

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I am not a “peeper”. The mere insuation implies depraved notions, lurking in the bushes, gazing with perverse intentions into unsuspecting peoples’ houses. Honestly, if a guy can’t take a casual glance out his own window without being accused of deviant behavior, then I don’t know what the world has come to. But I suppose I’m starting my story in the middle. Let me go back to the beginning...

The house in back of mine had stood empty for years — an old Victorian style with dilapidated siding and an overgrown yard, suffering from prolonged neglect. That was fine with me. A bit of a recluse, I have no use for pesky neighbors, either the well-meaning but over-friendly sort, or the type that has a complaint about every trivial thing. I work from home, semi-retired as a part-time computer programmer, and frankly prefer the quiet solitude that a dearth of intrusive neighborly busy-bodies provides.

So it was with minor dismay that I observed the flurry of activity that arose around the abandoned neighboring house early in the spring. Workers swarmed the yard, mowing down towering weeds and hacking back overgrown planting beds. Peeling paint was scraped and a fresh coat applied. The mossy-green, brackish swimming pool was cleaned and scrubbed, and when the noise and dust had settled, the place had been restored to its former glory.

A month later, a moving truck arrived. The new neighbors seemed polite enough. Mr. and Mrs. Garrett came over to introduce themselves a few days later. An awkward but mercifully brief chit-chat was exchanged, after which they kept to themselves. They mentioned in passing that “Stephanie” also lived with them, but left me guessing as to whether she was their daughter, roommate, maid, or live-in astrologer for all I knew. For a few weeks things went back to a quiet routine, with the Garretts mostly out of sight and out of mind. Then — with the coming warmth of summer — the trouble started.

“Trouble” in this case presented itself in the form of the young lady, Stephanie. The elder Garrets both seemed to lead busy work lives, leaving the girl on her own recognizance for days at a time. One bright and sunny morning, a musical racket shattered the morning calm — one Mister Jagger, if I have that correct, lamenting his inability to procure any “Satisfaction”. Annoyed at the interruption of my work, I glared out the window of my living room for the source of the irritating din.

In the neighboring yard, perhaps a hundred feet from my house, the girl was lounging by the pool, wearing oversized sunglasses and a shamefully tiny white bikini. She was stunner, with a cute dabble of freckles framed by shimmering blonde hair. She must have stood about five-foot-nothing, and couldn’t have weighed in at more than an elfish ninety pounds.

A scrambling of paws on the hardwood floor behind me announced the energetic arrival of Mikey — my two year old Irish wolfhound. Drawn by the musical ruckus, he hurried across the room and joined me at the window, his front paws braced on the sill. Posed in this nearly upright stance, Mikey stood every bit as tall as me. Just shy of two hundred pounds, he was a force to be reckoned with. My friends had nicknamed him “horse”, which was a minor exaggeration, but passing for a fair-sized pony didn’t require much stretch of the imagination. “Wuff,” he remarked, peering at me with soulful eyes for my opinion on the evolving situation.

“I don’t know, buddy, I just don’t know...” I grumbled, patting his head and then turning my attention back to sight outside my window. From next to the lounge chair, the girl retrieved a bottle of Coppertone. Squirting a liberal dose into her hand, she began to apply the suntan lotion. She worked the liquid in slow methodical circles, applying a glistening sheen to her taut tummy and firm, trim thighs.

Mikey rumbled a warning growl, keenly summing up the situation. I glanced to my left, the high-power astronomical-grade telescope beckoning from its tripod stand. I swiveled the instrument from its normal skyward orientation and brought it to bear on little minx sunbathing in the yard next door. Squinting in the eyepiece, I rolled the focus knob, bringing the image into sharp resolution. A field of white dominated the view, the patch of bikini cloth scarcely covering a fraction of her small, perky left breast. I dialed the magnification back, taking in the admittedly breathtaking view of her glistening cleavage. Hints of firm little nipples tented up the bikini top, enticing a lingering gaze. A light turn on the elevation adjustment dial tracked the view smoothly down over her trim tummy, revealing firm abdominal muscles and not a hint of fat. I licked my lips, panning lower. The triangular patch of her tight bikini bottom filled the view as I ran the magnification back up, the image dominated by the enticing swell of her vaginal mound. The tiniest details were clear to see — the glistening shimmer of the suntan oil on her inner thighs, a sheen of perspiration from the summer sun, and the savory cleft of her puffy pussy lips, printing visibly though the straining scrap of cloth.

I pulled back on the magnification and once again got a view of the entire girl. She glanced covertly left and right, apparently convincing herself that her isolated backyard offered adequate privacy from prying eyes. She reached down and lazily stroked her index finger along the length of vaginal cleft, teasing the tight white material deeper into the already obvious camel toe. “Shameless tart!” I muttered, unwilling to admit how arousing I found this brazen display. Annoyed, I snapped the curtains shut. Mikey wagged his tail in anticipation, perhaps thinking “tart” translated to some sort of yummy doggie treat, then whimpered in disappointment when no tasty morsel was forthcoming.

Over the next several days the music and sunbathing continued. Every day a different bikini was on display, each as appallingly miniscule and revealing as the next. I felt an obligation to keep an eye on the matter, but as a precaution against possible discovery, I dragged a large potted fern in front of the telescope, artfully arranging the leaves as camouflage surrounding the large lens while still affording me an unobscured view of the neighbor’s pool.

As Stephanie grew more confident of the privacy of her backyard, she would frequently slip her fingers down inside her bikini bottom, closing her eyes as she sensuously worked a delving digit into what I could only imagine was an incredibly tight, wet pussy. And while I was certainly enjoying the lewd display, I was frankly getting precious little work done due to the ongoing distraction.

About a week after it began, I heard Mikey out in my backyard, barking and raising a fuss. I glanced out the window, thinking he might have treed a squirrel. Instead I saw Stephanie, standing just beyond my yard, with Mikey racing back and forth along the fence, agitated at the intrusion.

