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I don't know where the thought came from. It seemed at times like it had always been there, but I have trouble believing that is the case. It's not as though something like this would be part of the way my brain was wired at birth, but then, who really knows.

Reaching my 40's, and having raised children, I have become convinced that we arrive in the world with so much of ourselves pre-loaded. So much of what we think as unique is really a combination of switches that are set within our brain as it forms. If you combine a decreased ability to filter stimulation with a little bit higher intelligence, you get a book worm, and all the characteristics that go with that. From something so simple, you end up with something so complicated.

You spend years studying yourself, analyzing your patterns and reactions, your fears and interests. Trying to understand what and who you are. I probably have spent more time than most in this pursuit. Introspection is the super power of the introvert.

I became a librarian.

As I sat there, staring at my computer screen without reading a word, considering myself yet once again, Emily my secretary walked in. A young girl in her 20's, recently graduated and working her first real job. She was smart and beautiful and outgoing. The trifecta. I had never managed to put that all together. At times I could manage 2 of them at a time, but never all 3 at a sitting.

"Janet," she sang as she continued to my desk.

I looked up over the rims of my glasses at her. This was one of my favorite affections. The quizzical gaze over the rims I always felt had a certain power. It was attentive, yet at the same time critical, hopefully putting the subject off just a bit. I was sure that I had risen to this position half because of tricks like this. The other half was an all-consuming terror of being found out.

"Your 11 o'clock is here." She paused for a second, a grin forming on her smooth face. "And I think you are going to like him," she said, her expression becoming more devious.

"Ok, invite him in," I responded, smiling back at her. I knew what she was inferring to. I had met this architect before, and he was all of the things that you expected. Clean shaven, strong chin, salt and pepper hair. Just enough wrinkles to make you see him as wise. Weathered and a little rough. It was a powerful presentation. Even got the interest of a 20 something.

"Mr. Roark," she called as she hit the doorway. "Dr. Cline can see you now." Then turning back to me for a one last conspiratorial glance as he came through the door. I halfway stood to reach over and shake his hand and offered him a seat. His hand was cool and firm and he smelled nice as I leaned toward him breathing in. That was a particular problem of mine. I always had to gauge a person just a little bit by the way they smelled. I had done it for as long as I could remember and was convinced that there was something to it. I was sure I could sort out the good from the bad by this method. Over the years I learned to trust the "skill" more and more. It helped me in my profession for sure. Not quite as accurate in my personal life however. That or I let other signals override it, maybe signals that did not originate in my nose, but other parts a little further down.

"How are you John," I said sitting back down.

"Good Janet. And you?"

The conversation went on as most business discussions. We were planning an addition to the library and he was here to help out. We went through a number of things for half an hour or so and were just wrapping up as Emily returned to the doorway as though by magic. That was one of her

outstanding abilities. Disappear then reappear when needed. As John stood, the usual small talk continued until Emily lead him from the office. I then sat again and started to respond to the emails that had piled up.

After a few minutes Emily's blond head popped around the corner, her devious grin returned. "Beat it child," I said without looking up. She giggled and went back to her desk. It had been a pretty long time. My life had been so full and complicated, but now things were becoming simpler. And thoughts such as John began to become more common.

Along with these very normal thoughts however, something else grew as well. Something frightening, and not as welcome. A thought that I had wrestled with for a very long time. Forced down to the deepest recesses of my mind where it would hopefully be forgotten. If I could have a lobotomy and cut out the part of my brain where it resided, I was sure I would. I was so close to normal in every other way. But this one thing separated me from nearly every other human. Something completely unsharable, something that I could only keep very deep within and deal with only on my own. But I could not deal with it on my own. I never had. It bubbled and festered, rearing its ugly, disgusting head from time to time. Making me hate myself every time it did. How could I harbor these things? How could I?

Realizing where I had wandered, I looked away from my computer screen, "Damnit," I groaned to the windows, a tear formed. A visible demonstration of the frustration and trouble this whole thing caused for me. Why me, I thought for the thousandth time. And then, as I bemoaned my 'condition', out of the depth rushed the image connected to the thought that I have fought to bury. My heart raced at the shock of it. Like a neurotic breakdown, my mind fought against itself to hold the image while simultaneously repulsed by the very same image. I had not had to deal with it on this level for a very long time. I had hoped that after years of repression the worst of it had faded. But here it was, in all it's power and glory, perhaps even more vivid. What was happening to me that this was all back with such a force?

I stood up, unsteady at first and then under control. A very deep breath and then a rush to the door, past Emily and down the corridor without a word. I could not dwell on it for another second and went to the gym to purge my thoughts. It always has worked that way. Intense exercise had always cleared my mind and since I was always overactive in the mind department, I stayed in great shape. 45 years and 2 children did not show much.

I spent nearly 2 hours in the gym, my phone left in my locker in case there was something I was supposed to attend to. If I was missing, Emily would cover. She seemed to have an empathy common amongst the librarians of the world. My mind finally calm and clear, I headed home for a well-deserved shower and dinner.

The house was dark and quite when I arrived. It was something that I was still getting used to. It had only been a few months since David left. Leaving me for his first year of college was something we had talked together about for a long time. His brother had gone off without a thought, but David was a different sort. He had always been very connected to me, not dependent, but connected. He had that empathy that I was talking about.

It was hard for him to imagine leaving me all alone, his responsibility to be there was something he took very seriously. It took me a while to get through to him that I wanted him to do this. That he absolutely could not stay and delay or screw up his future for the sake of his mother. That I was a capable and independent person and could manage to keep myself together without him for a few months. It was all a bit of a switch for him because I had really depended on him for the last 2 years. But I was recovering from what had happened to his father and was much stronger now. Had most

of my mind together I thought.

It was starting to look like I could not manage a few months however. Alone, my mind dove inward, dredging up what had been buried. Too much time by myself was proving to be something that I could not handle. My awareness racing to that place, the old thought that should not be there.

But what could I possibly do. It's not like I could call him and ask him to come home so that his mother does not have to be alone with her own thoughts. I had managed this for a long time, and could continue to do so.

Starting to see that I was returning to my obsession from earlier in the day, I forced myself to drop the subject and go and do something. I was a sweaty mess from the gym, so a shower first, then something to eat. I had only managed to get as far as the foyer before being consumed with myself (another very bad sign). My new plan established, I dropped my bag and coat and headed through the parlor to the stairs beyond. Up the old wooden stairs to the second floor, I walked into my room, through the dressing room and to the shower beyond. Once in the shower room I peeled off my Lycra pants and top and started the water. I stood in front of the mirror as I waited for the water to heat up, gazing at my curves. In the last couple of years my boyish shape had taken on a few more curves that I thought looked nice. More womanly.

I lingered on my appearance. My small pale breasts were divided by red stripes from the workout top. I gave them a quick massage to relieve the color of the stripes, and a little bit for my own enjoyment. Continuing on down I tightened my abs to see how much of a six pack and 'V' shape I could make. Running my fingers along the ridges, it was nice. The V ran from between my legs up through my abdomen which I had always thought was very sexy. My fingers traced down my abs to the source of the V and I rubbed them through my small patch of black bush. Sweaty and a little fragrant from the workout. I liked the smell. I always liked things that smell. My husband was similar and would often eat me after a work out because I think he liked it as well.

