

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



I pushed aside the pile of paperwork and looked at my watch. 11:02 P.M. Damn! Sometimes 'being your own boss' isn't all it's cracked up to be. You can run your business pretty much the way you want to and all, but the hours are hell! I'm finally making decent money but that's not all you need for a good family life. My wife left me about a year ago. Ran off with my own brother, no less! Well, no good fretting over that, I'll end up with an ulcer or worse. Like I'm not headed there already. I grabbed a cold beer from the fridge on my way to the living room and turned on the late news. Might as well see what part of the world blew up today while I was busy.

Nothing much interesting on the news tonight, mostly filler stories and some "what's going to kill us this week" type of stuff. A commercial came on and I sort of slipped into a daydream... if you can still call it a daydream at 11 P.M. Anyway, I was going to have Maggie over the weekend and it could turn out to be a conjugal visit! Maggie is an Australian shepherd my ex-wife Kim and I had while we were married. She's a pretty little thing; she has a long, silky white coat with black and blue-gray patches all over and some tan on her legs and face. Her eyes are a clear golden color and like most Aussies, she lacks a tail. Her tail-impaired rear end has a little tuft of fur on it like a rabbit's, so I nicknamed her "Bunny-butt." She had continued to live here with me for a while after Kim left, until things got sorted out and the divorce was final. Maggie was better companionship to me during those few months than Kim had been for a long time, and it really hurt to let her go.

My relationship with Kim had slowly withered on the vine as I put more and more time and effort into the business and spent less and less time at home. I have to admit that it had gone way beyond a question of mere survival and had become an obsession. I should have known it was over when Kim stopped waiting up for me or even asking how things were going. Maggie, on the other hand, was always glad to see me and would greet me enthusiastically even when I came home at 2 A.M. She would often accompany me on sales calls and deliveries.

I have been a serious dog-lover all my life and from time to time, certain things have happened that I'm not exactly proud of. More than a few times, I've gone way beyond the usual boundaries of what most people think of as normal behavior between a human and a dog. Several of those incidents have involved Maggie. When the emotional bond between Kim and me eroded, the physical side of the relationship of course went with it. I was far too preoccupied with work to miss the emotional part, but my body still craved physical release.

It first happened late one evening when I was alone at the office. I leaned back in my desk chair to rest my eyes for a moment. Maggie, who had been curled up on a rug next to my desk, jumped into my lap and began licking my face and rubbing her head under my chin. I played with her ears as she licked, until she managed to get that tongue of hers into my mouth. I went to push her away but then thought better of it; I let her have her way and even explored her mouth a bit with my own tongue. The whole experience was surprisingly pleasant and I was getting very aroused. That was something that hadn't happened in a very long time. I stroked her soft, silky fur as we kissed and it wasn't long before my right hand found its way down her belly and between her thighs. I gently slid a finger into her little doggy vulva and found her already quite wet. I unzipped my pants and pulled out my cock to see if I could get her interested in licking it. She took a half-hearted sniff at it and went right back to my mouth. So much for that! I continued kissing her while I slowly worked my finger in and out of her pussy. I could feel her vaginal muscles rhythmically squeezing and pulling at my finger until she wrapped her front legs around my arm and began humping vigorously.

As much as I wanted to mate with Maggie right then and there, she's too small for me to safely penetrate and she's spayed besides. She can take most of my middle finger, but that's about all. I laid my penis up between her hindquarters and along her smooth, warm tummy and carefully

positioned her so she was sitting in my lap with her back to my belly and her pussy riding against the base of my cock. My left arm cradled her chest while I allowed her to grip my hand and wrist with her forelegs and brace her hind feet against my thighs as she humped. I continued to stimulate her and myself, with my hand wrapped around my shaft and my fingertips briskly stroking the sides of her vulva. She kept humping, against my cock now. I leaned back in my chair as far as I could and let her pound away at me. Though it was kind of a strange position with Maggie nearly on her back, it kept us in intimate contact while still allowing us to share passionate kisses.

She stopped humping and gripped my arm more tightly and made a sort of throat-clearing sound accompanied by a shudder that shook her little body from one end to the other. Her entire groin and lower belly twitched and throbbed with her orgasm. A tingling, burning wave of excitement like I hadn't felt in far too long washed over me and I erupted into Maggie's belly fur. She took a few moments to clean herself up, then leapt clear across the room and began chasing the little puff of fur where her tail would have been. I wanted to have her clean me up too, but every time I'd reach for her, she'd bark at me and bound away. She finally gave in and lapped so fiercely at my cock that I involuntarily gave her an extra little shot of cum. As I got dressed, she jumped into my arms and I cradled her against me and kissed her until she got so wiggly that I had to set her down on the floor. Maggie looked up at me, panting heavily and wagging her tailless rump. "Cigarette?" I (jokingly, of course) suggested, but we opted for a walk around the block instead. She must have left her scent-mark in fifteen different places... for some reason, Maggie has always liked to cock her leg and pee on vertical surfaces like a boy dog.