I smiled in grumpy anticipation, confident that Mikey’s stern warning would quickly send the girl fearfully scuttling in retreat. Instead, the huge wolfhound suddenly slipped into silence, head tilted sideways with intrigue. He raised his snout, deeply sniffing. Despite his imposing bark and size, Mikey was a bit of a coward and tended to be skittish around strangers. But something about the girl had obviously garnered his undivided attention. She waved him closer. Mikey took a few cautious steps in her direction then bounded back in nervous retreat, launching into another tirade of alarmed barking. But then he sniffed again and gathered his nerves, creeping closer. I assumed the girl was luring him in with the scent of some tantalizing doggy treat. Yet a closer examination through the telescope revealed her hands were empty. I could see her talking, but the closed window muted her words. Finally Mikey summoned his courage and reached the fence, hunkered down low as Stephanie extended her delicately manicured fingers through the chain link mesh and gave him a scratch under the chin. The huge canine burst into a frantic wriggling dance, tail wagging furiously as he lunged at the fence, vying for more attention. “Traitor”, I muttered under my breath. Stephanie then turned and headed back towards the pool, her hips rolling in a hypnotic

motion. Her bikini of choice for today was high-cut, navy blue, with a narrow thong that disappeared deep into the crack of her firm little ass. Through the telescope I watched as she sauntered away, hips swiveling.

Mikey's barks reached a frantic pitch, dismayed to see her leaving. He crouched down, muscles tensed. The huge dog had never attempted an escape of the back yard before, so I cursed in surprise as he launched himself toward the top of the six foot high chain link barrier. He caught the top rail with his front paws, scrambled briefly with his rear legs, and then he was up and over. Tail lashing happily at his achievement, he shot off after Stephanie.

The girl turned to greet him as she neared the pool lounge chair, her pretty face breaking into an obvious giggle as Mikey bowled into her. She roughhoused around with him but suddenly her eyes grew wide as Mikey buried his snout between her shapely legs. Stephanie clutched at the wolfhound's furry head, desperately trying to push the inquisitive doggy away from her bikini-clad loins. But Mikey was a powerful animal, easily outweighing her more than two-to-one. Her resistance weakened as the canine's delving tongue slobbered all over the tiny crotch of her tight bikini bottom.

Mikey must have found just the right spot. She threw her head back with a gasp, blonde hair billowing in the summer sun. Her grasp on Mikey's head transformed into a desperate embrace, pulling Mikey in closer, encouraging his snout deeper between her creamy thighs. Stephanie's eyes rolled back in her head as her slender thighs began to tremble, her lips clearly uttering an urgent "oh god!" Her hips jerked and she lewdly churned her bikini-clad loins against the wolfhound's intimately probing snout and feverishly lapping tongue.

Panting, Stephanie regained her composure, but Mikey, obviously hot on the scent of wet cunt, continued licking and probing between Stephanie's amazing thighs. She shot a guilty glance around her yard, checking for any hint prying eyes. Then, urgently, she began to tug at the waistline of the bikini bottom, awkwardly yanking it down with one hand as she clutched Mikey's furry head with the other. She continued to seductively roll her hips, grinding herself onto the wolfhound's talented tongue. Stephanie managed to work the bikini down far enough that it spanned tight, caught halfway down her thighs. Granted unrestricted access to her snug little twat, Mikey's tail spun like a helicopter with excitement as his wet nose slipped into the silky pink folds of Stephanie's glistening wet snatch. His tongue delved deeper and the girl arched her back in enthusiastic response. Mikey pressed forward and she stumbled back, her drawn-down bikini bottom tangling her legs. She plunked her naked, shapely rear down onto the pool lounge chair. Sunglasses and the bottle of suntan lotion went flying, unheeded.

Given a brief of respite from Mikey's inappropriate oral attention, Stephanie's fingers once again hooked into the waistband of her bikini, finishing the job she started. Wriggling in a most delightful way, she quickly dragged the bikini bottom further down her legs. Mikey stood back, tail snapping to and fro in anticipation. Freeing her right leg from the bikini, she abandoned the skimpy blue garment, leaving it tangled and forgotten around her left ankle. Stephanie slowly teasingly licked her lips and drew her extended middle finger along the inside of her right thigh, ever higher, and dragged the tip of the digit upward through the splayed and ruffled lips of her juicy pussy. Either expertly shaved or naturally hairless, not a single pubic strand or slightest hint of razor burn marred the stunning visual image of that perfect little cunt.

Mikey surged forward as she spread her legs, eagerly pressing his snout back into her oozing vaginal wetness. The fur around his muzzle glistened, matted down with a syrupy coating of pussy juice. Stephanie's fingers worked deep into the fur at the back of Mikey's neck, drawing the beast in closer. Several inches of the wolfhound's snout were firmly embedded in the clutching embrace of the girl's ruffled twat lips and I could see the muscular contractions in his jowls as he burrowed his

thick tongue deep into her silky pink slit. Stephanie's back arched, her entire body quivering in a prolonged orgasmic strain. The firm muscles of her thighs and tummy rippled and her hips churned in an erotic dance. Surprised by her energetic response, Mikey backed a few steps away, streamers of vaginal fluids dripping from his jowls like a glistening spill of syrup.

Stephanie collapsed on the lounge chair, eyes closed and chest heaving as she desperately fought to catch her breath. She shuddered, goose bumps tracking up her thighs as the remnants of her orgasmic spasm finally ebbed away. Mikey's head tilted sideways, watching with curiosity. The girl's carnal urges seemed momentarily satisfied, but the wolfhound's needs had been left unattended. He tentatively stepped forward, then lunged up, planting his front paws on the lounge chair on either side of the girl's chest. A sharp inrush of air slipped past my lips as Mikey's furry haunches moved into the view of the telescope. The wolfhound was sporting an alarmingly enormous erection. Never having seen the canine in a state of sexual arousal, I was in shock. His throbbing prick was every bit as long as my forearm, and the base of his monstrous cock surely was as large in girth as the business end of a baseball bat. Mikey's nickname of "horse" suddenly took on a new and ominous implication.

I stepped back from the telescope, my heart pounding in alarm. Surely I should take some sort of action! But what could I do? There was no gate in my fence to allow me access the neighbor's yard. Their house was likely locked and their entire backyard was also fenced. I judged myself far too old to be climbing over fences to rush to the rescue. Obviously Mikey was in no frame of mind to listen to any shouted commands. Unable to see how I could offer any timely assistance, I did the only thing that came to mind in the heat of the moment. I reached over and turned on the video recording feature of the telescope, set to the highest resolution, then peered back through the eyepiece as the drama unfolded.