I reached down and grabbed myself while this memory flooded my mind. It was something I missed. Probably part of the reason that the damn thought had returned with so much power. It might be tied to my idea of sex and without any relief for my natural desires, a very unnatural one had arisen. Giving myself one last squeeze, I stepped into the now warm shower and washed off the day.

The shower was very effective at clearing my mind and I went directly to the kitchen after. A light cotton top and a pair of boy shorts was enough as the spring weather was warm and the house really comfortable. As I usually did, I sautéed a few things in spices and then sat in front of the television and ate. Tonight, I got to watch a travel pic of England, where I hoped to visit this year. The place looked like all I could hope for.

The following morning, like all mornings recently, was me waking alone. I never dwelled on that part of my current life much and instead got up and changed for a quick walk through the neighborhood before work. Pulling on my yoga pants, a top and jacket I walked downstairs to the foyer, my bag and jacket from last night still laying about. I grabbed a pair of shoes and headed out the door into the brilliant spring sun.

I walked down the street to the corner and took my usual circuit of a couple of blocks then home. At the second street over, the feeling of completeness and control that I had found this morning came to a crashing halt. My internal fire wall finally defeated.

In the yard of the 2nd house down, there was a young black dog romping with a youngish boy who was waiting for the bus. The dog was all energy and play, his ears flopping about as he jumped at his

boy. As he was held up, his abdomen stretched, my eyes focused on what they always do. What they do every time no matter how I try to control it. I looked toward his doggie penis.

As though part of some weird fucking plan, this dog had somehow gotten himself confused and stimulated and the part of his penis that should be concealed was sticking out. And it was raging. I mean it was huge. I stopped and stared. I could not believe that this was happening. Right there, out in this damn yard was my secret. The focus of the thought I put so much effort into hiding. The horrible secret.

My physical reaction was visceral. I became wet down there as though someone had turned on a hose. I felt myself clench and simultaneously loosen, as though somehow preparing itself. My breathing became rapid, panting through my open mouth. My whole body reacting to the scene playing out in front of me. Of the penis.

The dog and then the boy became aware of me after a minute. The dog disengaged from his boy and launched itself toward me, pulling up at the last second and jumped up onto me. He was a big dog and his weight probably just a little less than mine, so when he impacted, I stumbled and fell to the ground. The dog landing on top of me. The raging dog penis dragging across the top of me.

I did not try to wrestle away, scream, or cry out at all. I was completely fixed and silent and submissive as he moved over me, me staring up at him, my legs spread below him. Then he stopped moving as well. Sensing me, smelling me and I him. I looked down again and there just above my belly button was the cock. Still engorged, still huge, dripping a clear fluid. Enthralling like nothing I had ever seen this close in my entire life. Every instinct in my mind fought against the urge to reach down and grab it. Every fiber of my body fought it. If the boy had taken one second longer to rescue me, I would have done it. I would have grabbed it. I know I would have. And that realization caused my entire house of cards to collapse.

The boy arrived and pulled the dog off by the collar, the dog somehow much more docile than he had been a second ago. Apologies cascading over me, I heard none of them. My mind flooded with the now broken dam of repressed perversions. The look on the boy's face was something as well. He stared down at me, still splayed out on the sidewalk, the yoga pants tight to my now very soaked pussy. His gaze a very strange combination of worry and interest proceeded from my eyes down to my stomach, where he stopped again. I followed his gaze to a very clear wet spot on my top, right where 'it' had hovered.

Oh my god, I thought to myself, is that dog cum? Now panicking, I rolled over onto my hand and knees where I froze for a split second as the dog reacted and moved around his keeper, as though preparing to mount. Instinct demanding that he approach. In that fraction of time, bent over on my hands and knees, my mind raced through the possibility, leaving me without any ability to stem the flow of the thoughts. The full nature of what I had been repressing became crystal clear. The total depravity of the act was simply accepted. I nearly screamed out loud from the intense humiliation and total arousal I was experiencing.

Eying the dog, I stood quickly, my eyes following him, now backing behind the boy. Without any control, my eyes sought out the penis once again, to get one last look before it all ended and I never had the chance again.

My mind finally engaging again, I began to hear the boy's apologies, his questions as to my condition and I was able to respond. "I'm fine. No, it's alright, he is just a dog." Etc. etc. until he was convinced enough and the bus was turning the corner. Both he and the dog ran off, leaving me there standing on the sidewalk staring after them, my pussy throbbing and soaked, my breathing rapid and ragged.

I looked around and ran home.

After finally making it home, I stood inside the foyer again, trying to make some sense of what happened. Playing it over in my head. Staring at myself in the foyer mirror. Staring at the wet spot.

As though under a spell, I pulled the top off and brought the spot to my nose. Breathing in deeply. I could pick up the distinct scent of semen, but with a lot of other things in there as well. I guess dog's semen and men's have a few things in common. Huh.

What I did next seemed so reasonable at the time, but in hindsight, it was frightening. I brought the spot to my mouth and gave it a lick, Salty, slightly like semen, but not. I put the spot next into my mouth and gently sucked on it, trying to pull any remaining fluids into me. There was not much there, so the result was inconclusive. None of it was repulsive at the time. Only later did that happen.

As in a daze, I pulled the top on again. I went upstairs and put on clothes for work, but left the dog cum stained top underneath it all, up against my skin. I was going to go to work this way. I was going to wear this all day. My acceptance of the situation was again frightening, but I was not making the decisions at this point. Some darker part of my brain had taken over.

Considering the morning, the rest of my day was surprisingly uneventful. Meetings, calls, letters, emails, etc. All of the events with a backdrop of dog cum. I thought I could smell it from time to time. It was faint, but once in a while it would waft from my chest, up under my shirt and up to my nose. Each time I caught the scent I stopped what I was doing and relived the event of the morning. Small 30 second videos. Me on my back, the dog over me, the cock hanging huge and threatening. I did not even try to repress it anymore. I just went with the image and the fantasy.

And that was the life-shattering difference. For so long I had repressed this. I kept it under control, ignored it, changed the subject in my mind, even made excuses for when it would pop up. Not my fault, I would say to myself. Or, this happens to lots of people I bet, lots of women. But now, I was not trying to hold it back.

For the first time ever, I thought to myself, I could have this. I could do this. I had no idea how, but the acceptance of pursuing it was exhilarating beyond recognition. My mind expanding with the possibilities.

Emily would peer around the corner and stare in from time to time, but said nothing. She could tell something was up. She would never have guessed. Not in a million years. But she kept up with what she was doing today and left me alone for the most part. As we were saying goodbye for the day she said "Janet, are you ok? You seem kind of out of it. Is everything alright?"

"Yea" I said without convincing her. "Everything is fine. I just am tired and might be coming down with something I think. I just need to get home into bed with a good book," smiling reassuring to her as I started to turn to the door.

