

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



© by unknown

I hadn't suspected anything at all. Lydia and I were a very happy couple. We enjoyed a lot of sex and told each other our darkest fantasies.

When I first got my hands (figuratively anyway) into Lydia's knickers, I couldn't help but notice how big her cunt lips were. They were fantastic. They must have hung down 2," and they were constantly wet. She sits next to me on the sofa and just pulls and stretches her lips while we both sip wine. She can easily pull them out to 5".

Once our relationship became more serious, I threw away all her knickers so that there wouldn't be anything to stop her lovely lips from hanging down where they wanted to be. Lydia responded by wearing the shortest skirts and ensuring her legs were always partly open so her lips could breathe. Soon after that, I began to shave her cunt. At first, I tried all the clever shapes: hearts, arrows, etc., but eventually settled on a 1/2" wide landing strip that stops an inch above her cleft. Everything else is smooth. It is fantastic. Lydia likes it so much that she has taken over shaving it herself.

You can see that my woman is a very special, very sexy and very amenable person. There wasn't anything this woman wouldn't do if I asked her to. What I didn't know was that there wasn't anything she wouldn't do even if I hadn't asked her to! While we are in the house, Lydia wears just a man's dress shirt with a couple of buttons done up. This gave me loads of flashes of her big tits and her horny cunt, and when she sits, she generally has one leg pulled up onto the sofa so that her legs are wide open, and she can pull and caress her lips as she watches TV.

One particular morning, I was in a rush. Lydia, dressed in a white and blue pin-stripe shirt with one button done up, was leaning against the countertop sipping tea when I left the house.

I hadn't even gotten to the car when I realized I had left my phone on the table in the kitchen. I rushed back to get it. I left the front door open and walked towards the kitchen door. I saw her reflection in the window opposite and stopped, stunned. She was leaning back against the counter. She had the shirt tails in her hands, pulling the shirt open from the bottom, and her thumbs and forefingers stretched her cunt's lips apart. Our dog was licking her cunt. Her lips were spread so wide that the dog's tongue easily slid between them. I just stood there watching in disbelief. I could hear her muttering.

"Oh, you naughty dog, you shouldn't do this now." Shortly after, I saw her lower her body slightly and open her legs more to give the dog more access to her lips. "Oh, I am such a dirty cunt aren't I?" she was asking the dog. I could see her knees trembling; she threw her head back and started gasping, "Oh, Oh, Oh, I'm cumming, fuck, I'm cumming, Oh, Oh, Ooooh," as she couldn't stand it anymore and squeezed her legs shut on the dogs, still busy, tongue.

I watched in amazement as she dropped to her knees and spread her legs wide. I could see her cunt in the reflection. Her lips were huge and red, and even in the reflection, I could see her cunt was gaping open. She put her hand back between her legs and called the dog, "Come on, quickly, you naughty dog, now see what you've made me do!" The dog had done this before because he just walked up to her, and she grabbed his big cock in her little hand and fed his hard rod into her cunt. I could hear her murmuring with pleasure as she made sure she had all the dog's ample meat in her cunt before dropping her shoulders to the kitchen floor and pushing her arse up into the air to give the dog the best angle to fuck her. And fuck her, he did. I have never seen a fuck so fast. I could make out her face and see from her chin that she was red with desire and excitement. The dog didn't stop hammering her cunt until he spewed his spunk into her. I could hear her talking again.

“Oh no, you don’t; I’m not having you knotted inside me this morning, you bad dog.”

She crawled away from the dog who just went and laid against the wall. I wasn’t prepared for what happened next either. Instead of standing up, Lydia got up on one knee and then crouched with her back against the kitchen unit with legs wide apart, arse on the tiled floor, and began to scoop the spunk out of her cunt with her fingers and lick the spunk off them. She continued doing that while she told herself what a dirty cunt she was. She was right, though!

I slipped away quietly, waited 5 minutes, and then came back into the house, making a lot of noise and swearing loudly about forgetting my phone. Lydia stood with her back to me, leaning over the counter with her teacup. As I walked into the kitchen, she turned to me and smiled. I could see her pert bum at the bottom of her shirt. There was no visible sign of the rampant sex that I had seen 5 minutes ago. I grabbed the phone and went to her, kissed her neck, patted her bare bum, and left.