Maggie and I came to enjoy our little tension-busting sessions so much that we were doing it a couple or three times a week. I have been with some much larger bitches over the years with mixed results, but Maggie was so eager and the sex we shared was surprisingly satisfying, despite her limitations. I knew it was too good to last, though. Kim insisted that Maggie was "her" dog and I was much too wrapped up in my work to give her the attention she needed. Her lawyer agreed, so now I only get Maggie for an occasional weekend. I'm almost surprised I don't have to pay doggie support for her!

Just thinking about having a sexual romp with Maggie had me rock-hard. I finished off my beer and considered going into the bathroom to take care of my erection on my own. As I turned off the TV, though, I heard a sound coming from the kitchen. I walked out towards the screen door and heard it again. It was an all-too-familiar scratching and rattling sound. The damned raccoons were getting into the garbage again! I picked up a beer can that I'd put a handful of pennies into and slipped out the door. I was greeted by the usual sight, the trash can falling over with a thud and spilling its contents over the back yard. I drew back to toss the can and scatter the critters, but I caught a glimpse of a reflection from a pair of eyes. The eyes were much too big and too far apart to belong to any raccoon. I reached back inside the door and snapped on the floodlight. It wasn't raccoons at all, but a dog, a big one. Great... now we have neighborhood mutts scattering the trash. I hadn't seen this one before; it looked like a German shepherd or maybe a husky. It was kind of hard to tell with the shadows and all.

I shook the rattle-can and shouted, "Go on, get out of here! Garbage-hound!" The dog trotted away a few steps, then turned back and looked at me, waving a thick brush of a tail. Somehow, this seemed like a much nicer dog than your average stray. It wasn't barking or growling or behaving aggressively, so I put down the can and walked slowly towards it, holding out my hand. The dog continued wagging its tail and went down on its elbows in a play-bow as I got closer. When I got close enough for a good look, I saw it was definitely not a shepherd, but rather more like a husky, except bigger. An Alaskan malamute, maybe.

I squatted down and held out my hand for the dog to sniff. Instead, it gently licked my fingertips and

nuzzled my palm. Nice dog! I've lived with and around dogs literally all my life and really missed having one. In fact, the few months since Kim took Maggie was the longest period of my life that I had been

dogless. I gently stroked the dog's silky cheeks and ruffled the thick fur around its neck. It turned and leaned heavily against my legs, tipping me into a fully seated position on the wet grass. Almost reflexively, I wrapped my arms around the dog's barrel chest and buried my face between its shoulders. I could feel the dog's muscles relaxing as it tried to crawl into my lap. I realized that someone obviously must love this dog and they were probably missing it. As if I really needed it, the whole situation really drove home just how much I missed Maggie!

So there I was, sitting on dew-soaked grass at the edge of my garbage-strewn driveway, hugging a stray dog and dreaming of lost love. Maybe I should just go inside and call the guys in the white coats to come and get me. Especially since one of my lost loves was another dog! Sheesh... I've got to get some sleep! First, let's figure out what to do with this mutt. It's getting close to midnight, so I don't think I'll call Animal Control until the morning; it's not an emergency after all. I suppose I could keep it for the night. "It?" Let's take inventory here. I slid my hand along the dog's belly and between the hindquarters... no obstructions except some smallish titties. Okay, it's a she. Her fur and skin felt clean and she had no trace of that rank, stale-musk smell that street dogs usually have. She had a fairly nice leather collar on, but no tags. I figured I might as well keep her in the house for the night if she has any manners. If not, she could stay in the garage. I picked up as much of the scattered trash as I could find and secured the cans, wiping my hands on the wet grass when I was finished. I started towards the house and the dog automatically fell in alongside my left leg and trotted in perfect step with me the whole distance. I don't think I needed to worry about manners!

Once we were inside, I could see that this was definitely not your average street mutt. She had a beautiful, full gray and white coat, clean teeth and sparkling brown... no, blue... one of each color, actually... eyes. Her thick, bushy tail came up in an arc, but not a tight curl, over her back. She had an overall wolfy look about her, but her sweet expression and stocky, working-dog build pretty much convinced me that she was a purebred Malamute. She sat quietly and politely, watching as I picked-up a bit around the kitchen.

"Are you hungry?" I asked. Her ears pricked up and she cocked her head to one side. I found part of a small bag of kibble that I kept for when Maggie visited. I poured some in a bowl and mixed in a few meat scraps that I had, and was about to set it down when I thought better of it. Maggie is a terribly sloppy eater and tends to fling drool all over when she eats. I laid down a couple of sheets of newspaper and set the bowl down on that. The Mal girl, while far from dainty, was fairly neat about the whole thing. When she finished eating, she went to the door and asked to go out and came right back in after she'd done her business.