"Ok," she said, touching my arm. "But if there is anything I can do, please just ask." She looked up at me with her beautiful 20 something face and clear blue eyes. "Anything."

Finally arriving home, the day had been just too much. My sex had been wet and swollen and overly sensitive the entire day, from the morning dog mounting on. At last, I stood naked in front of my full-length bathroom mirror again considering my state of mind. I was going to take another step down this terrible road. Wishing I would not, but knowing that I would. That I had no choice.

I turned and descended to my knees. I lowered my head to the floor and looked over my shoulder to the mirror. There spread out was my ass and pussy as it was in the fantasy I created and replayed over the entire day. I gazed back at myself, exposed and submissive. It reminded me of something my husband had me do a long time ago, something that came close to opening the door.

We had an active sex life. Mostly due to his sex drive, and mostly following his interests of the day. Probably from whatever porn he had recently watched. I usually just went along. His interests rarely made sense to me, or seemed particularly interesting, but he wanted them and he almost always made sure I got off as part of the event. So, I could not really complain too much.

In this particular escapade, he had purchased a butt plug with a tail. I had never seen such a thing and could not even imagine what he saw in it, but he was quite insistent and made sure I was very aroused. In the end, I said ok, as I usually did. I never minded having things in my ass, and as I looked at the tail some very disturbing thoughts bubbled to the surface. There was something enticing about it. He bent me over, got me ready back there and popped it in. him standing above me, me on my hands and knees next to the mirror. I was not sure if the mirror was for him, but it made a very strong impression on me, seeing myself down like that with a convincing tail. I moved a little to the side so I could see the entrance better and saw as I shuffled that I was actually leaking onto the floor. I did not recall ever being this wet.

I don't think he noticed as he kneeled down to mount me, but I did not take my eyes off the mirror the entire time. A small flood pulsed out as he forced himself into me. I came immediately and again several times later as I recall. The memory is still very strong.

Looking back to myself now in my bathroom, I again was leaking onto the floor. I had not had sex of any kind for a pretty long time, and really had thought that that part of my life was over with. I did not think my body was capable of such stuff anymore. But there it was, forming a small puddle on the tile. I wished I had thought to buy a tail.

I could not wait any longer and grabbed the vibrator from the floor next to me and reached around behind me to line it up. My groan was loud and long as it slid into me, spreading me open, vibrating my core. I looked away from the mirror and buried my head in the towel I was on and pictured all that I had experience and constructed today. The images danced in my head. The real-life experience and up-close view from this morning combined with the fantasy of what he would do to me with it. How that would fill me, and humiliate me. His fur upon my back, the frenzy of his mounting, his claws digging into my sides. After another minute of this I jammed the vibrator as deep into me as I could and began to orgasm.

I bit down onto the towel that now partially filled my open mouth while I screamed as loud as I ever had. The release was mind numbing. Completely amazing as the waves of sensation ripped through my body, eventually leaving me lying flat on the floor panting, my tits now squeezed onto the cold tile floor. The towel long displaced and the vibrator still partially stuck up into me.

I stayed in that position for a while as I recovered, glancing back over my shoulder from time to time to see the view. Eventually I had to reach back and turn off the vibrator, pulling it out of me with a small pop. Another groan escaped my lips as I reburied my head into the towel. "Oh my god," I mumbled to myself, "you are a complete deviant."

In a bit I rose up to my hands and knees again and crawled to the shower, turned on the water and laid on the shower floor, allowing the hot water to spray my very relaxed body until I had to leave for my bed to sleep.

I awoke in the morning with the same throbbing down there I had endured all of yesterday. There seemed to be no way to satisfy it. No way to stop the thoughts now flying through my mind, constantly re-arousing me in the background. It's as though the incredible reaction my body had last night was hardly a drop in the well of my perversion. I had fully accepted the fantasy for the first time and it only resulted in more need, more desire.

But how, how can I make it real?

The fantasy was one thing, but the practicalities of doing such a thing were something else. Its just not something one can google. Well, I suppose one could, but I could not. If this were to come out into the open, I would lose everything. I would lose my position, my friends, my family. There is no way anyone could stand by me. I actually seemed to understand that, which was reassuring somehow. I would need to figure this out on my own, and if I was to act on it, that would have to be on my own as well.

Over the next several months I focused most of my energy on my project. I did little at work. I did little with friends. I researched and studied in the most discrete ways. Being a librarian helped. I also masturbated a lot. Every day, like a teenager. If people in my world noticed the changes, none said anything to me. It would not have mattered anyways. I was launched down this path to completion or nothing.

I found him on the internet and within a week he was here in my house. I got him a little on the older side because I wanted to make absolutely sure of his personality. I spent so much time with him at the breeder's facility that I am sure the breeder thought I was deranged. He had no idea. The time paid off though as I came to really feel like I knew what kind of dog he was, how he felt about me. I also got a feel for how I felt about him. Even as a puppy, he excited me. I could tell the match was well made, and even if we never did figure out how to do this, he was still going to be nice to have around.

All black, smooth and sleek. Based upon his parents he would end up being around 80 lbs and strongly muscled. Based upon his father, he should be very well endowed. Even the breeder made a point of showing me the father's cock, as though it was a sign of quality breeding. Again, he had no idea. I had checked out the father at first meet, which I always did. His proportions were one of the main reasons I picked his boy.

The staff in my office were thrilled when I brought him into work the first time. I think their general consensus was that a single middle-aged woman should have a pet and a protector, and my boy looked the part for both. While at the office he stayed close, but still investigated and positioned himself between me and anyone new who came in. He immediately took to Emily, which was nice, but made me a little jealous. Which was very weird. It was also very strange to know in the back of my mind what I was hoping to have happen with him while showing him around. It's not like I could say 'here is my new dog. I hope to have him fuck me someday'.

On the way out that afternoon, Emily scratched his head and looked up to me. "Don't rush him. Take it slow and he will understand." I looked down to her, very confused at the odd statement. A very paranoid part of my brain became obsessed that she knew. That she could tell what I had in mind. But was trying to help. It just cannot be, I thought as I walked out for the day.

I was totally unsure how to proceed, but Emily's advice sounded right. I can't rush it. I need to proceed in a slow and deliberate manner. Get him used to the idea in tiny steps. I laughed as I thought I should write down a training schedule. My god, if that could get published someday. For now, we would just be normal dog and owner.

After a few months I thought he was ready, so we changed the plan. Today we would start with laying on the couch and getting used to each other.

I closed the curtains and pulled off my top and pants as he sat starting up at me. I wanted him to be used to all of me, and this seemed like a reasonable way to proceed. As I stepped to the couch he stood and put his nose right into my crotch. "ohhhhh boy," I crooned at him while scratching his ear. "That's a good boy," and I shivered and pushed myself into his nose just a little bit. He backed up a bit, but then the tongue came out to take a quick lick of my panties. I breathed deeply, allowing him to explore. He did this for another couple of seconds and then lost concentration and jumped up onto the couch. I shivered again standing there loving the moment. I could tell that I had become wet almost immediately.

