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"That should do it," I said. I was just finishing the final knot. "Will that do?"

"Oh, yes. It's perfect!" Brenda purred. I could tell she was already incredibly aroused. "Let's wake him up now."

John didn't know what was about to happen to him. One minute he was enjoying supper, laughing over wine, and slumped in a chair. He's a big man, and Brenda and I struggled to get him in position. After stripping him naked, of course. But we made sure the armchair was perfectly placed in the bedroom. We wanted John to have a perfect view.

Brenda went to her husband and began sucking on his engorged cock. It had been Brenda's idea to administer Viagra to him while he was unconscious. He began to stir and moan a bit. And then he began to struggle against his bonds.

"Hold still, dear," Brenda told him. "You're safe, we're all safe."

In a moment, John relaxed and held still. I think he was still trying to figure out his situation. He was tied to the chair. Naked, of course. For now, he had a hood over his head. His hands were tied to the arms of the chair, leaving just enough give for him almost to reach his cock. Almost. Brenda knew what torture that would be for him. His ankles were tied to the legs of the chair. We had also tied him around his torso. I just hoped he wouldn't get so excited he tripped over that chair.

"Now, are you going to be a good boy?" asked Brenda. She was using her sexiest voice for him. He nodded once. She removed the hood.

John was treated to a view of his wife wearing her sexiest outfit. Which, of course, is her skin. And she was posing like crazy for him. She strutted around in front of him, holding her breasts up. Then lifting a leg to display her already glistening pussy. Then she turned and offered her ass to him and again a full view of her wet cunt.

If John hadn't been gagged, he'd have been howling. She put her ass right in his face, within inches, teasing him. I know he could smell her. I watched him trying to free himself from his bonds. He desperately wanted to get his face in their cock. And then she was squatting over his hard-on, brushing it with her pussy lips, leaving her scent on him. Marking him as hers. Poor John was whimpering now. I can only imagine what torture that was. And Brenda was so enjoying it.

Then she turned, leaned over, and kissed John over his face. Her tits were hanging tantalizingly close. Her long brown hair was hanging down, brushing his skin. My cock was throbbing as I watched her lewd display.

"Now, my husband, do you want to see what a whore I am?"

John nodded.

"Do you want me fucked?"

John nodded again.

"Do you want me to be a wanton slut?"

John nodded again, lust now burning in his eyes.

"You have no idea what a cock slut whore I am, my love," she purred. She looked at me. "I think it's time we showed him, yes?"

"Indeed," I replied. I walked over to Brenda in front of John. She knelt in front of me and immediately swallowed my cock. I put my hands on her head and began thrusting into her mouth. I was gagging her, and her spit was running out her mouth and dripping down her chest. "That's it, slut. Eat my cock. All the way. Down your throat like the good whore you are. You filthy dog."

I knew John was enjoying the show. And right then, I wanted to blow a load down Brenda's throat. But not yet.

I released her head, and she pulled her mouth off my cock. "A filthy dog?" She looked at John. "You say I'm a filthy dog?"

"You know what a filthy dog you are. You need to be treated like a filthy dog. Don't you agree, John?" John nodded. His hands were straining to reach his cock. He loved hearing his wife degraded that way.

"Are you sure, John?" I asked him again. And again, he nodded, this time quite vehemently.

"Get on all fours, dog," I ordered Brenda. And I walked admiringly around her as he put on her most submissive act for me. And for John. I caressed her ass. My God, was there ever a more perfect ass? I let my fingers slip down her crack to her cunt, slipping two inside her. She was so wet and ready. I wanted to take her right then and there.

Instead, I fingered her for a bit, ensuring John had a nice view. Brenda was grunting and moaning with each thrust.

"So, she's to be fucked like a dog. As John wishes," I said. "Are you ready, little doggy?"

"Yes," Brenda moaned. "Let me be fucked like the dog I am."

"What's the magic word?" I teased.

"Please. Please let me be fucked like the dog I am. Please!" There was such lust in her voice. She had her ass in the air, lewdly offering herself just like a bitch in heat.

Without another word, I went to the other room.

John's eyes went wide when I returned with the German Shepherd. Brenda was already groaning in anticipation. "Es la verdad. Es una puta de perros." My Spanish may not have been perfect, but John got the point.

I released the leash from the dog's collar. He immediately went to Brenda and stuck his nose in her ass. I saw her shiver. And then she moaned loudly as the dog licked her. His long tongue was licking from her clit to her asshole. I looked at John. I couldn't quite tell his reaction yet.