For the next few days, I could think of little else other than seeing my wife being fucked by our dog. I wondered how often they “did it” and what else they might get up to. I had to know! I decided to go on an undercover mission to find out all about my wife’s bestiality escapades.

I devised a plan, not particularly ingenious, but enough to help me understand what I was dealing with before deciding whether to intervene.

First, I made sure I left at the same time each day. This was 15 minutes before the time that I had used to leave. I could be quite flexible regarding my arrival time at work, so I had between 45 minutes and an hour to observe my wife’s habits. I had taken the lock off the side gate. There was no reason for her to go around there, so I wasn’t worried about her noticing it missing. Each day, I would leave, drive around the corner, park the car, and come back into our street from the other end to get to the side gate without being seen from the front window.

The first day I did it, I was trembling. Part of it was worrying that I would be seen, part was worrying about what I would see, and part was just the excitement of creeping around and being a voyeur.

I wasn’t seen; she was far too busy! I had only been out of the house for just over 6 minutes, and she was lying on the floor with her legs wide open, her shirt undone. She was squeezing her nipples and massaging her big tits while the dog lapped at her cunt with gusto. I watched, and after a few minutes, I could see the signs of her impending orgasm. She put her hands on her thighs and grabbed hold of her cunt lips, and pulled her cunt as wide as she could to get as much of the dog’s tongue on her throbbing clitoris. She had her lips fully extended to about 5”, so they formed a guide from her arse to her clitoris for the dog’s tongue. She was squeezing her tits together with her upper arms, and I could see her face getting red as she began to reach her peak. When she did, I heard her scream through the closed window! She closed her legs tight with the force of the orgasm. Then she dropped her legs to the floor and went back to squeezing her nipples. Her nipples were rock hard and sticking out an inch. She must have been so horny.

The dog stood there between her legs, waiting. From my vantage point, I could see the dog’s huge member twitching and the precum dripping onto the kitchen floor tiles. Suddenly Lydia rolled over onto her tummy and opened her legs, and began to raise her arse off the floor. I could see the dog getting excited as his bitch prepared her cunt for him. Lydia was fingering her cunt, spreading her cunt lips, and dipping a finger into her soaking hole before she rubbed her juices all over her labia. The dog was excited, shuffling his feet, pushing his nose against her hand, and hurrying her up.

Eventually, she opened her hand and beckoned the dog to her. He just walked up behind her. She expertly took hold of his huge pink cock and stuffed it into her hole. Lydia kept her face and tits on the floor tiles so that I couldn't see her face, but I could see the dog pounding his cock into her willing cunt. Even having seen it before, I was still amazed how he could fuck so fast. He was pulling his cock out of her cunt almost 7", then ramming it back in so his balls hit her clitoris, and I knew that she would have another clitoral orgasm before he came.

Although I couldn't hear her scream, I could see her little hands clenching and banging the floor as her orgasm took control of her body. The dog fucked her harder and harder. Then the dog seemed to stop with his cock deep inside her, and I wondered whether her orgasm had made the animal cum. It hadn't. I could see him pushing and moving his big cock from side to side and pull and push. It took me some time before I realized he was pushing his knot into her. This time she relaxed her cunt muscles and let him get it in. Once it was in, the dog, once again, began to pound her cunt, and I knew from the size of the dog's cock that the end of his cock would be grazing her uterus as he thrust his big cock deep inside her. I could see that Lydia had come again, and this time, it brought on the dog's orgasm, too. I could see the different movements he made as he filled his bitch's cunt with his spunk. His knot acted as a plug to keep all his spunk inside her. Isn't Mother Nature wonderful!

Soon the dog wanted to pull his cock out of Lydia's cunt, but with her orgasm having tightened her cunt and his big knot still inside her, he couldn't get away. Classically, he moved around until they were arse to arse, and he stood there tugging his cock until his knot had reduced enough for it to plop out. As soon as it did, it was followed by a big gush of doggy spunk that began to run down Lydia's inner thigh. She reached back, scooped it up on her finger, and licked it off. I was also treated to another show of her cleaning her cunt by crouching down and scooping the copious amount of spunk out of her cunt and feeding it to herself on her fingers. Stunned by the display, I slipped away and went to the office.

A few days later, I decided to come home for lunch. I was hoping to find Lydia horny and "discover" spunk in her cunt as I had watched her being fucked again that morning before diligently cleaning her cunt. This was part of her ritual, and I wondered why she did it.

