

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



“Three PM. Right on the dot.” A young jogger told himself as he passed the house of an old man and his dog who had just left their door. This young jogger was making his rounds in a quiet suburb, getting his daily exercise, and enjoying the sun on this nice summer’s day. He patiently waved to the old man, who returned the jogger’s greeting with a kind, if weak, wave. Now passing the old man, the young jogger followed the sidewalk towards the neighboring neglected park, where he would find his usual resting spot, an old park bench.

Finally resting his muscles, the jogger, Kel, allowed himself to absorb the bright sun’s rays and calm wind’s breeze. Kelvin, or Kel, is the definition of youth. A fit 22-year-old, he enjoyed every opportunity to lavish in his youth, spending his time staying fit and active. Kel lived to experience any thrills that came his way and rarely stood up to a challenge. It was this drive that led him to this particular neighborhood, this park with a neighboring elder, and even the bench he sat on.

As he rested, Kel covertly focused his attention on the old man who was also resting on his porch chair. This old man was Kelvin’s near opposite. While a glimmer of kindness still shined through the old man, it had been worn down by age and loneliness. The only friend that would give the elder the time of the day was his old, large dog. From the many viewings Kel had made of the old man and his dog, no company bothered to acknowledge them. Kel knew that his simple, daily greetings were the only attention and peace the two had received from someone in years. Kel pitied the old man and his dog, but it did little to change the young jogger’s true purpose for being there and watching those two. Kel was scoping the old man out. He was going to rob him.

Kelvin was a kleptomaniac. His rush for action led him to a desire to steal. In college, he was infamous for ‘borrowing’ from everyone, only to never return what was given to him. This path only drove his few friends away, and his family had little interest in him to begin with, leaving the young adult to his own devices. Now, he was about to take his stealing to another level.

For weeks, Kel has used his jogs to scope out his first big heist. He browsed through the many nearby suburbs, looking for a house that he could easily invade. His goal was simple: he wanted to make as little noise as possible. He did not want to hurt anyone; in fact, physically, he wanted to leave as little a trace as possible. And he had found the perfect spot. An old man that no one paid attention to, in an area where he could easily scope and hide. The only obstacle before him was the old man’s large dog.

Looking into it, Kel learned that the dog was a Neapolitan mastiff. A breed regarded for its guarding capabilities and size. And the elder’s dog was definitely meeting the size metric. Even from the end of the driveway, Kel could see that the mastiff was giant, both in height and weight. But the wannabe thief also saw that the large beast was entirely docile. He would only stay by his master’s side despite not wearing a leash, and he would not snarl or bark when he passed by. Regardless, a gentle giant is still a problem that needs to be dealt with, and he had the solution. And after one check around the house, Kelvin was certain; tonight was the night.

It was hours later when the summer’s night finally went dark as Kel returned to the park next to the old man’s aging house. Kel wore his usual jogging attire, while avoiding any colors that alert any onlookers. A black compression shirt, light gray shorts paired with black tights, and his usual worn-down running shoes were all he needed. He packed light. Seeing that the neighboring house’s lights were off, he knew that the old man was asleep and the coast was clear, so he made his way to the backyard. A metal fence was nothing for the athlete, and what awaited him was the key to his success.

One day, when he was carefully investigating the old house, he took a pitch in the backyard to discover the metal fence. Assuming that this fence was for the dog, Kel took a further look at the backdoor and he hit the jackpot. There was a doggy door and a big one at that. Knowing that he could easily fit through that doggy door, he knew on the spot that would be his entry and exit point.

Kel stood alone in the backyard, a porch light spotlighting the young thief. He approached the doggy door and like he predicted, he slipped right through. He was now inside the house. And from the snores that echoed through the house, the old man was fast asleep. However, another sound filled the dead air, and it was growing. It was the sound of thin chains jiggling. Kel sinks one hand into his pocket to ready himself for the next obstacle. Soon enough, the large canine would make his appearance.

Now, sharing the narrow laundry room that connected to the backdoor, the dog and the cat burglar finally made their introduction. From his research, Kel understood Neapolitan mastiffs were big from the glances he got from his jogs. But, now face-to-face with his quadrupedal opponent, he started to question his research and even his own eyes. This dog was huge in every way. The mastiff's shoulders easily met Kel's pelvis. His bulky build enveloped the door, and every inch of him had waves of wrinkles; even his eyes were lost within the folds. He left an intimidating shape as he was darker than the night around him. Most notably, a swollen orb that lived between his hind legs. His pants were heavy, and drool dripped from his drooping jowls. Kel had to be careful, or he would get caught or, worse, become this dog's meal.