I really needed some sleep and since this dog seemed so well behaved, I decided to let her stay indoors for the night. What was the worst she would do... chew up my crappy third-hand furniture? She'd probably be doing me a favor. I got undressed and crawled into bed and within a minute or two, she joined me there! Before I turned out the lights, I tried a few common names on her, Princess, Shadow, Sheba, Nanook... some really stupid and a few more exotic, but none of them seemed to get her attention. I scritch'd her ears a little, then stroked her back and shoulders and she rolled over and offered me her belly for a rub. I obliged her for a few minutes, until I spotted something I hadn't really thought about earlier. Between those powerful thighs lay the most beautiful example of canine femininity I'd seen in a long time!

I gently stroked the coarse fur on her thick labia with a fingertip and backed off momentarily to gauge her reaction. She seemed a bit startled at first, then fell back into her totally relaxed position. I rubbed a little harder and ran my fingers all around the outside of it and she didn't object

at all. I carefully spread her folds and looked inside. Everything was a healthy pink and she looked like she was wide open. No doubt she'd had a litter or two. A thick, glistening pink clitoris lay in the crevice formed by the forward-most point of her vulva. Now I decided to get really bold. I thoroughly wet my index finger with spit and gently slipped it into her. She tensed up for a few seconds, but that was all. I slowly pulled my finger out of her and she squeezed down on it as the last joint slipped out. I brought it to my nose and gave it a sniff; it had sort of a warm, clean doggy smell to it. As I wet another finger to try her for size, I looked down to see her furry puss twitching up and down.

I eased two fingers into her and she easily took their entire length. She was noticeably wetter than before and her vaginal walls pulsed and tugged at my fingers as I explored her inner recesses. I looked into her pretty face for any sign of distress or even annoyance, but she looked back with a gentle, relaxed expression and her front paws folded alongside her chest. I tickled her under the chin and patted her soft tummy as I leaned over and got a gentle nose-kiss. She didn't seem to be raising any objection whatsoever, so I decided to try going oral on her.

I lay down and pressed my mouth against her furry twot, slowly working my tongue into her. Her secretions had a creamy, somewhat musky and "electric" taste to them. I pushed her clitoris around with the tip of my tongue and she bucked her hips slightly. I guess I must have been humping against the mattress without realizing what I was doing, because I came explosively all over myself. It wasn't a big deal, since this Malamute girl was more than eager to clean up the mess. Even so, I hadn't done that in years. Before she'd even finished licking every trace of cum off of my body, a combination of exhaustion and post-orgasmic drowsiness carried me off into a deep sleep.

I awoke the next morning to sweet doggy kisses. The dog was still in bed with me. I looked around my room and saw only the usual mess. Nothing had been chewed, knocked down or peed on, so I patted her and told her she was a good girl. She stayed right close while I was in the shower and politely mooched a few tidbits while I fixed my breakfast. Just before I left for work, I called County Animal Control. I got an answering machine, so I left my cell number. The dog followed me out to the truck and hopped in when I opened the door. About halfway to work, the cell rang; it was Steve from Animal Control.

"Hi, Steve. I've got a big female dog here, a malamute, I think. She showed up at my place late last night. She's a really good dog, I'm sure someone is missing her."

"Well," Steve replied, "We haven't had any reports of a missing malamute, but if you could bring her by around noon, we'll have a look at her. No collar on her?"

"She's got a collar but no tags. She's way too clean and well fed to be a street mutt, though," I explained.

"I dunno." Steve sounded kind of doubtful. "With as bad as the economy's been lately, we've seen people just move out and leave their dogs behind to fend for themselves."

"Well, I hope that's not the case here," I said. "This is a pretty nice dog to just dump somewhere. Anyway, see you about noon."

The malamute girl spent the morning alternately napping next to my desk or playing with a few toys that Maggie had left at the office. When lunchtime came, we drove out to the dog pound, a rather depressing-looking concrete-block building behind the highway department garage. Steve met us at the door and showed us in. An assortment of dogs in every size, shape and color barked and yapped at us from a double row of kennels.

"As you can see, we're pretty full here," Steve shouted above the racket. "You don't want to know what we'll have to do to make room for this one!"

"I can imagine, and it's not pretty!" The thought struck me that this could be the last time I'd see this sweet girl.

Steve showed me into a tiny, cluttered office and closed the door behind us. At least it was a little quieter in there. He picked up a paddle-shaped gadget with an electronic display on it and waved it over the dog's back. "We're gonna scan her to see if she's got a chip," he explained. As he passed the scanner over her shoulder blades, it beeped and a number appeared in the display. "Bingo!"

Steve picked up the phone and dialed. When the microchip service answered, he identified himself and read the number from the scanner into the phone. After a few seconds he grabbed a pen and jotted down a couple of names, addresses and phone numbers. At the end of the list he wrote 'Alaskan Malamute,' 'Aurora,' and 'S. F.'

"What's all that?" I asked.

"We've got a hit. She belongs to some people in town."

Now I was getting curious. "So what's that 'Aurora' all about?"