As we laid together on the couch to watch TV, the smell of my arousal caught his nose and again he pushed his head between my legs. I did not try to stop him, just letting him go where he wanted. As he was busy sniffing, his legs had splayed and his boy parts were laying out in front of me. I had never been this close with this much control of the situation and I was enthralled. It was right there.

I reached out with my hand and gently stroked his balls and furry sheath. My pussy throbbed again as I did this, his interest in me down there increasing. One last thing, I said to myself, then I will stop for now. I leaned down and gave him a lick. It was hot, as in very warm and smelled like the shampoo I used on him. Perfect, I thought. With that I reach down between my legs and pulled his nose out telling him what a good boy he really is. I rewarded with love, but also a little treat. I wanted this to work and was going to use every dog training trick in the book to make sure we got this right.

The following weeks went along as the start and our bond became quite strong. His interest in me seemed to be heading in the right direction and my interest in him did not change. I continued with my training with only a few hiccups. One unfortunately happened in my office. I was at my desk when he came up to take a smell and get his head scratched. The association between what I had down there and all the good feeling a dog could get, well most of them, was becoming very strong. While he was down there doing what I had taught him, Emily burst into the office. I am sure it was a sight. The front of my desk is open below so she could see the dog down there. I however had my eyes closed and an expression of arousal on my face, giving into his interest, even here in this place.

She made enough noise to startle me and my embarrassment exploded. My face turned beet red as my hands worked to pull the dog from under the desk. I began stammering about what a bad dog he was, which I expect offended him, but he good naturedly came out and ran over to Emily, suddenly sticking his nose in her crotch. "Whoa big boy," she exclaimed as she backed up a little, grabbing his head. What she did next confused me even more and continued to make me think she knew something. With her hands still grasping his head she pulled him back into her tight jeans covered pussy, looking up into my still red face and said "good boy." Holding him there for a second and then letting him go to hop around the room. A quick smile and she turned and left the room, never saying why she came in in the first place.

She knew, I was sure of it. Nobody does something like that without a very good reason or knowledge. But how could she? Maybe this was something she had some experience with. That would be an amazing coincidence. Maybe all librarians harbor secret bestiality interests. The thought held me for quite some time.

The day eventually ending, Emily came back into the office to say goodnight. "He is a really excellent boy Janet," she said standing in front of my desk, legs slightly apart and her arms at her sides. A very open and confident stance I thought, briefly looking her up and down.

"He is everything I could have hoped for," I responded, meeting her eyes.

She hesitated; seemingly not sure she should continue. I watched the gears turn until she finally said “I have worked with a lot of dogs. One very closely. I had fantastic experiences with that one.” Pausing for a beat, then continued. “If I can help you while you are training him, really, let me know.” She paused again, making me think there might be more. But she concluded, said goodnight and walked back out of the office. The good boy watching her ass all the way out. I looked over to him, “easy boy” I said. “Thats not for you.”

I rolled what she said, how she looked saying it over and over in my head the entire weekend. Was she trying to tell me something? Did I actually need help to do this? Was I totally misreading her? There was no way to find out without completely exposing myself to total humiliation. I was just not there yet.

The weekend gave me time and courage to push the boundary we had been edging to. I always kept him out of my room at night, mostly because I had to masturbate so much and I did not want to get him involved to that level so quickly. If he was there as I gushed while cumming, I know he would have his tongue up in there in a second. Its what I hoped for, but I wanted to keep my pace with this. Today I think I would let him stay with me and see what his response to me might be. It's the logical next step I thought.

I got up from the couch and headed upstairs with him following. He usually laid outside my door, but tonight I left the door open and he wandered in. In the last 5 months I had been working on making him comfortable with my touch down there. So that he knew that I did mean any harm, and I hoped that it felt good to him. Every once in a while, when I got it just right, a little bit of the pink jewel would pop out an inch or 2. When this happened, he seemed to know it and I would very gently touch him there. Once I even managed to get my mouth on it and that was an incredible advance in my project. He was very still when I did that, figuring out all of the new sensations as my tongue moved around the pink head and my hands lightly rubbed the furry parts. But eventually his hips started to go crazy, shoving the little thing into my mouth at a hundred miles an hour. I finally had to give up on it and let him calm down. I was a little sad that the rest of the cock did not come out to play, but we can be patient.

Tonight was many months later, so I was hoping that all of the work and his growth would start to work out. I patted the bed and he jumped up, relaxing into the soft mattress. You could tell he liked it more than the floor. I took off my clothes in the usual way, his eyes on me, but this time pulled off my panties as well, playfully running them under his nose. He followed them closely as I waved them around. I said "You like that boy?" and he panted in response.

I curled next to him in our usual position and he pointed his nose into my pussy as he always did, but this time his lick was rewarded with a whole world of taste. I had always been a little limiting on the access for him, but tonight I spread my legs, allowing that incredible, wonderful tongue to run up from my ass to my clit. "Ahhhhhhhhggggggg," I groaned as it slid up me. "Oh my god boy." I panted. Grabbing his head and pushing him down into me, "what a good boy." He looked up at me with those brown eyes and it sure looked like he was smiling. "What a good boy" I squealed as the incredible tongue ran up to my clit again. He seemed to love the taste, or he knew I loved what he was doing, but either way, he stayed at it, my orgasm forming almost immediately. A few more licks and I began to cum on him, causing his tongue to move even faster, even deeper into me, which in turn caused me to cum even harder. It was absolutely incredible. And so quick.

The strength of the orgasm quickly made me over-sensitive down there so I was forced to pull him back. He had some trouble with that. Once he gets going, it was tough for him to control what

nature wants him to do. I worried about that for the final step in this training, but for now, an incredible success.

Opening my eyes at last, he had moved to a standing position, slightly above me and I could see it hanging there. The largest I had ever seen him. The pink cock almost fully extended from the furry sheath. It appeared to me that he knew exactly what we were doing. He stood there, panting above me, but did not move. Just stayed there, with his engorged cock hanging down at me, little drips of precum falling onto my stomach. I slid down toward it without hesitation. This is the next step for both of us tonight I thought. Holding his sides and running my fingers through his fur I said quietly, "that's my good boy." My head in position I opened my mouth immediately feeling and tasting a large drop of his precum that landed on my tongue. One hand on his back, the other sliding around his balls, I took him into my mouth.

He wined and backed away. Perhaps the sensation was too much. But after a couple of seconds, he returned and I opened my mouth for him again. This time he stayed and let me move up and down on him, his hips lightly thrusting his enlarging cock into my mouth. I was able to keep him in place and focused for quite a long time, his cock continuing to grow the entire time. After several more minutes he began to whine again and started to cum. The huge cock began to shoot very warm jets of cum into my mouth. I was totally overwhelmed at our success. The fact that I was giving him his first blowjob was the most incredible and deviant thing I could imagine. And, he continued to pump cum into me while I continued to swallow and just held my place. I finally began to feel his knot form in my hand. Squeezing the knot made the cum flow increase to the point that it was running out of the corners of my mouth. But he just kept coming and I kept swallowing for nearly 5 minutes. My boy was amazing.