While the dog was licking Brenda's sex, I moved the floor mirror in front of Brenda. Since she had her ass to him, I wanted John to be able to see her face. Her eyes were closed, her mouth hanging open. She was panting in pleasure.

"Tell your lover what you want, Brenda," I said.

"Fuck me!" she groaned. "Oh god, fuck me!"

The dog seemed to have that in mind himself. He was well trained, I had been told. He acted like he had a liking for human pussy. The tip of his big red cock was just emerging from his sheath when he jumped up on Brenda's back. She grunted. He was a big dog.

And then he began humping at Brenda's pussy. It only took him a few tries until Brenda was screaming, "Ooooooooo fuck! Oh, my gawd!"

He was fucking her with the speed of a jackhammer. Looking in the mirror, I could see the ecstasy and wanton lust on Brenda's face. Drool was dripping from her open mouth as the dog relentlessly rammed her pussy. I didn't even look at John. I wanted to see this, too. Brenda was such a beautiful slut.

And then Brenda's moaning took on a different tone. A mixture of pain and pleasure played over her face. "Oh my god, so big," she panted. I lifted the dog's tail and got a close-up of him working his huge knot into her. She was screaming in pain or pleasure. Then I saw cum leaking out around that huge knot.

"John," I said, "this dog just shot his cum in your wife. She does love to fuck like a dog, doesn't she? Look at her face. She loves it."

Indeed, Brenda's face displayed such a look of passionate pleasure that I nearly shot my load without even touching myself.

The dog was done. But he was stuck. Knotted to Brenda. I held his collar and petted him. I didn't want him trying to walk away. I think he would have dragged Brenda across the room by her cunt if he had.

Brenda was panting, too. I think she had at least one orgasm while our doggy lover fucked her.

"So, John, you asked that your wife is fucked like a dog. What do you think?"

I didn't even look at him.

"What about you, Brenda?"

"Oh, gawd," she panted. "Fuck. Oh, gawd."

"Maybe later he'll take you again, yes?" Brenda groaned in pleasure and lust at the thought.

More cum was leaking out around the dog's knot. So I let him go, and he pulled that huge thing out of her, followed by a flood of dog cum. I heard John groan. The dog went off to lick himself, and I knelt behind Brenda. I knew her cunt was stretched. And my cock slipped into her easily. I began fucking her, trying to match the dog's intensity, even if I couldn't match his cock size.

I could see her face in the mirror. I reached under her and fingered her clit while I fucked her. In the mirror, I could see her tits swinging with each of my thrusts. My finger on her clit seemed to be magic. She began moaning again, then screaming. Her stretched pussy began to spasm on my cock, as she came. Her arms gave out, and she collapsed on the floor, her ass still in the air for me. I fucked her like mad.

"You want my cum, too, whore?" I demanded.

"Yes," she groaned. I heard John groaning, too.

"What are you?" I demanded.

"A cock whore. A dog cock whore. A filthy Puta."

That last word did it for me. I screamed as my cock exploded inside her, mingling my cum with the dogs.

And as my cock started to wilt, I pulled out of her and went to stand in front of her. "Clean me up, you dirty whore," I demanded.

Dutifully, Brenda got on her knees and licked me clean. Cum was running out her cunt and running down her legs.

"I think you need cleaning, too, don't you?" Brenda nodded yes, giving a meaningful look at John.

"Yes, I think you're right," she purred huskily.

Going to John, I tipped his chair back, lying him on his back, still bound. Then I removed his gag.

Before he could protest, Brenda had straddled his face and smashed her dripping, soaked pussy onto his face. Her cummy thighs gripped his head as she humped him, coating his face in the mingled cum from the dog and me. And John was licking her. His eyes were burning with lust as he did.

Then Brenda stood. She replaced his gag. We stood together over John, wrapping our arms around each other. We kissed passionately. Brenda's hand was already seeking out my cock, which was already stirring to life. I groaned as she cupped my balls and then gripped my cock. She broke our embrace, and taking me by the cock, she led me to the bed. We left John there. I know he couldn't see. But he could hear us as we loudly fucked each other. We fucked four more times that night, including another time with the dog.

Finally, as the morning sun was just coming through the window, Brenda went to John. She untied him, releasing him. She removed his gag. Then she knelt in front of him and took his cock in her mouth. In my life, I have never seen such a loving blow job as she administered then. Her whole being was centered on pleasing him.

I didn't stay for the end. It was their time now. I felt like an intruder. It was time for me to leave. Taking the dog with me, I left them alone, closed the door behind me, and slept on the couch.

The End