurped, and reamed out her delicious hole. His spit turned her cunt into an even whiter slimy mess. He squirmed on the floor, his silver-gray body, sleek and glistening, beginning to get aroused, and his mammoth prick beginning to peek out from the thick skinned sheath that covered it. He whimpered excitedly, his black snout white with his Jean's bubbly cunt juice.

Growling with intense excitement from Jean's succulent pussy meat, he forced his nose deep into her cunt. The harsh, rough action jerked her body and caused an exceedingly exciting friction on her clit. The scent of her savory cunt was growing stronger the more he licked and nudged his nose inside. It acted as an aprioristic for the horny dog. He became more determined, stretching her pussy with his pointed muzzle. When his teeth nipping her swollen cunt lips gently, the sensation was like lighting a campfire between Jean's thighs. She was getting sexually aroused.

Jean was still crying, inwardly fighting the warm equate sexual feelings that were speed through her lower body like an express train, beginning to wash completely over her now eager body. The dog's tongue was bringing out the hidden sexual animal in her that had always been lurking far below the surface of her mind, that she didn't realize was there. She tried to battle her surging lust, trying to hold her own against the dog's persistent tongue, but something deep within her mind was tearing away the curtain that had hide these desires all of her life..

Despite herself, she felt herself losing the battle. She forced her mind to think of other things as the dog's lapping tongue drew her like a moth to the fire and the very depths of her hidden sexual desires. She concentrated on her husband, Harry. For the two years they had been married he had talked about how sexier she would look to him while fucking a dog, and even another strange man or even a woman. He had told her many times how much he wanted to watch her eagerly coupling with a dog. His familiar voice rang inside her brain. Now that she actually was submitting to a dog, he was no where around to witness her first performance with the dog. Then she erased that thought. She thought, "He would probably cum in his pants if he could see her now."

Suddenly it was ironic to her that now the thought wasn't as awful as she originally though. This time she would love to see him cum and enjoy watching her performance with King.

Then suddenly, she felt the first shock as her clit responded to the licking dog's tongue. She spread her legs wider and lifted her hips up off of the floor, giving King easy access to her dripping cunt. King never let up and his tongue was lapping at her cunt and clit, eagerly sucking the wonderful cunt juice into his mouth and down his throat. His feet were doing a toe dance behind Jean and his long, fat; cock was flaming red with large blue veins running up and down the dog's love tool.

Jean began to shudder and shake with the first signs of her orgasm. Her mind had blocked all of her thoughts concerning this sex act, but now filled with the exciting sexual sensations that were traveling up and down her thighs, racing from her tits down to her cunny. All of these wonderful sensations were meeting right at the spot that King was licking furiously. Her clit! She began with a low moan that increased to a shriek as her orgasm increased. She had lifted off of the pad and was in orbit, flying to the moon and the sensations were so new and extremely exciting that the trip on space felt real to her.

She reached the peaked a few moments later and slowly descended back to earth and her stomach slapped the carpeted floor as her whole body went limp with the release of every nerve, every thought of the evil deed and only how heavenly she felt at that very moment.

"My god! That was heavenly. How can I ever think that this was evil or depraved, when it was so exciting and filled with such awesome sensations?" Were her thoughts as she lay there in the puddle of own cunt juice. King had moved away from her and lying in the middle of the room. He was busy licking his own cum off of his belly and his receding cock.

Jean glanced over at the dog after a few minuets and while she was slowly recovering from the most intense orgasm that she had ever had in her young life and saw King cleaning himself up. Her thoughts swung to her husband when she thought, "I'll bet Harry would have done the same thing you are doing, King. Shot his load in his pants and had to change them if he had been here watching us. Ha! Ha!"

Then suddenly, Jean's senses came flooding back to her. "I could never do that again. No way will I let a dog lick me and get me to lose control. Oh My god what have I done?" and she backed as far as possible away from the dog when he got up and moved towards her, ready to continue for her next training lesson to be his mate.

When the dog approached her after a short rest and began to sniff at her still wet cunny, Jean slowly pushed his nose away from between her legs and commanded him. "No King! That's enough for now. You can't have me anymore you handsome brute!"

"Chris, If you're done with your dinner, come on out." his wife commanded. "I have to go down to the training room and give our sweet little guest a shot. She is wasting training time by resisting King." There was an acknowledging grunt from the other side of the closing door Katherine hurried down the hall. She took a key from atop the door and fitted it into the lock. It clicked and she opened the door, staring at the scene before her.

"KING!" She commanded.

The dog instantly looked up from the delectable pussy he was trying to feast on again. His tail wagged. Katherine snapped her fingers and King leaped to her side. He sat down, glancing up at his trainer for approval as she stroked the top of his head.

"It looks as if you're going to need something to relax you, my dear." Katherine said to Jean, with a wicked smile. "No need for stalling around now. You need to get on with your instructions and learn to submit to King."

She brought a hypodermic needle out of the leather pouch and stepped towards Jean. "A simple prick of the needle and you'll lose all this silly prejudice and inhabitations about making love to your new handsome four legged lover."

Terror swept over Jean again. "OHHH ... NOOOOOOO!"

"Yes, my sweet," Katherine said, kneeling over the prostrated Jean. "When you come to your senses and willingly submit to Kine, you won't need this." She jabbed the needle into Jean's arm and smiled. Jean flinched and bit her lip "You bitch!" Jean spat at the tall exquisite blonde that was petting the sleek, silver and gray Wolf-German Shepherd. "YOU rotten bitch!"

Katherine was smiling down at her, her whole body tingling, waiting for the subtle change to occur in Jean's behavior. "Don't be so nasty," she purred. "It's for your own good."

Already Jean was beginning to feel the effects of the drug. "Why?" she sobbed, "why?"

"Let's just say we have a desire to help people like you overcome their inhibitions so they can enjoy themselves to the fullest capacity with their husbands, or anybody, or any animal. I can already see you agree with these ideals."

"You are a bitch, you know?" Jean was wavering. She could feel her muscles relaxing. Her heart was thumping erratically and she could feel herself succumbing swiftly to the influence of the drug.

"Yes, I am a hot bitch who enjoyed your delicious young cunt as the first step was in your training. Now we are going to move on to the second step."

A dreamy smile played at Jean's dainty mouth. "I wish it wasn't true, but I loved eating yours, too. Katherine. You are delicious." She saw the dog in a different frame of mind to, now. The pictures she had seen of the other dog and his mistress clouded her thoughts. They seemed so erotic now. "He's so very sexy, in a demonic but best of all he has stamina, why."

"Doesn't he?" Katherine agreed.

Jean licked her lips and crawled over to King. "I won't refuse him now," she told her captor. Sitting on her haunches, the naked Jean petted the beast's silver and gray fur, her hands caressing him lovingly, hypnotically, every sense geared toward having this giant dog. "Let him lick me," and her thoughts advanced on other possibilities with her new pet.

Katherine leered down at the kneeling Jean.

Jean was rubbed her tits against King's shiny coat and stroked the dog's flanks. His shorthaired coat prickled her sensitive skin like tiny needles. "Ooooo! I want him. I want him between my legs."

"First you have to get used to his cock. Now touch his cock," Katherine demanded in a light, dreamy voice. "Touch King's prick and feel the wonderful size of it as it extends for your pleasure."

"Yessss," Jean agreed. Her trembling hand slid down under the dog's belly toward his cock sheath. She was shaking, her mouth salivating. Her hand reached and began to fondle the furry hard skinned sheath. Her fingers skimmed around it, feeling its size and imagining what his cock would look like.

"It won't stick out," Jean whimpered, pouting, longing for the dog's cock more than ever. She needed the joy it would bring to her.

"You have to stroke and fondle it just like you do your husband's, Jean. It will grow, big and hard for you then. . When you get it hard and then he will be ready to put it into your hot cunny. Young lady."

"Mmmmm," Jean moaned light-headedly, stroking the dog's cock sheath with more determination. Deep down in her mind, she knew she wanted this and always had, ever since the first time her

husband had suggested it. She needed to get the dog cock hard as possible. She squeezed the sheath, stroking, pulling and jerking back and forth with her fingers. Rubbing her tits into his fur, she trembled; her inhibitions melted and flowed away. She was slipping lower"she had to see this awesome dog prick!

"Katherine!" she gasped in delight. "It's sticking out! It's coming out for me! Oh how nice and big it looks."

With her fingers gently stroking, urging the dog on, she glared at the emerging red tip of King's awesome prick. It filled her with passion and she played with his sticky prick and dangling balls, thrilling to see his cock growing larger and larger right before her very eyes.

Katherine was staring at the naked Jean who was laboriously working the Wolf-German Shepherd into frenzy.

"Is it hard yet for you?" she asked the eager wife.

"Yeses," Jean answered triumphantly. "It's a damn tree stump! Ohhhhh, God, its sooo thick and long." Jean was foaming at the mouth at the monstrous prick. Her dazed green eyes were saucers of extreme desire.

"You'll know, in time, how great his cock feels buried to his hairy balls inside your tight pussy. Jean."

King whimpered, "Soon, you handsome animal, soon." She leaned over and grabbed Jean's arm. "You better stop fondling him, or he'll cream all over your hand and waste it. Now you don't want to waste it do you?"

Jean's breath had quickened, but she didn't answer Katherine. She was shaking with a craving desire to feel the dog's tongue once again on her pussy. The actual thought that she would have to fuck the dog soon, hadn't entered her mind yet, but soon"it would.

"Let him lick me."

"Lie back," Katherine suggested in her husky tone that was always coated with a thick layer of passion. "You can have your first doggies treat."

Jean immediately fell back on the floor, squirming like a snake on the carpet, her legs wide. She used her fingers to open the puffy lips of her aching cunt. "Let him lick me. Make him eat me!" She was distraught, so overcome with lust she didn't know what to do or say.

Katherine got down on the floor. "You want to lick your delicious new owner, King?" she asked the dog. "She tastes great, huh?" She smacked her lips together in remembrance.

King whimpered excitedly, his cock fully extended, his tail going a mile a minute from side to side. His tongue hung out of the side of his jowls for the chance to eat and lap the light brown haired pussy in front of him.

"Don't make me wait," Jean wailed, twisting on the floor. She was a bundle of passion, needing and craving the dog's tongue to send her into bliss. "I need it so bad. I'll do anything you want, King." Her voice had a pleading note to it.

"You will do anything we teach you to do, Mrs. Adams. That was your husband's wish." the tall blonde replied with assurance. She bent down and kissed the Wolf-German Shepherd on the mouth,



feeling his hard tongue going into her throat.

Jean gasped at the erotic, perverted sight. Her misted eyes blinked. She gurgled, the sound of her own voice eerie.

"Do what you want, King? She's ready for you now." She released the dog.

King instantly went to Jean's vulnerable pussy "Ooooo, my Christ!" Jean squealed. Having her cunt finally attended to was overwhelming. "Ohhhhh, Katherine, thank you." She squirmed and wriggled on the plush carpet, riding the horny dog's snout as he lapped up her oozing juices.

"Tell me all about it, my innocent little house wife." She was delighted by the sight of King's bluish red tongue going inside Jean's brown-haired pussy. "Tell me all about it as it happens."

"Eeeeww, yes," Jean purred wantonly. "His tongue, I feel it digging ahhhhh! It's slapping my clit now ooaahh, God, it feels so good." She swallowed, moistening her dry throat that was parched with excitement. "Oooooohhh! His tongue is inside me again. Its wild she humped up, her pussy, filled with her oozing buttery sauce, banged into King's digging snout.

His long hard tongue delved inside the gooey opening and scooped out gobs of hot cunt cream. His nose nestled in between her sudsy cunt lips and he furiously whipped his tongue in and out. His legs lowered his big body to the carpet, his erect cock coming in contact with the rug.

He was jittery, high-strung and aroused to the limit, but he continued to please the whimpering Jean, his new mistress, with his tongue.

"Ream her, King. Shove your tongue deep!" She urged the animal with her frantic voice, her hand groping for his monstrous prick. She finally clutched it, squeezing the thick hunk of cock meat; the sticky juices making her break out in shivery goose bumps.

"Ohhhh, lick her, boy. Lick your horny new mistress well."

King was whimpering. Strenuously, with the compelling force to cum welling up inside him, he gave Jean the best tonguing he could muster. He began to growl, his small front teeth nipping the soft loose flesh labia lips of Jean's pussy, his tongue alternately snaking inside and scooping out lumps of gooey cream. He snarled his head shaking, cunt meat in his jaws.

Jean's eyes were filmed over with lust and she was plunging into bliss. Her cunt humped in perpetual motion, acute tingling sensations attacking her. She was reaching her orgasm, but was unable to grab hold of it. Jean went berserk. "He's, oooooo ... is biting my pussyyy!" She ground her cunt down, squirming against the wild frenzied actions of the dog's snout, reveling in the danger of what was happening to her and the joy she was receiving.

"Ohhhhhh, Katherine, oaahhhh! KING! KING!"

The dog responded to his name by plowing his tongue into the steamy wet oozing depths of her cunt. His back end shook, his cock sliding through his trainers tight fist. He reamed the brown haired pussy and flashed his tongue inside, his teeth against her clit. He pushed, growling, his pointed muzzle drenched in creamy froth.

"His tongue! His tongue!" Jean's eyes widened in rapture. "Katherine! His tongue is so fucking' deep in me, it feels like a cock!" She clawed her own belly with her nails. "I can feel him all the way up in here!"

She struggled and squirmed, twisting against the horny dog's nose. Her soft tits jiggled with her erratic jerking, the nipples aching painfully, ready to burst the moment her cunt exploded. A gurgling moan erupted from her throat.

He's tonguing me!" Jean howled. "Sooooo deep!"

"Let me see you cum, Jean." Katherine said to Jean, her voice low, wavering with passion. "Cum on his face. Drown him with your juice!"

The dog growled, his head nuzzled between Jean's sticky thighs. He tried to free his cock from his trainer's tight grasp, but Katherine refused to release his cock. Katherine rested her head on him, stroking him.

"Eat her! Bite! Bite!" Her fingers toyed with his ass, teasing his asshole and clawing under him, turning him into a wild beast.

Jean screamed with agonizing pleasure. She was the recipient of the dog's violent reaction to his mistress's torment. He began nipping with more fervor on her tender cunt lips. He jammed forward with more ferociousness, driving his nose into her squishy pussy.

"He's stretching me! My GOD! He's shoving his whole fucking head in me!" Jean convulsed into spasms.

King tongued deep, snaking inside the hidden depths of her pulsating pussy hole, his snout stretched her open, wider and wider, attempting to shove his entire head into Jean's turned on body. He opened his powerful jaw and shook his head. He jabbed forward, every muscle of his sleek, silver and gray body rippling. The muscles in his powerful neck were taut and his growling snarls were muffled by soft cunt meat.

Katherine's eyes popped. She was caught up in Jean's cyclonic whirling passion, safely watching the turbulence from the eye of the Hurricane unaffected by its violence. She watched the Hurricane wreak havoc upon the glassy eyed Jean. Her spastic body wrenched and twisted, her eyelashes fluttering, her sporadic convulsions quickening as she floundered to and fro on King's digging snout.

Through hazy eyes Jean saw the giant black German shepherd between her legs. The overpowering stimuli were too much to handle. She soared to the peak, a dizzy realm of passionate

bliss kept her head reeling into ecstasy. She opened her mouth, her words were trapped. She struggled in the stormy rage of her rapidly approaching orgasm. A gasping cry came out her mouth and her eyes bulged in rapturous ecstasy. "I'M CUMING!" Her words ripped from her throat as her climax ripped through her pussy and spread throughout her body leaving devastation and destruction in its path. "I'm creaming all over King's face!"

Jean shook in spastic convulsions, thrashing on the rug in the midst of another gigantic orgasm. Her tits bounced with her uncontrolled quirky movements and her hands clenched and unclenched in rhythm to the contracting storm in her cunt. She beat her legs against the carpet, then raised them high in the air, spreading them wide apart an erotic vee, giving the horny Wolf-German Shepherd ample room to lick and eat her. The horny silver and gray animal didn't retreat from the fury of Jean's orgasm. He didn't flinch from her lunging pussy on his snout. He battled back, driving his tongue into her ramming cunt and stretching her gushing cunt with his muzzle. He shook his head; the milky river of Jean's cum washing over his black snout, through his open mouth, and out over his jowls. He was also caught up in Jean's raging storm. His black eyes glowed and he grabbed her extended clit, taking the blood gorged button between his sharp teeth.

Jean screeched at the top of her lungs. The dog's nipping teeth sent her spiraling higher and higher until she began to babble incoherently in a continuous murmuring sound. She writhed and contorted in the throes of her orgasm, and King was controlling it completely.