Steve grinned. "That's the dog's name. What'd you think? Oh, yeah... S. F. stands for spayed female."

I shrugged. "Aurora. Kind of a cliché name for a malamute, but nice all the same." After last night, I was really surprised to hear that she was spayed, but of course I didn't tell Steve that! "Aurora," I repeated, watching the dog for any reaction. She tipped her ears back slightly and swished her tail on the floor.

Steve put the phone on speaker and dialed the first number on the list. The line rang once and went to a recording stating that the number was disconnected. "O-kay," he said and dialed the next number. A woman answered.

"Hi, this is Steve from Animal Control. We've got a lost malamute here and we can't reach the owners. You're listed as the alternate contact."

"That must be Aurora," the woman said. The couple that had her lost their house and asked me to take her back. Ordinarily, I would, but I just had back surgery and I have to have help taking care of my own dogs."

"Somebody found her raiding trash cans about two miles from home and brought her here," Steve said.

The woman sighed. "I never expected they'd just up and dump her. I've been trying to find her at least a foster home, but everyone's full up."

"We're full here, too. We'll do what we can, but I can't promise she'll find a home." He hung up the phone and shook his head. "Way too much of that going around lately."

I thought about it for a minute and made a suggestion to Steve. "I could hold onto her for a while until you have room for her or maybe there's a remote chance the people will come looking for her. She's really no trouble."

Steve kind of grimaced, then nodded. "It's really against the rules, but you might be buying her or one of these other dogs a little time. Sometimes a week or a day, maybe even an hour makes all the difference between life and death for a pound dog. I'm gonna forget you brought her here, but I'll hold onto your phone number. Good luck!"

"Thanks. I'll keep in touch." I led Aurora out of the shelter and back to my truck. She seemed much more bouncy than she had on the way in. I'm pretty sure she'd figured out I wasn't going to leave her there.

Aurora stayed at the office with me for the rest of the day and she acted like she'd been there all her life. She greeted customers like they were old friends and even got a biscuit from the guy who came to read the gas and electric meters. Now, if I could only get her to answer the phone! She went with me in the truck on a few deliveries as well. One customer asked me if something had happened to Maggie... I had to tell him the whole story. On the way home, it suddenly occurred to me that I had nothing to feed to Aurora or to Maggie when she visited this weekend. I didn't want to go spending a whole lot of money on this dog and then have someone reclaim her. Since she would likely be staying with me for at least a few days, though, I stopped at the warehouse club store and bought a big sack of dog food. I was tempted to buy a nice, thick dog bed they had there, but resisted.

I got home and fed Aurora and had a bite to eat myself, then sat down with a cold beer to watch the tube. Aurora cuddled up next to me on the couch, but she seemed to get antsy after a while. She started nudging me and gave me an odd look, as though she wanted something. I offered to let her outside, but that wasn't it. Thinking she was bored, I got down on the floor with her and tried the canine play posture. We wrestled and roughhoused for a few minutes, but she stopped and turned her rear end towards me. I wasn't sure at first what she was up to, but when I reached to pat her rump she twisted her tail to one side. She wanted a different kind of play!

Aurora started toward the bedroom, then stopped and looked at me over her shoulder to make sure I was following. Of course I was! It was almost as if she was acting out a routine that she'd become accustomed to. She stopped and stood on the throw rug next to the bed. I sat next to her and spoke softly to her while I petted her all over her body. She leaned against me and wagged her tail as she gave me gentle kisses. After cuddling with me for several minutes, she once again turned her rump towards me and again moved her tail to the side. It was time! I was getting almost uncomfortably hard, so I went to mount her from behind like a male dog. Aurora immediately rolled over onto her back.

At first, I thought I'd been a little too forward with her, or maybe she was playing hard-to-get, but then I noticed her pussy was twitching up and down and she was visibly wet. I crouched over her on all fours, being careful not to put my weight on her belly. I guided the tip of my cock between her furred labia and to my surprise, I glided into her rather easily. Remembering that she's spayed, I pushed into her gently at first. She pushed back! I began thrusting, pushing a little harder and a little deeper, while still being careful not to go too deep. I seemed to bottom out once I got maybe two-thirds of the length of my cock into her. Of course, I would have loved to bury myself up to my balls in her, but I guess I'm lucky she could give me as much as she did. What she lacked in depth, she made up for in action. She hooked her forelegs around my back and matched each of my thrusts with two of her own! The walls of her vagina rippled and throbbed around the head and shaft of my cock. Believe me, when you haven't had any pussy for months and months, you don't last very long when you finally get some! A tingling, burning feeling started near the crack of my ass and instantly spread through my body, quickly followed by powerful contractions as I pumped big wads of my seed into sweet Aurora.