Kelvin was slow with his movements. One hand still in his pocket, he raised the other and crouched down to meet the large canine at eye level. The mastiff, curious with the stranger in front of him, proceeded toward the uninvited guest. Despite being a large guard dog, there was no malice in the mastiff as it reached the stranger's inviting hand and allowed itself to be petted. "Hey there..." Kel whispered peacefully, rubbing the dog's wrinkly head. "What's your name?" Kel carefully reaches for the dog's nametag to get a good look at it. Ralph was engraved on the dog tag.

"Ralph!" Kel quietly said in a cheery tone. "That's a fitting name."

The compliment went unnoticed by the lonely pooch as he leaned forward to give his new friend a welcome kiss. Kel giggled as the dog's tongue dragged itself across his face, a single stroke enough to coat Kel's face in sticky saliva. Despite the dog's smelly breath and excessive drool, Kel did not mind. He knew that this dog was so lonely and that the slightest attention and kind words would easily earn the dog's trust, making the next part of his plan all the easier.

"Okay, okay!" Kel laughed off, doing his best to playfully tear the affectionate dog's tongue from his soaked face. "Here, I got something for you."

He finally pulled with the other hand out of his pocket to reveal a raw steak wrapped in plastic wrap. Ralph's attention immediately bolted to the meat in his new friend's hand, the dog panting even harder than before. Kel unwrapped the meaty treat and steadily held it over his head.

"Now, if you want this meat, you're going to have to stay quiet for me." Kel softly directed the drooling mastiff. "Can you do that for me?" The dog was smart as he only responded by sitting, waiting patiently for his treat. "Attaboy," he said, playfully tossing the meat into the good boy's mouth.

Ralph caught it effortlessly and paced away with his reward. Satisfied with their transaction, Kel continued his way into the house.

Touring the first floor, Kel stealthily perused for something of interest. The kitchen had more pill

bottles than food, the bathroom only had an old man's necessities, and the only treasures of note were photos of years past. Each passing photo tells a story of the happy family slowly fading away from time's apathy. Children were becoming parents and moving away. A loving wife is gone but not forgotten. And only the joy of the present being a photo of the old man and his new puppy. A puppy whom Kel would meet again in the living room.

Ralph was lying snugly in his large dog bed, still chewing on his late-night snack, when Kel finally appeared. The living room, too, had little to offer. To the old man, a giant dog and an old flatscreen were all he needed in his living room. But it is certainly not enough for an aspiring burglar. Kelvin glanced over at the nearby staircase, the old man's snores traveling downstairs. Kelvin knew that any goods worth stealing had to be upstairs, and that risk only excited the kleptomaniac. But before he could make the journey, he had to do one more check on Ralph, who was still chewing on his meaty treat. The two shared glances for a second before the mastiff returned to his food. Kel's plan was foolproof as he saw the slobbery dog focused solely on his steak, a steak with a convenient little sleeping pill ledged in its grain.

A confident Kelvin carefully climbed the stairs. A squeak was made with every step, but that did not stop Kel. It only made the danger even more exciting. Soon enough, the young housebreaker reached the second floor, and his attention was directed towards the growling that emanated. It was the old man's room. It had to be the treasure trove. More careful than ever, he used the sliver of the door to peek inside. The room was large, but the old man was the center of attention. He was out cold.

"There's no turning back now."

Kelvin quietly psyched himself as he slowly pushed the door open. The porch light outside slightly illuminated the room, making searching the bedroom easier to navigate. And yet again, Kel was right. Expensive watches, rings, and men's cologne littered the nearby dresser, and a thin layer of dust showed that it was all for the taking. Realizing that his eyes were larger than his pockets, Kel looked around the room to find a bag to help him. He could not find a bag, but on a nearby coat rack hung something better. A luxury men's coat.

Kel had to have this winter coat. It called out to him. So, Kel quickly grabbed and tried on the coat. Upon putting it on, his shoulders nearly gave in to the weight. For a winter coat, it was heavier than it looked. It even looked larger than it did from across the room. But the countless pockets it was equipped with only made the coat even more luxurious. And quickly, those pockets were filled with the riches that this pickpocket wanted.