The large silver and gray dog tore at Jean's tiny clit as if it were a piece of raw beef. Growling and snarling, he lashed his head from side to side, her clit raw flesh meat. Her sticky cum gushed over his jowls, making him look as if he were a rabid beast foaming at the mouth. He growled, sounding like muted thunder, and attacked her pussy again, biting her tender exploding clit and whipping his tongue across the protruding meat. Jean shrieked, piercing the air with her cry.

"He's chewing me up!" She pushed down with her cunt, trying to devour his entire head into her cunt as she climaxed and over again. She grabbed herself behind her knees; her legs still up in the air, leaving her pussy open to attack, an attack she welcomed with undying pleasure. Her head snapped from side to side, brown red hair slashing her flushed face. Her eyes were glittering green emeralds blazing with fiery passion. She trembled as the dog continued to torture her in the pangs of her orgasm.

Jean's screams brought Katherine out of her stupor. She blinked, watching the dog turn petite little Jean into a screaming mass of exploding flesh. She was the onlooker and she devoured the sight, thrilling to the intensity of Jean's orgasm. It brought on a rippling orgasm in her own pussy and a quiet murmuring sigh was heard as it gently washed over her.

Jean was going out of her skull. The dog's tongue and frenzied biting were keeping her from coming down to earth. Her orgasm had wiped her out, but King was still driving her to the brink of insanity. Her head turned to Katherine. "Help me! Make him stop! Ohhhh, God, stop him!" Katherine smiled like a cat. "Like it?"

Numb, Jean nodded. "Yes! YES!" She was struggling, trying to squirm away, but the dog refused to let her go.

"Please!" She began to gurgle on her own spit, thrashing as another orgasm caromed through her pussy. She screamed, then twisted away, wrenching her body and squirming in agony, trying to rid her body of the hungry dog.

Katherine snapped her fingers. "KING!"

The dog instantly raised his head. Jean gasped with relief.

King barked. His own passion was overwhelming. Cum dripped from his snout and his tongue hung out, coated with a thin film of pussy cum. He sat up, whining to his trainer that he needed to be satisfied, his huge thick cock jutting out as his ass squirmed on the rug.

Free at last, Jean scrambled away from him, panting and blinking back her vision, still trembling in the aftermath of her horrendous orgasm.

"I, thought I was going to die." Racking gasps filled her lungs with air. "Christ, I practically blacked out!"

Jean's eyes popped wide open when she saw the dog's gigantic cock hanging down almost to the carpet

"Oh, my, God," she whispered, her jaw dropping. "Oh, my God, It's even bigger now!" Seeing his prick glisten like a fiery red club made Jean woozy.

“God!”

“It is beautiful, isn’t it?” Katherine droned, not once taking her eyes off King’s gorgeous prick. “It’s the most magnificent cock you ever want to feel in action.”

“Yes it is gorgeous and I can’t wait to see it in action.” Jean whispered.

“You’ll be begging for his cock soon,” Katherine promised.

Jean stared, her eyes wide with awe. Jean shrank back, her conflicting emotions battling it out, repulsion intermixed with passionate lust. She nodded her desire for what she craved, and then quickly shook her head in shame, not understanding and hating herself at the same time.

“You shouldn’t fight your natural desires so much, Jean. It isn’t healthy.” She reached out for her. “You want me to eat you?”

Wordlessly, Jean declined, shaking her head.

“You want King to eat you?” A hint of a smile was on Katherine’s lips.

“Nooooo,” Jean finally said, but not with as much determination as she wanted. “Nooooo! Nottt”Again”Now!”

“How about having that marvelous prick in your pussy, now?” Katherine coaxed. “I saw the way you were drooling over it.”

Jean began to cry, overwhelmed, her mixed emotions convulsing her. She was in turmoil. She shook her head slowly, knowing she was succumbing to her own desires, to the animal inside of her. She fought it, crawling to the bed to hide.

“Yes, Jean, you sleep. I’ll come back later tonight and we can talk. Maybe you’ll change your mind.”

“Never!” Jean spat vehemently, but not really believing the conviction of her own words. “Never.” But something in her mind said maybe.

Katherine laughed a deep sexy laugh. “Nearer is a long time, my sweet china doll. More like a few days.” She went out, closed the door, locked it, and left Jean to think.

Jean rolled over in the soft bed, luxuriating in the black satin sheets. She stretched with a gaping yawn and kicked the covers off her lithe naked body. She sat up, her face bright, relaxed, her eyes alert and full of life. She stretched again, her tits rising, the nipples pointing

toward the door. It had been three days since she had knocked on Katherine’s front door, three days of discovering herself and her desires. At first, she had been overcome with shock, then shock gave way to disbelief, and the night before disbelief had been displaced by her own passions. Without the drug, she had become the temptress, flaunting herself at Katherine and her handsome husband, Chris. After dinner, she had ended up in bed with them both for one of the most fantastic fucks of her life. Except for the rare moments with Harry when she had let her hair down, this one had been the best.

A new beginning, a knock on the door brought her back to the present. “C’mon in,” she purred contentedly. Since she had succumbed to her passion, the door was kept unlocked.

Katherine pushed open the door and came in. King was by her side, obedient and ever alert. “How

do you feel this morning?"

A soft dreamy expression swept over Jean's beautiful face. She fell back on the bed and laughed. "Marvelous, Katherine. Absolutely marvelous!" She slapped the bed and smacked her lips at the silver gray Wolf-German Shepherd. "C'mon, King, come on up here to mommy."

Katherine tapped the monstrous dog on the rump and he leaped up on the bed, wagging his tail and panting happily, his long tongue drooping out the side of his mouth. Katherine watched with an interested eye and a twinge of satisfaction. Her judgment about the petite young girl her dormant passions had been right. It made her feel good.

"Ooooo, you handsome pooch," Jean purred. She hugged the large beast with the glossy silver gray fur. "Today is going to be our day," she told him, squeezing him affectionately around his thick neck and rubbing her tits into his fur.

Katherine sat on the edge of the bed, her large tits jiggling under her flimsy black lace robe. She stroked King's rump, enjoying Jean's enthusiasm. "You ready to come down to breakfast?"

"I don't know," Jean said, feeling deliciously naughty, just like when she had played hooky from school. "Maybe I'll just lie around in bed all day and play with my pussy-or yours" or King's cock."

"Feeling pretty good, huh?"

"Better than good! Terrific! Last night was something out of a dream. All week has been like a dream." An exciting tremor swept through her as King licked her face and neck. Instinctively, she backed away as some of her old fears surged through her.

"You still have a few of your fears to iron out," Katherine laughed. She pulled the German shepherd over to her by his studded collar. "I guess you'll still have them for a while."

"Not for long," Jean vowed. "Not after seeing all the things I've been missing and how repressed I've been. If Harry could see me now!"

She giggled devilishly, fondling herself freely, kneading the flesh of her tingling skin, no longer shy, no longer ashamed of the sexual feelings she had always denied herself.

"Harry would be proud." Jean said abruptly, "we kind of got carried away I believe. Wow! What an orgy the three of us had."

"You mean, you got carried away," Katherine corrected. "It made me feel good to see you act so naturally, and without the drug too." Katherine stroked the quiet dog's head, her long fingers touching his jowls.

Jean leered at the huge silver and gray haired animal, her eyes bright, glistening with a desire to take the dog on her own.

Katherine stroked Jean's slender leg. "You know Jean, you should think about what your husband is doing for you. Harry did you a favor." Her hand skimmed up the small woman's thigh to her pussy mound and the thick foliage of brown red curly cunt hair. She kept her hand there, cupping the furry mound. "He loves you."

"Then why this?" At that moment she hated him, hated her husband with all her heart.

Katherine's hand began to move almost imperceptibly on Jean's pussy, caressing the soft mound with her palm. "If you think about it, you will understand. You've been married for two years now and Harry has asked you to do many things, but you've constantly refused him. You wouldn't try anything different, or even give him the notion that you would consider it. Your sex life has been very boring for him too and it could lead to a divorce if it didn't change."

Jean was calming down and the words rang true, only too true. She blinked, a tear rolling down her flushed cheek, and she heaved a heavy sigh. She found herself nodding in agreement. "He could have said, the hell with you, and had affairs or divorced you even, but he loves you. He wanted you free from your hang ups and the way you were raised by your grand parents so that you two could enjoy the rest of your lives together."

Jean felt foolish. Every word Katherine said was true. She had been, except for rare occasions, very selfish in bed, accepting, never giving on inch, and only taking from him.

"How did he meet you?" Jean finally asked. She squirmed, Katherine's thumb going into her cunt.

"I've only known Harry by the telephone calls he made about a dog to guard you and give you pleasure. The yellow pages introduced us."

"Our conversations got around to having you mate with a guard dog for your houseboat and to pleasure you when he is away on trips. My husband told him that your latent sexuality was your hang up and he would be doing you, as well as himself, a favor. He agreed and we set it up for this week." She slipped three fingers into Jean's pussy, feeling the heated wetness. "I hope you will understand now and why he brought you to us for training."

"Unnnnn," Jean hummed, her hips wriggling. She pressed down against the woman's fingers in her cunt, her tantalizing fingers. "You won't say anything about me fucking your husband will you?"

"It doesn't matter to your husband. Harry understands and knew that was part of your training. He knew that once you were here, my husband and I would both enjoy you sexually as much as we can."

Jean gulped. "He did this all because he wanted me to make it with other people and animals?"

"No," Katherine corrected. "He did it because he loves you and wanted you to enjoy sex the way it should be enjoyed, the way you

always inwardly wanted to enjoy sex, but were too afraid to admit to yourself. You did nothing here that you didn't want to do. The drug only heightened those desires that were hiding deeply in you. We only brought them out in the open for you and your husband to enjoy."

Jean's head was spinning, half from the torturous fingers in her cunt and half from the knowledge she just received.

"Then I might as well learn everything there is about my own sexuality, right?"

"I'm glad you feel that way. Harry knew that once your barrier was broken down and when you were home again, you would be a more loving wife and he, in turn, would be able to be a more loving husband. What happens to you in this house will be an experience the two of you can enjoy over and over again in the future. Most of your visit here has been filmed. The films are a present from us to the both of you to relive you awakening to sexual pleasure."

Katherine took off her robe. "How would you like to have a taste of King's prick before we go down

to breakfast?"

Jean's head whirled. "Whewwwww," she sighed. "I ... I ..."

"Think of your loving husband and how much pleasure you'll be able to give him once you come to grips with yourself completely. You've already accepted sex with me and three way sex without the drug. Why not climb over that last hurdle and make it with your handsome new pet, King?"

She placed her juice stained fingers at Jean's mouth. "Taste your own cunt cream."

Greedily, Jean sucked the creamy foam off of Katherine's fingers, enjoying the taste of her own cunt. "I'm nervous," she admitted, "but I want to, not only for Harry, but for myself." She stared at the dog, seeking courage. She wanted King; the ache in her cunt told her that. Now she knew she need this and Harry would love her even more if she learned to do it for both his and her pleasure.

Katherine climbed to the head of the bed. Her massive tits bounced as she became comfortable, crossing her long sensuous legs and sitting like an erotic golden statue, her eyes glittering mysteriously.

"I'll watch." Katherine spoke to her softly.

Jean cuddled up to the dog, rubbing her naked body against his fur. She shivered with a growing desire for him. The dog's fur felt warm against her flesh and she wrapped her arms around his thick neck, letting her fingers trail along his mouth and teeth.

"I'm creaming myself," she sighed aloud, his tail hitting her clit as it wagged. "Even drugged all I ever did was play with him and let him eat me."

"It was all you needed to overcome the initial shock of having sex with animals. Now you must get into feilato with King. It will be just like doing it with your husband or any man."

"I never went down on Harry." She confessed.

"I know," Katherine said, and then winked. "You two are going to have a lot of catching up to do once you return to your houseboat."

Jean giggled in nervousness. A growing passion soon replaced her uneasiness.

King whimpered, squirming on his side, waiting for Jean to do something. He lifted his head and licked her face. Jean purred, accepting his affection as she climbed over the giant animal. The thick brown hair on her head was tousled and her green eyes mirrored her enthusiasm and lustful desires. Her tits jiggled delicately as she plopped down next to King, one of his hind legs between her thighs.

"Gonna suck you, my handsome stud," she said as she licked her lips, stroking his cock sheath. "Gonna suck you off like your trainer did. "

King slapped his tongue out and curled it into Jean's open mouth. He plunged into her throat, then out over her soft lips, trembling in anticipation of what was going to happen to him. He whimpered like a small pup, his hind leg getting juicy from Jean's seeping pussy.

King glanced over at his mistress at the head of the bed, his black eyes glassy. His tail wagged slightly, relaying to her that he was happy. Accidentally, his hind leg jabbed into Jean's clit.

"Oooooahhh!" Jean cooed, humping the animal's leg. She reached down for his cock again, rubbing

his balls urgently. "Ooooo, King, gets nice and hard for me. Let me see how big I can get you." She devoted all her attention to the docile animal, exercising his awesome cock from its sheath.

She flicked out her tongue, scooped up the drool from King's rubbery tongue and slapping her tongue across his pointed fangs. A hot sizzling ripple raced up her spine. Her hand scratched him behind the ear while her other hand kneaded his cock out of the sheath, bringing it to life.

King was wriggling in bliss, the woman's hand making him crazy. He licked her face affectionately, soaking her in doggie spit. His tongue slapped across her eyes and mouth and he whimpered, jerking his head as Jean tried to grab his tongue with her mouth.

"Ohhh, King, you do make such a good lover."

Jean was swimming in a sea of passion, exotic passion, and she was thrilled. She gouged his large paw through the puffy lips of her scalding hot pussy, scratching her clit with his nails. She jerked in heavenly spasms, her head snapping, and her eyes rolling.

Katherine anticipated the last few days with Jean and the things they would share with King. Her fingers played at her own cunt until her seeping cream coated them. She licked them clean, her blue eyes glued to Jean and King.

Jean dragged the dog's paw through her moist pussy. A spasm rippled through her cunt and was followed by a rumbling tremor when his claw came in contact with her exposed pink clit.

"Uhhhhh, doggie, nice!" She was in heaven.

Jean grabbed his thick sheath, finding his cock sticking out halfway. She stroked him with wild fanaticism, her small, delicate hand riding up and down the thick red glistening cock meat. She was creaming all over his leg and getting his prick stiff and hard at the same time.

King, used to the attention of women, lay docile, his hips moving subtly, whimpering with pleasure. His front paws rested on Jean's shoulders and he licked her face again.

Longing to see his cock, Jean sat up, her glassy eyes riveted to the red cock that jutted out from between his hairy back legs. Her mouth was dried up, parched from excitement, and her eyes watered with a sense of euphoria. She had tackled her fear!

She gazed hypnotically at her hand that had held his cock shaft. It was sticky and gooey from his prick and she brought it to her mouth and licked the palm of her hand. She purred out loud, her cheeks flushing red, her blood boiling in her veins, carrying the lust for the massive beast and his giant cock to every part of her trim, naked body. She was cured of her fear of making it with a dog, in fact, she loved it, even craved it!

King looked at Jean with longing, wanting something done to his aching cock Jean knew what he wanted but ignored his whining pleas. She wanted to play, to enjoy what she was doing, before tackling his prick and sucking it. She straddled his mouth with her cunt and jabbed, banging her clit into his muzzle.

"Bite it, pooch! Bite me!"

"Don't tease him," Katherine moaned, her own lust brimming at the surface. "It's not right to tease. Give him what he wants."



Jean turned her head to face the naked woman. "What does he want?" she asked breathlessly, a hot leer on her beautiful face.

"He wants your mouth." Katherine realized that conversation added to Jean's stimulation. "He wants to put his nice hard doggie cock in your mouth so he can cream your throat with his cum."

"Ooooo," Jean sighed, dizzy with the idea of drinking the cum of a dog. "Ooooo, Katherine! I don't know if I can really do it."

"You can," Katherine purred. "You just want to be coaxed."

Jean tossed back her mass of long brown hair and laughed in total abandon, completely free of restraint. She humped her cunt at the dog's snout, reveling in his tongue snaking inside her creaming pussy as he licked her.

"Ooooo, he's eating me! Licking my cunt!" She was ready now, anxious to begin the real delight. She dropped to her side, wriggling down to his cock, her hands gripping the tremendous hard on that jutted out strong and fierce. "He's sooo big. He'll choke me to death!"

Katherine came down to the foot of the bed to show Jean what to do. "Lick it like this," she said, her tongue slithering up the length of the dog's cock. King shook.

Jean nodded and followed suit, her tongue sliding up the sticky length of King's giant cock. She shook from the first contact, pulled her head away and gasped.

Ohhh, my God, I did it! I really did it!"

"Not quite," Katherine giggled, her huge tits crushed beneath her as she lay on her belly, her rounded ass perched high, her fingers gouging out her own cunt. "Do it again." She humped her fingers, her eyes on fire, glaring at Jean and the dog's cock. "Do it again or I'll suck him off and you'll go hungry."

