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Jane dabbed a little of her favourite perfume on her wrist as she looked at her reflection in the bedroom mirror. Her make-up was perfect and her long-chestnut hair was neatly tucked in to a ponytail. She looked at herself in the full-length mirror. The hard knots of her nipples were clearly visible through the sheer satin of her cute babydoll nightie.

She sipped red wine from the crystal glass on her nightstand. She had already had one glass already and she was starting to relax. With one hand cradling the wine-glass, she scooped red petals from a bowl and scattered them in the air, allowing them to cascade over the bed and floor.

She lit perfumed candles that she had set up around the room. In her heart of hearts, she hoped that she wouldn't scare him away. After all, Marcus was her best friend in the world, so she was concerned that this would 'queer' their relationship. She knew that intimacy between friends could ruin the friendship, but this was a chance she had to take. They were both lonely, so it made sense for them to become romantically involved. She could hear Marcus downstairs and wondered if he suspected what she had been doing in her bedroom for the last hour.

She called out to him. 'Marcus...I need you...'

There was silence. Jane panicked. This was her opportunity to call it off, but her heart told her to wait and see what would happen.

She poured another glass of wine and drank deeply. The dizzy combination of alcohol and desire made her heart thump in her chest.

'M-Marcus....I need you,' she called out again, timidly.

Again a long pause, then finally she heard the steps on the stairs.

This was it.

Her actions tonight could have consequences for the rest of her life...Could she convince her friend to become her lover?

She lay on the bed, trying to look as alluring as possible. It didn't come naturally for her to be the seductress. She preferred to be seduced, but after waiting for so many years for Prince Charming, it was time for Cinderella to take charge.

Marcus' face peered around the door. She smiled at him. 'Come and join me on the bed,' she purred.

Jane had always been shy and uncomfortable around men. She had too many inhibitions to ever feel comfortable, especially when it came to love-making.

Not that it was easy to bring men around when Marcus was there. He was fiercely loyal and protective towards Jane, but that was always the noblest quality of the breed. He would stare down the few male companions she had ever had, which would make any potential suitor feel uncomfortable. Jane put a lot of faith in Marcus' opinion and could never fully trust a man that he would not approve of. Rhodesian Ridgebacks were certainly a woman's best friend.

It was just yesterday evening, that it all began. Jane had just returned from the gym, had a shower

and climbed in to bed with a mug of hot chocolate.

Just as she flicked on the remote to watch a video from her bed, Marcus sauntered in to her room.

'Do you want to watch Sleeples in Seattle with me?' she asked him as she patted the empty space on the bed beside her.

Marcus cocked his head to one side, and climbed up. He flopped down beside her and they watched the movie together.

At some point, Jane must have become drowsy. Marcus had his back to her and she cuddled up to him, the curve of his back neatly slotting in to the curve of her stomach. She hugged him close to her and enjoyed the warmth of his body and she sighed, all too aware that she was spending Saturday night alone, without the company of a man. Then again, she had it better than a lot of girls. She was able to cuddle up with her best friend. There weren't many women in the city that could make that claim.

As she drifted further in to her dream-like state, her hands stroked and massaged her dog's body - from the folds of his chocolate-brown ears to his muscular flanks.

With the only light coming from the flickering television screen, she could easily believe that the body next to hers was that of a man. She hugged him even closer, while her hands caressed the soft fur on his chest.

She curled one leg up over his body, while she tickled his chest. The melodic soundtrack of the movie was sending her in to a trance.

Her hands drifted lower, where the fur on his stomach felt like chinchilla. His masculine scent filled the air and she struggled to remember the last time that a man had made her feel this dreamy. She pulled herself closer to him, coiling her leg tighter around Marcus' body while she played with him.

She wasn't fully conscious of what she was doing, but she could feel herself starting to become aroused - sexually.

She undid the top three buttons of her night-shirt. She opened it, revealing her creamy, white breast. As she hugged the dog close to her, she let her sensitive nipple graze across the ridge along his back. The bristles on his back stimulated her nipple until it hardened in to an aching knot.

She gently rocked her body back and forth against Marcus' body, while her fingers travelled lower down his body. Pulling and teasing the fur on his soft underbelly.