Still swooning from her intense orgasm, Stephanie stretched lazily on the lounge chair, seemingly oblivious as Mikey towered over her. His massive canine cock throbbed visibly, oozing a long, trailing strand of precum that dribbled down onto her naked and vulnerable cunt. I rolled the magnification in tighter, Stephanie's naked upper thighs and drooling pussy filling the entire image. The bobbing wet tip of Mikey's meaty penis moved into view. Stephanie visibly flinched as the fleshy cock tip made contact with her ruffled pussy lips, prying into her vaginal tightness. Her eyes flew open wide and she thrashed, the image blurring as her hips bucked violently in protest. But her flailing only served to embed the wolfhound's rigid prick further into those fleshy pink folds. The cute blonde squirmed left and right, but to no avail as Mikey's front paws restrained her on either side. She pushed upward against his chest, but her quivering girlish arms might as well have been trying to move a boulder. The huge dog pressed his furry haunches forward, sinking his rigid cock in deeper. Her body shook in a rhythmic motion, almost as if she were sobbing, but I couldn't tell for sure. Six inches of Mikey's massive cock rod slowly plowed into the depths of her velvety snatch before grinding to a halt. Stephanie's tiny pussy bulged, stretched obscenely by the canine's enormous fleshy girth. She seemed to be at the limit of how much cock she could take, and Mikey's pulsing prick was jammed up tight in that unyielding grip.

I zoomed out. Mikey's furry haunches drew back, all but the very tip of his rock-hard cock withdrawing from Stephanie's juicy fuck slot. He thrust forward in a powerful motion. The girl's body jolted under the impact. Once more Mikey's huge cock was dragged to a halt by the overwhelming clutching friction of Stephanie's wonderfully tight cunt. Perhaps another inch of penetration had been achieved, but most of the wolfhound's impressively long, thick prick was still frustratingly denied entry to the girl's tender fuck sleeve.

Mikey's tail wagged with enthusiasm as he was obviously relishing the challenge. He drew back again, jostled his rear paws for stance and traction, then pounded Stephanie's pussy with another

punishing fuck stroke. This time, her hips jerked slightly upward, matching the canine's insistent lunge with an experimental thrust of her own. She squirmed with growing pleasure as Mikey's prick shuddered to a stop. Eight inches of canine cock meat was buried in her quivering depths, straining her snug little pussy. Halfway there — the easy half. Mikey's prick got ever thicker closer toward the base. The remaining eight inches were going to be a fight. Mikey pulled back. His powerful haunches tensed, muscles bulging under his fur like coiled springs. He unleashed a brutal cock stab into Stephanie's sweet cunt and she urgently bucked underneath him, matching his motion with enthusiasm. Vaginal lubrication oozed out from around Mikey's burrowing cock as it plunged into her depths. Once more his cock ground to a halt, not a fraction of an inch deeper than before. Was Stephanie's tight cunt at its limits, or could it indeed take every inch of that enormous canine cock? I watched the struggle play out through the telescope, mentally placing a bet that both the dog and the girl were up to the challenge.

Any remaining doubts over Stephanie's willing participation in this beastly coupling were laid to rest as she flexed her trim legs skyward, wrapping them around Mikey's furry haunches and locking her ankles across his lower back. The discarded bikini bottom still dangled from her left ankle, clinging to her skin with a sticky wetness.

Mikey withdrew but overshot. His rigid prick slipped out of Stephanie's pussy and snapped up tight under his belly, dripping wet in a shimmering coating of vaginal goo. Stephanie's fingers flailed, desperately trying to get a grip on the slippery slab of cock meat. The wolfhound paused, letting the girl take control. Straining, she levered the dog's throbbing erection downward and guided the pulsing tip of his cock back into the gaping opening of her eager twat. She gave the length of his shaft a loving stroke, up to the base and back down, then released her grip, belly heaving in anticipation. Mikey swiveled his haunches, aligning himself for the next assault. Stephanie's legs tensed in anticipation. The wolfhound thrust. Stephanie's leg muscles constricted, pulling down hard on his haunches. Foaming cunt sauce boiled up out of the girl's ravished cunt, displaced by the massive girth of the canine's tunneling cock shaft. Momentum slowed as the relentless clutching grasp of her snug twat applied the brakes. Mikey ground to a halt, ten inches of throbbing canine prick sheathed in her loving embrace. Stephanie's firm leg muscles visibly flexed and she ground her hips in an erotic dance underneath the dominating beast. Slowly, her obscenely stretched pussy was grudgingly forced to surrender a bit more territory. Another inch of Mikey's bloated cock was forced into her cunt. Eleven inches in, the thickest five still to go...

Stephanie sensuously rolled her hips, grinding vigorously underneath the wolfhound. Mikey responded with a series of rapid thrusts — short, powerful lunges that jolted through the girl's entire body. A few fractions of an inch were achieved with every insistent cock stab. Twelve inches in and Stephanie's pussy was clamped down tight around that thick doggy fuck stick, glistening twat lips trembling with the strain.

Mikey's furry belly ground against the girl's chest as he continued to pummel her, each violent thrust of his haunches dragging the tiny bikini top further upward. Finally those perky little breasts popped free. Her erect nipples pressed into Mikey's hairy chest, the sensual rubbing motion of his coarse fur sending her into a squirming fit. Her thighs trembled as another orgasm took her. Her naked hips surged, churning frantically. Mikey matched her motions with short, eager fuck thrusts, each one adding additional fractions of an inch of precious penetration. Finally she collapsed underneath him, panting desperately. Thirteen inches of fleshy canine cock were now spiked into the eager depths of her twat, and her cunt bulged alarmingly around the massive girth.