I was finished blowing my load long before Aurora had climaxed, though I was still plenty hard. I kept on thrusting into her while she pushed back, grunting and snorting as she did. She suddenly gasped and got an almost startled look on her pretty, wolfy face. Her nails dug into my back a bit and I could feel a series of rapid-fire contractions of her clit against my shaft. Near as I could tell, since she had no uterus, she had learned to make do with what she had. It was just enough to send me to Orgasm City a second time, though I don't think I shot a whole lot. About the same time, I felt a warm, wet trickle welling up around my cock. Seems in her excitement, Aurora had peed herself a tiny bit. It wasn't a lot, and not an altogether unpleasant sensation.

Aurora heaved a deep sigh and I felt her relax all over. My cock, now spent and soft, slipped out of her and flopped between my legs. I ruffled the soft, white fur on her chest and told her what a good girl she was and kissed her softly on the mouth. With that, I immediately got a huge, wet dog tongue shoved halfway down my throat. Returning the favor, I discovered that this big girl had a mouth every bit as sweet as Maggie's. Maggie! Maggie was supposed to stay with me for the weekend! How was she going to react to Aurora? Well, we'll just have to see what happens.

I awoke late Saturday morning with the sun streaming in through the bedroom windows. Aurora lay in a bright rectangle of sunshine, rolling slowly from side to side with a self-satisfied expression as the sunshine sparkled and glistened off her fur. I joined her on the floor and as I kissed her on the forehead, I couldn't help but notice the warm, musky smell her coat gave off where the sun had been shining on it. Normally, she had little or no odor but the warmth of the sun had brought it out. I think it was a fair bet that she'd been an indoor dog in her past life; her coat was clean and soft. She did not have the calluses on her elbows like many big dogs do. It was difficult to fathom how such a sweet dog that seemed so well cared for had ended up abandoned.

While driving to pick up Maggie, I thought about how I was going to introduce Aurora to her. It was best to do that on neutral turf, at a park or maybe the ball field in back of the school. It looked like the weather was cooperating; hopefully the dogs would as well. I pulled the truck up to where Kim and my brother Ron were living and asked Aurora to stay put as I got out.

Kim answered the door. "Oh, hi. I almost forgot it was your weekend to have Maggie." She spotted Aurora sitting quietly in my truck. "What is that?"

"That's Aurora. She's a stray that I'm, er, fostering for a while." Maggie rushed out the door and leapt on me. "Hi, Bunny-butt!" As I reached down to pet her, she pulled herself part way up into my arms, but stopped to sniff me noisily. "Ah, busted! I've been two-timing you, Maggie!" I picked her up the rest of the way and gave her a bear hug as she slobbered my face. After a few days with Aurora, I was surprised at just how small and light Maggie seemed by comparison. Once she'd settled down a bit, I looked into her pretty golden eyes and got a good face washing in the process.

"Is that Phil?" Ron yelled from the other room.

"Yeah, come see what he's got," Kim said over her shoulder. My brother just muttered something incomprehensible, he hasn't had the balls to face me since Kim moved in with him.

"Kim, if you've got a little time, I'd like to introduce Maggie and Aurora on neutral ground. I'm not really sure yet how she is with other dogs."

Kim nodded. "Okay. Why don't you walk Aurora down to the open space and we'll join you in a few minutes."

I set Maggie back on all fours. "Take this blue monster in the house first, of course!" Maggie reluctantly went inside with Kim and yapped a few times when she saw Aurora jump out of the truck,



but basically behaved herself.

The open space was a few minutes' walk from Ron's place. It's not really a park, just a grassy area with a few trees that the county requires when a housing development goes in. There were a couple of other people exercising dogs there, which didn't seem to concern Aurora too much. One of them, a black, male Lab, decided that Aurora was a bit more interesting than his Frisbee. She played nicely with him and only got mildly annoyed when the Lab got downright rude about where he was sticking his nose. After ten minutes or so, Kim showed up with Maggie. Aurora greeted them with a wagging tail and a play-bow but

Maggie acted a bit jealous or maybe dominant. She walked up to Aurora slowly and deliberately, stiff-legged and bristling. She had that "eye-dog" expression that Aussies use to stare down a herd of unruly sheep.

Maggie doesn't have a tail, but she does a fair job of expressing herself without one. Aurora lowered her head and averted her eyes. There was no question as to who was top dog here! After some posturing and detail-sniffing one another, they relaxed a bit and finally abandoned themselves to a chasing game. Fortunately, the Lab was busy playing "crash test dummies" with another dog and didn't interfere.

Coming back from the open space, Maggie and Aurora seemed to be getting along just fine. Wish I could say the same about Kim and myself. We are usually at least civil to each other, but it seems my useless brother got behind on his bills and Kim was trying to borrow some money from me. Anyway, Maggie (who is older, near as I can tell) was not letting Aurora forget who was boss, but by the time I was ready to take them home they were acting like lifelong friends.