His greed now content, the newly born thief knew it was time for his escape. As he made his way back to the bedroom door, he was immediately reminded of gravity as the cautious mugger was slowed to a crawl. The coat was heavier than he originally thought, and the stolen goods did not help matters. And every step made a scattered jingle that only made Kel more cautious. But it wouldn't take long before he would reach the bedroom door and escape the bedroom.

Now confident that the bellowing snores would cover the suspicious jingles from his pockets, Kel steadily walked towards the staircase, the weight still dragging him down. As Kel paced down the stairway, he caught a glimpse of the large beast lying peacefully in his bed—a chewed chunk of meat still lying on the ground. 'The dog took the bait and was sound asleep,' Kel thought.

Minutes passed as Kel carefully reached his exit point. After this, he was home free. But instead of unlocking the door, the thief wanted to leave like how he arrived, through the doggy door. He argued that leaving the back door unlocked and with his fingerprint would get him caught, but deep

down. He viewed the doggy door as just another challenge to overcome. He slowly approached the large flap, returning to his hands and knees to crawl out headfirst, and began to slide his way out. As he slid out, the once large door was enveloped by the puffy jacket, making movement even more difficult. Suddenly, all movement Kel could make had seized. Kel was stuck in the doggy door.

Kel was caught in a dilemma. The winter coat was stuck in the doggy door, and he could barely move. So, not wanting to damage the coat or, worse, alert anyone, Kel started to gingerly wiggle his way out. The task was arduous, as Kelvin had to leisurely swirl his lower body just to peel himself off the door. He focused his attention solely on moving forward, blinding himself to his surroundings. The act was embarrassing, but thankfully, no one was around.

Despite his best attempts and minutes of simple gyrating, Kelvin made little progress in escaping the tight trap. The coat must be caught on something and the only way to solve it was to go back. Unusually, though, when he tried to scoot backward, he tripped himself and realized that his shorts were drawn down. Kel was lost in confusion until he felt a warm breath hitting his backside. "What the..." Kel asked himself, somehow even more perplexed than before, still trying to free himself from his loose shorts. Suddenly, the warm panting was followed by a forceful lick.

The sudden lick jolted the trapped theft, only now realizing that the dog he thought was passed out was now behind him, licking his vulnerable taint. The tights that guarded Kel's backside did nothing to prevent his ass from getting soaked as the excited mastiff's licking only got more intense. Ralph was devouring the ass in front of him. Kel tried to kick the large dog off him, but the shorts that wrapped around his thighs ensnared his legs, leaving him defenseless. Kel can only hope that Ralph would get bored and not literally eat his ass.

Minutes pass, and the Neapolitan mastiff showed no sign of stopping. Kel's stockings had absorbed a liter of dog drool and Kelvin was lost in the moment. All attempts to escape or defend himself had melted away along with Kel's body as it squirmed. Drool was seeping into his shame, and Kelvin hated how good it felt. Abruptly, the tongue lashing stopped, and Ralph grabbed the wet tights with his mouth. Kel recollected himself as he felt teeth gently scrap his buttocks, and knowing exactly what was happening, he used the last of his strength to defend his exposed rump. Kel wrestled his ass with the dog, who playfully tugged at the thin fabric. It was no use as Ralph finally ripped the worn leggings, and wasting no time, he jumped on Kel's backside.

Ralph's front legs interlocked with Kel's struggling legs, keeping his mate firmly in place. Ralph's weight alone was enough to saddle the thief's ass, which had reluctantly positioned itself perfectly for the horny mutt. Ralph drove his sheath forward for insertion, the tip quickly kissing Kel's asspussy. The peak was enough to spook Kel, but he did his best to relax his body for the inevitable rape. And his target now sighted, the giant mastiff shoved the crown of his cock into his new mate's hole.

The dog's cock seemed to have one goal in mind: to force itself into the warm anus as much as possible. A goal that would quickly become challenging to Kelvin as the organ only seemed to grow larger and thicker with every slow but painful thrust. Kel clenched his teeth with the thick coat's sleeve to help ease the pain. The dog's penis continued to grow. Soon, it felt like an arm was punching Kel's insides. Each thrust was enough to push Kel's body forward, only for Ralph to pull his lover back towards him. As the thrusts grew faster, Kel's body loosened itself further, and Kel's mind went lost in a daze. His mouth hangs open, releasing the puffy sleeve, now with drool escaping his lips.

Kel's thoughts collided with one another. How did he end up like this? Did he deserve this? Is there still a way out of this? How does a dog this big thrust so fast? Was he enjoying this? But no matter

where his mind went, the slapping of his ass kept him in check. The reality is: Kel was being fucked by a dog, a large dog, and he was getting faster.