Stephanie's eyes flashed wide with concern as she nervously bit her lower lip. The girl obviously sensed she was already pushed beyond her physical limits. Mikey drew back and paused, the anticipation building. A slippery sheen of vaginal fluid oozed down the length of his fleshy prick,

forming a growing puddle between the girl's wide-splayed thighs. Stephanie's hands grasped Mikey's furry flanks, bracing herself for the inevitable. The wolfhound thrust hard, ruthlessly throwing all of his considerable weight and muscle into the effort. Even through the closed window I heard a muted squeal of protest escape from Stephanie's lips. Her abused little pussy gave up any final hints of resistance. Like a fleshy piston driven by a hydraulic ram, the beast's massive cock rod pressed relentlessly into the steamy depths of her trembling twat. A few scant inches remained as Mike's progress once again began to falter. Stephanie's leg muscles tensed, ankles locked tight around the canine's furry haunches. Girl and dog strained as one and as if in slow motion, Mikey's plundering cock shaft sunk relentlessly into the steamy embrace of her juicy cunt. Stephanie's shivering muscles finally fatigued and she collapsed weakly into the lounge chair. Above her, Mikey panted, his rear legs quivering. But the fruits of their labor was plain to see through my telescope. Mikey's balls pressed up firmly against the wide-stretched lips of the girl's grasping pussy and sixteen inches of throbbing dog cock was at long last sheathed fully to the hilt in that succulent little cunt.

Mikey paused, his flanks still heaving with exertion. Underneath him, Stephanie writhed, flushed with exhaustion and glistening with sweat. I rolled the magnification knob of the telescope, focusing in on her tortured little pussy. Slowly, Mikey struggled to withdraw. The fleshy pink ruffles of Stephanie's cunt lips distended outward, clutching lovingly at Mikey's retreating shaft. He pulled about half of his massive cock out of that slippery fuck slot and then thrust forward, once more sinking his fleshy prick balls-deep into the silky depth of her receptive twat. The girl's cunt channel loosened as any final remnants of female reluctance gave way to burning passion. Mikey stroked back, unsheathing twelve inches of canine cock rod. Stephanie's shapely calves flexed, pulling taut, spurring the wolfhound into another lustful thrust. A hard smack of Mikey's nut sack against the girl's drenched twat lips sent up a shower of vaginal wetness splattering in all directions. He withdrew again, nearly full length, then dog and the girl found their rhythm, naked hips and furry haunches thrusting and grinding, their pace accelerating in a growing sense of urgency as his unrelenting prick hammered in and out of her eager fuck slit in a blur of lustful motion.

I rolled the magnification of the telescope to maximum. The view swam briefly out of focus and I hurriedly made corrections. Suddenly the entire image was dominated by the bulging mound of Stephanie's naked pussy and the tiny crinkled pucker of her adorable little anus. Mikey's cock surged forward, burying itself full-depth in Stephanie's grateful fuck slot. He held himself fully embedded, asserting his male dominance by stretching her slippery pussy with every inch of his massive dick. The girl squirmed and her vaginal mound, already overstuffed, began to bulge even further. Mikey's canine cock knot began to swell. Stephanie tensed, instinctively resisting. Then she relaxed, accepting her fate. The wolfhound's cock knot ballooned to its maximum potential, locking his prick securely in the loving embrace of her talented pink twat. Her tightly clenched rectum began to pucker back and forth as yet another orgasm built in her youthful body. Her sexual spasms intensified as Mikey pressed his knotted prick even deeper into that trembling cunt. His nut sack drew up tight and his massive prick swelled further in girth as an explosion of canine cum rocketed down the length of his plundering cock shaft. Stephanie's pussy lips rippled and her rectum launched into frantic spasms, blossoming open and clenching closed in a series of intense anal contractions. Mikey's prick swelled again and just a hint of canine cum leaked out from around the otherwise perfect pressure seal of his massive cock knot jammed up tight inside her snatch. The hot load of doggy cum, blasted deep into her womb, breathed new life into Stephanie's orgasmic thrashings and her enticing asshole pulsed open and closed with feverish contractions. My telescope and camera dutifully captured every thrust, every convulsion, and every puckered blossoming of her hot little shitter as the wolfhound continued to ravish the eager girl, jetting load after steaming load of dog cum deep into the lustful fleshy folds of her pink vaginal cavern.

Eventually Stephanie's little body could contain no more. A frothing eruption of canine cum over-pressured the seal of Mikey's cock knot. Foaming sexual fluids boiled up out of Stephanie's straining pussy, spilling down her inner thighs and coating her frantically puckering anus in a glistening sheen of sticky canine semen.

Finally the mismatched pair of lovers faltered into exhaustion. I zoomed the magnification out in time to see Stephanie collapse underneath the relentless wolfhound, physically, emotionally, and morally spent. Mikey managed a few more fuck thrusts, making sure every last drop of canine cum found its way deep into the far reaches of the girl's womb. The outline of Mikey's fully embedded cock shaft was clearly visible underneath the trim muscles of her stomach, the buried cock shaft still pulsing with the last surging contractions of his heavy balls. The normally concave shape of her firm abdomen was slightly swollen, hinting at the massive load of cum that Mikey had erupted into her girlish depths. A tiny trickle of canine cum and pussy juice continued to seep out from around the wolfhound's cock knot. But as of yet, his prick and knot remained fully swollen, coupling him and his feisty bitch firmly together.

I had read somewhere that a dog could stay knotted inside a cooperative twat for up to an hour. The term "cooperative" seemed to describe Stephanie when it came to enthusiastic dog fucking. Sensing the lurid sex show was over until Mikey managed to finally extract his exhausted cock from Stephanie's clutching vaginal embrace, I turned my attention to transferring the recorded telescope video onto my computer for some video processing. I gave a final glance through the optics to see if there were any new developments, but the girl and the wolfhound remained securely clenched together, his rigid, knotted cock still locked in the vice-like grip of her greedy pussy. Aside from a few post-orgasmic twitches, neither the canine nor the saucy blonde seemed inclined to move.

The video editing proved to be a snap. A few clips from a zoomed-out view served to capture Stephanie's cute innocence and youthful exuberance. Then the close-in footage told the rest of the story, ending with the embarrassingly personal imagery of Stephanie's overstuffed little cunt packed to overflowing with an enormous plundering canine cock, and her snug little anus puckering back and forth in the throes of an obviously enthusiastic orgasm. In about forty minutes I had the masterpiece complete. The stunning visual effect of Stephanie's puckered little rectum writhing in orgasmic spasms was particularly enticing, so I copied that segment out to a separate file, zoomed in further on the intimate details and routed it over to the 60 inch high definition TV screen to play on a continuous loop, while the full video of her shameful antics ran on replay on the computer monitor nearby. On the large screen, Stephanie's talented asshole held center stage, visually enlarged for viewing pleasure to the size of a turkey platter. I folded my arms across my chest, pleased with my efforts.