I had left my cell phone in the truck and noticed there was a voice mail message: "Hi, Phil... this is Steve from Animal Control. Hey, I was able to locate Aurora's owners. It seems they gave her to a neighbor and she kept running away. The neighbor doesn't want her back and the original owners can't have her where they're living now. So it looks like she's yours if you want her. If not, well, we'll try our best to place her, but like I said, I can't make any promises. You'll have to buy her a license, but the owner says she's up to date on rabies. Oh, yeah... By State law you'll have to wait seven days, but I don't think the people are going to take her back. Let me know either way. Thanks."

Well, now. It looks like I've got me a dog. I'm sure as hell not going to let her go to the pound!

The two 'girls' rode quietly in the truck, with Aurora riding "shotgun" on the seat and Maggie curled up in her usual spot on the passenger-side floor. Once we got to my place, though, it was pretty obvious that the decision as to who was Top Dog still stood. Maggie had to do everything first: First out of the truck; first to pee on the shrubbery alongside the driveway; first through the door into the house and first to drink at the water bowl. It's no wonder why. Aside from her being a pushy herding breed, this house had been Maggie's personal domain for most of her seven years. I have since found out that Aurora is about four.

Doggy dinnertime came and went without incident, so I decided to try something more risky... playtime. I'm talking about sexy, private playtime in the bedroom! As soon as I got down on the rug next to the bed, both dogs approached me. With just a quick eye-roll from Maggie, though, Aurora backed off to wait her turn. I got naked and lay on my back, hoping to get Maggie to ride my cock again while we swapped some spit. But Maggie, being her sweet but contrary self, decided to sit on my face instead. I could deal with that! I probed her little pussy with my tongue for some time, savoring the warm, creamy taste of her secretions. There's nothing quite like the mild, delicate taste of a spayed bitch! I used my tongue to fish out her clit and took it between my lips, sucking

hard on the tip. That drives her absolutely crazy! She humped endlessly against my mouth, her furry inner thighs making muffled slapping sounds against my cheeks. Her attempts to grip me around the middle left some long scratches on my sides and belly, but that didn't really bother me. She pounded away at me and only slowed down to enjoy her orgasm. Each time she came, I could feel her vaginal muscles and her clit twitching and throbbing against my lips and tongue.

When the contractions subsided, she would rest for a few minutes and start all over again. With each go-around she seemed to get a bit wetter. Maggie was panting quite hard and her tongue dragged over the head of my rock-hard cock several times. It was all I could do to hold back from squirting my load in her face when she did that. I was saving that for Aurora, after all! Between licking, sucking and jacking her off by rubbing two fingertips in front of her vulva while she humped my arm, I totally lost count of how many times I made Maggie cum. Her pussy was a wet, sloppy mess of my spit and her own juices. She was finally humped out, spent and completely silly. She simply spun in circles, snorting and yapping, until she collapsed into a grinning, panting heap.

By now, my balls were aching like they were ready to explode and I really needed to empty them. I called Aurora over... She eagerly trotted up and stood quietly while we played a quick game of 'hide the fingers.' I was about to roll her over and fuck her silly, but Maggie decided to pull rank. She gave Aurora the evil eye and tried to get me to finger her some more instead. I let Maggie sniff the finger that had Aurora's juices on it and she liked it! I led her to where the nice smell came from and she gave Aurora a good licking. She lapped away at Aurora's pussy and I guess it must have turned her on somehow... she was humping air a little as she did it. Or, she did until Aurora took exception to another bitch licking her privates. She spun around and glared at Maggie, briefly staring straight at her.

A wolfish fire that I hadn't seen before flashed in Aurora's eyes, catching Maggie off guard. She actually backed down for a moment, but then the bristling and fang baring started. Though it was kind of a turn-on for me to watch two bitches going down on one another, two bitches getting into a fight where sex was involved could easily turn into a horror show! To defuse a potentially explosive situation, I hustled Maggie out to the kitchen and gave her a pig's ear to keep her busy. I went back to tend to Aurora, closing the bedroom door behind me.

With Maggie out of the way, Aurora seemed hornier and less nervous. She decided that I was taking much too long to take off my shorts and get down to business, so she was "helping" by nudging and licking. Of course, I was so horny I was about to bust, but I really wanted to get a taste of her before she ended up tasting like me. It would help to get her warmed up and ready as well. I got on all fours and asked Aurora to roll over, but instead she presented her rump to me with her tail pulled to one side. I parted the thick "breeches" of fur on her hindquarters to reveal her beautiful pussy twitching slowly up and down. It was pretty wet already, mostly from Maggie's attentions. I leaned down and tried to lick it but Aurora spun around to face me. At first, I thought she wasn't interested, but she grinned and swatted me on the shoulder with a paw.

I nuzzled and kissed her a bit, then butted her in the chest with my head. She jumped up and wrapped her front legs around my middle so tightly that I don't think I could have wiggled free if I'd wanted to. I just let her have her way and she humped against my forehead until she either came or got tired of it, I'm not sure which. As hard as I tried, the position wasn't quite right for me to get my tongue into her. She let me go and did a little orgasm dance around the room, then presented her rear end to me once again. This time, she let me lick and suck her. The taste of her own juices mixed with a little Maggie-slobber was pretty incredible! She'd let me lick for a few seconds, walk away a few steps, then stop and look at me over her shoulder. I was following her all around the room on my hands and knees. I imagine it would have looked mighty comical if anyone had been watching!