She was hot, bubbling hot, her fingers sticky with Juice. "Oooo, noooo," Jean gasped, going back to King's cock. "His prick belongs to me this morning." She licked his prick, bringing her tongue up from his balls, over his extended shaft and across his seeping piss slot.

King shivered, his taut, muscular body rippling with power. His whimpering cries were ignored for the moment as Jean continued to use him as a toy.

"Easy, King," Jean purred, stroking his furry balls and the tight knot at the base of his cock. "Be patient and I'll suck you dry." She giggled, hefting his huge balls in her small hand.

"God, he must have a gallon of the stuff in him."

"It'll seem that way when he's coming," Katherine said, keeping herself at a delicious peak, waiting for Jean to stop being frivolous and get down to a real blowjob.

With her heart pounding, Jean opened her mouth, clamped her lips against his exposed cock, and sucked, her tongue swishing across his prick. She gulped, keeping her mouth around his hulking cock and sliding her fused lips back down to his balls. Her courage mounted as she slid back to his pointed prick tip with her clinging lips.

King whined. Tiny yelps of ecstasy and helplessness came from his huge powerful looking body. He

jerked his back paws and tried to attain a foothold with his front paws. He didn't succeed. He had to cum, but Jean's slow pace wouldn't allow it.

King's head turned to his mistress for help, his eyes pleading. Katherine was too involved in watching Jean's mouth and too busy with her own pussy to be concerned. The horny animal dropped his head back to the mattress, a pawn to the passions of the two beautiful women.

Katherine sat up abruptly. "Let him fuck your mouth," she exclaimed, her face aglow with desire. "Get on the floor. It'll be so much better!"

Jean lifted her head. Her eyes were hazy, flooded with a passion that knew no bounds, and she swallowed uneasily. "I'm afraid ..."

Yet, she craved it. An image of King mounting another dog formed in her mind. Her mouth would be the other dog. She would be the bitch. She nodded her approval before she could change her mind. Quickly, she got down on the floor.

"Like this?" she asked excitedly.

"Yes," Katherine hissed. "Lean your head back." She climbed off the bed and snapped her fingers. King leaped to her side, whimpering annoyingly. She stroked his head. "You're gonna get it now, boy, don't worry. The right way."

Jean trembled, waiting for Katherine to help the dog into position. "Hurry," she urged, her voice straining, cracking. "Hurry!"

The tall blonde led the giant Wolf-German Shepherd between Jean's outstretched legs, allowing King to lick her face before she helped him up. "Okay, my horny pet, she's all yours." She tapped the bed with her hand, and King barked, immediately understanding. He had done it this way often enough.

Jean moaned and uttered a childlike gasp. The monstrous dog slapped his huge paws on the bed and blanketed her head with his body.

Jean gazed in panic and lust at the gargantuan cock angled for her mouth. She wiggled into a better position. In the blink of an eye, King was jabbing her face, aiming haphazardly, furiously trying to plant his doggie cock in her mouth. Whimpering and dancing on his back legs, King stabbed Jean's face, seeking entry to the wetness of her mouth. But he couldn't find it. His prick jabbed her teeth, her cheeks, and her chin, everywhere but where he wanted.

Finally, as Jean adjusted her head to accommodate him, he found his mark and his prick delved headlong into her waiting mouth. He let out a woeful howl, mercilessly jabbing, relentlessly thrusting

Jean gagged and choked, his prick spearing down her throat, stretching her wide. She understood why Katherine had chosen this way for her first experience in doggie sucking. There was no way she could change her mind, she belonged to the dog and there was no opportunity to get away. She was grateful to the blonde for her decision. Jean knew the dog's first jab would have thrown her into a panic and she would have taken her mouth away. His cock tearing into her throat made her concentrate on him. The initial shock had passed and she gripped his haunches, holding him, feeling the power of his slamming body. Her hands flowed up and down his humping frame, her fingers digging into his fur. She experienced strange and wonderful sensations as her mouth was stuffed with doggie cock, and she wallowed in it. She was actually sucking a dog's cock! It staggered her mind.

Having found the warm wetness of Jean's mouth and throat, King went insane. Having been tortured for so long, he fucked her face savagely, burrowing his cock in her throat with his massive, pointed cock tip leading the way. He leaned forward for maximum depth, his huge paws firmly planted on the bed, his back paws prancing, maintaining his balance as he wildly fucked the sucking mouth in front of him.

Jean found herself shaking in desire. The doggie cock in her mouth was more than she had asked for, wildly exotic and wantonly exciting! She used her tongue, experimenting, enjoying, sucking, and her teeth grazing along his thick prick while he rammed her to the hilt.

King howled in raging excitement as her teeth dug along his sensitive prick, his mighty body lashing his cock into her throat at a reckless speed. His prick swelled and his balls ached, his heavy load multiplying.

Jean was delirious. She sucked and whipped her tongue along his cock, grating her teeth along the length as he whipped it in and out of her mouth. Reaching under him, she caressed the balls that would soon rupture and drench her with their burdensome load of cum. She could already feel the warm doggie jism oozing down her throat.

She was so caught up in the dog's fury that her pussy was creaming against itself. But she still was not prepared for the next thirty seconds.

King's neck stretched to the limit as he glared toward the ceiling, his black eyes rolling. The next flurry of blows brought a fireball of jism out his spitting cock tip. He roared his rage, his prick gushing a bubbling outpour of doggie goo into Jean's gurgling throat.

Jean drank it. Thick clumps of cum splattered against the back of her throat and before she could swallow it all, more followed. A steady barrage of thick wads turned into a river of cum. It flooded her mouth, her throat, and gushed from her nose. She choked and spluttered, doggie cum seeping out the sides of her clinging lips with each horrendous plunge of his prick.

Even with the awesome load, Jean never faltered. She swallowed as much as was humanly possible, her cheeks full of doggie cum. It poured down her throat. She took the dog's savage pace, He yelped, humping her face, his hind legs performing some kind of erotic dance to keep his balance. His prick plowing her tight throat with a constant deluge of hot molten doggie sperm.

Jean swooned under the devastating attack. She used her teeth on his plowing prick, driving and urging him to greater feats of speed. She sucked his thick cock and drank his river of cum before it dried up into a last few dying spurts.

She held him, refusing to let him go. She was in shock, her teeth clamped onto his prick. Her body was stunned, cum dribbling from her nose and her lips.

King growled his discontent and battled the imprisoning mouth. He sprang forward, landing on the bed, his aching prick finally free from the maniac who had tortured him.

Katherine stared at Jean, an expression of disbelief on her face. Jean did it on her first try! She saw the cum oozing from the dazed woman

"How did I do?" Jean asked in a daze.

"Fabulous!"

"You think Harry will like it?"

"He'll cream his pants. Now, you go shower and come down to breakfast."

Jean nodded, still overwhelmed. She hauled herself to her feet. She swung her ass on the way to the bathroom as if she were selling it on a street corner.

"You certainly know how to pick them, Mr. Adams," Katherine muttered to herself. The spent Wolf-German Shepherd lay on the floor licking his cock clean. "Mister, you certainly have got one fantastic wife!" Katherine whispered to herself.

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Chapter Three

When Jean finished showering and wrapped a towel around her wet, naked body. She fluffed her hair and left for the kitchen, starving for some food. Sucking King had given her a ravenous appetite.

"You look delicious in that towel," Katherine said, looking up as Jean padded into the kitchen. "Doesn't she, Chris?"

Chris's smile widened. "Fantastic!" He set his coffee down to admire her.

Jean basked in their compliments. She felt wonderfully excited and the adrenalin coursed through her veins. She felt their eyes on every move she made as she fixed herself some toast. She thrilled at the admiring stares that she was receiving from Katherine and Chris. Jean dropped into a chair, taking her first bite of the hot buttered toast.

"God, I'm hungry."

"You shouldn't be with all that cum you drank this morning."

Katherine turned to Chris. "You should have seen her, up in the training bedroom, turning King into a puppy with her mouth. I thought she was going to bite his damn prick off."

Chris leered across the table at their guest. "I remember her mouth on my prick. She's as good as you, Katherine."

Their conversation swelled Jean's ego even more. "Maybe I'll give you another blow job later today and show you how much I have learned, Chris," she said to him, holding his eyes with her own, not a fraction of shame in her voice with that lewd statement.

"I'll be looking forward to it." He stood up and kissed his sister, then walked over to Jean. He whisked off the towel she wore with one quick yank and grinned. "You look very much better this way." He squeezed one of her firm but well formed tits and planted a kiss on her cheek. "Keep it hot and wet. I'll be back in a few minutes. I need a shower."

After Chris left, Jean looked to Katherine. "I don't believe how relaxed I am. Christ, last Saturday, I was a ... now look at me." She shook her head, the random half-thoughts conveying their meaning clearly to Katherine. Katherine nodded. "Harry is going to love you even more as his new wife." She wriggled out of her robe and stood up. "If you're going to be naked there's no reason for me to wear anything." She rubbed her tits. "C'mon into the other room."

Jean followed the exquisitely built blonde. She anticipated something exciting. "Do you have

something planned?" she asked Katherine.

"I do, yes. You ready to be mated with this horny devil?" and she leaned down to pat the head of the silver and gray dog.

Jean's legs buckled as she stumbled to a chair. "Ohhhh, Katherine, isn't sucking him enough for one day?" She was trembling. "I still haven't gotten over taking his prick in my mouth, although I love it."

Katherine laughed, "Don't be a shit."

Chris came into the room, "You can pull my towel off me," he laughed to Jean.

Jean's eyes gazed at the tent Chris's cock formed in the towel. She giggled and grabbed his prick. "You're as bad as the damn dog, always hard and horny and ready for a fuck!"

"Why don't you do something about it?" Chris moaned as her hand mauled his prick.

Jean yanked the towel away, caressing his long thick prick as it jutted out like a thick spear. "You're so damn big, Chris." She drooled at his giant, veined shaft. "My pussy is still sore from last night."

Chris tossed his head back and roared with laughter. He grabbed her slim waist with one of his bear like hands and pulled her small, almost child like, body up.

He was tall and Jean's head came only to his nipples. He put his hands under her arms and lifted her up as if she were weightless. He plastered his mouth on hers, plunging his tongue beyond her lips into her throat.

Jean melted against his huge towering frame, locking her legs around his hips. She sucked greedily on his invading tongue, her arms wrapping around his neck.

"Ohhh, Christ, Chris, you're so damned strong." She wriggled against his massive body, her tits scraping into the coarse hair of his chest.

His hands dropped to her ass, cupping each rounded cheek.

"You're a sexy little piece, Jean. Harry is very lucky to have such a hot little cunt like you for a wife."

She toyed with his mouth, licking her tongue across his face,

biting impishly on his lips with her teeth. "He's is going to be a lot luckier now, than before I came here for training. I know he will appreciate what I have learned this week." She wriggled her ass. "I feel your cock, Chris. It's so hot between my legs now."

"Slip it in," he groaned, holding her in his powerful grip.

Jean tossed her full head of brown hair back, the soft strands swishing across her bare shoulders. She looked over at Katherine and King.

"Should I?" she asked Katherine.

Katherine looked up, she nodded. "Fuck him blind. Make him cry uncle."

Jean bit her lip and wiggled down, taking the bloated head of Chris's cock between the velvety labia

folds of her cunt lips.

"Unnn, you're stretching me." She leaned back, confident of his strength. Her tits ached, the nipples were sore. She scratched her nails along his wide chest, leaving thin red lines in their where they passed.

"You want me to take it all in, Chris?" she asked in her little girl voice.

Chris leered at the sex kitten squirming in his arms. "You keep scratching and I'll drop you."

"If you do, you won't get fucked by me," Jean giggled, her ass squirming, her body begging to be filled with his still swelling prick. She twisted her hips, taking more of the eager cock into her pussy. She latched her arms around his neck again. "I'll hang on, now play with my tits." She was the complete unadulterated sexual female girl now, no more hang ups or shyness. She was totally at ease. "Squeeze them."

Chris kept fondling the soft flesh of Jean's tits. He enjoyed the tiny package of sexual dynamite. She was the opposite of his wife, small, like a child. He gently fondled Jean's perfectly sized tits, feeling the bullet tips pressing against his palms. His prick throbbed in the oven of her body, her cunt.

"Ahhhhh," Jean cried, sliding down Chris's body and taking the remainder of the long love pole she was anchored on into her cunt. She twisted and bucked, her hips rotating in small circles, her cunt muscles pulsing around his buried love tool.

"Sweet little baby," Chris groaned his voice deep and powerful. He spanned her wide hips with his big fingers as she clung to him precariously. "I'm going to give you the wildest ride from a man that you could ever want. Baby cakes."

She looked at him, her emerald eyes glittering desirously, her mouth glistening as she licked her lips. "Yessss," she hissed, her arms around him like the arms around its mother and afraid it was about to fall. "I'm all your, rip me apart with that awesome cock, Chris. Give me all you can, I want a gloriously fast fuck!"

She held on tightly around his neck, easing up her grip with her legs for more movement. "Holy shit, I love this! This is real freedom. Don't stop Chris, Do me! Do it! Oh God, Fuck me!"

Staring down into her face, Chris raised her off his prick until only the bulbous head was immersed in her cunt juices.

"You Ready for it?" he groaned.

"Uh huh." She trembled in anticipation. Her pussy pulsed and her cunt was eagerly waiting to be plowed with the long fat Salami like cock again.

"Yeaaaaah!"

He caught her as she sucked in air and slid her lithe, lightweight body swiftly down on the love pole. His cock head pierced her tight, spongy cunt and stretched her so much she let out a yell of pain. He held her tight, his cock stuffed to the hilt. They were tightly pressed together pubic mound to pubic mound. Chris didn't let up, he had no mercy while rocking her hips back and forth and screwing her down on his overheated cock.

She short burst of pain passed and Jean then squealed in joyous sexual sensations. She produced a

huge amount of warm lubricating juices that flowing from her soft tender love hole, down over his buried piston rod, lubricating it for the very fast action. Her body twitched and her hips rotated in rhythm with his brutal shots to her target.

“Ohhh, Chris, you are a fucking machine but I love it!”

Chris’s head spun so fast that he was about to get vertigo. The hot little bitch on his cock was a fucking back like a Mink. He gritted his teeth, the muscles in his jaw hardening. He lifted her up, and then slammed her down, again and again trying to make her scream again. He watched her expression turn to joy and lust again, then completely uncontrolled sexual desire. He increased his speed, his huge, muscular arms plunging her body down on his enormous cock even harder, then lifting her up the next nano second.

Jean’s entire body bobbed at an unheard of reckless pace as she was hurled up and down like a jack hammer bulling its way through concrete. Her tits bounced her brown hair swing back and forth and her cunt slammed into Chris’ pubic mound above the awesome cock pole.

His muscular legs held them both, his feet firmly planted on the floor. The hammering ache in his balls was beginning to enrage him, but spurring him on even faster. The shuddering warmth of her cunt engulfed him, compelled him shortly to orgasm like he had never had the likes of this before, even with his wife, Katherine.

He squealed in heavenly bliss, hip moving so fast that they were a blur while he speared her pussy with every fat inch of his long man pole. Her tits were swollen with extreme passion, her head snapped from side to side, and her arms still holding him tightly as her body flew up and down as if she was in the saddle of a fast trotting horse. She urged him on, using her body and her drumming cunt muscles to torture his plowing prick.

As he relentlessly impaled her on his prick, she twisted and gyrated her hips, making each slam more exciting, more rewarding for him. She slammed her lower body at him, grinding her cunt down on his love tool and keeping his rhythm with hers.

“Come on, shoot it to me! What are you waiting for? I want it, every tiny drop right now!” Jean demanded up at him.

“Come on; fuck me like you never fuck a girl before! Be a man, give me a quart of your cum, right in my womb!” She humped forward, her clit scraping against his tough groin as he rammed her down hard.

Chris strained. His thighs ached and his arms pained him, but he never slowed down, not believing that he could last this long with a women, much less with a petite girl like Jean. Her voice and her hot, sizzling impish grin burned into his brain, egging him on faster. His cum in his balls was boiling and ready to overflow out of his ball sack and down the long tunnel to the head of his cock and fill her just as she was crying for. He brought her up and slammed her down again, still at blinding speed, his balls erupting, and the sperm began to flow like a new oil well shooting out of the ground. His prick spewing jet streams of sperm into her gulping pussy and it flowed all the way to her womb as she had cried for.

“I’m cumming!” His voice roared like thunder and ricocheted off the four walls. His spouting prick was saturating Jean’s pussy with its’ continuous flow.

