

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

I the parked the car in front of Dana's house at the appointed hour, got out and walked to the front door, nervous as old hell. I had my gym bag with a change of clothes, a couple of disposable douches, sanitary napkins, tampons, and aspirins; I was ready for anything. My hands were shaking when I rang the doorbell, I was more than just nervous, I was scared. The whole thing seemed terrifyingly absurd. After all, it's not a normal thing to go to someone's home in the middle of the day to have sex with their dog. I couldn't help but wonder what I'd gotten myself into; but scared or not I was determined to do this thing. Dana answered the door, a big friendly smile on her face.

"Come on in, I just had Archie out for a walk. He's down in the game room now resting up, waiting to meet you."

The lighthearted tone in her voice unnerved me even further. She could see the condition I was in. Closing the door behind us she put a hand on the middle of my back reassuringly.

"Are you sure you're up for this?" I told her I was, but admitted to being a nervous wreck.

"Well, if you've changed your mind, just say so and we'll call it off, no harm done. If you still want to do it, trust me nothing terrible is going to happen. Whether you'll like it or not, I can't say, but nothing bad is going to happen. It's just a different kind of sex" Her words were somewhat comforting.

"Now look, we've got to get you relaxed. Why don't we sit in the living room and chat? Have a drink or two? What'll you have?"

I agreed, partly because I figured I could use a drink, and to be honest I was stalling for time. Even though I was determined to go through with this, a part of me was still afraid and wanted to delay it. We decided on wine rather than the harder stuff, I didn't want to risk getting sick or really drunk and figured wine would mellow me out nicely. I don't know what I thought we would talk about, but surprisingly we mostly reminisced about when we were kids and people we both knew. By the second glass my hands weren't shaking any longer and I could enjoy the third. When I finished it I looked at Dana, took a deep breath and nodded my head. She understood; it was time.

"All ready to go then?" I nodded again. "OK, but I have to ask one more time, you're sure about this?"

"Yes, still a little anxious about it, but I'm ready."

"I know, kind of like being a virgin again, afraid to give up your cherry. But you got over it then, this isn't any different. But I have to point one thing out, you're dealing with an animal here, not a man. There's a point of no return, once he starts he goes on instinct, you have to ride it out. They don't know the meaning of the word no. You can't beg them to stop, OK?"

I knew what she meant. I told her I understood and we stood up, she put her arm around my waist and guided me to the basement door.

"Come on sweetie, let's go meet Archie."

With that we went downstairs. At the bottom there was a small landing, to the left I could see her washer and drier. To the right was a door; I assumed Archie was on the other side. I was right, Dana

opened the door and we went down the two steps into her finished game room. It was a nice set up; a finished room, a few soft chairs, a couch, coffee table, gas fireplace, really nice. But my interest was on one thing; in a dog bed by the fireplace a German Shepherd raised his head and yawned, looking at us. I was scared again. Dana walked over to him and knelt down to scratch his head.

"Hi buddy," she was using that high softly excited voice people use when talking to their pets. "Look what I brought you boy, a new playmate. You're going to have some fun with her."

She turned and looked up at me, still petting his head. "And this is Archie, handsome, isn't he?"

I agreed and bent down and joined her in scratching his head. He seemed to enjoy the attention and sat up. When he did, my eyes were drawn to the furry sheath that held his cock. I was close to backing out. Granted, a German Shepherd is a large dog, but at this moment Archie looked like a dinosaur. I was beyond having second thoughts; it was more like third or fourth thoughts. Then I remembered what Dana had said about losing your virginity, and figured she was right. When we stood up she looked at me.

"Nervous again?" I nodded my head. "Understandable, it'll be all right. You just have to relax and enjoy it. Like I said, it's only sex."

I was busy watching Archie. Once we'd stopped petting him he lost interest. Standing up briefly, he moved in a circular motion on the bed, lying back down. I could no longer see it, but all I could think of was that furry sheath and what it contained. Anticipation can be a bitch. Dana looked at me and smiled reassuringly.