Kel could also feel something hitting the rim of his stretched asshole. He knew what was coming. Ralph was ready to knot him. And no amount of drool, precum, or stupor was enough to ease the pain the poacher was about to experience. But Ralph cared little about whether he would fit in or not. He was going in no matter what. And with one powerful ram, the knot finally plunged inside Kel's body. A loud, aggressive moan escaped from Kelvin, along with a satisfied whine from Ralph behind him. A minute passed before the defeated Kelvin realized that he had climaxed in his damaged tights. But it was nothing compared to the flood that rushed inside Kel's canal. Ralph's seed painted Kel's intestines, and Kelvin could feel it all. The dog spunk hopelessly looked for an egg to fertilize. Kel had been bred.

But it was nowhere near over as Kel suddenly felt himself being pulled back inside the house. Ralph was dragging him back inside. All of Kel's efforts to escape the house were made fruitless as the giant guard dog easily popped him out of the doggy door. Now after releasing his bitch, Ralph made his way out of the laundry room, still attached to his bitch. Now lying on his back, the newly-bred dog slut was being dragged across the still first floor, satisfied panting and nails scratching the floor alone, filling the air with sound. The tug between the red rocket and ass emitted a sharp pain to Kel, but he was too exhausted to feel anything truly. He barely noticed the coat was peeling itself off its theft, finally freeing itself alone on the floor.

It was only when the two reached the living room did Ralph stopped in its tracks, Kel still forced to follow. Curious, Kel peered over to see Ralph chewing on something. It was the steak from earlier. As the mastiff played with his post-sex meal, Kel noticed something still lunged in its grain. The robber winced when he realized it was the sleeping pill, Ralph had completely ignored until now. Kel was left annoyed with himself, still glued to the mutt who finally swallowed his meat. And after their dinner date, Ralph was ready for bed.

Only a few feet away laid a round, cozy dog bed that rivaled twin-sized beds. With mate still in tow, Ralph leisurely wandered his way into his newly recognized love nest. The tired canine took the extra effort to snugly fit his bitch inside, an effort that Kel could hardly appreciate considering his rectum was still being pulled. With Kel fully enveloped in the musky dog bed, Ralph twisted his body around, an action that made them both whine. But now, with the imposing molossus face-to-face with his lover, he finally gave himself in and collapsed on Kel.

The air in Kel's lungs bolted from his chest, the sudden weight leaving him panting for relief. Ralph's massive body blanketed Kel's. Unable to move and just barely catching his breath, Kelvin was at the mercy of the giant lying on top of him. Kelvin was also met with a similar sight as Ralph's drooly jowls were mere centimeters from Kel's exhausted maw. Their breaths swam with each other, and Ralph could not resist himself as he forced his broad tongue into Kel's open mouth. The young man was caught off guard by this show of affection, his exhaustion leaving him unable to lock his jaw.

As the wet organ wormed itself around Kel's throat, the deflowered thief felt weak at this moment. Ralph's floppy jowls were gently slapping Kel's cheeks as the dog's tongue dug itself further into his lover's mouth. The mastiff's breath skunk of meat and neglect and slobber flooded the throat of the nearly-exhausted man, but Kelvin could not muster the strength to close his mouth simply. He wanted to stop himself. But Ralph would beat him to the punch as he finished exploring the inside of Kel's soaked mouth, now content to lick his human lover's face. Kel's lips remained slightly open as the mutt coated his tired face in smelly slobber. With each stroke growing slower and weaker, Kelvin realized that the sleeping pill was finally taking effect. Soon enough, the tired canine's kissing came to an end, and he laid his wrinkly head on his bitch's bare chest. Finally, he fell asleep.

Ralph's heavy snoring echoed across the living room as Kelvin was now alone with his thoughts. He wanted to distract himself from the reality around him, but it was literally lying on top of him. Not only was a giant dog sleeping on top of him, but his orange-sized knot was still lunging inside him. Drained from everything and unable to move, Kel succumbs to his exhaustion and finally rests, with his canine rapist keeping him warm.