When I got home, I parked around the corner and went through the side gate. I didn't expect to see anything going on as I had already seen Lydia being fucked a few hours ago. I could see Lydia standing at the sink doing the washing up. Her shirt must have been done up because I couldn't see her big tits. Then I saw the dog walk into the room. He walked straight up behind her and put his nose up her shirt, lifting it above her arse. I swear he prodded her between her legs with his nose to make her part her thighs. I was gobsmacked when she opened her legs, pushed her arse out, and carried on washing up as the dog licked her cunt from behind. From this vantage point, I could see the dog's cock growing as he licked her. I must have been 9" of rigid pink doggy meat!

His tongue was working its magic, too, as I saw Lydia had stopped washing up and had lowered her head onto her hands on the front of the counter so her back was flat, and her cunt was more available to the busy tongue. I couldn't believe she was being brought to another clitoral orgasm by the dog. It was only a few hours ago that he had fucked her and filled her cunt with his spunk. I saw her arse start to lift up and down as she approached her orgasm and could see her face go red as it reached the point of no return, and she screamed out loud with the force of the orgasm. This time, she wasted absolutely no time.

She dropped to the floor and put her hand out for the cock. The dog shuffled forward until his cock flopped into her hand, and she greedily fed it into her hungry cunt. The fucking was as frantic as it had been each time I had watched them. I could see that Lydia had several orgasms before letting

the dog get his knot inside her tight cunt. I continued to watch until I knew he had spunked and that they would be knotted for 5-10 minutes.

I walked around the side of the house to the front. I took out my key and put it noisily into the lock. I opened the door and said, "Honey, it's such a nice day. I thought we'd do lunch."

I walked into the kitchen and found her knotted to the dog. She had her hands over her eyes, and she was whimpering. "No... no..." she said over and over, followed by, "Sorry, I'm so sorry...."

I walked up to her and lifted her head with my hand. I pushed her hands away from her eyes and told her to open them. She did and saw my rigid cock was millimeters away from her mouth. She opened her mouth, and I slipped my cock in. She sucked my cock deep into her mouth, then swirled her tongue around my glans, then she bobbed up and down on it before she swallowed it. I was in ecstasy. Her mouth was doing wonderful things to my cock, and I knew she was trying to work out in her head what she was going to say to me when I had finished fucking her mouth and the dog managed to get his cock out of her cunt.

By now, they were arse to arse, and I could feel the tugs as the dog tried to pull his big cock out of her. It came out with a plop just as I flooded her mouth with my spunk. I saw her gulp as she swallowed my hot spunk, and then her hand went down between her legs. And I knew she was about to start her cleaning ritual as the spunk was already running down her thighs. Suddenly she remembered I was there and stopped; her hand was holding her cunt, stopping the doggy spunk from dripping on the floor tiles. I took my cock out of her mouth. I didn't want her to know that I had been spying on her; neither did I want to stop seeing the sight of her scooping the spunk out of her cunt and licking it off her fingers.

In a moment of sheer brilliance, I told her to stand up. She stood in front of me, still holding the spunk inside her cunt with the palm of her hand; her magnificent breasts were rising and falling, and she was still panting from the energetic fuck. I told her to back up to the fridge, then to crouch down with her legs wide apart until her arse touched the tiles. Then I told her to scoop the spunk out of her cunt and lick it off her fingers. She did as she was told, and I wondered if she was relieved or shocked that I had told her to do exactly what she would have done had I not been there. As soon as she was 'clean,' I told her to stand up. I sent her off for a shower and dressed to go out for lunch so we could talk.

I sat in the kitchen, watching the dog lick his cock and balls until Lydia came back down. Her hair was still a bit wet. She looked fantastic. She had on a silky dress that was tight enough to show off her magnificent tits but loose enough for them to be able to bounce around. Her erect nipples left me in no doubt she was braless. I knew she was knickerless, too, because she doesn't have any. She did a little pirouette to show me how her dress would fly up and show off her naked, shaved cunt if there was the slightest breeze. I stood up, took her in my arms, and kissed her to ensure she knew I wasn't angry with her. Then I walked her to the door. I turned back and saw the dog looking balefully at me. I called him over, and we all left the house together. We had to walk around the corner to the car, but Lydia didn't ask why I hadn't parked in the drive.