I glanced out the living room window through the telescope to check how Mikey might be faring on extracting his cock from the entrapment of that juicy little honey pot. Just as I peered out, Mikey gave a mighty yank. Stephanie's pussy bulged, stubbornly clasped in a loving embrace around the wolfhound's shrinking cock knot. The lips of her straining snatch blossomed outward and finally released, uncorking the softening doggy cock from Stephanie's vaginal clutches. Her ravished pussy gaped as if she had just given birth. An eruption of canine cum and cunt sauce foamed from her open gash, pressured out as her firm tummy finally recovered its normal shape. A broad, sticky stain spread onto the fabric of the pool lounge chair, running off one edge of the cushion and trailing shimmering streamers down onto the concrete sidewalk bordering the pool.

On unsteady, trembling legs, Stephanie rose from the lounge chair and gave Mikey a loving kiss on the top of his head. His tail wagged in response, but I could tell his normal energy had been sapped by the girl and her talented twat. She gathered up her scattered belongings — sunglasses, suntan lotion, and the discarded bikini bottom and headed for her house. She turned and patted her hip,

obviously beckoning Mikey to follow her. I chuckled. Mikey of course was ultimately loyal, and while a nice piece of ass like Stephanie might turn his head, I had every confidence that he would trot his way back to my yard, make his leap over the fence, and seek me out to tell of his adventures...

Or so I thought. At Stephanie's pat on the hip, Mikey's ears perked up. He glanced briefly back in the direction of my house, then happily sauntered after Stephanie. I watched, stunned and hurt as she slid open the patio door and she and Mikey disappeared into her house. Did she just...? I blinked, unable to comprehend it. Had she just used that hot pussy of hers to lure away my faithful friend? Did that little bitch just steal my dog?!?

I fumed, my mind racing at the implications. Should I call the cops... and tell them what? That my overgrown beast of a dog just had mounted and fucked the neighbor girl while I watched and did nothing? Go knock on her door and demand the return of my animal? Either option seemed like a great way to get a restraining order, or worse. I paced, my mind racing as I played out various scenarios, each of them ending badly in my imagination. I seethed, pondering and discarding one idea after the next. A frantic hour passed and I found myself no closer to a solution.

Suddenly the doorbell rang. Unable to comprehend that someone would dare annoy me in this moment of crisis, I hurried to the door, my mind in a whirling tizzy. I yanked open the door, ready to send whoever darkened my doorstep on their merry way with an earful of abuse. Instead, my words faltered as I stood there in slack-jawed surprise.

"Hi Mister Patterson," Stephanie announced in a cheerful tone and angelic smile. "We haven't met. I'm Stephanie. I live in the house behind you. Your doggy jumped over the fence, so I thought I should bring him back before he got lost."

Speechless, I awkwardly accepted her offer of a handshake. She had obviously taken a shower and was looking daisy-fresh aside from her slightly damp blonde hair, bound up in a ponytail. The blue bikini had been discarded and she was now sporting a tight pair of pink jogging shorts and a cut-off grey tee shirt the frayed bottom revealing her taut midriff and barely concealing her perky titties. Mikey surged inward through the door. The make-shift leash the petite girl had crafted from a scrap of rope offered her no control over the powerful animal and she was jerked off balance, stumbling forward as Mikey dragged her along. "Ummm... Jerry... call me Jerry," I offered, finally finding my voice as she and the canine clattered past me, into my abode.

Regaining her footing as the huge canine skidded to a halt in the foyer, Stephanie untied the rope from around his muscular neck. It didn't require being fully fluent in "Dog" to understand that Mikey was eager to brag about his conquest. His tail lashed and his haunches wriggled as he issued his report to me in a series of rapid barks and whines:

"Did you see me out there, Jerry? Did you see? Man, did I throw a rough fuck into that sweet piece of ass! I was mounted up, hard and deep, and she was begging, Jer, absolutely begging for more. I pounded so much throbbing dog cock into that hot pussy, Buddy. Balls deep and I swear, she could not get enough! I bet no doggy bitch ever squealed and squirmed like that, grunting, and thrusting her hips. And tight — shit, let me tell you — that pussy was pure magic — muscles rippling and gripping down on my prick like a velvet vice! Oh fuck, I wrecked that juicy little twat Jerry! Pounded that dripping cunt to its very limits! She won't be walking right for a week. And when I finally knotted up in her, she clamped those legs around my haunches and hung on for the ride. I don't know how that tight little snatch managed to stretch enough to take it all, but when those quivering pussy lips snugged down around the base of my cock, dog, I knew there was no escape until I blew my wad. You know she was crying when she came, Jerry? God, I loved it! Tears were streaming down her cheeks as I felt her whole body go tense. Those creamy thighs wouldn't stop quivering as

she rolled from one orgasm to the next. Shit, that little bitch is insatiable! I finally couldn't take it anymore. She's wriggling underneath me, gasping for breath and I absolutely unloaded. Oh, my aching balls, did I blow a load into her! Pumped her full and just kept going, like the fucking Energizer Bunny, Jerry! I bet that cunt is still dripping, even now. Check her and see for yourself. And she's a squirter, Jerry, I can tell you that. Look at me, I'm fucking drenched. My fur is going to smell like wet cunt in heat for days. But totally worth it. Holy crap, what a ride! She's like the best neighbor ever!"

After his canine tirade, Mikey issued an exhausted yawn. He slumped to the floor, ready for a hard-earned nap. I glared at him, jealously coming to a boil. Oblivious, Mikey gave a lazy scratch behind one ear and rolled onto his side, sighing with contentment before starting to softly snore.

I turned my attention back to Stephanie. Or tried to... I glanced around in confusion, but she was gone. She hadn't left by the front door, so the only other explanation was that she had — unattended and uninvited — wandered into the living room while I was distracted by Mikey's triumphant return. A horrified chill raced up my spine as I realized I had left the videos up on the TV and computer. A cold sweat overcame me as I hurried in, desperately begging whatever gods might be listening that she might not have noticed.