"There are some towels on the on the table, and there's a baby monitor." She explained that she used the monitor in the laundry area so she could tell if the machines were still running. "I'm leaving it here so you can call me if you need to. You won't, but I thought it'd make you feel better knowing you could reach me."

She turned on the gas fireplace and dimmed the lights. Then she went over to a CD player, turned it on and asked what kind of music I liked.

"First the wine, then the fire, soft lighting, now music," I joked nervously, "this almost seems like a seduction."

"It does, kind of. But the wine was to calm you down, the fire is for warmth. I want you to be comfortable, it is winter. The lighting is so you have a feeling of privacy, and the music, privacy also and it makes things less dispassionate. Background noise helps."

She put a couple of disks in and hit play. Soft classical music began to play. It was relaxing, the whole room felt cozy. I have to admit, she knew what she was talking about. It struck me as odd that Archie wasn't paying any attention to any of this. I don't know what I expected, but it was a little comforting to know I wasn't about to be ravaged by some wild animal. Dana picked up the baby monitor to show me the switch to turn it on.

"If you want it left on, that's all right with me. I won't mind listening, but I think you'll want some privacy."

I told her to leave it off and she set it down. Realizing this was probably the last of her instructions and I was going to be momentarily left alone with Archie, I was filled with last minute doubts. But I kept thinking if I backed out now I'd probably regret it and there might never be another situation like this to do it. After all, how many people did I know who had a dog with experience fucking a

woman? Dana stood next to me with her hand on my back.

"Anything else I can get you or do for you?" I told her no. "Well, relax and enjoy yourself."

She went over to Archie, he lifted his head up and looked at her. She stroked him between the ears.

"OK buddy, have fun and show the girl a good time."

Standing up, she turned and headed for the door. As she opened it I spoke up.

"Wait a minute, I don't know how to do this."

She turned and looked at me, a funny smile on her face.

"I'm not sure what you mean, Archie does most of the work. You just enjoy it." There was a quizzical tone in her voice.

"I mean, how do I start? Is there something I should do or say?"

"Oh, I see. Just play it by ear, do what comes naturally. Start from there. It's all a part of the adventure"

She flashed me a grin, winked, and left, closing the door behind her. So there I was left alone in a room with a dog not knowing how to proceed, not sure this was a good idea; basically scared shitless. Then I remembered the stories of massive orgasms I'd heard about and I wanted the same. I sat down in a chair and took off my shoes and socks, then stood up and removed my slacks and panties. Archie still wasn't paying any attention.

I walked over to him wearing only the sweatshirt that Dana had recommended to reduce any scratching. Squatting down in front of him, I started to scratch him behind the ears and neck.

"OK, come on, stud, show me what you've got."

I thought being this close to my pussy would have gotten a response, but all I saw was his nose twitch as he sniffed the air. Now I was just frustrated. I'd been all nerved up over this and now the damn dog wasn't interested. Doubt was replaced by determination. After all I'd been through emotionally in the last twenty four hours, I wasn't going to be denied.

I sat down in a chair and began rubbing my pussy, when I felt the first glimmer of arousal I pushed my middle finger into my cunt. I finger fucked myself for several seconds, my index finger joining the middle one. I pulled them out they were glistening with my juices. I went back to Archie and held my hand out to him, the two damp fingers extended. He immediately perked up, sniffing them. Two quick licks and he was on his feet licking my hand. After doing a thorough job of that, he moved closer to me and began sniffing my crotch. I had successfully jump started his sexual urges, now he wanted more, so did I. I decided that Dana was right, letting my instincts take over was a good place to start.

I backed up to the coffee table and sat on the edge with Archie following. My arms behind me, I leaned backwards and spread my thighs wide, giving Archie complete access to my pussy. He wasted no time, his tongue forcefully stroking my slit. The effects were almost immediate. My heart began beating rapidly and there was a delightfully queasy feeling in my stomach as an erotic excitement gripped me. My stomach muscles tightened every time the rough tongue brushed over my clitoris. Within minutes I was coming, Archie's lapping sped up as he tasted the secretions from

my pussy. He seemed to be searching for more, licking them up greedily, and why shouldn't he? He was responsible for them, it was only fair that he should reap the rewards of his efforts. It was as if he'd been thirsty and suddenly discovered a source of water, I was glad to be the source.