I held the dog's leash in one hand and held Lydia's hand with the other as we walked along. By the time we had reached the car, we had been tooted three times by drivers admiring Lydia's naked bottom as her skirt puffed up. Long ago, I forbade her from holding a dress or a skirt down in the wind. Initially, she had found it a reflex and hard to stop, but gradually she mastered it. Now she could completely ignore the feeling of the wind wafting between her thighs as her dress came up to her waist, or higher, even if someone was walking towards her and would not be able to miss seeing her naked cunt.

We drove to a nice little pub with low ceilings and booth seating. I bought us drinks and ordered a light lunch. We settled into a booth in the corner opposite each other; the dog went under the table between our legs. We sat sipping our drinks, looking at each other in silence until I broached the subject on both of our minds.

“Why—” I blurted out, “did you let the dog fuck you?”

“Well, it was your fault, really,” she said.

“And how is that?”

Then she told me her story. “Well, you know I don’t have any knickers, and I only wear a bum-skimming shirt while I am at home. As you know, my cunt’s lips are always wet, and most often, one or both of us can smell my arousal. You know I am always aroused! You know I can’t keep my hands off my cunt lips, and that makes it worse because they just stay wet, and I stay horny. Well, one day, I was in the kitchen cleaning the worktop, and I dropped a spoon that went under the oven. Instead of pulling the oven out as I should have, I got on my hands and knees and stretched my arm under the oven to get the spoon. It was near the skirting board at the back, but I thought I could reach it. I lowered my back and spread my legs more to get beneath the sofa; I had to get my head and left shoulder under it to reach the spoon.”

I looked at her expectantly, waiting for her to continue as she sipped her wine. “Well, the position I was in must have left my cunt completely open because before I knew it, the dog’s cock was deep in my cunt and was fucking me hard before I could move. I tried to get out, but I was jammed up against the sofa, and with the dog deep inside my cunt I couldn’t move because of the weight of the dog. He just fucked me so hard and so fast that I was cumming all the time. I can’t begin to tell you how good that first fuck was, even though it was a total and utter surprise, and I would never have let it happen given the opportunity to stop it - honest, you have to believe me?”

“So, what happened then?” I asked.

“I felt so guilty. Guilty that it had happened and guilty that I had enjoyed it so much. I was terrified you would find out, walk in the door in the next minute, and find me full of doggy spunk. So I crouched, like you told me to today, and scooped as much spunk as I could out of my cunt”.

“Then you licked it off your fingers?” I prompted.

“Yes, I don’t know why, but when I had a scoopful of warm spunk in my hand, I smelt it and stuck my tongue in it. It tasted so good that I have done it ever since”.

“So, how long have you and the dog been fucking exactly?” I asked. I wasn’t prepared for her answer, though.

“It must be about a year, I think,” she said. To say I was surprised would be a major understatement! I hadn’t even guessed. I hadn’t smelt anything, nor had I felt anything different about her cunt, even though the dog’s cock is longer and fatter than mine is.

“How often do you let him fuck you then?” I asked.

“Oh, as often as he wants. He is quite demanding! Ever since that first time, he has treated me like his bitch. When he wants to fuck, he just sticks his nose between my thighs to give me the message. Sometimes he will lick my cunt until I come and then fuck me, or sometimes he just wants to fuck straightaway”.

“So, how often does he get to fuck his bitch then? Every day?”

“Oh no,” she said, “probably 4 or 5 times a day.”

“But what about weekends when I am around?” I asked, confused.

“Well, when you go to play golf on a Saturday, he fucks me at least twice,” she said, “sometimes three times. He seems to sense that he isn’t allowed to when you are there, so he makes the most of it when you aren’t. Then, I usually manage to get enough time to give him a blowjob or two, and sometimes I take a chance and let him fuck me while you are in the study on the computer. That’s why cleaning is so important, so you don’t see me rush to the bathroom to wipe away the spunk as it is running down my thighs. Imagine if you came out of the study as I walked past, and you could see the congealing spunk running down my leg?”

She laughed.

I was stunned. My wife is telling me that she not only fucks the dog, but she also sucks his cock.