She continued to tease me until I was about at the breaking point. I was beginning to wonder if I was going to have to beg her to let me in. Finally, she gave in and pushed her butt against my crotch. Okay, we're gonna do it doggy-style! I cupped my hands in front of her hips and pushed the tip of my aching, burning cock against her labia. I felt her thick, furry tail wrap around the small of my back and caress the cheeks of my ass as I shifted into the proper position. We were both pretty well lubricated after all the teasing, so I slid right into her with no trouble at all. Aurora pushed back against me until I bottomed out in her, her hot, wet tunnel gripping and squeezing on me all the while. I lasted all of two seconds, I think, before I emptied my balls into her with a blinding orgasm.

When I came to my senses a little, I was still hard and I began thrusting again. I was able to keep it up for a couple of minutes this time, until Aurora and I came as one. I rubbed and played with her little nipples as I filled her a second time with my seed. I buried my nose in the thick ruff of fur on the back of her neck and breathed in her faint, musky aroma, nuzzled her ears and softly kissed the top of her head. We stayed coupled long after I had gone soft, until Aurora pulled away to lick away the long strands of my semen that were oozing out of her. When she'd finished, she did another brief orgasm dance, then came back to clean me as well.

I was just too drained for her attentions to get me much more than half hard, but it felt really nice to have her soft, warm tongue caressing my tired little man. We were both so totally spent that I collapsed in a heap on the rug and Aurora snuggled up next to me with her muzzle resting on my chest. I heard Maggie growling and whining softly outside the door, so I got up and let her in the bedroom. She had either finished her pig's ear or had hidden it somewhere. She sniffed Aurora's pussy at length, then took a few licks at it. She backed away and made some strange teeth-chattering motions with her mouth, sort of like what a male dog does after he licks a bitch in heat. Aurora seemed to have willingly reverted to her lower rank, which pleased Maggie to no end. The two dogs spent several peaceable minutes cleaning up some drips and platters of cum from the floor before the three of us piled onto the bed for the night.

I woke Sunday morning feeling as though I was pinned to the bed by a heavy weight. Aurora lay draped across my legs, her mouth partway open and snoring loudly. Surprisingly, Maggie lay curled up in the arc of Aurora's body with her muzzle resting on the bigger dog's flank. Okay, the girls hadn't eaten each other during the night and they still seemed to be pretty good friends. As I stirred, Maggie opened one golden eye to watch me, the pupil contracting like that dinosaur in the movie. "We're done for, the Maggie-saurus has spotted us!" She made a huffing sound and went back to sleep. So much for my sense of humor. They looked so cute that I decided not to disturb them.

I heard a faint jingling outside. Both dogs bounced off the bed and ran to the window. Maggie growled and woofed softly, while Aurora just looked out and cocked her head from side to side. I joined them at the window and looked out to see Mick, one of the neighborhood dogs. Mick is Maggie's litter brother. He looks quite a bit like her, except he's bigger and his eyes are baby blue. I bought him and Maggie at the same time, but Kim decided that having two nutcase Aussies at once was a bit much. Since I wasn't home much, I was no help, so we ended up giving him to a neighbor when he was about a year old. Over the years, Mick has learned that I'm always good for a quickie if Kim is not around. He lives to get his rocks off and he isn't too fussy about how it happens. Yes, I like boy dogs almost as much as I do girls, even though they're good for a completely different type of fun. I looked around to make sure there weren't any humans watching and invited him in.

Mick greeted the girls very briefly and made a beeline for the bedroom. He almost made it through the doorway before he stopped and turned around. You could almost see the light bulb appear over his head. Girls! He trotted back out into the kitchen and strutted back and forth in front of them, all

puffed up like he was doG's gift to females. Maggie did a couple of spins; Aurora was unimpressed. I guess she must know how under-endowed some Aussie males are. Mick wasted no time in getting behind Maggie and poking his nose between her breeches to get a little taste of pussy. She let him get a couple of licks in, then spun around to face him. She ducked under him and took a long, noisy sniff and a few licks at the tip of his sheath. Mick obliged her by raising a hind leg. Maggie bristled and bucked her hips a little as she sniffed and licked, then turned tail to him and stood to be mounted. As soon as he tried it, though, there was a scuffle that ended with Maggie on Mick's back humping him. He turned to Aurora to see if she might be any easier. She raised a hindquarter and let him lick very briefly, but as soon as he placed a paw on her back, there came that fire again! Mick is a wimp and didn't push the issue, but the poor guy had pink showing and he was making little dribbles on the floor. I could certainly understand his situation from personal experience!