The morning sunlight crept inside the dusty. It slowly traveled the living room before reaching the sealed eyes of the sleeping thief. It was then that Kelvin slowly woke up, his one-night stand still piled on top of him. His body was numb to the weight and sleep paralysis, but he felt his ass still tingling. He was, at least, relieved that the enormous dog dick had dislodged itself from his insides, and he was too tired to feel it. But Kelvin did notice that the resting dog's large sheath was hugging his flaccid crotch, Ralph's deep breathing slowly dragging his groin into the other. His body still beat, and Kel reluctantly had to wait for Ralph to wake up.

Soon enough, Kel's wish would be granted as the colossal mastiff awoke from his deep slumber, his tired eyes matching Kel's. At that moment, Ralph dove his muzzle and unleashed a barrage of morning kisses. Each lick grew more intense as the excited Ralph used his tongue to dig into Kel's opposing maw. Despite this drooly offense, Kel's teeth remained sealed, his lips left victim to the tongue lashing. He knew that if he tried to command Ralph to stop, it would leave the inside of his mouth defenseless, so he submitted to the dog's show of affection, hoping that Ralph would tire and finally release him.

But this hope would grow into a panic when Kel heard creaking sounds from above. "Oh shit!" Kel thought to himself. "The old man's awake!" Desperate to escape, Kelvin recollected his tired arms and attempted to push the heavy dog off him. The sheer weight on Kel's body would make the attempt difficult, impossible now that Ralph was pushing himself further into his mate's face. Ralph did not want Kelvin to leave him. Two opposing forces pushed one another, and Ralph's love was clearly winning. The sound of footsteps grew louder and closer as Kel used the last bit of his morning strength to free himself from the overly affectionate canine. But Ralph would not give, finally laying his large head on Kel's, blanketing his face with slobbery, rubbery jowls. It was at this moment that Kel gave up. There was no escape. Not only was he going to be caught as a thief, but as a plaything for a dumb dog.

In less than no time, the old man completed his journey through the stairs and finally reached the living to greet his best bud. "Morning Ralph." The drowsy old man greeted the giant dog, seemingly hiding something. Kel clutched as Ralph lifted with head up to attention, realizing the trespasser to the old man. Kel was now staring face-to-face with the old man. Kel laid their silence in cold sweat, waiting for the old man to react. The old man's eyes glared at the area where Kel's slimy head lay. But strangely enough, no reaction came.

Kel could not believe it. There he was, in this old man's house, in his dog's bed, and with his dog lying on top of him, and it was as if Kel did not even exist. Kel's mind raced to understand what was happening, his best bet being that the old man's eyes were so bad that he couldn't even recognize a human's face staring back at him. The intensity was one-sided as the old man turned his attention towards the nearby floor where the coat that started all this rested.

"Ralph..." the old man said annoyed. "Why is my coat on the floor?"

The senior retrieved his dusty coat, barely awake enough to hide his exhaustion from what he thought the dog. He then slowly made his way back up the stairs to return his coat to its hanger. Somehow, it was the one miracle that this intruder experienced in this whole mess.

Kel's streak of luck would continue when the mountain of a dog finally lifted himself off his tiny bitch, wanting to follow his master upstairs. It was now or never. Kel had to escape. His body still worn out by the night before, Kelvin dragged himself out of the large, smelly dog bed and slowly collected himself back to his feet. From his shorts that were barely hanging from one leg, the rip that advertised his butthole, and the lingering smell of dog's breath and spank, Kel was an absolute mess. He quickly fixed himself by covering the exposed hole with his dirty shorts and made his way to the laundry room for his escape. But just as he left the living room, he heard a bark directed towards him. It was Ralph, and he was not happy.

It was clear that the lonely mastiff did not want Kelvin to leave, as no matter how much he tried to quiet the dog, Kel was only met with more desperate whining. Kel's worry grew further when he heard the old man calling out to Ralph. "It's just a squirrel there, boy! You'll wake the neighbors!" But the woofing continued. And when Kel attempted to sprint towards the escape route, Ralph's barking got more desperate. "What's out there, boy?!" the ceiling questioned, and the old man sounded concerned. Kel could not run. Kel could not hide. Kel was running out of options.

Kel's mind drew to a blank. The room went quiet as the two loners stared at each other, both with desires that contrasted with the other. But just as Ralph was about to bark once again, Kelvin quickly slid towards the needy canine and wrapped his arms around the dog's thick neck. His fingers dug themselves into the folds. Their eyes pierced one another. This caught Ralph off-guard, but this confusion would end when Kelvin planted his lips into Ralph's.