“Sundays are a bit harder,” she admitted. “He always fucks me twice while you are out getting the papers, and when you disappear while I prepare lunch, he usually licks me to orgasm, and I either let him fuck me quickly or I suck him off. Usually, it’s sucking because it is easier to get away if you were to walk in the room”.

“So,” I said, “you get fucked and/or licked by the dog 4 or 5 times a day, every day? And you still have enough of a horny cunt to fuck me every night? Except when you have your period. So, how does the dog manage when you have your period?”.

She smiled. “Oh, that’s easy! I just put a tampon in when I get up, so you see it going in. I take it out when you leave, and the dog deals with the blood with his tongue. Even when he fucks me, he licks the blood off my thighs and his cock, if I don’t get there first. Then, when you come home, I “change” the tampon, which means I put one in.”

I looked at my lovely wife. She was smiling at me as she told me her story. I could see her left hand had slipped under the table. I ducked my head under and could see that she had her legs wide open and her dress pulled up. She was gently tugging and caressing her cunt lips as she owned up to fucking the dog. What a woman!

I told her to use both her hands to stretch her lips wide and open her cunt up and let some of her smell out. Then I kicked the dog, so he started to get up. He couldn’t stand properly under the table, but he could stand enough to get his head, and more importantly, his tongue, between my lovely wife’s thighs so he could lick her clitoris. I sat there watching her getting redder and redder as the dog’s magic tongue worked on her clit. She began to shake and tremble. She said she needed to stop because she was nearly cumming. I smiled at her and told her she could only stop AFTER she had cum. She was shaking more now. She was begging me to let her stop in case she screamed as she came. She told me she often screamed when the dog licked her because his tongue was so rough the orgasm was more intense.

I smiled and sat back and watched as she got closer and closer until finally, she threw her head back and clenched her teeth as her orgasm arrived. She mewled loudly enough for someone in the next booth to put his head around to see what was happening. When the guy saw her sitting with her legs wide apart and her hands still stretching her naked cunt’s lips apart and down her thighs, fortunately, the dog had already slumped back to the floor. The guy quickly turned away, and I could hear the shocked whispers as he told his party what he had seen. If only he had looked 20 seconds

before and seen the dog's tongue at work! Someone opposite him leaned out of the booth to look but could only see one of her spread knees and me smiling at him.

I was enjoying myself immensely with my newly found ultra-horny cunt. I hadn't realized that Lydia was being fucked up to 7 times a day between the dog and me, and the more she got, it seemed, the more she wanted. We finished our lunch and walked back to the car, oblivious (well, she was) to the breeze lifting her skirts and displaying her charms. I opened the passenger door for her, and she smiled and sat in the seat. I told her to pull her dress up to her waist, which she did willingly, even opening her legs wide to show me her engorged lips. She was shocked when I put the dog in the footwell before her and between her shiny thighs.

As we drove along the road, I watched out of the corner of my eye as Lydia held the dog's head between her thighs so she could feel the heat of his breath on her hot cunt. I told her to recline her seat, spread her legs, put her feet on the dashboard, put her arms behind her neck, and close her eyes. I watched the dog. Occasionally he stuck his tongue out and licked her cunt lips, but he made no concerted effort to lick her properly again. Even so, it was a very horny image. I could smell her arousal, too. I took the chance to divert to a more major road, a dual carriageway. Lydia wasn't paying any attention to the road as she had her eyes shut and was concentrating on the feeling of her cunt with the warm dog breath gently blowing on it and the touch of his tongue.

I told her to pull her cunt lips out and stretch them apart without opening her eyes. She did so, and the increase in the musky smell of her sex was magnified in the confines of the car. The dog couldn't ignore it now, and he began to use his long tongue to stroke the passage that Lydia's parted and stretched lips made between her arse and her clitoris. We passed a truck, and I slowed down until we were level with the cab. The driver had his window open, and I stayed next to him as he cruised alongside us, watching our dog feverishly lick Lydia's cunt. I found two other trucks for her to unknowingly flash at before one of the drivers blew his horn, and Lydia jumped up, opened her eyes, and pushed the dog away. I made her look up and smile and wave at the driver before turning off and heading for home. My mind was full of different ideas of what I was going to do with my horny wife and our horny dog.