Since it looked like all Mick was going to get from the girls was teasing, I was going to have to take care of him myself. It wouldn't be the first time... I gave Maggie a good fingering with one hand. She was already a bit wet, I guess from teasing Mick. I fingered Aurora with the other hand, she wasn't really wet at all. I held out the two fingers for Mick to smell and led him into the bedroom. I sat down on the rug with him and let him lick my fingers at length. He was starting to dribble again, so I got on all fours and pushed my head between his front legs.

Since we've done this probably a couple of hundred times, he usually gets it into my mouth on the first thrust. As I've mentioned, Mick's dink isn't all that impressive sizewise, but damn, I do love the taste of him! The natural lubricant from his sheath is smoky tasting, his precum is sweet and tangy and when he gets down to the serious stuff, it's kind of tingly and metallic. I let him empty his balls into my mouth until he went soft on me. Unlike most dogs, he only lasts a few minutes. I don't know why. Still, he shoots a pretty respectable load. I offered to share my mouthful of Aussie spooze with Aurora, but she wasn't interested. She sniffed, made a face and turned away. Maggie was a different story. I think she'd try and crawl down my throat to get that stuff! I let her lick most of it out of my mouth and it wasn't easy to keep her from getting it all.

I swished the remainder around on my tongue and swallowed it. Maggie wasn't a happy camper! I let Mick rest up for a little while, rubbing his silky chest and tummy and kissing with him a bit. I played with his nuts some and fondled his knot and in no time, he was ready to go again. He was very, very relaxed and remained on his back. I popped his pinkie all the way out and sucked hard on the point while I kneaded his balls and knot; he gave me one more good squirt and went soft on me. Mission accomplished! I carefully put his penis back in its sheath; long-coated dogs can easily get it tangled in their hair. Now it was time for his treat and he knew it.

Mick jumped to his feet and nudged at my crotch. I nudged my boxers down and let him at me. I was plenty hard from the excitement of taking care of his needs; it had been a few weeks since he'd paid me a visit. The trouble was I wasn't sure if I had anything left to offer him. I was still pretty spent from my romp with the girls the night before. Mick's well-experienced tongue expertly polished my knob and he used those tiny, little front nipper teeth in just the right places. Aurora looked on as though she were taking notes. He alternated between licking and nibbling; when that wasn't working, he brought out his Nuclear Option. He closed his mouth around my entire cock-head and worked his tongue in the cleft at the bottom of it. Now, if Kim knew how to do that, I might have begged her not to go! I felt the pressure and the tingling building between my balls and my bunghole... and Mick was not disappointed! I held him for a long time and told him what a good boy he was. I offered him some water and gave him a breath biscuit (for obvious reasons!) and let him out the back door.

Later that day, the older guy who Mick lives with saw me walking Aurora and Maggie and stopped us to talk. I was a bit apprehensive at first, wondering if someone had seen Mick leaving my house.

It was nothing like that, though. He and his wife are thinking of moving south, and he asked if either Kim or I would be interested in taking Mick back if they decided not to bring him along? I told him that Kim probably wouldn't be, but I'd certainly consider it! Kim never really liked Mick, but I love him! It's still up in the air; we'll see what happens.

When Aurora had been with me a little over a week, I got a call from the people who had her previously. They seemed like nice folks, just a little down on their luck. They said they got her from rescue about two years earlier and she'd been great, but the wife was having health problems and couldn't work. They couldn't afford their house on one salary and had to move to an apartment. I offered to let them visit Aurora, but they said not now, it would be too painful. Maybe later... They sent me all of her vet records and paperwork and signed everything over to me. She's officially my dog now.

I've got some really great contracts for my business lately. There's plenty of money now, but there's way more work than I can handle by myself. I've farmed out the bookkeeping part of it to a service, and I've taken on a trusted partner. She's a woman, Sylvia, who used to be the office manager for one of my bigger customers. Her skills should come in handy around here and now I don't have to work 25 hours a day, 8 days a week. Maybe I could even get in a little camping or fishing, or... Well, I don't think I'm going to be running the Iditarod soon. Aurora is kind of a couch potato. Sylvia sprung a little surprise on me her first day. She saw Aurora around the office and asked if she could bring her dog to work. I said, "Sure, if he/she gets along with Aurora." She came back from lunch that day with her dog... she has an enormous, gorgeous, male Malamute!

Loki and Aurora get on just fine, thank you very much! It only took Aurora about thirty seconds to teach that boy some manners. There's something about the way Sylvia and Loki interact, the way she talks to and about him... Maybe it's just my imagination running wild, but a 30-something woman who has never been married and a big, male dog... I'm betting he's more than a pet. Who knows? For now, I'm just gonna keep my mouth shut and as hard as it is to resist the temptation, I'll try to keep my hands off Loki, too. Aurora and Loki play together and sometimes even sleep together. The only remotely sexual thing I've seen happen between them, though, is the occasional rude sniff. After all, Aurora has chosen me as her mate, and I couldn't be happier!