After he was done he finally pulled away and laid down on the bed next to me. I ran my hands through the puddle of cum coating my face and chest, stirring it around and sliding it all down toward my pussy. Once there I fingered it into myself, bringing another orgasm to the surface. He seemed to be ok with missing the action this time, but I was going to go through with it anyways.

This new level seemed to be working incredibly well for both of us. I kept it consistent, and only in this room and only at a certain time of the evening. He was a dog after all and I needed to keep it more pavlovian than passionate. During the rest of the day he was my dog, and I controlled him that way, and he seemed to like it that way. I was the alpha still at this point, but I worried. If I can get him to the next step, will the positions change. Is he going to see me as the submissive when he mounts me, or will he be able to have me still be the alpha when he mates. There was no way to know until we actually did it. We were close, but not there yet

Another few months of our new activities established the pattern very well. Both for him and for me. Turns out I was training myself as well. Most every evening at around 9 we would move from the couch and up to my room. When we got there he usually already had the start of an erection, and I usually had the start of wetness. By the time I was naked and we were all situated on the bed, we were both ready. We followed exactly the same pattern of activity, again trying to reinforce the behavior with repetition and reward. He would please me, then I would take care of him, then I would usually do myself again. We did this at least 4 or 5 times a week, but I broke it up a bit to keep my parts from wearing out and to build some variability into his training. But when we both went into my room together, that was the key.

Life outside of that was pretty consistent for him. I would usually be able to take him to the office and when I had meetings he could not go to, I would leave him with Emily. She seemed to really like him and he seemed to be really affectionate and well behaved for her. She said she had experience with training dogs and it showed. She was a bit of a dog whisperer.

My curiosity and suspicion about her and dogs only continued to grow however until I kind of caught her one afternoon. From then on, I was pretty sure. But it's not the kind of thing that I could ever ask straight up.

I had gone to a meeting across campus, and once there was told that the Dean I was meeting with and his team had to address an urgent student problem and had to cancel. I walked back to my library with skip in my step because this meeting was supposed to last for several hours, and now I had most of my day back. I stopped on the way for a coffee and watched the students change their classes and then went back to my office.

When I walked into the suite, Emily and the boy were nowhere in sight. Must be out for a walk, I thought. As I approached the door of my office, which was now shut, but I was sure I had left it open, I could hear her. In a low voice I could hear "gooooood boy. What a good boy you are." And small moan. Oh my god I thought, there is no way. But I recognized the familiar sounds. Very similar to the ones I make.

I could barge in and know for sure, but she might have locked the door. I sure hoped she did if she was in there doing that. But if she did not, I might be confronted with the picture of my dog with his tongue up my secretary's cunt. She would probably leave me out of embarrassment, which was not good. So, I had to come up with a way to diffuse the situation, even if that meant I never know the actual truth.

I backed away from the door and waited at the main hallway. Eventually a colleague walked by and I engaged them in a meaningless conversation, loudly. I pulled them into the main area and continued the conversation in order to make sure she heard me. After a minute he came bounding out of the office all licking and jumping. A second or two later Emily came out and stood near the doorway watching. As I greeted the boy, the colleague I had accosted took this moment to sneak away, not really understanding what this was all about anyways. Emily smiled, still standing there as I slid around her and into my office. It all looked in order. However, as I turned back to her I could not help but notice that part of her skirt was tucked up into the band of her panties, half of her perfectly shaped ass was showing.

I could not leave her to go out there like that so I caught her gaze before she continued to her desk then intentionally glanced down to her hips. I had to do it twice before she looked, then turning bright red she pulled the skirt free. I expected her to run, but she lingered. I gave her a smile which I hoped was an entre to further conversation, but who knows. I had to be subtle. I could be completely wrong here and accusing her of fucking my dog would not go well. It could all have been perfectly simple and normal.

On the following Saturday, I tried the next step. It was a complete and absolute failure. I stayed there in the middle of my bedroom, on my hands and knees while he ran around me, never figuring out what he was suppose to do. I led him, I forced him, I pulled his collar, I patted my naked ass till it became red, but he seemed to have no idea what I was doing.

I tried again on Sunday and then the rest of the week in the evenings. I tried different approaches, getting him hard and then jumping to my position, and a dozen other methods. Each time the results were the same or worse. There was a massive disconnect. I was very depressed and incredibly frustrated. To go down this horrible road, to get this close to completion and yet be so far away, was crushing. What if I never manage to do it?

After almost 2 weeks of failure and frustration, I finally considered Emily. If she really knows what she is doing in this area, then she would be able to make this happen. But there is no way to find out

without revealing the most disgusting behavior anyone could imagine.

At the end of the day, I asked her to come into my office. She was wearing another short skirt and tight top that she liked, and the male staff took ridiculous notice of. She seems oblivious to them. Not sure who she was dressing for.

I was going to figure out how to ask her to help without seeming to ask. I pointed to the couch by the window and she plopped down, scratching the boy's head who was laying next to it. I turned my chair to face her.

"I think he really likes you" I said, looking at her fingers working through his fur.

"Yea, I do. And I think he likes me to. I really like how you have trained him to be so affectionate. It's not easy with a male dog who is not neutered."

I took that as a possible way forward so asked, "have you trained other male dogs, who are not neutered?"

She paused, looking into my eyes briefly, then down to the boy. "Yes. I have." Then returning back up to my face, "one dog in particular. We had a very special relationship. I think you might know what I mean. I see how close you and he are. I see how he is around you." She paused, looking me directly in the eye now, her face relaxed. If approaching this conversation made her nervous at all, it did not show. I hoped she would continue, but she stopped, waiting for me. Damn.

I screwed up the courage to continue. "I have thought about having a male dog like him for a long time. Only now, at this point in my life, am I able to do it. To have him, to teach him." I paused a long time here. Was I really going to say this? Was I really going to expose the depth of my perversions. I wrestled with going on at all. I looked away from her face, to the floor, the dog, to anything but her. If I do not go through with this conversation, I will never find out what I have had in my head for 40 years. I would have to drop the whole project because he is just not getting it. I was so close, but so far. I have to try.

I looked back up to her, my heart beating quick, my skin hot, and slowly continued. "To do the things I want him to do."

Her face beamed at me at that moment. Apparently, she was convinced what I was talking about was what she was talking about. She leaned toward me and just above a whisper said, "Janet, I think we both know what we are talking about. So, just tell me what you need my help with before we both chicken out."

Her blue eyes started into mine. Silence. I was going to do it. I was going to take this chance, this stupid, foolish chance.

I groaned in anguish, "agghhh, I can't."

She looked at me straight on. "You can. Trust me."

Breaking her eye contact and looking down toward the boy, "I can't get him to mount me" came out of me in a rush. As though saying it quickly enough might make it possible to deny later. I looked back up to her, waiting for her to shriek and run. She just quietly smiled.

After a minute, she spoke slowly and very quietly, "that is the most difficult part to train them to do. You would think it would come naturally, but as a woman, we are missing something important to

him. I have managed to do it, and I can help you. If you will let me.”