“I want to cum too! I can feel it near,” Jean squealed, his cum flooding her pussy. “Ooooo, Chris!” She went insane on his cock when she felt his hot sperm flooding her cunt. Just the feeling of it was

increasing her unholy desire to orgasm with him. She tried to claw her way to the peak, scratching her way to the orgasm that she craved. She seemed to float somewhere out of reach of it and not wanting to stop she began to shout. "Fuck me! Harder! Faster!"

The muscles in Chris's arms surged with power. He plummeted the bundle of lusciously soft naked woman up and down on his engorged cock, his cum overflowing her pussy and began running down his huge balls and taut thighs. His eyes bulged, grunting gasps rasped from his heaving chest and lungs. He growled like a mountain lion, humping and continued to slam his cock into Jean's pussy with all his might.

Jean was reaching for her summit and she was unable to get over into the bliss she was seeking. She began to wail helplessly. Racking moans blended with Chris's deep thunderous roars. She felt the hot cum squirt in deep, then ooze out of her clinging cunt lips. Her arms were weakening from around his neck. She was becoming hysterical. Her hands came away, and she fell back, a piercing scream of despair and disappointment of not reaching her own orgasm, filling the room.

Still climaxing, Chris held onto her body, his bear like hands clasped around her trim tiny waist. He grunted loudly, his body shaking as the last of his orgasm tore through his groin and blasted from his cock. His chest was heaving and his eyes were glued to Jean as she swayed uncaringly on his now rapidly softening, limp cock.

He eased her up. Using the last remaining ounce of strength he possessed he took her quivering, twisting body off his when his soft limp noodle slipped out of her still demanding cunt hole.

"I've had it," he panted. "Christ, you totally drained me, sweet Cakes."

Jean was distraught. She was pissed and dissatisfied at him. She slithered down his long muscular body like a wriggling sensuous snake. She whimpered, trembling in a complete sexual fog, unable to descend, needing to climax, needing the orgasm of her extreme passion. She licked the droplets of cum that ran down his thickset thighs. Her tongue darted out, lapping his sticky balls and tasting her own sweet flavorful pussy cream along with his gooey cum. Her tongue busily lapped up his limp meaty cock as it hung like a fallen tree against his thigh. She sucked it, trying to breathe life back into it.

Chris grunted and flung himself down in a chair. "Go use your mouth on King," he moaned, pushing her away from his exhausted prick and extremely tender cock meant now. It felt like it had been in a meat grinder now to him.

"He'll fuck you, willingly."

Jean's face brightened as she crawled over to her giant new pet dog that had been lying on the floor watching the two of them grunting a screaming while coupling.

Katherine saw the eager young housewife and giggled. "After what you did to my husband, I believe your are ready for the next step in your training, my dear. It is time for you to mate with your new pet and start on your finally release from all of your inhabitations, Jean."

Jean hissed and stood up on wobbly legs. "Oh shit! I have got to cum and soon. I'm hurting for it!" She caught sight of the red prick hanging between King's hind legs.

"Oooo, King! It's just the two of us." She stroked his prick, rubbing it into a hard throbbing steel girder.

Katherine motioned Jean over to an old fashion doctor's lounge that was covered with black leather and one end sloped up like a back rest with a big soft rolled headrest. Jean followed Katherine and stood by the high end with the big leather head cushion that was just waist high on Jean. She was pushed over the end with her beautiful ass up in the air and her feet still flat on the floor. Her tits were pressed into the soft sloping cushion and her head was resting at the bottom curve of the sloping head rest of the couch.

Katherine began to massage the soft flesh between Jean's thighs and speak lewdly in her ear. "King's cock will be the perfect answer to your problem now Jean," she purred. "It will feel like the most wonderful thing you have ever had done to you and within your luscious body. It will be the most awesome fuck your tight little pussy will ever have."

"I know, I know!" Jean squealed, enjoying her self torture. "I know it will be. Oh Katherine, I am ready for it. Please help me! I'm a hot bitch in heat, and I want him to be my new stud." She spread her legs wide and squirmed to a better position for the dog to cover her when he mounted. Jean was now whimpering madly for King's doggie cock to plunge into her hot pussy.

"I'm all empty now. Chris's cum has oozed out all over my legs. I need another hot load to help me cum." Her tits were smashed against the soft cushion as she wriggled her ass in Katherine's face.

"Help him to fuck me, Katherine, please! I want his cum in my pussy."

Katherine purred, stroking King's back and getting her hand wet with pussy juice. "C'mon, boy." She led the big horney dog o Jean's upturned ass and let him sniff the swollen lips of Jean's cunt hole. "Sniff it out good, boy. That's it, a little lick and this pussy is yours."

"Yes, boy, this is going to be your cunt from now on, King. Jane is going to be your permanent bitch from now on, King boy!"

King, sensing he was going to get his nuts off in his new mistress for the first time and barked excitedly. He drove his muzzle into Jean's pussy and lapped up her flowing cunt juice, drinking the last oozing drops of Chris's cum from her gaping hole. His mighty cock was at full attention and he was anxious to mount his new naked bitch.

Katherine calmed him with her hand. "Hold steady, Jean." She calmed Jean with her voice.

"Ohhh, God," Jean wailed, trembling as she presented her ass to the huge beast. "Ohhh, God, I want that gorgeous cock inside me. I'm going crazy for his big dog cock!"

Katherine helped the monstrous Wolf-German Shepherd up into position on Jean's back. "Hold steady Jean," she soothed the nervous bundle of sex. "This is your greatest moment of your sex life, my dear!"

"I can't," Jean moaned, feeling the weight of the dog as his front paws rested on her back. "Ohhh, GOD! He can't get his cock in me!" She began to shake as the spearing cock tip pushed into her ass cheeks and the back of her thighs; once or twice he tried to shove it up her ass hole.

"Help him! Help HIM!"

Deftly, Katherine guided King's thick salami of a cock into Jean's pussy. She kept her fingers there feeling the dog slicing through the eager, blood filled labia cunt lips.

"Better?"

"Ooooo, GOD in heaven ... yesssss!" Jean cried. "He's tearing me apart. His cock is, aaaooohhh! Katherine, ooooooh!"

She held steady, bearing the dog's lunging weight and riding the fury of his stabbing prick. She turned her head, not believing what she saw. She was finally getting fucked by a dog! This was no drugged illusion, no trick, this was really happening to her. Looking in the big mirror on the wall she was seeing the dog behind her plunging his cock into her ready cunt almost made her faint of her own sexual excitement and the awesome sensations emitting from her cunny.

King yelped with playful glee as his elongated cock sliced through the cushiony hole of Jean's pussy. He held onto her with his front paws now clamped on either side of Jean's waist. His hairy hind legs were dancing in place, between her ankles. He maintained his balance while fucking Jean's wet pussy hole with extremely quick and careless plunges.

Jean was thrilled out of her gourd, she was actually taking a dog cock and for the first time. This was making her extremely happy, not just for herself, but she was thinking of her husband.

"Shit house mouse, "Harry should see me now. I know he would go out of his fucking skull and be jacking off like crazy while watching me now. Oh God, I wish you were here too Honey, to enjoy this as much as I am!"

Jean shoved back at King's lunging prick, trying to grip his cock with her body and rocking her hips back and forth, turning the dog into a whimpering, yelping sex crazed animal.

Katherine pinched Jean's blood gorged clit. She squeezed the dog's cock when it appeared from out of Jean's gooey cunt and shivered when his cock slid through her fingers back into the snug, tight pussy.

Jean was in seventh heaven. It was impossible to describe the extremely sexually exciting tremors that the dog fuck was giving her. She didn't care what the spectators were doing. All she cared about was the dog and the fantastic fuck he was giving her with his super long and fat doggy cock.

"C'mon, King, fuck me! Fuck meeee!" Her voice rose an octave, King's cock slamming deeper. "YESSSS!"

King whined, blanketing Jean's white, creamy body with his muscular frame. His powerful hind legs kept him steady, his body heaving forward, thrusting his prick at a fantastic subsonic speed into Jean's small, vulnerable frame. His front paws squeezed as he leaned forward, his tongue lolling out, drool dribbling onto her back. He fucked his prick in to the very root time after time after time.

Jean felt the fur of his body, his wet tongue, his hot panting breath, and the unending joy of his thick cunt splitting cock. She rocked. She found herself speeding very fast to her orgasm, an orgasm that had eluded her with a human, Chris. She stiffened her arms as the brute force of King's horrendous long jabs almost knocked her off balance.

She turned her head and saw that Chris was watching. "He's great! GOD! Soooo fast, almost like lightening!" she said to him.

The dog's blinding speed had Jean reeling. She pushed back, wriggling her ass, hearing the beast yelp even more with his own joy of being buried deep in his new bitch.

"Oooo! Oooo! OOOOH!" She was delirious now, rocking in the cadence of King's violent jabs. His lunging cock expanded to its maximum size, bloated by his heavy load of cum.

King's fury swept them both up in its path. His prick whipped through her liquid filled cunt. His balls were swinging like lead weights, the cum bubbling like an active volcano in his balls. He was ready to spew his lava and drench the cunt in his path.

Jean sensed the new and demanding urgency in the dog's slamming body. "He's going to cum! He's going to cummmmm!" She became insane with that one thought. It triggered her own orgasm into motion. Swiftly, she attained the summit and was catapulted into endless space. Just knowing the dog was about to spray her pussy was all she had needed to take that final step, and lift off to outer space.

"I'm cumming!" she screamed, her high pitched voice shrieking.

"I'm cum ... ingggg on a dog! Oh My God, On A Dog!"

She went off the deep end. She began to thrash and jerk against the dog's heavy pounding body like a bronco trying to throw its rider. She humped and churned, her saliva seeping out of the corners of her mouth.

"I'm cumming everyone!" Jean's shrieking her joy out to both Katherine and Chris and her gushing pussy cum that drenched King's ramming cock drove the horny animal into his own cyclonic orgasm. He barked even more as his prick spewing a geyser of doggie sperm into Jean's climaxing pussy. He lifted his head to howl his bliss, his black eyes shining, his tongue swaying as he pummeled Jean with his gushing cock.

"He's creaming in me!" she cried hysterically. "He's creaming my pussy! I can feel it! Oh shit it's hot and wonderful!" She turned, seeing the dog's face.

"Ooooooooo! Cummmmm you fucking' beast! Cum all over me with your gorgeous cock!"

She rode the fury of the high strung animal. Her cum mixed with his, drenching her climaxing cunt to the limit. It oozed out of her cunt like lava, running like tiny streams down the back of her thighs and the dog's swinging balls. It splattered King's hairy legs as he lashed in and out of her cum drenched pussy. She opened her mouth to scream as another violent orgasm swept through her pussy, toppling her over. She dropped to her face, her ass still perched high, her pussy still being pounded with all the fury of a hurricane.

"AGHHHH!" she screeched, clawing the rug with her fingers and rocking her ass back and forth, impaled on the dog's prick. As he continued to ram her into oblivion, she battled him, forcing herself back up on the palms of her hands, her arms stiff and straight, holding her weight. Her pussy felt like raw meat. The room was spinning. Everything turned fuzzy.

"AAAAAYIEEEEE!" she screamed, her voice trailing off. She surrendered to the soft cloud of unconsciousness and blacked out. She tumbled to the floor; the sudden drop deprived the beast of her wet cunt. King barked the last drops of his cum spitting from his pointed cock tip.

Jean trembled as she lay on the rug, her battered body completely satisfied. She was fucked out, exhausted, but completely happy with her first dog fuck

Whimpering cries came from her open mouth as she slowly came out of the gray numbing world she had drifted into. She rolled and sat up, propping herself against a chair.

She looked first at the dog licking himself, then at Chris smiling, and then at Katherine, who was also smiling. "I hope you all enjoyed the show."

"Immensely!" Chris said, rubbing his limp cock. "It almost makes me want to fuck you again."

"Oh, no," Jean moaned, clamping her legs together. "No more fucking for me until I shower and have a nice cozy nap. I'm beat."

On achy legs, she staggered upstairs, a warm feeling in the pit of her stomach. A few minutes later, she stood under the steady raining spray of the shower, thinking about how much she had changed in such a short time and how much Harry would love it.

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## Chapter Four

Harry relaxed in the soft club chair, his eyes glued to the large television screen. His prick ached painfully. "Jesus Christ, Katherine," he moaned as the film ended. "You wouldn't believe she was the same person I married."

"She has changed, hasn't she?" Katherine laughed, a low sensuous laugh. "I think you knew it was all buried right below the surface. I sensed it myself when she entered the front door."

"The few times she let herself go in bed gave me the indication that she had the potential of a real wanton and that was what I wanted her to be." Harry said. He sighed deeply. "I don't know how to thank you."

"You don't have to thank us at all. It was just a plus to the deal you made with Chris. Christ, she's an animal once she gets started, Mr. Adams."

"You certainly know how to pick them." Katherine said to the young husband.

Harry leaned over anxiously on the edge of his chair, I am ready to take them home. Jean and her new stud, King, Katherine."

"Maybe the two of you will stop by some evening for a visit. Chris and I would love to have a change once in a while with a petite tiger like your wife is now, Mr. Adams."

Then an erotic tremor seized him. "After Jean and I have a chance to enjoy our new life together, I'll mention it to her." He stood up waiting when he said. "Now bring me my wife or I'll tear the place down searching for her." He was laughing when he show Katherine how eager he was to get Jean back where he could have his way with her.

Katherine smiled mischievously and went over to the door and opened it. "Come on in, Jean. Your husband is straining at the bit to see you and take you and King back to your houseboat home."

Jean came into the room wearing the same tight fitting jeans and sweater she had worn a week earlier when she had first come to the breeder's house. The only noticeable difference was in her face and the way she moved her petite body. There was an aura of sexuality about her that wasn't there a week ago and her face radiated it, She moved with a catlike assurance, unlike the stiff way she used to walk. Liquid sexual motion was the only thing Harry could think of as his wife came gliding to him and put her arms around his neck.

Jean smiled. "I should be mad at you," she purred, ruffling his dark wavy hair and perching her ass on the arm of the big chair, her hip bumping into Harry's arm. "I'm not mad though. But when I first found out what you had agreed to let them do to me I felt like killing you. I would have too a few days ago." She laughed, not a stiff laugh, but an open and honest one. She plopped over into his lap, kissing him full on the mouth, her tongue plunging into his surprised wetness.

"Unnnnnn," he moaned, devouring her tongue, the fire in his balls raging out of control. He mauled her arms and shoulders, groping for her tits. His hands were roaming all over her plush figure, up and down trying to refresh his memory of his wife's lusciously sexy body.

"You two should get on the road and head home to do that." Katherine told them. "Before you explode!"

Harry took the hint and picked Jean up and started out the front door to his car. Jean leaned back around him and called her new pet.

"Come on, King. You are going with your new mommy now. Come on you beautiful stud and let's go home and show daddy how well we get along together." The animal perked up its ears and bounded after his new mistress and jumped into the back seat when Harry opened the door to the car for him.

Harry exceeded the speed limit as much as he dared, in a hurry to get his new liberated wife home. He held her close to him with his right arm all the way to the Marina. They jumped into their Boston Whaler boat with the big dog and headed out of the Marine and across the little bay and through the cut. The houseboat came into sight after they cleared the small canal.

Half way out to the houseboat, Jean began to strip off her clothes and spoke to her husband lewdly. "Have you seen my voyeur friend this last week, while I was gone?"

"Yes I have, baby doll. He has been out in the bay, near our houseboat almost every day when I get home. He looks me over with his binoculars and when he sees that you aren't with me he usually leaves just before dusk. I think he really misses you and is waiting for you." Her husband told her.

"Wonderful. Now that I have been trained and have a big guard dog, I won't worry about him getting too close and raping me." Jean replied.

When they came out of the creek and were in the bay, Jean saw her voyeur friend's boat. She didn't see the fisherman, but the same boat was out there and not far from their boat. She stood up, stark naked and stared in the direction of the voyeur but she still didn't see him.

"That's his boat isn't it, Honey?" She asked her husband who was looking at the fisherman's boat close to their houseboat.

"Yes, that is the one."

They both watched it as they approached their boat and finally bumped gently against their houseboat. Jean jumped out of the Whaler and called King to follow her. Harry tied up the boat and picked up Jean's clothes when he followed Jean into their houseboat.

Jean pulled her husband down beside her in the big soft overstuffed chair in the main cabin and began kissing him.

"How do you feel? Did you miss me, honey?" Jean asked.

"Yes, I was going nuts wondering how you were. When I saw those video tapes of your training, I almost lost it. God! You are beautiful when you were on the floor with Katherine and then to see how eager you were to fuck Chris, I blew it. But your greatest performance was when you sucked and fucked King. I loved watching what you were doing and I am so proud of you. You are the perfect wife for me now, baby doll. Now it is my turn and I want to do those things with you right now." He told her as his hands roamed over her gorgeous nude body and slipping up between her thighs and caressing her clitoris.