My mental pleas fell on deaf divine ears however. Stephanie stood before the huge TV screen, her hands clasped behind her back as if admiring a piece of classical art from one of the great masters. The video loop continued to cycle, forty seconds of captured pornographic glory, replaying over and over. Stephanie's hairless pussy bulged obscenely, stuffed and knotted with Mikey's throbbing prick. The fully embedded cock shaft pulsed, delivering jet after pulsing jet of scalding cum deep into that quivering cunt. Frothing sperm erupted as her sweet snatch overflowed, oozing down the inside of her trembling thighs. The high resolution screen faithfully displayed every detail, down to the goose bumps of lustful excitement on her vaginal lips. The video put the girl's sweet little asshole on prominent display, the view brazenly enlarged so that her tightly puckered anal orifice was boldly displayed for our viewing enjoyment. As she shuddered and twitched through a relentless series of orgasms, her crinkled anus throbbed, puckering frantically open and shut, desperate for attention.

"I... Oh, god, I'm so sorry!" I stammered in groveling tone. "I'll delete the videos, I swear!" Time slowed to a crawl as we both stared at the screen. My heart hammered in my chest as I felt a panic attack on the rise. "Say Something!" my mind screamed as I waited for Stephanie's wrathful response. "Just get it over with!"

She turned to me, calmly. "Jerry, you can kiss my ass."

"Look, I... I said I was sorry," I pleaded, hearing my voice crack to a nervously high pitch. "It will never happen again. I'll get rid of the telescope and delete the video, I swear!"

"Jerry, hush," she chastised, silencing my pitiful stammering as she placed her finger on my lips. I blinked, shushed into silence and subservience. "You've been a naughty boy, haven't you, Jerry? You've been peeping on me."

"What? No! I mean... ok yes, but..." I protested. Stephanie glanced at the two obscene videos, both playing on a running loop, over at the telescope tucked into the concealing leaves of the fern, then back at me with apparent disapproval. My pathetic attempt at a lie withered on the vine.

"I think you're going to have to do whatever I say from here on in, Jerry," Stephanie announced, crossing her arms over her chest, and looking very pleased with herself. "Either that, or I'll have to tell everyone that you're a perverted little peeper."

My mind reeled. How was this possible? I had video of Stephanie fucking my dog, and yet she was the one who was threatening to blackmail me? I opened my mouth, but could formulate no argument. My shoulders slumped in defeat. "What do you want me to do?" I whimpered.

"Like I said, Jerry," Stephanie replied softly. "I'm going to need you to kiss my ass." I nodded dumbly, defeated and eager to comply, but still having no idea what she wanted. Realization finally dawned as Stephanie kicked off her purple sneakers and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her jogging shorts, tugging them downward. She then squirmed out of her lacy white panties, printed with cute cartoon kitties. One of the kittens held a sign proclaiming "A cuddly little muffin needs a lot of loving". Leaving the shorts and panties rumpled and discarded on the carpet, she sauntered over to the back of the freestanding couch. With a toss of her golden hair, she glanced back at me over her shoulder. "Well, come on, Jerry. Get down on your knees and lick my asshole."

My breath caught in my throat. I gazed at her perfectly formed perky rump, swallowing nervously. She smiled, flexing her butt cheeks, the deep cleft of her ass beckoning. "You mean you want me to..." I rasped, feeling an onset of jittery nerves.

"... stick your tongue deep in my hot little shitter, Jerry," Stephanie finished the sentence for me, resolving any final confusion on the issue. I knew it was a test of will and dominance. Stephanie wanted confirmation that she truly had me wrapped around her little finger. I could think of worse fates. She turned her attention back to the TV and computer monitors, playing competing versions of Stephanie being savagely fucked by my dog. She shuddered, obviously aroused by the lurid images.

I tentatively approached her, expecting at any moment she would laugh in my face and reveal this to be a cruel joke. But the laugh never came. She arched her back, swiveling her hips. I removed my glasses and set them aside on the end table. Everything beyond about two feet away from me washed into a blurry oblivion without the aid of the corrective lenses. I sank to my knees behind her, bringing my trembling hands up to grasp the cheeks of her butt. With my thumbs digging gently into the firm flesh of those heavenly pillows, I spread her open. Stephanie widened her stance, bracing herself on the back of the couch. The wrinkled star-like orifice of her anus was revealed. My mouth watered in anticipation and I pressed my face deep into the smothering crack of the girl's butt. My lips made contact on her crinkled little rosebud and it puckered back and forth at the intimate embrace. I tentatively extended my tongue, probing at the gateway to her tightly clenched rectum.

"Get in there deep, Jerry," she said in a warning tone. I nodded in subservient compliance, stiffening my tongue and pushing against the taut resistance of her crinkled rectal pucker. She moaned and her trembling sphincter muscle relaxed, blossoming open to welcome my slippery tongue inside. Stephanie's rump cheeks flexed in my grip, tensing as I pushed my wriggling tongue up into her steamy anus. She inhaled deeply, issuing a soft mewling sound of delight. I probed as deep as I could, my tongue fluttering eagerly as her tight rectal muscles clenched, rippling, drawing me inward. She dropped her hands from the back of the couch, clenching her ass cheeks and tugging, spreading herself wide open. I pressed my face deeper into the crack of her ass, my tongue and jaws beginning to fatigue as I rimmed out her wonderfully tight bunghole. Her thighs began to tremble and her breath took on a ragged, desperate urgency. "Deeper!" she urged, her voice husky with lustful need. I complied as best I could, my breath nearly smothered as I pressed my face harder between her jiggling ass cheeks. She groaned, her body quivering. She collapsed across the back of the couch, ass cheeks twitching as a powerful orgasm took her. She grunted, thrusting her loins against the couch, grinding her naked pussy against the coarse material. A gush of vaginal juices squirted from her pussy, drenching my chin and chest, and oozing down her inner thighs.