Then absent-mindedly, or perhaps deliberately, her hand felt between his legs...

...and that was the last thing she remembered when she woke up at 6am in a cold sweat.

What had happened to her?

Marcus was gone, but the impression of his body on the quilt confirmed that he had spent the night in her bed.

She tried to retrace in her fevered mind what happened last night but she couldn't, for the life of her, recall how it ended.

She ran downstairs, feeling more than a little weak at the knees. Her mind only starting to register

the implications of what may have occurred.

Marcus was on patrol in the kitchen, as normal.

She felt some relief, seeing him act in his usual manner. She looked for a clue in his face, but there was none.

Jane tried to push it from her mind. She had to go to work soon and Marcus needed his morning walk. She threw on her sweat-pants and t-shirt, fastened the leash and took him for his morning walk.

Still, her mind was frantically trying to find some fragment of what had happened last night. What were those feelings she had? She couldn't get over the fact that she had lustful thoughts about her own dog! Certainly, she had been feeling lonely last night, but surely she didn't fool around with Marcus, she thought to herself as they headed outside together for their daily exercise.

Marcus, as always, strained on the leash as they walked briskly through the park. Jane was still vague, frustrated by her failed memory and the implications of what might have happened.

She looked at Marcus as he dragged her through the park. He was certainly not the little puppy that was bought by her father for her protection. On the contrary, he was almost as big as she was, and ten times more powerful. It would be a sorry burglar who tried to take on Marcus. She admired his sinewy flanks and high arched back, as he walked.

But what brought a lump to her throat was that she had become transfixed by Marcus' masculine equipment that swung between his legs. She had never paid any attention to that before. It was certainly an impressive pair of balls swinging between his legs, but what worried her was that she had never noticed them before. So why was she looking at them now? She tried looking away, but it was no use, there they were. Lusty, virile and on display for her. They hung low, like two pieces of succulent fruit between his legs.

When she got back home, she left him in the yard and got ready for work as she did every day.

Even at work, when she was supposed to be preparing her sales reports, all she could think of was Marcus. Why had a dog aroused so many feelings of confusion in her? She thought of going to see a psychiatrist, but they'd probably lock her up.

It was like that for the rest of the week. Daydreaming at work and then avoiding Marcus when she got home, except to take him for his walks.

As the week progressed, however, she was starting to come to terms with her escapade. She couldn't really be held responsible for anything she did while she was sleeping, and it didn't seem fair to take it out on Marcus for what may have happened.

When she got home on the last day of her working week, she gave Marcus a big hug and an even bigger T-bone. After a few days of being ignored, he was glad to see his mistress happy with him again. She let him inside, and left him with his juicy steak while she went upstairs to take a bath.

While she was soaking in the tub, she shaved her legs in the warm water. The heady scent of the bubble-bath, combined with the warm relaxing feeling of the water was starting to make her dreamy. She started having thoughts about Marcus again - wondering what might have happened if she hadn't fallen asleep that night when they were in bed together.

Would it have been so bad?

Marcus was gentle, yet protective. Strong, yet caring. At least Marcus had more dignity and class than some of the losers that had drifted into her life. Maybe Marcus was more man than any of them put together. She wondered if it was really that wrong to give herself to Marcus since most of the men she had dated behaved like animals anyway.

Perhaps if she at least tried to recreate what happened that night, she could see if she really would have gone through with it. However, if she was going to go through with it, then she wanted to do it properly and treat it as if she was about to give herself to another man, rather than her own dog.

She was actually considering it, and she wanted to do it now, while the idea was in her mind. She knew she wouldn't be able to kick herself out of this dream like state unless she tried to reconcile her feelings.

Since she had already shaved her legs, she thought it would probably be appropriate to trim her pussy, so that she looked nice in her new lingerie. If she was going to treat this like a normal date, she was going to go through her normal pre-date routine to make this as sane as possible, as she applied a generous scoop of lather to her bush.

She shaved the edges of each side of her neatly coiffed tuft of hair, but as the hair started to be whisked away, she couldn't help but wonder what her pussy would look like totally free from hair. She kept trimming the edges closer and closer until there was a thin 'landing-strip', but then with one more drag of the blade, even that had gone, replaced by smooth skin that she hadn't seen since she was twelve. As the last of her bush drifted in to the bath water, she couldn't help but caress the puffy, bald lips of her pussy. She felt like a new woman.