"I'm glad," she murmured, feeling his hard throbbing stalk pressing against her soft rounded ass. "I'll bet Katherine turns you on too, when you saw the film of her and me together. huh?" She reached down and wiggled her fingers under her ass, jabbing his cock.

"She's sexy as hell," he groaned. "but she doesn't affect me sexually the way you do my sweet wife."

Jean purred, "Am I sexy?"

"Christ, yeah, very!" He moaned. He buried his face in her neck,

chewing on the warm flesh. "Sexiest bitch in the world and the only one I want for my wife now."

"Mmmmmmm, I'm glad you think so," Jean sighed. Already the fire in her pussy was spreading. "Did I do what you wanted to see me do with King?"

"Unnnnn, yeaaaaah," he moaned heatedly. The scent of her sweet smelling perfume attacked his senses. "I creamed myself." He cupped a bare tit and squeezed the aroused nipple.

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"Oooooo, Honey." She pressed his hand harder against her tit. "How about the films of Chris and me?" Like most young girls, she kept fishing for compliments while she was in his arms and swirling in a cloud of passion.

"Did you like them?" She asked.

"Shit, baby," he growled. "It drove me out of my fucking' skull!"

She stood up, swaying on her feet in front of her husband. He leered at her heaving tits, trembling like Jell-O in a saucer that had increased in size during the last week. He guessed that was because of all the fondling and mauled by both man, woman, and dog for the last week.

"I got to fuck you, baby doll. My balls are killing me and I need to unload them in your sweet wanton body right now!"

"I'm yours to command and I will do anything you wish, my sweet husband." she said licking her lips. She rubbed her tits openly, brazenly, a thing she had never done for him before. "I'm so hot, my sexy husband. I want you too. I need your sweet dick."

He stared at her, absorbing the change in her. She was completely at ease and the hot sexy bundle he always knew she could be. A lewd grin passed over his strong featured face.

"Come on, baby doll, don't tease me anymore. I want you." He commanded.

"I'm glad." She was completely naked, her petite body perfectly shaped, her brown patch of pussy hair neatly trimmed. "Are you surprised at the results of my week's training?"

"It's hard to imagine you like this. You always acted so prudish, so shy when I wanted to fuck you or even when you wanted it before." He forced back a lump in his throat.

"I've always been like this, Honey." Her body swayed. "I think you always knew it. I guess I was too backward to admit it, but not anymore."

She parted her cunt lips for him, the red oozing gash visible to Harry's hungry stare. "It's wonderful to be free of all of those damn hang-ups," Jean added, feeling wonderful. She stepped to the side of his chair. "Finger me, honey, my pussy's soaked."

Harry gouged his fingers through her moist cunt lips, the juices flowing over his imbedded fingers. He felt the tugging muscles inside her tight pussy.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" Jean humped her husband's fingers with frantic jerking motions of her hips. "Honey, ohhhhhh!" She rode his digging fingers, rotating her lush hips in tight quick circles.

"Oooooooo ..." Pulling away, she stood in front of him again. Her face was flushed. She snapped her fingers. King, who was seated on the other side of the room, leaped over to her side. She hissed in her breath, petting the obedient dog's large head. He licked her thigh with affection.

"At first I used to be afraid of him, but not anymore. I love him as my lover."

Harry was out of his skull. The sight of his sexy wife standing naked beside the giant, menacing looking Wolf and German shepherd staggered his mind. The film of her sexual games were mild compared to seeing her in the flesh, here where he could reach out and touch her while she played with the silver-gray haired, ferocious looking animal.

Jean saw the expression on his face. "You're not dreaming, this is not a sex fantasy of yours, my darling." She grabbed King by his studded collar and pulled him over in front of her. She humped her pussy into his snout slowly and erotically.

"Ooo, I love it now when he licks me, honey. His tongue goes soooo, soooo deep into me."

Harry's hand gripped his hard cock, it was pounding like a raging toothache. His entire groin was in agony. His eyes were fastened on his wife's crotch and the dog's animal snout. He watched the hairy animal lick his wife's cunt and lap up her seeping juices, his tail wagging in delight at the pussy nectar.

She pushed her cunt into the dog's muzzle with more determination. "Harry! His tongue is wiggling inside my cunt. I'm creaming on his tongue. God, it feels good!" She stared at her husband, her eyes telling him she was in a sexual fog. "Am I making you happy, is this what you have all ways dreamed of, honey?"

Wordlessly, Harry nodded, and then he cleared his throat while rubbing his cock through his pants. "Yeaaaaah, baby!" His voice was laden with emotion. "You're driving me out of my fucking mind!"

"I want to make you happy, Honey." She dropped to her knees and crawled between her husband's legs. "I'm going to make you real happy now, my darling."

Her fingers were quickly on his zipper, pulling it down. She fished inside his pants. Her tiny hand wound around the thick throbbing meat of his cock and she pulled it out, whimpering with joy when she laid her eyes on it. Her desire for her husband's cock was fully evident in her sizzling hot gaze.

"Unnnnn, baby doll!" he groaned, delirious with happiness as her hot hand milked and squeezed the shaft of his aching prick.

"Christ, you are perfect now baby doll!" He jabbed up into her tight fist, his balls swelling with his rumbling cum.

"I'm glad," she moaned. "It's always going to be like this from now on, I promise." Her hand flew up and down on his cock so fast that it was a blur.

"There are so many new things for us to do together, now that I've been liberated from those puritan inhabitations. I'm alive and it's wonderful to be this way!"

"Suck it, baby. Put my cock in your fucking' mouth!" He was wildly insane with lust for his wife.

"Like this?" She straightened up to bring her mouth to his prick. Her hot, wet mouth engulfed his prick as she swooped down on his joy toy. Her throat hummed her hot mouth full of his rigid cock meat.

Harry watched her in awesome amazement. She took the entire length of his prick down her throat. "Jssssssus!" he hissed, "GOD!" He jerked up, his prick surrounded by her gripping throat muscles.

Slowly, scraping her teeth along his veined prick, she raised her scorching hot mouth off of his cock, her eyes misted with lustful adoration for her husband. She looked at him, her tongue licking across her lips.

"You are delicious, honey. You like the way I do this now?"

His voice was gone for the moment. Then he nodded. "I practiced on King," she sighed. "I practiced a lot. It's like swallowing a sword at the circus." She took his pants down swiftly then.

"Lift up." She directed.

Harry lifted his ass off the chair, his eyes still on his wife's ass and the sniffing snout of the Wolf and German shepherd dog. "Do it again," he groaned.

"My pleasure." She gulped his cock into her mouth again. Slowly, her tongue fluttering, her teeth clamped tightly onto his skin. She lowered her mouth until the hair of his groin was flush up against her lips. She hummed and rippling vibrations caromed through Harry's prick and balls. Her fingers scratched his tight groin, clawing and scratching, adding just a tinge of pain. It blended exotically with the pleasures of her suckling mouth and whipping tongue.

"Oooo, baby," Harry groaned in a daze. He humped his groin faster into his wife's face, shoving the head of his steel hard cock down her gulping throat. His hands balled into fists and he arched up off the chair, his face turning red. His wife was performing tricks with her tongue whipping around his hard prick and just under the head in front, that she never knew a week ago.

"Ahhhhhhh! Honey, Jesus!" he moaned. "Holy cow, that feels wonderful."

Jean pulled out all the stops. She wanted to show her husband everything she had learned. She whipped her wet tongue up and down the length of his rigid cock, her head bobbing. She used her teeth, biting and alternately sucking. She cradled his balls with her hand and tried sucking the cum that was swelling the aching sac.



Harry twisted in the chair, his prick ready to burst. During their entire marriage, she had only sucked him twice, in all, and he had had to do a lot of pleading to get her to do even that. Now she was gulping down his cock as if she had been doing it all her life, and doing it eagerly without any pleading from him.

"SUCK ME! CHRIST! Aghhhh! Your mouth is fantastic!"

Not wanting his cum yet, Jean pulled her mouth off his cock. She looked up at him, a mischievous gleam in her eye, her hand stroking his saliva soaked cock.

"Harry. You can't cum yet. I have so many things to tell you. I want you to know everything."

"Okay, baby doll," he groaned deliriously, "My balls are busting."

Jean giggled dirtily. "You used to complain that I rushed and wanted to get it over with. Now I just want to show you how much I've changed, in every way."

Harry stared down at his ravishing, naked wife, his eyes traveling to the huge Wolf-German Shepherd who was sniffing and licking her ass. He groaned. He was out of his fucking' mind with lust and need.

"Tell me later, dam it, baby doll. Just don't stop now!"

"Don't you want to see King lick my pussy ... or watch me play with his cock?" She was pouting like a small child. "Please ... I know it'll make you happy."

A loud groan issued from Harry's throat, followed by an agonizing nod. He wanted to see her do the things she mentioned, wanted to badly. He managed to bring himself under control"an almost impossible feat.

"Mmmmmmm," Jean sighed dreamily, kissing her husband's bulky cock as her ass wriggled back at the dog. "His tongue is reaming out my pussy." Her voice, like herself, was dripping with sex. "I like his tongue in my pussy. It feels so wonderful."

Harry was reeling. It was a dream come true. He had the wanton wife he always wanted, but she was driving him nuts.

Jean rolled away from her husband's engorged cock and played with King, a naked nymph romping on the floor with the giant silver-gray dog. "He's sooo gentle too," she purred to her husband, her hands ruffling up King's fur. She wiggled her pussy again with King's snout in between the soft puffy folds. "He just loves my pussy." Her legs went up in the air. "Ooooo, his tongue is ..." A shudder racked her as King's teeth nipped her erect blood gorged clit.

Harry was entranced. He sat numbly in the chair, a frozen body, a slave to his own overheated lust. "Make his cock hard," he told his wife, his tone coming out raspy and strained, a command she was happy to perform.

She giggled, rolling on the floor with the giant German Shepherd capturing King's prick with her hand. When the dog fell to his side, she yanked his cock up and down, her eyes on fire. She hungered to obey her husband's every wish, yearned to make him deliriously happy.

"See! See!" she squealed like a delighted child, pointing out King's huge purplish red cock that had expanded to maximum erect size. She looked to her husband. "I'll do anything, anything you tell

me.”

“Lick it,” he said at once, his eyes bulging. Jean immediately lowered her mouth, her tongue fully extended. She lapped from the dog’s balls to his cock tip, then back down again, her tongue sliding down the sticky wetness.

“Like that?” she asked her eyes bright. She needed to be reassured that her husband was happy with the change in her. She crawled on her knees to her husband, the German Shepherd leaping to his feet and nuzzling his snout in her pussy from the rear.

“I’ve done so many things while I was up at the breeder’s,” she said to her husband, grasping his prick in her small delicate hand. “I’m dying to show you everything they made me do and how I got to love doing them.”

She kissed the tip of Harry’s hard cock. “I love your cock, my darling.”

She licked his weighty balls, drenching them in her bathing saliva. Her tongue played along the inner flesh of his thighs and then up under his balls, lavishing her affection for his extended cock.

Harry was in a state of rapture. He had figured his wife was going to be great, but he never expected this. She was fabulous! “Has the dog fucked you?” he asked, already knowing that she had, but he wanting to hear her say the inflaming words.

Jean brought her mouth away from her husband’s prick. “Ooooh, yes, Honey,” she sighed hotly, “he’s fucked me blind. He fucked me at least four times a day after I got over my fright the first time. His cock goes so fast when it’s inside my pussy. He’s a real fucking machine and I love it.” She smiled dreamily at the memory. “You want to see him fuck me?”

“Not now,” he groaned hoarsely, yearning to fuck her himself. “It’s my turn now to fuck you blind.”

“Thank you for giving me King. You are so sweet. Honey,” she continued. “He is so wonderfully trained. He loves my pussy, just like you do my sweet husband.” She giggled devilishly.

“You are welcome baby doll. King is the perfect choice for you.”

Jean purred, stroking her husband’s cock with lazy pulls up and down his hard prick. “King’s licking my asshole with his tongue now. Oooooo! His tongue is wiggling inside!”

Harry couldn’t control himself any longer. He shoved his naked wife on the floor. “On your fucking back my beautiful wanton girl!”

She laughed, blissfully happy, tumbling over. Her legs flailed, the dog going between them, licking her cunt mound. She humped her cunt at King’s digging snout, looking up at Harry, watching him tear the clothes off his body.

“We’ll fuck my way,” she told him, scrambling away, King in hot pursuit.

Harry didn’t care which way they fucked as long as he buried his cock inside her sweet little pussy. It had been a long week without her, an entire week without fucking, and he was out of his mind. Like a madman, he looked down at his wife with his leering dark stare.

“On your back, Honey. Get on your back,” she purred, fondling King’s cock. “I’ll ride you. I don’t want you shooting off your load too quickly.” She glared at the camera on the wall of their houseboat

that her husband had installed just for times like this and smiled, knowing this film would be a classic and that they would both enjoy watching it again and again.

The muscles in his face tensed, his cock aching as if it were his whole body. He had taken enough teasing from his wife. He grabbed her by her hair and hauled her over to his raging prick.

"Suck it!" he demanded, wanting to blast her mouth with his cum for the first time. "SUCK!"

She struggled, loving him more for taking command and making her submit to his lust. "No." She was adamant. "No!"

He slammed her face into his groin, jamming his hard cock into her mouth. He lashed at her with his raging prick, sinking it to the root in her throat, his balls slapping her chin. She had driven him over the brink. He didn't care about anything except filling her mouth with his cum.

With her mouth stuffed with cock, she willingly surrendered. Her arms snaked around his hips, and she clawed his ass with her nails. Gagging, she adjusted to his ramming plunges, working her mouth in unison with his forward lunges, using her teeth to scrape along his plummeting prick. She whipped her slashing tongue across his cock head when he brought it out of her tight gullet. Harry went insane. A week of abstinence and now this bombardment of sexual stimuli all at once transformed the horny husband into an enraged madman. He flushed, his muscular frame tightening, a demonic glare in his eyes. His prick had swelled larger than ever before and his balls rumbled with boiling fury.

He glared at the ceiling, seeing his camera that was filming the

entire fucking episode. It was knowing that this suck was going to be on film that triggered the explosion in his balls.

His prick burst like a spewing volcano, his body quaking in a seismic shudder. Bubbling hot white cum erupted from his balls and pumped at sub sonic speed up and through his hard pipe, to suddenly burst from the bulbous head into the back of his wife's eager throat.

"I'm cumming!" he roared in ecstasy. "JESSUS!" His fists grabbed his wife's hair and he slammed her face over and over again onto his squirting cock. A river of endless cum gushed from the bloated head of his prick, still pumping like a new oil well..

Jean's finger had worked its way to his asshole and was now digging inside his wrinkled opening, making him jerk wildly in a vain effort to stop her. She swallowed the heavenly load of sperm and savored each gooey drop. Her mouth sucked like a vacuum, drawing the stringy cum up from his emptying balls into her seeking mouth.

Small sensuous orgasms also rippled through her as she used the knowledge she learned from Katherine to please her husband while he creamed her mouth, teeth, lips, tongue, and gulping throat.

Harry spewed a constant torrent of hot cum. His legs buckled under the strain and he bellowed a blissful howl. Jerking frantically, he jabbed her face in a furious rampages his fingers losing their grip on her hair. He lunged forward with a few final plunges, his prick draining, his balls relieved of their weighty, aching load. His few last jabs were less demanding, easing, and slowing as he skittered down the other side of his fabulous orgasm.

Jean, her pussy inflamed and yearning for a cock, took every last drop of his cum in her mouth. Her

head bobbed now as her husband slowed. She sucked and chewed as his prick lost the unresisting hardness of steel and slowly became the tender pliable muscle of soft cock meat. She beat her tongue on her husband's shrinking prick then pulled away with a contented smile. She fell back on the floor.

"Christ, baby doll," Harry groaned, his sanity returning. "I couldn't help it. I had to cream your mouth."

"It doesn't matter. We have all our lives to do more, but remember one thing, this is what you had me trained for and I love it. "

He nodded, his body numb, and his eyes were almost closed with fatigue. "Yes, that is true. You are the wanton wife I have always wanted, baby doll and I love you dearly for becoming that girl."

Jean leered at his limp cock covered with cum and saliva, "I'm looking forward to getting you hard again when you are rested up honey. Soon, I will show you how King can fuck me and maybe let him do it to me anal while you watch.

"Has he-?" Her husband's eyes were as big saucers at the thought of his young wife being fucked in the ass by a dog, but she didn't let him finish the question when she replied eagerly.

"No, not yet. I've been saving that so you can watch me do it with King. I can wait to do it, but I want you to enjoy it with me by watching and loving me too."

"Jesus, baby. You're the greatest!"

"I think I need a shower and some wonderful rest. Come on, I think it is time to go to bed to rest." She took his hand and led him back aft to the king size bed and sleep.