There it was. We were both out now. I felt the overwhelming urge to giggle, and perhaps a few did sneak out of me as the intense pressure of the last few minutes abated.

“Would you like me to come over on Saturday to help you both?”

I was hoping for advice however, and did not realize it would be so ‘hands on’. I did not know what to think. “You mean you would come over to my house, and help in person? As we tried to do it?”

She smiled, still speaking in a whisper. “Yes, Janet. Its not something I can do by remote. I would have to be there.”

“I... I just didn’t think about that,” I stammered. I was not sure how I felt about having her in the room as the boy took me. I did not feel like I knew her well enough, that I could trust her so completely. Our boss employee relationship would never be the same.

“You will have to trust me. More than anyone you ever had before. I understand that is a big step. But I want to do it. I want to help.” She paused, clearly getting ready to go a little further. “Do you know why I dress this way?” I shook my head. “For you. I have always wanted you to notice me. Notice me in that way. I know you are not gay and I know that does not change in a person, but if you can let me in just a little bit, I would be so happy.” I stared blankly at her.

“And I will make your dream happen.”

The deal was proposed, the bargain struck. I would have to become a lesbian a little bit, perhaps eat a little pussy in order for me to feel what it is like to be fucked by a dog. I thought for less than a second. “Ok,” was all I said.

Her face lit up again and she said, “ok. Saturday at your place?”

I nodded.

As though to explicitly confirm what we were going to do, she leaned back into the couch and slowly spread her legs pulling up her skirt several inches, revealing her soaked tiny blue panties and patted her inner thigh. The boy jumped up and began to sniff and lick her pussy. Right there in front of me.

I looked back up to her face, and she was looking at me with a pained expression, “he is such a good boy,” she groaned.

After just few licks she quickly stood and said “I need tomorrow off to prepare,” and headed to the door, pulling her skirt back into place on the way out.

I sat way back in my chair, pulling my hair back and let out the longest sigh I have ever had. I could not believe I had just done that.

There was no way I could work once this was set up, so I took Friday off as well. The boy and I hung around the house, a few walks, but no play time. That would have to wait for tomorrow, which was already taking forever to get here. My mind raced with all of the possibilities that lay ahead, sucking up my entire mental bandwidth. The old feelings of revulsion at myself and this perverse obsession were completely pushed out and replaced with images and fantasies like I had never experienced in my life. I do not think I was ever more alive.

He slept in the hallway and I tossed and turned pretty much all night. Wild thoughts about how things might go with Emily running through my mind. I had never had much interest in women in the past, but now I was strangely ok with it. If that's what she wanted to make this happen, I could do it. I could even enjoy it. I mean the girl is beautiful and probably knows her way around a pussy better than any man I had ever been with.

In the morning I fed the boy well and gave myself a good breakfast. We were both hopefully going to need our energy today. I dressed in a sexy skirt and top, as sexy as I got these days. But I put some thought into it. I wanted her to see that I appreciated what she was doing for us.

Every time I thought about what this day might hold for me, I throbbed down there. It coursed through my entire body, like an electric shock. I tried all morning to get my mind to dwell someplace else, and I would have a little success at that for a while, but the vivid images would always rush back to what lay in store, and I would throb every time.

A little later in the morning the doorbell finally rang. The boy did not even bark, just ran up to the door and wagged as though he knew who and what was on the other side. How could he?

I opened the door to a vision. There she was, dressed in the tightest, shortest dress I had ever seen. Blond curls spilling over her bare shoulders and down over part of her breasts. Bright red lipstick and a broad smile.

"Hi." She grinned. Part wolf, part slut.

"Come on in, Emily," I said as the boy ran around at her feet. She stooped to pat him, showing off the cleavage she had prepared. "You look absolutely beautiful," I said as she walked in.

She smiled and said "I am glad you think so. You look very beautiful too." Then she looked a little worried. "You are still ok with this, right?"

I reached out for her hand, making the first touch of the day and leaned a little closer to her, breathing her in as I tended to do. "Yes," was all I said and then I kissed her on the lips. Not long, but enough to make sure she knew I was all the way in. "Although I am not sure at all how this is going to go, and am as nervous as hell."

She smiled and squeezed my hand back. "that's ok, I'm pretty nervous myself."

"Do you want a drink or anything?" I asked as I walked in front of her into the house.

"You know, it's a little early, but I would. Maybe a glass of wine?" She followed me in and went on, "I was trying to come over a little later in the day, but I could not manage it. I wanted to come over last night really."

"Would have been a good idea," I said. "I don't think I slept much last night anyways."

"Me neither," she responded as I reach for the glasses, looking up at her across the counter.

"I hope the wine helps," I said as we clinked the glasses together. We each took a long drink, her lipstick staining the rim, and then another. Not knowing how to proceed. "Would you like a little tour, so you know your way around. Mi casa, Su casa."

I walked her around the house showing her where everything was, the boy following us closely. I was pretty sure he could smell my arousal, and if Emily was anywhere near as excited as I was, he

was smelling her as well. Happy, happy boy.

As we got to my room, I opened the door and the boy burst in around us. She laughed "is this the room?" Then paused for a minute and said looking at me intently, "where he is used to being with you?"

I blushed and then admitted, "yes. This is our room." You could kind of tell. I had rearranged and removed a lot of the furnishings in there while working with him on the next step. Hoping if he had more room or something. It ended up looking rather empty.

"I can see you have been working with him in here, but too much open space makes them distracted. You want to make it tight, just you and him."

I could not believe that we were going here already, and my face probably showed a little shock. But that is what this was all about, so hesitating now was stupid. We were already past that anyways. She clearly knew my secret now.

I started to relax to the idea as she took a step closer to me so that we were right up against each other, our breasts lightly touching, the boy at our knees, smelling us.

"Its ok Emily" I said, inches from her lips. She leaned in and kissed me much more passionately than I did for her downstairs, her hands reaching around my back, grabbing my ass and pulling me into her. Again, I went with it and kissed her back. She tasted sweet and felt soft as I pulled her back into me.

Pulling a fraction of an inch back from our embrace she breathed into my mouth, "show me what you have been training him to do."

Embarrassment overcame me again and I groaned, "shit, I am going to have to show you this?"

She understood my hesitation. "Its ok Janet. I know exactly what you are feeling and I promise you, you can trust me. You think that this all makes you the worst pervert in the world or something. Well, if you are, then so am I. We are both the same and none of this will ever be known outside of this room."

"It's not just that. It's that I have to get naked in front of you and do something that has been totally private the whole time. It's just a bit of a shock for me." I paused as she continued to study me. "I have never done anything like this with another person. Ever."

She smiled kindly, really showing her true nature, and I gained a little confidence that I could do it. Again, I was not going to back out now. I absolutely had to go forward. I would stuff my embarrassment deep inside and show her everything.

Still helping me along she said, "I promise you, from personal experience, it's worth it. Whatever you think this is going to be like, it's going to be a hundred times better if we get it right."