The two were held there in place. Kelvin had firmly locked his arms around Ralph's neck, and his nose was pressed into Ralph's droopy jowls. Realizing what Kelvin was doing, Ralph affectionately kissed Kel's lips. Kelvin, in response, opened his mouth and accepted the large muscle coming inside. Kelvin had fully submitted to the large mastiff's love. Their tongues swirled one another, but Ralph's tongue was clearly leading. Kel's arms released themselves, traveling towards Ralph's fuzzy chest as they felt the excited beast. With every slurp, Kel was drinking the dog's drool, swallowing it like it was his last. The two had fully embraced.

The delighted pooch had calmed down considerably. Now satisfied, Kelvin released himself from Ralph's panting jowls, a trail of drool bridging the lover's mouth. Kel had to recover from the embrace, his breath now matching Ralph's. The trespasser slowly backed himself off and returned to his feet as he made his way to his intended escape route. And just as Ralph was about to start yapping again, Kel soothed him down. "I'll be back for you, big guy..." There was no time to lose as Kel finally shuffled his way back to the quiet laundry room and dove into the doggy door with little trouble.

Now free from the house, Kelvin paced his way to the street. As the early sun shined on his drool-doused face, Kel's senses had finally returned to him. And one thing crossed his mind, 'I just made out with a dog.' The walk home was long and arduous for the young thief. Not only did he leave empty-handed, but he lost his virginity. His sore ass and tired legs reminded him of the ordeal. The aspiring burglar had lost, but he did not feel defeated.

A knock on the door wakes up the room as Ralph cheerfully starts barking. The old man makes his way towards the door, notably excited for a day. When the cheerful old man opens the door, he greets his newfound friend, Kelvin.

"Kelvin, you're right on time."

Just before Kelvin was about to respond, he was ambushed by the giant mastiff, desperately wanting to give a welcome kiss.

“Down boy, down!” the welcomed guest laughed out as the drooly welcome tickled his face.

The young athlete, sporting some loose sweats and a sweatshirt, carefully frees his face from the canine, letting the dog down as he, at last, greets his old friend. The men share a hug and immediately notice the old man’s glasses.

“Archie, you got new glasses?” Kel asks.

“That’s right,” Archie explains, gently showing off with his new glasses. “I have you to thank for convincing me to get some new goggles. I don’t know how I lived so long, blind as a mole.”

The two friends make their way to the living room with a happy dog in tow. It was incredible how quickly a friendship could grow in one month.

The two passed the time chatting, with Ralph occasionally interrupting for attention. The active mastiff was more fit than a month ago and he wanted to use that energy. Soon enough, Archie sees a car pull up to the driveway. It was his grandkids. Just as the two make their way towards the door, Archie turns to Kelvin.

“I want to thank you again for watching Ralph over the weekend.”

“Hey, it’s my pleasure,” Kelvin responds kindly as he reaches his arm around the mastiff’s neck, playfully keeping him in a headlock. “Y’know how much I love hanging his big boy here.”

Ralph seemingly replies by licking Kel’s close-up face. The old man chuckles, reaching for the doorknob.

“Oh wait!” Kelvin softly alerts Archie, stopping him in pace.

The young man grabs the nearest coat hanging on the nearby handrail and presents it to the elder.

“Oh!” Archie surprised. “Thanks for the lookout.”

Kelvin wraps his old friend in a coat that is all too familiar to the former kleptomaniac. Now warm, the two men side hug as farewells are shared, Ralph lurking in the background. Archie waves to his canine best bud as he finally leaves the doorway and reaches his grandkid’s car, ready to go. Kelvin waves goodbye with Ralph by his side as the car housing Archie leaves the driveway and disappears into the suburbs.

Now alone, the young athlete and large mastiff return inside, Kel immediately removes his sweatshirt, showing off his bare chest to the excited canine. Kelvin tosses his sweatshirt onto Ralph’s dog bed, which distracts Ralph enough for him to fetch it. And just as Ralph reaches his bed to fetch the sweatshirt, some sweats nearly miss his head. Ralph directs his attention to where the sweat came from, only to be met with an almost-naked Kelvin, seductively posing for his canine love.

The only attire was a pair of boxer briefs, barely hiding an erection. Ralph’s panting grew ever heavier, drool began dripping from his jowls, and a pink head started to appear from his sheath. The horny dog was desperately waiting in place for an order. Kelvin alluringly walks towards Ralph before sitting on his knees and now face-to-face with the colossus.

“So...” Kelvin whispers, the two lover’s breaths touching. “Where do you want to start?”

The End