Jean took her shower and climbed into the bed with her sleepy husband and said softly to him. "Tomorrow morning I have to take King for his exercise. After I take him to the beach for his daily walk, I will have to be available for him anytime he wants me, honey."

Harry had slipped into a deep sleep and never heard the last part of what she was trying to tell him.

The next morning, King was nuzzling Jean to wake up and take him out to for his morning walk. She got up sleepily and was very quiet about it when she went up to the galley and fixed herself a cup of coffee and fed King his food along with some fresh water.

The two of them took the Boston Whaler boat and headed over to the small island on the other side of the Bay that had a small sandy beach. The perfect place to play and walk the dog for his exercise. It was a very a small Key, very private and just the surroundings Jean loved to be in as a nudist. The beach was only a sandy strip about twenty feet wide and a low dune behind it. The dune was covered with sea grass and mango trees, the south side of the Key was a complete swamp of mango trees. Jean had never seen anyone on this Key since the time they first brought their Houseboat to anchor on the opposite side of the Bay and she felt safe there. Even safer now that she had a guard dog to protect her.

Jean ran the small boat up on the beach, just enough to keep it from drifting away and then took the anchor out onto the beach and pushed it into the sand. Once they were on the beach, Jean spread her big beach towel on the sand and knelt to scratch King's ears. "Well, I guess you better get used to all of this freedom away from that old kennel you were raised in. I know you will get used to my husband and know him a lot better, soon you handsome boy." She was talking to the dog and all the

time she was stroking his back and around his ears. His big long nose was prying her thighs as she sat on the towel and he buried it her crotch. His tongue was licking up and down her cunt, making Jean shiver with erotic desire to make it with him right then and there on the beach.

"No, King. Mommy isn't ready to do it with you yet. I want to wait until my husband is up and watch us enjoy ourselves. I want him to enjoy the show too when you mate with me and show him how much you love doing me."

He jumped up knocking her back down on her back and beautiful ass. Jean tried to correct him, but King growled at her and stood over her. His fore paws were on each side of her neck and he was drooling down her face as he bared his teeth slightly.

Suddenly Jean remembered some of the things Chris and Katherine had told her after her first fuck with King. "Oh My God! I really am his bitch! They weren't joking when they said I would have to pleasure him whenever he wanted me. He is letting me know that he wants to mount me right now! Holy shit, I have a new master!"

Jean looked down between the dogs legs and saw the long red and purple doggie cock slowly extending out of the sheath. His hips were undulating in the motion of intercourse and warming up for the main event.

When she saw that he wasn't going to be satisfied until she submitted she thought, "Well shit! I didn't want to do it this soon, but there is no way out for me. He is an animal and I had better please him or else get hurt. Holy cow, this is awesome. I've got a real master now and I had better do what he wants!"

"Okay King, lick mommy," Jean pleaded as she spread her legs and steepled her knees in complete submission to her new master. The dog moved back away from her face and began to lick her cunny swiftly until she was soaking wet with his saliva and the beginning of her own arousal.

King kept licking until Jean began to hump her hips up slightly, signaling to the animal that she was beginning to get in heat.

Jean began to enjoy the fondling and smiled lewdly when she began to feel her sexual desire taking over her body and she slowly rolled over on her stomach, lifting her hips up higher enough to get on her knees with her tits still flat on the towel. King got the message that she was submitting and now his bitch and covered her with his body and began to seek the entrance to her fuck hole.

Surprisingly to Jean, he wasn't rushing the penetration, but learning the best way to insert his eager cock into his bitch's wet cunt.

The young house wife was cooperating the best she could by reaching back between her thighs and guiding the long tool to the entrance of her vulva. When she felt the pointed penis slip between her outer labia lips, she took her hand away and relaxed. She waited for the animal to shove his tool all the way into her cunny and take complete control of her body. The wait was short lived and suddenly he rammed it all the way to her cervix.

The sudden and fast penetration wasn't unexpected but now welcomed, really welcomed and she couldn't believe herself, this dog rape was wanted by the young housewife when she was in this kind of highly aroused sexual state. Jean was now eager for the exquisite erotic sexual sensations that traveled up from her cunt to her brain and realized that she truly was a bitch for king and would have to submit to him constantly. She had been conditioned during her training to the awesome sensations a dog can give a woman, much more so than any man alive and now she knew no man, not

even her husband would equal King in giving her the sexual satisfaction she would receive when mated with the animal.

King knew his job, to pleasure his mistress, and also to please himself. He was putting all of his weight behind the thrusting into Jean and with such a speed that she was about to have her first orgasm in the first moments of this coupling.

Unknown to Jean, there was a voyeur watching the two of them on the beach towel fucking away. He was hiding in the sea grass, not more than fifty feet back on the beach from them, but down wind so that King didn't smell his own aroused sexual odor. He was stark naked and masturbating at a furious speed himself. His eyes were filled with lust as he watched the tender young girl observing the gorgeously long and fat cock of the dog that was moving at an amazing fast speed.

"Ohhh"King"You"Are"Making me cummmm"" she moaned softly and the dog responded by thrusting even harder into her body.

Something new was happening to her that she had never felt before in her training. It seemed as if there was a bigger section on King's cock that was trying to enter her already stretched cunt opening. It was forcing its way into her and suddenly it slid in with agonizing pain.

"Ouchhhhh"What the hell are you doing to me King" Your cock must have grownnnnnn." But the pain of the additional stretching had ceased, just as suddenly as it had occurred and King couldn't move in and out of her cunt anymore. He was knotted tightly to her as he dumped his doggie load of hot cum deep into her body.

The young wife began to orgasm even more intense when she felt her interior heating up as if scalding water was being forced into her body. Suddenly it dawned on her that King was knotted and flooding her womb with his hot, white, cum, a pint of it at least for the first time.

Jean had lifted off the launch pad headed for the moon long before she was knotted to King, but now her orgasm were so fast and frequent, she thought she was having a continuous one.

King, slowed down and tried to pull out of Jean, but he couldn't. He was tied to his new bitch by his knotted cock, so he stepped over her and the two of them were ass to ass in that position for over fifteen minuets. Suddenly King pulled out of Jean and she collapsed on the towel, completely spent and fatigued from the fast and furious fuck plus the amazing long orgasm she had just received as king's permanent bitch.

Both Jean and King lay on the towel recovering and Jean drifted off to sleep. King just lay there for awhile. He got up and began to walk around the beach, staking out his territory by peeing on every thing in sight until he had relived himself. He returned to Jean and sat next to her, but became very alert and was sitting up and staring at the sea grass further back on the beach.

His mistress rolled over on her back and saw the dog's ears standing straight up and his head pointed at the far grass not moving a muscle but beginning to growl very low in his chest.

"What is it King? What do you see?" she was talking softly to the dog.

He jumped up and slowly slinked toward the grass and just as he was about to go into the grass Jean stopped him with a command.

"Come back, King! Come back here right now!" The dog spun around and bounded back to her side as she rolled up the towel and threw it into the boat.

"Come on, pull on the rope and help me get the boat back in deeper water you horny stud." she commanded him again as she handed him part of the anchor rope and told him to pull while she pushed the bow of the small boat. Suddenly the boat slid into deeper water and Jean motioned the dog to jump into the boat while she pushed it further out into the water and jumped in herself.

It only took her a few seconds to let the outboard motor down and hit the start button. They roared out away from the beach and headed down the deep channel and then straight to their houseboat.

Once Jean was on course to the houseboat and the boat was planning across the smooth water she looked around and could see another boat moving around from the opposite side of the small Key that she and King had been on. The boat looked like the one that the stalker, her voyeur always had when he would watch her walking around the upper deck of the houseboat nude.

Jean picked up her own binoculars and looked the strange boat over and saw the man clearly. He was the same one, but this time she noticed that he was very handsome and from what she could tell he was nude also. The impish nature in Jean arouse in her when she saw that he was watching her too with his binoculars. That's when she just sat very straight in her boat, her tits out thrust with the proud look of a Goddess and smiled in his direction just as she slid up to her houseboat.

"Come King. Come with mommy." She commanded the dog and he jumped from the Boston Whaler boat to the wide aft deck of the houseboat and sat beside Jean as she stood there, giving the voyeur a perfect view of her nude body from top to bottom and he could easily see the patch of brown pubic hair. Just before she turned to go inside the cabin, she waved with a gigantic smile at the staring man and she felt more erotic shivers hitting her lower torso. It felt wonderful to her now, to be so free, to do what she liked, and to let her exhibitionist mood to come to the surface for that stranger to see. She never thought that it was so easy now because she felt completely safe with King by her side.

She found her husband still in the bed when she checked on him, so she began to prepare breakfast. They ate just as soon as he walked into the galley and caught each other up on what went on around the key, but they never said a word about sex until they finished and King began to nuzzle his head between Jean's thighs and slowly licked her cunt.

Harry watched the dog caress his wife's cunt with his tongue and he could see that Jean loved it. She was squirming around in the chair when she asked him.

"Is this the way you have always wanted me to be, honey? Am I slut enough for you now?" Jean was getting so excited that she was going to have to have her orgasmic release again for both king's pleasure and her own.

"Baby doll, you are perfect now. You are making me the proudest husband in the world." He praised his young wife.

"With all that praise, I had better show you more. Come with me, and let me prove it to you so that you'll never forget it what I have done to become the wife you wanted."

Harry followed his naked wife. He still marveled at the fantastic transformation that had taken place in just one week. He grabbed her, pulling her into his strong arms.

"I still can't get over the change in you, baby doll. You are the perfect wanton for me now."

Jean melted into his heavenly embrace. King still sniffed his cold nose between her ass cheeks. She rubbed her body against her husband while he did this. King was making her body respond with

fiery passion now that only a big cock could quench. She wriggled out of her husband's arms.

They were standing in what was the small cabin lounging area up forward in the wheelhouse area. It had deep pile carpet with a long sofa down the back bulkhead for spectators to view the shore as the boat moved along its route when cruising. There was a small leather couch-cot, raised and curled at one end, placed just under the forward windshield on the left of the big steering wheel to control the big houseboat. There was a big deck overhead with a flying bridge there. Two big sliding glass doors on both sides of the small lounge area. The cabin was very bright with the sun shining through the large windows all around the cabin. There were no obstructions to stop anyone in the cabin from looking out nor anyone outside of the boat from looking into the wheelhouse if they were high enough.

During the night, Jean had thought about what she was going to do this morning to please her husband's voyeuristic desires and had inserted a very large dildo in her anus to stretch it so it would be easier for her to take king's big tool there for the first time. She had felt the knot this morning and taken it up her cunny for the first time now she was ready to do the same in her anus. She wanted to try to be knotted by her ass to King today when her husband was present. She knew her husband would go nuts if she could get King to knot to her in her ass hole while he watched.

She was removing the anal plug while her husband watched and she was rewarded when she saw him began to stroke his large cock to an even greater size while sitting on the long lounge.

Jean then moved to the couch at the front of the wheelhouse and laid down on her stomach with my hips over one end of the couch arm rest, the way she had been instructed to do at the Breeders while she was in training with her new pet, King. Her beautifully rounded bottom raised above her waist and she bent to fit the curve of the rounded end of the couch. She spread her legs about two feet making her holes easy for King to penetrate with his aroused cock.

"Harry, I have never been tied to a dog at Katherine's breeding kennel by my ass hole. I never let King do that to me the whole time I was in training and I told Katherine that I only wanted to let him do that when I am with you. Now I want you to watch closely when I mate with him and take everything he has to offer me, cock and knot all the way into my anus, just for your pleasure, dear."

"Are you ready to see me do this? I want to please you my wonderful, understand husband?"

"Shit yes! Do it Jean, I want you to do it." Her husband was expressing his greatest desire to her while his hand was a blur stroking his very hard, long, and fat cock.

"Come here, King. Fuck Mommy. Come here, King."

The dog moved over to Jean and slurped her face. The young wife scratched his ears. She then gently pressed his head back toward her waist. With a little effort he soon found her juicy pussy. His cold nose shocked Jean for a moment when he stuck in right against her eager, juicy cunt. His tongue began to slide across her pussy lips and over her rose bud anus. The next pass parted her blood filled outer labia lips. Tears filled Jean's closed eyes when she turned my head to look at her almost hypnotized husband on the lounge along the back bulkhead of the cabin. Jean felt so proud and giving at that moment when she opened her eyes and saw the reaction she was getting from her husband. She was giving herself to her new pet for her husband's kinky pleasure. It felt so good and she loved what was occurring in her body, and best of all the way it was responding to this outrageous kinky act. King's paws scratched her waist when he moved up over her body to mount her. His cock felt hot against her wet eager and wanton flesh. Jean reached her first orgasm just as King's cock finally found her cunt entrance after several stabs at it. She reached down between her



legs and guided King's long pointed tool to her open brownie anus and the dog never knew the difference, He rammed it in and from then on, it was all an orgasmic blur until she felt his knot for the first time pushing against her specter muscle. King hunched even harder when his knot pressed against her annul opening. She was staring at her husband all the time during the fuck action and saw his eyes glued to the knot as it appeared from the sheath and King began pounded it into her ass as if he was driving a nail with a hammer in hard wood. It filled her like she had never been filled before as it slowly spread the sphincter muscle and slipped in a fraction of an inch with each hard thrust from the dog. The pressure was building as it gradually entered her and she felt so full that the pressure was intensely painful. Jean was screaming out her orgasms in a continuous wail as the knot finally slipped all the way in and was locked in by her anus. The sphincter closed around behind the knot on the shaft, tying her to the dog so tightly that she felt as if she would never be able to get that big cock and knot out of her. She knew she was now one with the dog again that morning. Then there began the hot sperm spraying deep inside her body.

Jean shrieked when she knew she was tied to the animal. She was truly mated with King for the second time that day. She was surprised at the stimulation and orgasms that she was receiving when her ass hole was finally tied to the dog's cock and it was impossible for the two them to part now. Her own hand had slipped down between her thighs and was flicking her clit as fast as her fingers could do that. Jean decided she always wanted to be tied from now on either with the knot in her cunt or up her anus. This just felt too good to ruin by not being tied. She was hooked on King's knot now. In that instant she knew some part of her would always be his 'Bitch' for the rest of her life. King's bitch anytime he wanted to fuck.

King kept thrusting, but there was very little movement in her ass now. It was so full of dog cock and knot that there was no room for movement. King stood there and just quivered as his cum continued to shoot deeply into Jean's eager ass hole. Jean was also shivering with her unending erotic orgasms. After about three minuets of this, she was drained and King was trying to get off of her, but it was impossible to do this with her ass hole locked around his knot. The dog just stood there, his tongue hanging out and drooling all over Jean's shoulders and back. It was a very wet thing with them. Slowly the knot began to shrink after about ten minuets and then five minuets later, King pulled out of Jean's well used rectum.

She was a gooey mess! Harry helped her up off the couch twenty minuets later when King's knot got free of Jean. King was right there beside her with a silly grin, his tail wagging. Jean scratched his ears as he licked his own cum and Jean's cunt juice from her inner thighs as it ran out of her anus and pussy.

"Yeah. Me too!" She cooed at him, with a completely satisfied grin on her face when she saw the large amount of white cream flowing freely from her well used anus and cunt.

"Holy shit, baby doll! That was fantastic. You are a real piece of work now and I love it." He took her into his arms and she felt his tickly cock pressing against her crotch.

Jean smiled at her husband and asked him. "Am I the wife you wanted, Honey?"

"You fucking A! You are perfect, Jean. But you must know that now that you have been knotted to King for the first time just now tied together you have become King's bitch. Your pet has made you his bitch when he mated with him like that. You are going to have to submit to his demands for your body in the future and I'm not going to be left out. You will obey me when I want you suck or fuck me also!"

"Wow!" Was all Jean could say. "I really love this idea and it makes me the happiest wife in town that

I have become a bitch for my pet. Really I am proud, so proud of myself that I can take a dog cock and his knot along with enjoying the many orgasms he gives me when we are fucking and tied. Honey!"

Jean thought about her husband. "I guess I really never knew my husband and his way of thinking. I would never have believed he would force me to mate with a dog, but he sure in Hell did. He even went so far as to get out new pet, a big fucking dog for my pleasure and turned me into a bitch for this animal. Shit, I never understood myself, but my sweet loving husband did. He knew I would come around and deep down come to love this new freedom I have. I sure picked the right man to marry. I know now that I will do anything to please him, I promise myself that."

Her husband didn't say a word, just smiled lewdly at her, then took her into his arms and kissed her. He held her for a few minuets, running his hand up and down her nude body and savoring the feeling of her luscious body.

Jean pushed away from him and said, "I think I will take a nap, sweetheart. I never slept very well last night. Will you take care of King for me? He may need a walk soon?" She asked her husband.

"Okay, I can do that."