Finally, heaving for breath, she stood and moved away. My tongue reluctantly slipped from the clutching embrace of her butthole and I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, gazing up at her

with a longing look. She ran her fingers through her tussled hair, the movement pulling upward on her cutoff teeshirt and exposing a tantalizing view of petite under-boob.

"I need a hard cock up the ass" she breathed in a barely audible tone.

I gulped nervously, my heart hammering dangerously in my chest. I scrambled to my feet. Stephanie stepped away, disappearing further into the visual oblivion due to my discarded glasses. I clumsily unbuckled my belt and dropped my pants and underwear. My rigid erection bobbed free. From beyond my visual limits, Stephanie issued an awestruck sigh of passion. "Oh Jerry, I didn't realize it was really that big!" I grinned at the compliment, but was admittedly suspicious. On a good day, I can manage an average-size erection of about six inches. I would have thought that after her encounter with Mikey, I wouldn't measure up favorably. But if she was she pretending to be impressed, who was I to argue? My pants tangled up around my ankles. In my flustered state of mind I had neglected to first remove my shoes. Frantically I worked to pry them off, my left shoe proving to be stubbornly tied on. I cursed with irritation and finally sent it flying.

At the watery limits of my vision, Stephanie's movements hinted that she had settled down onto the cushy carpet, eagerly waiting on her hands and knees. "Oh Jerry, I don't think it's going to fit!" she mewled. I grinned to myself, pretty sure I would manage to squeeze my cock into her hot little asshole. Undoing all the buttons on my shirt seemed to take forever, and I was impatiently tempted to simply rip it away. But the final faster was at last undone. I shrugged my way out of the overshirt and wrestled my undershirt up over my head. Stephanie groaned and I heard her breathing deepen. I grinned to myself, anticipating she was going to be an absolute wildcat when I finally fucked into that tight, warm shitter. Naked except for my black dress socks, I blindly fumbled around for my glasses on the end table, knocking a stack of coasters to the floor and spilling the contents of a pencil holder. Finally my glasses came to hand and I hurriedly put them on.

The sight that greeted me when my vision pulled into focus left me crestfallen. Stephanie was on her hands and knees, back arched and her perky naked rump rolled up high in the air, just primed for a hard cock in the ass. And there was Mikey, already mounted up, his front paws clenched tightly around Stephanie's slender rip cage. She groaned, open-mouthed and slack-jawed as the wolfhound's massive prick slowly and relentlessly pressed into the depths of her rectum. Already loosened and well lubricated by my oral attentions, the girl's snug little shitter put up only token resistance. In a single prolonged stroke, Mikey forced all sixteen inches of his plundering cock shaft into the girl's steamy bowels. A pleasurable mowl of encouragement escaped her lips, transforming into a lustful squeal of delight as Mikey's prick bottomed out and his balls pressed deep into her ass crack.

She peered up at me, her pretty eyes wide with lust. "It's... it's HUGE, Jerry!" she moaned in a strangled tone. Mikey barked, offering his agreement. "Holy shit!" Stephanie whimpered, a hint of panic in her voice. Her eyes watered and she stifled a cry as the wolfhound drew back on his haunches, stroking well over half of his cock out of the perky blonde's upturned rump. She shivered in anticipation, her fingers gripping the carpet as the incredible friction gave rise to burning sense of passionate expectation. Her muscles tensed and her jaw clenched as she took a deep breath and braced herself. Mikey spiked his cock back up her rectum with a long, powerful stroke. Stephanie wailed with delight, surging back to meet him. Muscular furry haunches collided with firm girlish rump flesh and Stephanie's creamy cheeks jiggled oh so wonderfully. The canine pulled back, an obscene sucking noise arising as Stephanie's clenching rectum resisted his retreat. Another wet slap and lustful girlish shriek resounded as the wolfhound hammered home. The massive beast and petite blonde quickly found their rhythm, lustfully butt fucking as if this cross-species anal coupling was the most natural thing in the world.

I felt like a third wheel. And since Mikey has already unloaded his balls in the girl's eager twat, I assumed this rectal romp was going to be a prolonged affair before he finally blew his load. Meanwhile, my naked cock twitched painfully, neglected and rejected. I ground my teeth in frustration that the canine was taking the lion's share of this nubile prize.

But determined to make the best of the situation, I dropped to my knees in front of Stephanie, fisting my throbbing erection in one hand. I moved in closer and pressed the tip of my cock to her pretty lips. Her eyes flew open in surprise. "Ew, Jerry!" she exclaimed, a look of disgust crossing her expression. "Do my lips look like a cunt to you?!"

I peered at her pretty face, studying her alluring pink lips, glistening wet with a sheen of saliva after a quick lick from her tongue. I must have pondered too long because a look of annoyance washed over Stephanie. "My mouth is NOT a twat, Jerry!" she chastised firmly, her sexy body rocking back and forth in synchronized time with Mikey's anal rampage.

A surge of frustration arose. I couldn't believe the little slut was gleefully taking a savage ass-fucking from my dog, but wouldn't do me the favor of a little lip action on my aching prick. But then the recollection of her threats to out me as a peeping pervert to the neighborhood came to mind and I kept my protests to myself. With an unhappy frown upon my face, I skimmed my fist down the length of my rigid prick, literally forced to take matters into my own hands. I gazed at Stephanie, her beautiful facial features contorted by her lustful urges. If nothing else, the girl could serve as inspiration as I stroked my hand along my prick. I teased myself with the thought of blowing my cum load all over her pretty face, but wasn't sure that when the time came I would have the nerve.

Stephanie surged forward and back, spurred by Mikey's relentless cock pounding up her rectum. I rocked my hips back and forth, my self-pleasured timing matching up with the girl and the canine. Insatiable, Stephanie began to pant, the fires of yet another orgasm beginning to smolder. On a forward motion, her lips brushed the tip of my cock and I flinched, steeling myself for another verbal lashing. But she simply moaned, her tongue fluttering out to lick away the glistening stain of precum my prick had kissed upon her lips. On her next forward surge, she leaned in, her soft, sensual lips parting to favor the tip of my cock with a brief oral caress.