I could not be sure if her encouragement was for me, to help me, or for her, so that I would do it and she could be part of it. In the end, it would not matter. It occurred to me that I would end up as both of their bitches, which didn't seem to phase me, just added to the excitement. So be it, I thought to myself through the haze of arousal.

"Well, it always happens in here and we usually lay on the bed together." Embarrassment rising up again, making my voice quiet and scratchy. "And then we lick each other." I rushed through the last

part, "until we make each other cum." By this point I was bright red again and sweating.

Emily giggled a little. "That was very good Janet." Smiling. "But don't tell me, show me."

"Ahhhhggg." I squirmed, hopping from bare foot to bare foot like a child needing to pee, I wrestled with the embarrassment. "Fine." Eventually relenting and patted the bed for him to hop up, which he did immediately. I could already see the pink part sticking out, which was a little quick even for him. As he laid down I lowered my head and started to pull down my skirt. Once it was off I kicked it to a corner then hesitated. Looking up to Emily who was intently watching me, I sighed and started to work my panties down. Onto the floor they went and then I kicked them over by the skirt. Now naked from the waist down I climbed up onto the bed. Emily stayed where she was and just watched me as I approach him, sliding up to his side and spreading my legs as I usually do. His tongue was quick and I let out a moan as he made first contact with me, my hips thrusting uncontrollably up to his tongue to get more contact going. I was incredibly sensitive and wet down there and he began to lick quick and strong. The orgasm that usually is several minutes away was right there today. It had to be the added excitement of being watched, of having Emily there. Of having to do this in front of her. If I am honest with myself, of wanting to do this in front of her, which was a big deal to me.

I looked up from him to her and as soon as there was eye contact, I started to cum. I could not hold it back at all. The boy loved it and jammed his tongue even further up in me, causing the orgasm to spread through my entire body, forcing me to writhe on the bed like an absolute whore. Emily just starred at me with an amazed expression on her face.

After a few minutes he gave me a break, allowing me to catch my breath and come down a bit. I rewarded him by touching and licking him at the end of his cock. This distracted him even further from my pussy, giving me a much-needed break. I looked up to her again, my mouth full of his cock, and she was smiling from ear to ear.

"Janet, that was the single most erotic thing I have ever seen. You are amazing. Totally hot. I think I came a little just watching." She was rubbing herself at this point, which she might have not even been aware of. "And then you lick him until he cums?"

Lifting my head from the job I replied, "yea, I usually do. So that he gets the good feelings too."

"Well today, don't let him cum. Try and get him as hard as you can and then stop." She walked up to the bed, my soaked pussy spread out in front of her. "Janet." I again looked up from my work. "Would it be alright if I touched you?"

I hesitated again. I figured that something like this would probably happen. That either she would want to touch me or would want me to touch her, but I think I felt it was just part of the deal at this point. "Ok," I said, lowering my mouth back down to the boy.

Less than a second later her mouth was on me and her tongue halfway up my cunt. It was an amazing feeling I had to admit, and she did in fact know her way around a pussy. She went right to the best spots and worked me up to the edge of another orgasm in minutes. I could not even focus on the boy anymore and had to just watch her head between my legs, nodding up and down. I reached over and ran my fingers through her blond hair for a minute until she broke from me, looking up with her mouth glistening.

"Sorry, we need to stay focused on the task here."

"Yeaaaaa," I groaned.

She looked over to the boy and appreciated what my mouth had accomplished there. "My Janet, he is a big boy, isn't he?" She slowly pulled herself up from my pussy and said "ok, are you ready to give this the first try?" My expression must have looked a little sad. "It might take a few tries to get it. But we have all day and I'm not gonna stop. Right?"

I took a very deep, very nervous breath, looking over to the boy's enraged member, "no, we are not gonna stop."

"Ok, I'm ready" I said with a great deal of enthusiasm.

"Alright," she said. "Get up and move onto the floor. You can stand for now and then call him off the bed."

I complied and got him off the bed where he stood on the floor next to me, his big pink cock hanging low between his legs.

She said "turn around" and as I did so she lifted up my hair and sprayed something on the back of my neck. It was a funny smell, musky. She explained, "it's a cheat. Pheromones."

She walked over to the other side of the room and called him over. As he arrived in front of her she raised her skirt, presenting it to him. He gave her a long lick causing her knees to buckle a bit, spreading her legs to give him a little more access. She then grabbed him by the collar, and holding him still gave me the instructions I have been hoping to hear for 40 years. "Drop down to your hands and knees and bend all the way over, arching your back as much as you can for him."

She did not have to instruct twice. I was on my hands and knees, spread out as wide as I could manage almost immediately. The boy was now straining at his collar as she held him back, directing him to wait. Looking back over my shoulder at them, I could see her with her skirt still hiked up, her arms straining to hold him back and him, with his big cock poking out, pulling to get at me.

Oh my god I thought to myself, I think this is actually going to happen.

She then walked him close to me and allowed him to smell and lick me back there. His tongue probing deep into both my open holes. His tongue worked into my ass, a place he had never had access to. She then walked him around to my side and he caught sent of the spray she had put on me and he began to jump and quiver. The reaction was pretty amazing.

Emily pulled him all the way around me and he sniffed and licked the whole way, inspecting his prize. She did this two more times and I just stayed there, bent over with my ass sticking up, waiting for it. I had never felt so much anticipation in my life. I thought I was going to burst.

The last time around me she situated him behind me. I was again looking back over my shoulder at them and could see them straining against each other, him trying to get at me, her delaying it until she finally let him give his first try.

"Ready?" She asked.

"Agghhh" was all I could manage in response, but it was enough. She was letting him have me.

The force of him hopping up onto me to mount nearly knocked me over, causing me to have to spread even lower and my legs further apart. I could feel the cock banging around back there and the force of his thrusts against me. But he was not getting his alignment right and he dismounted, hopping to the side with Emily still holding the collar.

She was patting him and said "good boy. Good boy. You are going to get her, you will."

I was silent at what she was saying to him, and then she said to me. "Tell him what you want Janet. Encourage him to do it."

This was clearly more for her than him, but I was in no shape to object to this ridiculous requirement so I just went ahead. "That's a good boy," I crooned. "Jump up on my back and fuck me. Mate me like your little bitch. Come on boy." I reached back to spread myself for him, my fingers slipping in a mixture of his precum and my lubrication. I repeated the words and gesture a few times I think. My head was a complete fog of arousal at this point.

She walked him around me again a couple of times, allowing him to smell and lick and then lined him up behind me again. I could see jets of pre-cum shooting out of his enraged member now as I tracked him around me. "Come on Janet," she demanded. "Beg him for it." Which I did with great enthusiasm. I knew it was for her, but I liked doing it anyways.

She walked him forward and again he hopped up onto my back and started humping and missing. She adjusted the position of something back there and then it happened.

He plowed into me like a force of nature.

"Aaaaahhhhhggggg" I screamed as he shoved the whole damn thing into me in one thrust. The shock was at first numbing, but I could feel his very hot cock deep inside me, spreading me wide open. And then he began to hump like freight train. Fast and strong he banged into me, pumping the cock in and out like a crazy animal. I responded like a crazy animal myself, throwing myself back into his mounting, yelling and screaming without any self-respect at all.