That's how she was in this situation. The petals, the champagne, the soft music were all part of making the transition to making love to her best friend seem like the most natural thing in the world.

Marcus came forward and climbed up to join her on the bed. He licked her face appreciatively.

She looked into his deep, soulful brown eyes. She couldn't tell for sure if he was able to understand what she needed from him, but he did seem to look at her with a new curiosity. As if the roles of mistress and obedient pet had been temporarily set aside.

Jane played with the soft fur on his chest as she wondered where to start. There was no instruction manual for foreplay with dogs, so she wasn't sure how to touch him, or how to look at him, or even what to say to him. It was like a jigsaw puzzle, where the pieces didn't quite fit.

Fortunately Marcus made the first move, by licking her face. It wasn't the usual playful and happy lick of the face though. It was a long, luxurious lick, across Jane's lips.

He did it again, although this time her mouth was open and as his tongue dragged over her lips, her tongue touched his. It was an electric moment that sent a quiver to her pussy.

Marcus had made the first move and now it was up to her.

'Lie down, Marcus', she said.

Marcus obediently rolled on to his side, which exposed his under-belly to her gaze.

As she toyed with the soft fur underneath his belly, she leaned over and kissed his face.

Marcus licked her face appreciatively, letting Jane's tongue dance with his.

Jane kissed her way down the length of his body, inhaling his musky scent as she made her way over his belly and towards the hidden treasure between her legs. This was the first opportunity that Jane had to study his impressive balls and furry pouch that concealed his cock.

Her heart raced at the moment of anticipation.

Jane had to confess that she hadn't handled a great deal of cock in her life. Sure, she had been fucked, but she had never had a chance to really enjoy the tactile feel of a nice set of cock and balls. When she was with a man, she was always more worried about whether she looked right or whether she was doing the right thing, or whether he would think she were a slut. One of the advantages becoming apparent to Jane was that Marcus would love her unconditionally and wouldn't judge her and would accept her for what she was. It was a very liberating experience.

She positioned herself so that her face was close to his equipment and tentatively scooped his heavy balls in to her small hand. They were almost smooth and they rippled with masculine veins. They felt big and juicy, like two ripe plums. She played with them, cupping them delicately in her hand, whorishly imagining the amount of cum that must be contained within them.

Jane reluctantly released his sinewy balls and gingerly grasped the sheath containing his cock. She had never seen a dog's cock before and had no idea what it would look like. She just hoped that she was doing the right thing to arouse him. She pulled on the sheath and slowly stroked it. She could feel something stir inside, so she knew she was on the right track. As she continued to massage the sheath, she gasped as the bright pink tip of his cock emerged out of the sheath.

Marcus was breathing more heavily now, and she knew that she was successfully arousing him. His cock continued to spill out from the sheath as she friggged him. She studied the dog-dick with nervous fascination. She noticed a few subtle differences between his cock and those of her two-legged lovers. The cock was wedge-shaped and crimson, with a softly pointed tip. At the other end of the eight-inch shaft, there was a mysteriously exciting ridge encircling the base.

She continued to masturbate him, each stroke longer than the last, until she skinned the sheath right back so that the fleshy ridge at the base of his cock, strained free, trapping the sheath behind it. The thick ridge continued to grow and expand into a fleshy knot that intrigued her as she tried to imagine what it's purpose was.

Marcus' cock certainly looked more impressive and foreboding as any she had encountered before, but she told took a great deal of comfort knowing that his dick was one part of the jigsaw that should fit firmly in to place.

While she played with his cock, she craned her face even closer to look at his impressive undercarriage. She couldn't resist the temptation any longer and she kissed his balls, just lightly, to show her appreciation. She slowly worked her way along the entire package leaving a trail of butterfly kisses all over his balls, the knot and along the shaft until she reached the tip.

Her warm breath drifted over his cock-tip as she kissed it. She inhaled his scent. Marcus' smell was distinctly canine. Masculine, musky and thrilling to the senses.

She breathed it in deeply with her lips slightly parted.