I smiled, feeling emboldened. I suppose I had Mikey to thank. It's amazing how a huge prick up the ass tends to melt away a girl's uptight inhibitions on fussy objections to sucking dick. The wolfhound's throbbing cock thrust deep into her bowels once more. Stephanie grunted gratefully and rocked forward. I leaned in, pressing the head of my fleshy erection insistently against her pouting mouth. She resisted for an instant, then moaned as her lips parted. My dick slipped into the girl's oral embrace, her tongue fluttering in eager exploration. Timing the rocking motion, I unwrapped my fingers from around my prick and fed the full length of my shaft into Stephanie's mouth. She gagged, her eyes widening in surprise. Then she relaxed and took it, allowing my throbbing cock to slip into the clutching embrace of her throat. And so the perverted three-way unfolded, canine and human cocks spiked into the eager girl from the top and literal bottom. Stephanie choked and I pulled my cock back out of her throat, allowing her a much-needed intake of air. She gasped, relieved, then bobbed her head and once more inhaled the length of my aching prick down her throat.

Stephanie's neck muscles rippled. Her tongue worked its magic on the underneath side of my cock as her pursed lips sucked on the base of my prick and nuzzled my surging nut sack. It was all I could take. With a prolonged moan, I felt my balls clench tight and I shot a frothing eruption of cum down the girl's clutching throat. Her nostrils flared and her lips tightened, milking my spewing cock shaft as she energetically bobbed her head. I bucked my hips, my eyes rolling back in my head in a fit of orgasmic pleasure. My nuts surged again, pumping another hot jet of cum down into her tummy. I

shuddered, drawing back, legs trembling. A final convulsion blew my sticky seed into Stephanie's eager mouth, coating her lips and tongue with a shimmering splattering of semen. She swallowed, then licked her lips, not losing a single gooey drip.

I fell back, my softening cock slipping from her lips. I collapsed on the floor, savoring that post-orgasmic high. Stephanie and Mikey remained hard at it, the girl barely distracted by her temporary attention to a blowjob. The wolfhound was hammering in and out of her hot little asshole with an almost machine-like rhythm. Stephanie purred with delight, lowering her head to the carpet and presenting her curvy rump up in the air, taking every inch of the canine's plundering cock rod with obvious enthusiasm. The wet sucking sounds of Mikey's long, fat cock stroking back and forth were accompanied by the percussion of his furry haunches slapping against Stephanie's naked ass cheeks each time the rampant beast bottomed out on a full-length fuck stroke.

Stephanie's legs began to tremble, the quiver spreading to her entire body as a powerful orgasm surge from deep within her rectum. She howled, fingers clawing at the carpet as her hips bucked in uncontrolled spasms. A powerful gush of vaginal juices sprayed from her gaping twat, drenching the rug beneath her. She sobbed, lustfully grinding her hips in a circular motion as Mikey spiked his massive prick deep into her bowels and clenched his front paws tightly around her ribs. Panting, he held himself fully inserted. Stephanie whimpered with anticipation as Mikey's cock knot began to swell, lodged securely in the clutching embrace of her straining rectal pucker.

She bit her lower lip, shrugging off the discomfort as Mikey's knot engorged, swelling to the size of an orange in the rippling embrace of her anus. He panted, resting heavily on the girl's back, his jowls open and drooling with delight. Stephanie swallowed hard, a strained look crossing her face. Her ass cheeks clenched as her bowels contracted, instinctively trying to expel the canine's massive cock knot with a series of rectal contractions. Mikey simply pressed in harder. She wriggled her hips — a final test of how securely the wolfhound's prick was locked into her shitter. Mikey wasn't budging and Stephanie's tense muscles relaxed, secure in the knowledge that the canine wasn't going to be dislodged. Mikey's furry haunches began to buck — delivering short powerful thrusts with his massive prick as he built up to the climax. Stephanie turned her head sideways on the carpet, gazing at me with vacant eyes, awaiting her reward. The wolfhound raised his head and howled, baying a victory cry that echoed through the house. He thrust forward hard. Stephanie's legs were momentarily lifted from the floor. The canine dropped heavily on her back and his haunches were a blur of motion. Stephanie squealed, another quivering orgasm sending her into a spastic fit as Mikey's cock exploded a geyser of cum deep inside her asshole. The canine's haunches quivered as he stroked back and forth with beastly lust. Stephanie's tummy began to swell as jet after relentless jet of doggy cum pumped into her bowels.

Finally the dog began to falter. Flanks heaving desperately for breath, his precision-timed anal fuck-thrusts transformed into a jerky, flailing motion as his huge balls ached with continued exertion. He slowed, panting deeply, his pistoning haunches moving more sporadically. At last he ground to a halt, a quiet whine signaling his completion. A slow dribble of cum leaked from the clenched seal of her rectum around his cock shaft, oozing slowly downward in a gooey, glistening strand. Stephanie cooed with delight, writhing sensually underneath him as she settled in for the long wait with Mikey's huge cock knotted up her ass.

Tired muscles protested and I groaned as I got up off the floor. I limped my way over to the recliner and collapsed. I gazed at Mikey and Stephanie, the powerful beast knotted tight inside the rectal embrace of his loving little bitch. My eyes drooped with exhaustion. It had been a long and trying day, and sleep washed over me.

I awoke with a snort sometime later. A brief bout of confusion washed over me as I found myself in

the recliner, clad only in my black dress socks. With a smile, the memories flooded back. I looked around the living room. Stephanie was gone. Mikey lay sprawled upside down on the couch, snoring.

A handwritten note lay folded on the end table. I opened it, admiring the delicate female penmanship and the cute hearts doodled in the margins. "Jerry and Mikey — Had a wonderful time. Can I cum again tomorrow for more naughty fun? Maybe I can bring a friend? Steph. PS — Sorry about the wet stains on the rug, and let me know if you find my panties. Text me." A phone number was included at the bottom.

I grinned, and looked around the room. Peeking out from under the corner of the couch was a lacy scrap of white, emblazoned with prints of kittens. I picked up the delicate petite panties, finding them moist to the touch. I raised them to my nose, inhaling deeply and savoring the lingering, intoxicating scent of Stephanie's juicy pussy. I grabbed my phone and shot her a text consisting of a thumbs-up and an eager smiley face. "Better get a good nap in there buddy, I warned the snoring wolfhound. We're gonna be busy again tomorrow."