Jean slept a long time and woke up after one o'clock that afternoon. She quickly got up and made lunch for both her and her husband but he wasn't on the boat. She went up to the wheelhouse and found a note to her saying that he taken King for a run on the beach and he had gone diving after that and wouldn't be back for several hours or until he caught enough goosters for their dinner tonight.

While cleaning up the galley, King began to nuzzle her ass while she was washing dishes and she looked at him with a big smile.

"You want to fuck mommies again, you big handsome stud?" she asked the dog.

The dog moved up to her crotch when she face him and began to lick her cunt. It only took a few swipes with his long tongue and Jean's sexual desire was a raging furnace again. She took King back up to the wheelhouse and she assumed the fucking position across the head of the rounded couch, and she was ready for another good fucking.

"Okay, King. Fuck mommy again. I'm ready for you."

Jean found herself quivering with lustful anticipation as King mounted her for the third time that day when she gave him the command to do it. Her orgasms were so many and so fast that it was exhausting for her when she was finally tied to him. When the two of them finally were free of each other after a fast and furious fuck for over thirty minuets, King's knot slipped back in his sheath, Jean took him back over to the island in the Whaler that Harry had left tied up. The inflatable was missing and she knew her husband had taken it. Jean played with the dog and all the time she was nude. She had never put any garments on when she got up that morning.

Jean finally laid down on the sandy beach in exhaustion and went to sleep. King was lying beside her, guarding his bitch and on full alert when he heard something approaching from the other side of the tiny island through the high rushes.

He started growling in a deep base and he nudged Jean awake. She looked around and didn't see anything but King kept on growling. Finally he stood up and slowly stalked over to the high rushes and snarled in a very deadly tone.

Suddenly a voice called out to Jean. "Don't let that dog attack me, Miss. I have no intention of hurting you. Please calm him down!"

Jean was frightened at first then she realized that King would tear anyone or anything to pieces that threaten her. She got control of herself and shouted back to the voice in the weeds.

"What do you want? I won't call my dog off until I know who you are and what you want?" Then she waited for an answer to her questions.

"I would like to meet you. I have been watching you ever since you moved here with that houseboat. I have admired your beauty and your way of showing your freedom by going nude all the time. I love that, in fact I am a nudist also and love to be free as a bird with nothing on out here in the back country. May I approach you now?"

Jean giggled knowing that she wasn't in any danger as long as King was on guard and she spoke to the dog. "Come here King. Lay down next to mommy and guard!"

After King obeyed her command she called out to the man in the bushes. "You can come out now. I have my dog under control, but please don't make any sudden moves toward me. He will attack you if you do!"

Jean was surprised when a handsome man in his thirties walked out of the bushes, completely nude with a semi erect cock that she knew she was the cause of. She watched him move very cautiously near her and he sat down with his legs crossed Indian style.

King watched him, growling very low, just loud enough to let the stranger know that he was being watched and would attack if he made a move any nearer to Jean.

"Miss, I have enjoyed watching you for a long time and missed you last week when you were gone. You are so beautiful and desirable that I took a chance to meet you here when I saw you come over to this beach this morning. You were very exciting to watch this morning with your dog. I knew you would have to walk your dog again this afternoon and that is why I hid in the rushes again. I just wanted to see you up close. You made my day yesterday when you waved at me while I watched you return home after weeks absents."

"Well thank you for all of the compliments, but you had me worried that you might attack me and rape me before I went away. Now I have a body guard and I don't worry about that anymore. What is your name?" she asked him, still admiring his perfect physique and she could feel the erotic shudders coursing through her lower body when she saw his gorgeous cock began to grow and turn a dark brown as the blood flowed into it. His circumcised cock had a nice big purple glans on it now and she was enjoying the high she was getting because she had this man so aroused that he wanted her.

"Ted Wilson," he replied. "I live over on Sugarloaf Shores, but spend most of my time out here bone fishing. I love the sport of trying to outwit those silver beauties, and lately I have had the luck to watch a hundred pound beauty enjoy the sun and water the same as I do out here."

"I suppose you mean me, Ted." Jean stated.

"Of course. You are beautiful. What is your name you beautiful Irish lassie?" He asked her.

"Jean, and I do descend from an Irish family, but my name is English now since I married." She told him.

"You are married?" She could see the surprise in his expression. "I would have believed you are too young to be married. You have the figure of a lovely young teen age girl and I never thought you would be married so young."

"I am not in my teens anymore. I slipped into the twenty year old bracket last month. I was married the day before I turned eighteen and now I am very happy that I did. My husband is the man you see with me on the boat all the time." Jean told him.

"What a very lucky man to have such a wonderful, beautiful nudist for a wife. I am sure he knows that anyway." He smiled when he said that.

"Yes he does. He is so good to me. He just gave me this guard dog last week because I was worried about having you stalking me all the time. He doesn't want anything to happen to me," and she hesitated before she went on and said, "that I don't need or want."

Ted smiled at her then, lewdly when he asked. "What do you need or want, Jean? Maybe I can help you there."

Jean caught the lewd meaning in his voice and smiled back at him when she replied. "I can see that you have something that greatly interests me and it appears to be just what I like. I think I would love to experience it in action, but I think you should meet my husband first before we get too well acquainted without going deeper into the subject, don't you?"

"Maybe you are right." He replied to her looking out across the water when he heard a motor running very fast. He smiled then and nodded toward the sound. "I think your hubby is heading back to your houseboat. Maybe I should get lost so he won't see me," and he rose up and turned to walk away. Jean got a very good view of a very long love tool as it stood straight out. She guessed that it must be at least ten inches in length and then she admired his firm and well curved buns. His body was all muscles and not an ounce of fat on it anywhere. His hair was light blonde and this was true of his pubic hair which he didn't have an abundance of. Jean would guess that he wasn't over five feet eight inches tall and probably weighted one hundred forty pounds. In her eyes he was the perfect man for her one hundred pounds and five feet frame. She loved what she saw and then told him so.

"Ted" You are gorgeous. I love your perfect body. You don't have to worry about my husband and please don't make yourself a stranger to our boat. Stop by sometime and have coffee with us and if my husband is not home at least have coffee with me. Just call out so I can control King before you step up on our houseboat."

Ted looked back at Jean and said, "I surely will do that and very soon, maybe tomorrow." He slid through the rushes and disappeared as if he was an Indian of old.

"Come on King, we had better get back on the boat, Harry will beat us there." She motioned the dog to jump in and she pushed the boat off of the sand and ran the motor as fast as she dared through the shallow water to their houseboat.

Her husband called out to her when he slid up beside the big boat a few minutes behind her. "Hi baby doll. You were sleeping so good, that I decided to go diving and I got six lobsters for our dinner. Do you think three tails apiece will be enough for us?"

"I have some wine and a big salad that will be perfect for our dinner out on the forward deck under the stars. The wind is blowing onshore so we shouldn't have any problem with bugs tonight, honey." She told him.

Harry grilled the lobster tails and Jean made the salad. They ate in silence on the forward deck and King lay at her feet, on guard all the time although you would have thought he was asleep. When they finished, they cleaned up the dishes and cleared the forward deck of loose gear. Then just lay down on some soft cushions that they had for that purpose to watch the beautiful sunset.

Jean finally began to tell Harry about her afternoon while he was out diving. She told him of making herself available to King again and how wonderful it was. Then she spoke to him very softly when she explained what went on the beach with King that morning too.

"Honey, King and I were playing on the beach this afternoon and finally I just lay down and started to drift off to sleep. I was so tired from being tied twice today to King that I was exhausted. King woke me up when he heard something back in the mangrove trees and he kept growling until a man called out. I asked him what he wanted and he just said he wanted to meet me. King was guarding me like you would if a man snuck up on me and I felt safe so I told him to come out of the rushes so I could see him."

"Honey, it was the man that has been watching me for the last two months. He was completely nude like me and this put me at ease. I talked to him and he was so nice and he is very handsome. But what really got me excited was the gorgeous cock that was responding to me. He got a gigantic erection while talking to me and wasn't ashamed of it either. That made me so proud of myself that now I could sit there and make a man want me so badly that he would get a hard cock, but still treat me like a lady. He is handsome and has a beautiful body to go with his nice personality. I know I would like him." Jean had told her husband everything then.

Harry just looked at her then and smiled lewdly. "Well baby doll, you have learned to fuck dogs, you fucked Chris and his wife up in Homestead, why not this stranger here on the boat if you want to. I love your new attitude about sex and your desire to have it with anyone, so why don't you pursue it with this guy?"

Jean just looked at her husband then. She wasn't completely surprised at his attitude but very happy with his answer. This was a complete change in him too. It seemed that both of them were now liberated from the old restraints of not doing or saying what was deep down in their minds. This was not the response she expected from him and she said so. "Harry, I am surprised at you. You really do approve of me doing what I would like to do with Ted?"

"Go for it baby doll. Of course I do and I would love to be around to see him mount you and take that gorgeous cock you described up in your sweet juicy cunny."

She just looked at her husband, then away. Her eyes were on the sunset in the west and it was glorious as usual in the Keys. Just then she heard a boat approaching their houseboat at slow speed. She got up and looked around to the back of their boat and saw a blond head coming up very close.

"Hi Jean. I thought I would bring a good brand of gin out and see if you and your husband would have a drink with me while we watch the sun go down." He called out.

Jean responded. "Come aboard Ted. What a wonderful ideal way to get aquatinted with us." Jean caught the line he threw her and she tied it to a cleat. Harry had moved to the stern and took the other line and tied it to the aft cleat. He helped Ted step aboard and he noted the fine features of this gentleman.

Jean introduced the two men and then took the gin and disappeared in the cabin to make the drinks.

Ted spoke first. "Harry, I hope I haven't created any animosity by staring at your beautiful wife for

the last two months when you moved out here on your houseboat. I don't think any red blooded man could resist such a beautiful lady that was nude all the time. I just had to meet her today."

"No Ted. I was only worried about her safety, but from what she told me at dinner, she was taken with you the moment you stepped out in the open the same way she was, nude. Nice way to impress her and she loved it." He told the handsome gentleman.

"Well, I am happy about that. Please don't get the wrong idea about what I want. No man could help not wanting such a delicious morsel as Jean. How in the world do you stand having her flaunt that gorgeous body in front of you all day?"

"Easy. That's my kinky thing, Ted. I am a voyeur. I love to look and watch her. It give me great pleasure to see her beautiful breast jiggle like Jell-O when she moves and to watch her rounded ass cheeks quiver as she walks. She keeps me erect all the time. My greatest joy is to see her in action with a big cock in her tight pink pussy and very happy with it." Harry confessed to this man and his brain was racing in high gear on how to get something started between Jean and Ted. He knew she would go for him, but just how should he break the ice so to speak.

Ted was surprised and expected a lot of heat, but not this. Harry was almost offering her to him and he knew he would never refuse. He had jacked off a many night when he wasn't allowed to fuck his own wife. He would even fantasize that he was fucking this tiny beauty when he was on top of his own inhibited wife, but now here he was being offered a chance to fuck Jean by none other than her husband.

Ted took the drink from Jean's hand when she returned with three drinks. All three of them were seated on the cushions on the deck and Ted's shorts were holding his fully erected cock down, hurting him. Harry and Jean noticed the bulge in his shorts and then Harry spoke to both Ted and Jean.

"Why don't we make Ted feel right at home with us, Jean? I think we all should get rid of these cloths. It is too hot tonight to sit around and sweat when we could enjoy the cool Gulf breeze much better and Jean's husband stood up and dropped his shorts, standing completely nude before them. Jean stood up next and shucked out of her tight denim shorts and pulled the cut off tee shirt over her head. She was completely nude now, not even a piece of jewelry on her body, no rings or ear rings either

Ted just stared at Jean for a moment and he too stood up and pulled his tee shirt off then pushed his shorts down, allowing his erect cock to spring straight out. Jean stared but there was a smile of glee on her face when she saw that she had made this stranger hard again by letting his feasting eyes caress her nude body.

They all three sat down then and Jean moved over very close to Ted and took his erect cock in her hand.

"What are you doing, Jean?" He questioned her when his eyes met Harry's.

"I will eat your body while my new pet, King licks me," And she brought her mouth back up to his nipples. "I want to satisfy your curiosity about me. I want to make you deliriously happy and love the things I am going to do for you, before you go back to Sugarloaf Shores."

Ted looked at her and held her tenderly. The loving silence and the way he cradled her told her what she wanted to know.

This stranger spoke to her softly when he said, "I do, beautiful. I do," he said with a gentle and genuine tenderness. Her teeth began nipping him. "Christ, you're perfect, Jean. I knew you would be this way from the first day I observed you on the top deck of this boat!"

She looked up at him. "How would you know that? You haven't fucked me yet!"

She bent her head, ready and anxious to undertake the task of getting him even harder. She clawed his taut groin, her lips and tongue working overtime on the hard piece of cock flesh sticking straight up from his crotch. She crawled between his legs, perching her ass up for

King's delight. Her tongue licking fast and furiously on Ted's cock.

"King's tongue is fucking me, Ted. Do you mind? His tongue is in my pussy."

Ted groaned his response that he didn't care who was in her cunt at that moment. He glanced at her husband watching them and saw his hand slowly stroking his own cock. Ted's head was in the clouds.

She was everything he had dreamed of in his fantasies. His senses were being bombarded with erotic sexuality, she reeked of it.

"How does it feel, beautiful? Tell me what your dog is doing." With his passion on high he still was able to revel in what the German Shepherd was doing to this gorgeous lady. A tremor seized him, seeing the dog's rump swaying in back of Jean, knowing that his tongue was touching and licking her cunt.

Jean flipped her tongue up and down Ted's hard prick and stopped to speak. "His tongue is almost as deep in my pussy as his cock when he fucks me, Ted darling"" She bit her new lover's inner thigh flesh with playful nips. "Roll over, Ted."

Ted moaned as her mouth urgently followed him, biting the cheeks of his tight buns.

"Nnnnnn, baby!" Her tongue was soaking the flesh of his ass and thighs. "God damn, you're fantastic, gorgeous Lady!"

"We're going to be very happy in a few minuets, "Jean mewed. "Your sex-life will never be what it was Ted. I won't let it."

Her hand skimmed under his body, grasping his cock. As she held his prick, she soaked his asshole with her drool, then buried her face between his twin ass cheeks and licked the wrinkled hole. Has hand squeezed his prick rhythmically all the while.

Ted squirmed; her small mouth was driving him crazy. She stirred the embers in his balls, stoked the fire, and brought his passion fire to a roaring incinerator. He heaved a gasp, a moaning rumble.

"Inside! Stick your tongue in my asshole!" Ted cried out and Harry giggled then when he saw her do as he shouted.

"You like the way I lick out your ass the way King is licking out mine?" she mewed wantonly.

"Uhhhh ... yeaaaaah ..Don't stop." He was delirious.

She purred, her nails scratching her lover's ass cheeks.

"King's tongue is in my asshole now. Ooooo, he's reaming out my ass. Watch him, Harry. He is reaming it deep as hell!" She plunged her face back to her lover's ass and plowed her tongue into his ass canal. She reamed Ted as the German Shepherd kept reamed her narrow shitter. King's prick throbbed, his tongue whipping deep inside Jean's ass. He snarled, pressing his wet, snorting muzzle beyond the wrinkled crack into her tiny asshole, eager to mount her and plunge his massive hard dog cock deep up onto her body again tonight..

Ahhhhhhnnnnnn ..." Jean's muted sounds were lost in her Lover's ass. She clawed Ted's groin, manipulating his cock with her other hand. She licked him down behind his balls, humming, sending vibrations up through his body to his hardening prick, Craving to demonstrate to him all of her new knowledge of how to make a stranger into a limp dish rag after she got through with him. She was showing Harry everything she learned, in the last week of unbridled sex.

Jean crawled over to the empty long cushion that she had been sitting on when Ted came aboard the houseboat and sprawled herself

out on her back, her ass scooting down until her pussy was flush with the edge of the cushion.

"Watch me now, Harry; watch me take the dog's prick."

Both Harry's and Ted's rock hard cocks were as stiff as a telephone pole and sticking straight up from their groins. They stroked them, their eyes following the contour of her petite naked body, her legs opened wide for the giant German Shepherd 's hulking cock.

"Come to mommy, King. It's time for you to tie me again. Fuck me and show my men how you can mate me!" She humped her pussy in a lascivious manner, her ass bumping down against the thick cushion

King whimpered at Jean and padded to the meaty pussy that was being offered to him. Standing between her outstretched legs, he licked upward along her pussy crack, cunt cream oozing out freely over his pointed snout. He slurped around in the steamy depths of her bubbling cunt.

Ted's mouth dropped. He came closer, feeling Jean's tits and squeezing the pulpy meat. His prick throbbed again. Blood gorged his cock again, turning it into a piece of fiery steel.