"Ahhggg...ahhgg...ahhgg...ahhggg." I shrieked over and over as he pounded me, his forearms wrapped tight around my waist, painfully holding me in place. I could not believe his ferocity, so completely animalistic. I was not in a position to stop anything, even if I had wanted. Once he got it into me, there was no way he was going to release until he was done.

Emily was back there somewhere. I could hear her from time to time over my screaming, saying "good boy," over and over as he railed me. None of it registered very strongly, so completely occupied my mind and body were.

Suddenly there was a new pain, right at my entrance and his thrusting changed. He was now not banging into me so much as he was trying to shove his whole thing into me. He was trying to plant his knot in. It seemed to take him a little work, but I could feel it splitting me open, going deeper into my pussy. "AAAAGGGGHHHH," I screamed as it finally popped all the way in.

Once knotted, I could then feel the hot spray of his cum pumping deep into my pussy. Emily was back there and she reached up with her fingers, and started to gently rub my clit. Just barely touching it. But with the knot filling me and the boy cumming all up inside me, and her gentle touch, I started to cum like I have never experienced. Throughout the entire orgasm I would feel what he was doing and what she was doing and they were both in total control of me. He continued pumping his semen in and I continued having wave after wave of climax course through me. Forcing me to squeeze down on his knot, making us both cum even harder.

This experience went on for nearly 10 minutes. After 5 minutes he stopped cumming I think, but because of the knot, and Emily's magic finger, I could not. I kept orgasming.

Never, never in my life could I imagine such a thing.

Toward the end I was completely wrung out, my head and arms flopped to the floor, my ass still connected to the boy and him still on my back where Emily held him. She finally moved her fingers away and within a few seconds, he pulled the knot and his huge cock out of me. A rather disgusting noise and a flood of his semen follow the removal and I collapsed the rest of the way to the floor. My mind was numb. My brain short circuited and barely functioning, laying there on the floor in a puddle of his semen.

After pulling away and receiving a great deal of praise and affection from Emily, he wandered to the edge of the room and began to lick and investigate what had happened to him. I could hear him licking my juices off of his shrinking pink member. Emily reached down and helped pull me up onto the bed where I collapsed again. My mind realizing a new thought.

The mounting was animalistic, and rough. But not like rape, or with hate. It was just the way it was. Every man I had ever been with had always considered my feelings and needs during sex. There was always a certain gentleness. But not with him. With him there was an ancient imperative to what he was doing. And that, I thought was what I had been thinking of for as long as this thought has been in my head. There was some old part of my brain, something mostly evolved out, that wanted it to be like this. That wanted to be taken this way. The way nature intended.

I felt Emily curl up next to me as I finally passed out.

When I awoke an hour or so later my pussy throbbed. It had been so abused. Emily was not there, but there was some juice and some snacks and the bottle of wine. Realizing how thirsty I was I sat up and took a long drink from the glass and looked around the room. Off in the corner was the boy, with Emily next to him. She was totally naked, allowing the boy to lick her where he liked and giggled a little when he hit a sensitive spot. She looked up to me.

"Hi. Welcome back."

"How long have I been out?"

"Around an hour. I think you really needed it." She paused. "I have never seen a woman take a pounding like that and then cum for as long and as hard as you did. Its got to be some kind of a record." "How do you feel?"

Stretching my arm up above my head I said, "my pussy is absolutely throbbing, and I feel like I have been in a fight, and absolutely, completely wonderful and fulfilled and satisfied. I have never felt anything like it in my life."

She got up and walked over to me on the bed, laying her naked body down beside me. I looked up into her beautify face and said, "I owe you so much." Then a little sultry, "is there anything I can do for you?"

She smiled. It appeared there was. Looking over to the boy she whispered in my ear, "Let me fuck your dog."

"Ok," I said, feeling renewed energy. "You think he is ready for it again?"

"Yea, I think he is. I was playing with him a little while you napped and he got his big ole cock out of his furry sheath and let me rub around on it. He seemed ready to go."

"Well, lets give it a try. Do you want me to do the same things you did to get him ready?"

"yea, we should be consistent right from the start, but I want you to do something first." With that she uncurled from my body and crawled over me. I was now laying on my back, and she moved herself over me, her glistening, smooth pussy above my face. She smiled looking down at me. "Janet, lick me," she said and lowered herself down onto my mouth.

I willingly opened my mouth and her pussy settled into place. My tongue instinctively seemed to know what was needed and began to trace her lips to her clit, then probing deep into her. Her hips began to move back and forth, fucking my mouth as I continued licking, my hands grabbing her perfect ass, pulling her into me. I did not seem to have any problem with this.

"Mmmmmm Janet, you are a natural pussy eater," she said as she ground into my face. "But I have other plans for it."

With that she climbed up off the bed. I then got up and walked over to the boy. Emily meanwhile kneeled on the floor end bent over. She really did have a fantastic ass I decided. Even if I am not gay, I can appreciate that.

Once she was situated, I led him up to her where he slid his tongue into the now familiar pussy. I then led him around her in the same fashion, repeating the circuit several times until he seemed ready. "How do you feel Emily," I asked.

"I feel like an absolute slut. A complete pervert, and I don't think I have every been this ready before in my life."

I could see his cock hanging down low below him again. Seems like he was getting the hang of this pretty fast. "Are you ready?" I asked Emily

"Yeeesssss." She groaned, clearly aroused.

"Ok boy," I said leading him up to her. Once within range he jumped up onto her back and stated thrusting the thing around. I was about to reach down and help him line it up, but I saw Emily's hand down there grasping and sliding it into position as her entrance. Once she got him to the edge he hammered it home causing her to shriek and moan as the pounding began. I held him by the collar in place and he did what nature told him to do. Only instead of another dog, this was a very beautify blond.

The mounting was amazing from this angle to watch and know what it feels like to have that thing pounded into you. The throbbing down there for me went from soreness to arousal in moments. Watching him drill in and out of her smooth little pussy was amazing. I could see the knot form on him and see how he was trying to get into a position to force it into her. She must have felt it too because she seemed to squat a little lower and spread herself out a little further to give him better access. Then , once arranged properly, he shoved it into her, spreading out her lips. It looked so painful, but she just moaned and moaned as he started to fill her with cum. Remembering how much she had helped me I reached one hand down to her expanded pussy and started to gently rub her clit.

That did it. Off she went in a very loud, very long orgasm. I was not sure if they went on as long as he and I had he first time, but it seemed pretty long. I lost a little concentration and he managed to pull off of her back and swing himself around so that they were back to back, but still knotted together. It did not seem to matter to either of them so I just left them that way. Her perfect little butt hole was winking at me as they continued to pulse together and I took advantage. Sliding some of the semen that was spread all over the place, I pushed my tongue into her tight ass, causing a new groan to sound.

"Mmmmmmmm. "Jaaanett" she moaned, "is that you tongue in my ass."

Sliding it out for a second, "Is that ok?" I asked.

"Yea. Keep going. But next time, its your ass."