His cock spat at her, unexpectedly, and she recoiled in surprise. It was just a light spray of pre-cum to be sure, but nevertheless a few droplets of his seed had moistened her lips. Tentatively she touched her tongue to her lips. To be honest there was barely a droplet there, but the rich taste made her quiver as she stared at another enticing droplet forming on the tip of his cock.

Aroused as she was though, this was the moment of truth. His cock was hard and he wanted her. Up until now it all had all been fun. Sure, she had just indulged in some light horseplay with him, but no crime had been committed. Was she going to go ahead and let him inside her?

She would be a fool if she went this far and stopped now. She thought again of how long she had waited for the perfect male, and now she had found him. The fact that he was an animal was becoming less of an issue and more of a fantasy.

'Yes, Marcus, I want you to make love to me,' she said to her lover's unasked question, as she climbed off the bed and slowly stripped off her nightie and stood naked in front of her Rhodesian Ridgeback companion.

She wanted to watch him as he made love to her, but while she didn't have the faintest idea of what it would feel like to be loved by her dog, she knew that she would need to be on her hands and knees to facilitate this event. To compromise, she pulled over the cheval mirror, so she could watch his face as he made love to her.

'Well I guess this is it Marcus. I hope you like me, because I sure want us to still be friends, even if this doesn't work out,' she said as she dropped down to her hands and knees, facing the mirror. She parted her legs and assumed the natural position for a bitch in heat.

Marcus hopped down off the bed and circled the woman, like a lion surveying it's prey. He inhaled the sweet-smelling air as he studied his mistress. The scent of Jane's arousal stimulated the mighty beast.

Jane looked at him as he came around to her face. He licked her face. He could be so gentle, but she couldn't help but glance between his legs to see precum dripping from his fearsome cock. The mighty canine cock scared her, but she wanted it inside her.

'I need you now,' she said earnestly. Her face pleading with him to make love to her.

He looked so understanding, so when he obediently made his way to her rear, she wasn't at all surprised.

'Please,' was all she could say.

Immediately and obediently, Marcus reared up and on to her back. Fortunately, Jane was a small girl, so his front legs draped neatly over her shoulders and she could feel his weight on her back. She could feel his cock between her thighs. She tried shifting her position, but Marcus had not penetrated her yet, only ineffectually shafting her between the thighs.

'Come on Marcus...Don't make me beg'

Marcus shifted his weight, allowing Jane to spread her legs a little wider. This time the position was deadly accurate and his cock aligned with her pussy. The tip of his cock had only just penetrated her pussy lips.

Jane tilted her ass back, just as Marcus pushed forward. The dog-cock entered the woman's cunt,

like a hot knife through butter.

'Oh f-fuck!'

This was it, the point of no return. Her best friend had penetrated Jane's pussy and eight inches of cock was driving into her pussy, like a ship being launched and sliding into the ocean. Her sensitive cunt felt every ridge and vein of Marcus' cock as it entered her agonisingly slowly, making her ache for each delicious inch. It felt so fucking good.

He kept pushing inside her until the bloated knot at the base of his cock, wedged itself against her pussy mouth.

Jane was in ecstasy. She had the blissful warmth of her best friend on her back, like a big heavy overcoat had been draped over her, and she had never felt like more of a woman than she did now with Marcus' cock buried deep inside her.

He started to fuck her, gently and passionately. Pulling out and punching back again, riding her. She looked at herself in the mirror, she couldn't recall a time when she was happier to have her friend with her. She smiled to herself as Marcus rhythmically pumped her with increasingly longer and more deliberate strokes.

Marcus was building up steam now and his dick seemed to be growing impossibly thick inside her, spreading her wide as he fucked her.

Jane groaned. 'Make love to me. You're a good boy.'

Faster and faster, Marcus, skewered Jane. He was fucking her really hard, in fact harder than Jane had ever expected.

'W-Whoa-T-Take it easy Marcus'

But Marcus did not take it easy. Her pleading only seemed to drive him harder and deeper in to her. He was really throwing it in to her now. It was violent and hard and she was starting to feel scared.

His fuck-strokes were getting so powerful, she had to brace herself and push back against him. His cock just kept slamming into her over and over until her knees felt like they were going to buckle.