Jean leered at her husband and Ted from glassy emerald eyes when she told them, "his tongue is in so deep!" She slapped the long cushion with her hands, and commanded King. "Fuck mommy now, King. Fuck me."

The dog immediately leaped up, lunging his gigantic hardon at the waiting hot oozing pussy.

"Aaaaaaahhh! Ted! He's in MEEEE!" She met the dog's first thrusts with her jabbing hips, feeling his cock slide deep into her eager cunt.

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" she said to King, mauling his sleek hairy body, humping her cunt on his big cock, feeling his thick doggie cock stretch the tight pulsating walls of her pussy.

King's eyes glowed. He licked Jean's flushed cheeks, his hot breath warming her face. He whimpered, his hind legs dancing, his heavy balls swaying and haphazardly smacked into Jean's wet, juicy cunt. His neck strained, his fangs bared, his cock swelled to the limit. He began to howl his pleasure. Jean gave Harry and Ted a dreamy expression, her hips jerking on their own power.

"He's so deep! He's stretching my pussy for your gorgeous cock, Ted!"



"Your asshole. Let him fuck your ass!" Harry's voice was cracking with lust to see her impaled on a dog cock up her ass hole again.

"Ooooooh, Harry." She began to jerk away from the dog's lunging cock, her hands pushing the huge German Shepherd away.

"King! No! No! Stop. I want you to fuck my ass. Fuck my ass hole for me. Mommy wants it in the ass this time, King."

King pulled out, whining, yelping, Jean's hands shoving him away. He licked his long giant cock with his thick broad tongue. There was cunt juice smeared all over it.

"Oooooo, shit, Ted," Jean panted heavily. "Help me roll over."

"I have a better idea. I think your husband would love to see you ride me" The dog will fuck you like you suggested, in the ass at the same time. You will have both your holes stuffed with cock meat for a double fuck, Jean!"

"Oooooo, yesssss, Let's do it!" She moaned enthusiastically, rolling over on the cushion allowing Ted to stretch out on it then, her eye catching sight of Ted's gargantuan cock at the most glorious readiness she had ever seen a cock.

"Ohhhhhh, yessssss." Exuberantly, she pushed Ted onto his back and grabbed his big cock, straddling him.

Harry was amazed. He couldn't get over what he was watching. She was definitely a sexual animal now. Ted jabbed up, his hands grabbing each tit.

"Noooo," she purred, dragging the head of his cock through her seething cunt. "You lay still. It's my show. When we're here on my home you belong to me. I'll belong to you when you make me cum, on this big dick, body and soul."

Ted dropped back, willing to give in to her desires. Wasn't this what he he had always wanted since the first time he saw her with his binoculars? He grunted content to let her have her own way. He was ecstatic!

Jean crammed the head of Ted's cock between the loose puffy labia lips of her cunt, swallowing the bulbous head. She released his cock and remained poised, ready to pounce any second. She was reeling in happiness. She rocked back and forth; the deck area was spinning, her passion bubbling in her veins.

"You ready?" She asked her new lover.

Ted nodded that he was ready. Jean plunged down at once, impaling herself on his stiff love tool. She swooned, her body stuffed with the stranger's cock meat. It was one of the most wonderful fucks she had ever had. It was almost as good as the first time when Harry took her cherry.

She held steady, unmoving, gazing into his face. "You're throbbing, Ted." She leaned back, her tits pointing up at the the top of the overhang on the deck as she let her body slide down, way down on his cock. She pressed a finger into her belly. "I can feel you all the way up to here."

Quickly, she came back into position, keeping his cock buried to the hilt, holding it tight with every muscle in her overheated pussy.

"King! Come and lick." She slapped the jiggling cheeks of her ass and leaned forward. Her tits huge in Ted's face, enticingly accessible for him to paw.

King rushed over, his long red cock jutting out, looking meaner and thicker than before. The pointed cock tip seeped the sperm of his heavy balls. He caught the exotic scent of Jean's turned on body. He ran his tongue from her cock filled pussy up her ass crack.

"Did you feel his tongue?" she asked her new lover, her mouth parted in a deliciously lewd expression as the dog licked his tongue along her deep ass crack.

Ted nodded, feeling the dog's tongue lap eagerly on his balls and the base of his cock where the juices from Jean's pussy had settled. "He's licking my cock!"

"Like it?" she cooed, shivering in ecstasy. She bent forward and licked her tongue across Ted's mouth.

"Uhhhh ... his tongue is licking my ass now!" She swiped her tongue over her lover's mouth again. "He's licking me like that too." She told him then.

"Lady, you beautiful girl," he groaned, his hands anxiously roaming over his dream girl's lithe, sizzling body. "Jesus, Jeanie!" He jabbed up, his prick throbbing in her tight pussy.

"Not yet," she moaned. Her eyes rolled back in her head from the force of Ted's jabbing cock. "Ssssooon. Wait until King's cock is in my asshole first."

Anxious for it to happen, Ted reached around his sexual partner's hips and spread the firm cheeks of her ass, exposing the delights of her wrinkled hole to the dog's muzzle.

She wriggled, jabbing back at King. "C'mon ... come onnnnn!" she urged the dog. She was becoming frantic. The desire to have her asshole plundered by the dog was an overwhelming obsession.

"Oooooo, fuck me, King. Fuck my ass." She wiggled her cunt on the stranger's cock.

Ted held her ass cheeks apart, the dog's tongue cleaning his balls as Jean's pussy continued to flow. He tightened, the look in his partner's eyes driving him berserk. "Yessss, King, fuck her pretty little asshole."

King's snout jabbed the round wrinkled opening. He sniffed, and then barked, his prick swinging like a bat. He whimpered and nipped her ass, his passion pounding inside his achy balls. Still whimpering, he jumped up, his huge paws landing on Jean's back.

Jean groaned in heated desire, her small body almost buckling from the dog's sudden jump. She grunted under the weight of the giant hairy beast.

"Ooooooo, Harry! Ooooooo honey keep watching me. This is for you too!" She held still, waiting for the dog to rip into her asshole.

"I'm frightened. King has never fucked me back there before while I have a cock in my cunny, Ted!"

"Easy, Lady," he soothed, keeping her ass cheeks apart for the German Shepherd. He felt the dog trying frantically to sink his cock into the tight canal of her virgin asshole. "Easy. Relax."

Jean looked adoringly at her husband. "I'm glad you are watching my first double fuck, honey." She gulped back a rising panic, feeling the dog's prick spearing into the flesh of her ass cheeks seeking

the tiny rose bud hole.

“Oooohh, King, do it! Do ... AYIEEEE!”

King did it then! His cock speared dead center on the tiny hole slicing by the tight sphincter muscle right through her wrinkled opening and plunged deeply into her bowels. He howled, his jabbing body lunging frantically. He pranced in closer, slamming hard, ripping through her tiny asshole and spreading it wide with his swelling cock.

Jean’s head snapped back. “He’s in meeeee! Ooowww! He’s ripping me apart! Ooooo, GOD!” She bucked and bounced on the two cocks. One an animal and the other a human one. Her pussy was being stuffed with her new lover’s cock while her asshole was ravaged by her beastly Wolf-German Shepherd pet guard dog.

Ted weathered the fury of his new fuck partner’s jerking and floundering body. He could feel the pounding weight of the dog as he lashed Jean’s asshole with his doggie cock. Her pussy pulsed against him urgently, and with the dog stretching her asshole, he felt her pussy tightened around his firmly imbedded cock. He was stunned, feeling the jabbing strength of the dog through the thin membrane that separated the two delicious holes.

“Ride it, Jean, ride it!” He was still, letting her adjust to the dog’s cock ramming in and out of her ass.

“Oooooo, Ted!” She squirmed wildly. “It burnssss! Ooooo, how it burns.”

Tears were streaming down her cheeks from the pain. Her head was whirling in agonizing pain and deep down a slight feeling of wonder was building. It was a toxic mixture of pain and pleasure now.

She came down on her lover. Her face buried in the crook of his neck, her ass poised high, King stabbed his cock at horrendous speed into her ass, making a gigantic effort to bury his knot in her body also now that it was knocking at the entrance to her shitter..

Ted held her, caressed her smooth back, his hands brushing against the dog. It was exotic! “Fuck her! Fuck her!” he chanted to the dog, swept up in the moment. “Fuck her! Bury your knot in her, King. She is yours. Do it!

Suddenly Jean felt a tremendous shock shoot from her ass hole to her brain and she realized that King had done exactly what Ted commanded him to do. She was knotted, tied to her pet dog by her ass hole again.”

The pain began to subside and the shear pleasure of the erotic act she was performing was taking over slowly. Being in her new lover’s arms and having his cock plugged inside her pussy was helping too. She began to let herself float free, beginning to enjoy her ass fuck along with the new strange cock.

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“Hee’sssss ... he’s ...” She pushed back, experimenting. “Oooooo ... Harry! Harry!”

“Yeaaaa, baby doll. Take both of them! Both of their cocks. You are beautiful and make a great sandwich with a man and dog.” He jumped up, and hovered over her while stroking his cock at a furious rate. He began to shoot his cum and he aimed for his wife’s face. She was covered with the white sticky stuff in a few seconds from her forehead to her chin. Harry never missed his mark while

shooting cum at his wife.

King yelped, adjusting to Jean's movements as she fucked the two cocks. His hind legs danced, his tongue hung out and his black eyes were gleaming with a passionate luster.

Jean welcomed King's ass splitting knot. She shoved back at him, catching the dog's rhythmic lunges and smiling dreamily into her husband's face while he stood over her.

"He's fucking me blind, honey! I'm stuffed with doggie cock." She used her cunt muscles on Ted's prick. "I'm in heaven! Ohhhhhh, God, I'm in heaven."

She worked her ass in tight frantic circles, King's whimpering cries and the blonde stranger's pleasurable grunts were swirling her around and around in a whirlpool of passion and excitement.

Ted began to pick up speed, his cock swelling in the tight, snug lubricated channel of her pussy. His hands skimmed around and grabbed her tits. He mauled them, his fingers digging into the soft supple mounds.

Man and beast fucked the tiny compact woman. Mercilessly, they slammed into her. Ted from the floor slamming into the tightness of her cushiony soft pussy and King from behind spearing into the tight canal of her ass. Their thick aching cocks turned Jean into a mindless body that bore the passion and overpowering strength of them both.

Jean went berserk. She devoured both cocks with her body, gulping up their driving meat with both her holes. Her clit, swollen and puffy with blood and lust, scraped into Ted's groin, sending hot sharp jolts of pleasure through her entire frame. She looked down at Ted and watched his hands manhandling her tits.

"Ooooo, I feel you both. You're making meeee ... ooo ..making me crazy!" She jerked between them, Ted's hard, muscular frame beneath her, King's hard, hairy body behind her, his paws clamped to her sides, his hind legs rubbing her thighs. She wallowed in both man and beast fucking her, her mind slowly floating out of reality and into a fuzzy world of heavenly sexual sensations.

Ted held her tits, his ass humping, his cock lancing her pussy with a flurry of wild jabs. His ass thumped methodically. King, yelping like a lost puppy, drove the naked woman forward with each frenzied stab of his prick. His heavy balls seemed to rumble their approaching eruption. He leaned forward, his hairy frame covering the silky smooth skin of Jean's body.

"Cummmmmmm," Jean growled, her eyes showing passion and ardor. "Cummmmm! Cummmmm! Cummmmmmm!"

She was out of her mind. The two plunging cocks had robbed her of her sanity. She twisted against the invasion of her pussy and ass, sinking lower and lower into the murky depths of depravity and lust.

"Cream my cunt, Teddy boy," she rasped hungrily. "Cummmmm!"

Her head twisted around and she saw the demonic, looking beast fucking her ass.

"Kinggggg Cummmmm, fill my ass with your doggie cum!" She ground her cunt into Ted's groin, an explosion careening through her small frame. She was cuming!

"Yessss, Jean baby! You cum!" Ted pounded his cock into her climaxing body, tattooing her pussy

with a strength he didn't know he possessed.

"CREAM MY COCK! CUM!"

Jean swirled around the summit, her clit raw from the friction, her head was swimming, her pussy in spasms, her ass devastated by the German Shepherd's cock. In the midst of her whirling orgasm, she opened her mouth and her eyes popped.

"He's cuming! King's creaming me with his sperm!" King's growling snarls echoed in the boat and blended with Jean's shrieks of joy. His cock spewed a deluge of cum into Jean's waiting, grasping asshole. Harder and faster, he pounded the small framed woman, his cock sinking deep into her ass. His cum squirted even deeper, his cock releasing a torrential downpour of the hot, liquid sperm.

"My belly! He's shooting it into my fucking' belly!" Explosive convulsions racked Jean's body and she wrenched herself between the two spearing cocks. A hot searing jolt ripped like lightning through her spastic cunt and she soared.

"I'm cumming, darling!" Babbling cries of idiocy followed. Her orgasms rendered her speechless, unable to utter anything but a gurgling cry. Her body contorted into twisting, churning gyrations, forming unbelievable positions as wave after wave of crashing orgasms beat upon her distraught body.

Ted, swept up in the fury of his partner's cumming and the giant dog creaming her ass, exploded. Jet streams of cum blasted from his prick, shooting deep and filling Jean's waiting cunt quickly.

Thrashing and writhing between two plowing cocks, Jean's body drank in the spraying cum that drowned her. Greedily, Jean's body absorbed the doggie jazz and the hot squirting cum of her new lover. She gurgled as if the cum were filling her throat. Her hair slashed across Ted's face as she writhed. Her arms buckled, and she finally collapsed, her ass still being skewered by King's spurting prick.

King's hind quarters shoved his prick deep, the last few squirts of his doggie sperm flooding her ass completely. He yelped when he tried to pull out. His knot was still swollen so much that her ass hole wouldn't release it. His prick was sore, but rapidly shrinking. Jean had collapsed on top of Ted and she lay there until King's knot shrunk enough that she squeezed it as if it was a big turd and shit it out. The dog's cock retracted back into the safety of its thick skinned sheath. He whimpered, sniffed and licked the hole he just plundered, lapping up the goo that oozed from her momentarily enlarged asshole.

King went whining off across the deck, away from the growling, moaning human bodies on the cushion.

With her body unencumbered by the dog's heavy weight, Jean was able to give full vent to Ted and his still spouting cock. She hauled herself up, bouncing on him and swung around, clawing the air as another eruption burst deep inside her scalding cunt.

Ted's eyes bugged out at Jean. His hips lunged up and down like untiring pistons, turning her pussy into a thick soup of cum. His hands gripped her with urgency and he plowed her with a vengeance, his prick jettisoning the last of his load. With a roaring grunt, he stopped, depleted, completely satisfied for the first time in his life.

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A swirling climax spiraled up through her pussy. She squealed an unearthly sound and froze. A quivering rumble shook her body. She looked at Harry; saw his smiling face through a haze, as he kept his eyes glued to the cock embedded in her tired cunt. Jean then twitched on Ted's tool. She slipped easily into a light faint.

Harry eased her off Ted and held her in his arms until she recovered.

Jean opened her eyes and looked at her smiling husband while he held her in his arms.

"Are you proud of me now, honey? Am I the way you have always dreamed of having me?" She asked.

Harry kissed his wife slowly and ran his tongue around her lips when he answered her.

"Yes, very much so, and now it is my turn." He began to carry her into the aft cabin where their bedroom was located, but just then he turned to look at Ted as he pulled on his clothes. He spoke to him softly.

"Ted, I want to thank you for entertaining my wife and me tonight, and remember you are welcome anytime you wish to visit us or Jean if I am not here. But please, I want you to do me one big favor if you visit her while I am away. I want you to leave a big load of cum in her each time so I may enjoy her when I do return home. Will you do that for me?"

"Harry, I want to thank you for your wonderful hospitality tonight and I hope you enjoy your wife's desert that she got for you with me. I can promise you that she will always have the desert you wish when I visit her here on your houseboat. I have one question thought." Ted said.

"What is that Ted?"

"Is there any limit on how after I help her fix your desert during the week?" The handsome blonde man asked with a gigantic lewd smile on his face as he stuffed a very limp noodle of a cock back into his shorts.

"None what so ever, Ted. Every day will be fine by me, but you will have to check with Jean on how often she wants to whip up that lovely pussy cream mixed with your cum." Then he went into the bedroom and pulled the drapes.

Harry waited until he heard the outboard motor on Ted's boat start up and fade in the distance before he dove between Jean's spread thighs. He sucked and lapped at her cum filled cunt until he had gotten as much as he could from her cunt before he jack off over her sleeping body, covering it with his scent, staking out his claim like a dog pissing on a wheel. Once that was done, he gave a great sigh and thought, "now I have the wife I have always dreamed of. A real wanton that is willing to do anything I wish. No husband could have anything any better than that."

*The End*