When we arrived home, we entered the house, and I told Lydia to take off her clothes. She was used to this and reached for her shirt once she was naked. I told her she couldn't put it on today and to come into the lounge. I made her tell me everything she had ever done with the dog. Bizarrely, she told me that once, she had a threesome with our dog and a stray in the park. The dog had put his nose up her skirt while walking through the park. She had tried to say no, but since she had never said no before, he wasn't having any of it and kept ramming his nose between her legs until she stopped walking and opened her legs. He began to lick her cunt, enough for her to know he was serious, but then he went around behind her and stuffed his nose between the cheeks of her arse.

She knew that meant she had to kneel and be fucked. She was rather nervous but quite excited as she dropped to her knees and let the dog ram its horny cock into her cunt in the park. She was worried when another dog approached. More worried that the owner was just behind! There was no way she could stop the pounding cock in her cunt, and the other dog was barking at them. She managed to coax the dog over and pulled him down in front of her, and licked his cock. When his cock grew, she sucked his cock. She didn't want to really (she said) but was scared of being discovered by someone attracted to the barking; no thought about stopping her dog fucking her! She told me that the dog had spunked in her mouth before our dog spunked in her cunt, and she had swallowed the whole load before carrying out her cleaning ritual on her cunt to eat our dog's spunk.

I asked Lydia to demonstrate giving the dog a blowjob. She smiled briefly, then dropped to her knees and called the dog over. She had her legs spread wide and was fingering her cunt and offering the

fingers to the dog. The dog licked her fingers and began to push his head between her thighs. Lydia reached under him and grasped his growing cock. She rolled the dog onto its back when satisfied it was erect enough. I was amazed to see her just put her mouth over his cock and appear to swallow the whole thing! This was so sexy, as was the view I had of my wife's gaping cunt as she sucked the dog's cock. I quickly stripped off my clothes, caressed my hardening cock a few times before kneeling behind her and shoving my cock into her slippery cunt.

God, it was good. Lydia wasn't ready for it, and I could feel my wife's muscles tense as my cock slid past them. I kept a steady rhythm until I saw the dog tense and knew the animal was spinning into Lydia's mouth. I told her to keep the spunk in her mouth and to wait until I told her to swallow. Then I began to fuck her hard. My sac was banging against her swollen clitoris, and I knew she was likely to have another clitoral orgasm before I could fill her cunt.

Her orgasm came much quicker than I thought. Although she squeezed hard, I managed to maintain control and continued to pump my hard cock in and out of her superbly juicy cunt. She had her head on the floor, and she was pinching her nipples. She had her mouth shut tight, still full of doggy spunk. That got me thinking. When I was ready to blast my spunk into her cunt; I quickly pulled out, turned her around, and made her open her mouth and stick her tongue out. I could see all the doggy spunk under her tongue, which brought me over the top. I released my spunk all over her tongue, where it ran off to mix with the doggy spunk already there.

We lay there on the floor on our backs. Lydia had her legs spread wide; she was moaning that there was no spunk in her cunt to clean up. I told her to wait a while. We lay there and dozed. I was nearly asleep when I felt a slight movement. Lydia had her left hand between her thighs. I just knew she was spreading her lips, trying to get her sex smell to arouse the dog. It was only just over 40 minutes since she had sucked the dog off and been fucked by me, but she was already horny again.

The dog came and stood between her spread thighs and began to lick. I lay there and thought I must be the luckiest guy in the world to have such a horny wife. It didn't take long, and after another monstrous screaming clitoral orgasm, Lydia turned onto her knees and guided the dog's monster cock into her needy cunt. Then she smiled at me and grabbed my cock in her hand, and brought her mouth down on it. My vision was watching my wife being fucked hard by our dog while she gave me an expert blowjob. With her expertise, it didn't take long for me to come in her mouth. Then, as a surprise for me, she turned around and pushed the dog onto its back and started to suck his cock, her mouth still full of my spunk. I looked up and could see the gaping hole where the dog's huge cock had just been taken out of her cunt. She expertly sucked the dog until he spunked, then showed me the mess in her mouth before swallowing.

What a woman! I couldn't believe what a voracious appetite for sex this woman had. Now, she doesn't need to hide her desires from me. She is being fucked more than ever, probably eight to ten times a day by the dog and several times a day by me, or as much as I can manage anyway! I can't wait to see her performing with the dog while she is menstruating and I'm keeping my eyes open for other dogs, and maybe owners, that can help me keep up with her needs.

The End