Jane looked again in to the mirror at the dog that had been transformed in to a monster. His teeth were bared and his head was thrown back like a werewolf and his haunches were flexing so hard that his body was almost a visual blur. Sweat dripped from her hardened nipples and her body glistened with perspiration.

She was one with Marcus, like a two-headed creature not of this planet, yet despite her terror, she could feel herself start to cum.

'AAIEEE...I-I'm c-cumming!' she squealed as she climaxed through the vicious fucking.

As Marcus snarled, he drooled and she could feel his hot, frothy saliva on the back of her neck.

Marcus' lust-inflated knot was crushing her pussy lips with each thrust, grinding her red-hot clit into a series of mind-numbing orgasms.

Jane now knew that Marcus' goal was to get that knot inside her.

The reality of fucking Marcus was dawning on her, as much as she loved Marcus, this was not a lover, but a ferocious rutting dog. A wild beast with only one intention - to tie with her and deposit his scalding seed in to his bitch.

To her own shock, the thought thrilled her. It was as if they would have a special bond. Despite the brutal assault, he was trying to give her a special gift and she wanted to help him. She wanted to mate with him, so she could be his bitch for life.

She pushed back against his thrusts, her pussy juice greasing up the knot of flesh that had now grown to the size of her fist.

'You can do it baby. Make me your own,' she panted as his knot painfully stretched her.

Marcus had almost succeeded that time.

A few more thrusts, then another attempt. This time Marcus dug his rear claws in to the carpet, frantically clutching her ribcage with his forelegs, trying desperately to get more leverage in to the petite woman.

The pain from Jane's stretched cunt-mouth became almost intolerable. She bit her lip and made deep guttural sounds in the back of her throat.

This time Marcus was not backing off as her slick pussy stretched to cope with the invasion of flesh. Jane dropped to her elbows, and looked between her legs, she could see the knot trying to pass in to her body. She could see her outstretched pussy mouth.

She tried to relax her body as the dog pushed in to her. Tears welled in her eyes, but it wasn't from the aching between her legs, it was frustration from the fear that she may not be able to satisfy her lover if he didn't get that knot in her body.

For Marcus, it was not an option. He would have tied with a keyhole if he had his way and he was having his way - with the gorgeous woman that had been his provider and friend for the past five years.

'AIIIIIIII!!!' Jane sobbed as she felt the widest part of the knot force it's way past her cunt mouth.

The cock-knot was disappearing inside Jane's body.

She kept looking between her legs and watched in disbelief as her pussy slowly gorged itself on the knot. The knot was now inside her shaved cunt-mound, making it bulge obscenely. It was like watching a snake unhinge its jaw to accommodate its prey, until all you can see is the bulge in the reptile's body.

She awkwardly reached between her legs and pressed her bald mound. It was firm.

Marcus was panting heavily like a locomotive climbing a mountain, but he seemed to be less aggressive now.

Jane could feel his heartbeat thump against her spine like a jungle drum as he licked the back of her neck appreciatively. This was the Marcus she knew. Not that she was going to complain about his Jekyll and Hyde routine. It just caught her off guard.

Now that his knot was inside her, she felt satisfied, as if her pussy were created to accommodate her lover.

She squeezed with her pussy around his cock, involuntarily milking his cock. Marcus howled, like a wolf as he started to cum.

She could feel his knot expand to an even greater size inside her cunt and then she realised that she had tied with her own dog. The dog was actually mating with her. It made her feel special that he had chosen her to tie with and she knew that she would be doing this again and again.

“Oh yes. Now I’m your bitch,” Jane purred to the animal.

Jane could feel him twitch inside her and suddenly her pussy was filling with his sizzling cum. His semen squirted inside her in short, sporadic bursts. She could feel every blast deep inside her pussy.

She pushed back against him some more, trying to milk him of all his cum, but damn she felt full inside her pussy.

The dog relaxed his body and she felt his full weight on her back.

The dog had docked with his bitch and his balls were nestled right up to his mistress’ pussy lips. Beneath him, the lust-crazy woman spread her legs wider, so that his balls pulsed against her clit.

Jane felt more of his cum shoot in her cunt. She had never felt cum being forced so deep inside her. His cock pulsed and throbbed as she felt fiery volleys of jizz being pumped in to her pussy. It felt hot, much hotter than man-cum. If it wasn’t for the swollen knot jammed in her cunt, she felt sure she would have been shot off the end of the dog’s cock.

Jane bucked and heaved as another climax thundered through her helpless body. “AHH-UNNGGHH!!! I’M CUMMINNGGG!!”

The dog hadn’t finished cumming. As she continued to milk his cock by squeezing her cunt around him, she could tell that he was still dumping his seed in to her. Her pussy felt bloated and she knew that she must be full of dog-cum. His balls continued to swing lewdly against her electrified clit-bud.

‘I love you so much,’ she moaned deliriously. She had never felt this close to anyone before.

She had been pushed so far forward that she was now face-to-face with her own reflection. She kissed and licked her own mirror-image as the dog’s jizz pumped in to her belly.

The dog had been continually depositing his load in to her for nearly thirty minutes now and Jane’s pussy was feeling pumped up to bursting point. However, she could feel his knot softening inside her and she knew that he was done with his bitch.

He pulled hard at the knot trapped in his mistress. Out of instinct, she held him with her cunt, before reluctantly releasing him. His raw cock popped out from her hole and his cum gushed out of her slit and down between her thighs.

“Oh my...fucking...hell...fuck....fuck....”

With her pussy still gaping open, his cum soothed her aching pussy and she just stayed like that for the moment, enjoying the sensation of dog-cum spilling over her electrified clit.

It was at that moment when she felt Marcus’ tongue lash at her pussy. ‘Oh. You’re a good boy! Lick

me..." she purred as his silky tongue lapped at the combined juices flowing from her tender cunt. She squealed as his long tongue slapped at the inside of her thighs and around her smooth mound. The sound of the dog slurping Jane's pussy bounced off the walls of her bedroom, and yet another delicious orgasm rippled through her body.

After Marcus finished feeding from Jane's pussy, he flopped to the ground on his side.

Jane turned around and lay next to him with her head resting lightly on his belly. His cock had almost retreated into the sheath. She took a moment to study it closely. She breathed on it and her warm breath made it stir again. After fucking her so passionately, she felt she owed him the pleasure of her mouth on his cock.

She held out her tongue and slowly licked downwards along the shaft, from the tip to the base. She kissed and nuzzled the knot that had locked them together. Her tongue circled the outline of his cum-filled balls and fluttered against them. She even managed to take them in her mouth and eagerly sucked and caressed them with her lips and tongue.

When she released his saliva-coated balls from her hungry mouth, she kissed her way back up the shaft. Without using her hands, she accepted his thick cock in to her mouth. She savoured the sweet taste of her jizz and his cum on the eight-inch wedge. Inch by inch she took his firm cock deeper in to her hungry mouth until she took the whole thing down her throat. Her chin nestled between his juicy balls. When she returned to the tip she could taste his pre-cum and it excited her. She wanted more.

'I want to taste you,' she said before deep-throating the canine's cock to the root.

Her head bobbed rapidly up and down on the cock, from the base to the tip, each time forcing it deep in to her gullet. She started rhythmically jacking his cock with her lips. As she squeezed his balls in her soft hands, she could tell that he had more cum to give and he was on the brink of shooting.

'Cum in my mouth,' she purred as she held the tip of the dog's cock on her outstretched tongue.

Marcus howled again and shot off scalding jets of dog jizz in to her mouth. She savoured the taste in her mouth before swallowing the rich, creamy nectar. Just as he had done in her pussy, his cock continually pulsed in her mouth, dousing the back of her throat with his slippery cum.

Jane gulped voraciously as the dog unloaded a never-ending torrent of cum in to her mouth. She frantically swallowed, almost feeling as if she were drowning in jizz. She forced her head right down over the cock, so she could feel his pearly nectar squirt straight down her throat and in to her belly.

She gulped his jizz down noisily and kept jacking the dick in her mouth until he had no more to give.

Jane looked at her reflection in the mirror as the dog's cock softened in her mouth. Her dog looked proud and mighty, sprawled along the floor as she nursed on his sweet dick. She had never felt so happy to have her best friend by her side. They were now equals. She was no longer his mistress and he was no longer her pet. Instead their relationship had grown from friends to lovers.

The End