Sitting there, my head thrown back, gasping for breath, moaning with every exhale, I was lost in a prolonged orgasm. It was heightened by the soft tickling of his whiskers and fur brushing softly against my inner thighs. It was all that I'd heard of and more, I had no sense of time or anything else; all I was aware of was that tongue working me over and the fact that I was cumming. Nothing else mattered. Archie, however, had other ideas.

He suddenly stopped lapping at me, stood up on his hind legs whimpering with his paws on my shoulders. I kind of rolled back, lying flat on the coffee table, knocking the baby monitor and towels out of the way. As I went back, Archie went with me. This brought his hips up against my pussy, I could feel his cock as it bumped against me. Gripping the edge of the table, I closed my eyes, turned my head sideways, and pressed my lips tightly together, bracing myself for what was about to happen. I could hear Archie's claws on the table top as he tried to get in position. He tried to wrap his forelegs around me, but was unsuccessful because of my position flat on my back. He awkwardly positioned himself as best as he could and started thrusting his hips rapidly. As his cock began hitting my pussy, I could feel something splattering on me; the "pre cum" that was all ready oozing out of the end of his dick. Then he hit the right spot, the end of his cock entered into me. It wasn't what I'd expected, it went in easily and actually felt rather comfortable. Of course, between my own pussy juices and the fluid from Archie's cock, I was pretty well lubricated. His thrusts went rapidly in and out smoothly, thrilling me further.

Then I felt it, the knot at the base of his cock bumping against my cunt lips. A couple of quick bumps and it went in, also rather easily. It was an arousing sensation. Once it was in, Archie kind of hobbled closer, and while trying again to wrap his forelegs around me, gave a couple of deep hard thrusts into me. I could feel his cock swelling and expanding, filling me, stretching my pussy. It was incredible.

The knot had expanded also, putting a strange type of strain on my cunt. It was a totally unique feeling, almost as if my clitoris was being stimulated from below. The sexual thrill of it all greatly outweighed the slight discomfort involved. Actually, that discomfort added to my sensual exhilaration, I loved it. His thrusting had diminished considerably, he seemed to be more interested in trying to get as far into me as was possible than in humping me. Then he stopped, there was a slow throbbing of his prick, he was cumming. His swollen cock had me so stretched out that I was aware of its every throb, twitch and jerk, even the cum flowing into me. The feeling involved was indescribable. His knot wasn't the seal I'd been led to believe, I could feel his cum leaking out of my pussy.

Archie was above me, still trying unsuccessfully to grip me, making small whimpering noises. Then, suddenly he pulled out. His knot came out, no problem. There was a shot of erotic pain as it stretched my cunt lips apart on the way out, but it was an arousing, delicious sort of pain. He licked my pussy several times, then still whimpering scurried around a bit, then sat down and began licking himself. I thought it was over, short but sweet. I couldn't complain since I had been in a state of almost constant orgasm from the beginning.

I sat up, breathing heavy, and slid down on my knees, determined to see what had just been inside me. His cock was still erect, it seemed to be somewhere between six and seven inches long and stout. It was kind of funny shaped, pointed at the end unlike a human's. But the main thing was the knot. I always thought of it as a ball or something, but his was a knobby looking thing, large but not really frightening. After all, it had already been inside me and come out, so I knew I could handle it.

I did understand why it's referred to as a knot or a twist, because that's what it sort of resembled; the knots on a tree limb.

I can't say much else; I simply didn't get that good a look at it. Seconds after I knelt down in front of him to get a look, Archie was back on his feet, pacing in front of me, whining as he did. He would come close with his snout low, sniffing around. I realized he wasn't finished. Why he interrupted things I didn't know, but there was more to come. Understanding what he wanted, I turned, still on my knees, to face the coffee table. I leaned forward resting my upper body on its surface. Then I felt his tongue lashing my pussy, rapidly and firmly, sending me off again.

The lapping didn't last long, but it did its job, preparing me for what was next. I felt his paws on my back as he rose up to mount me again. This time his front legs wrapped around my waist with no problem, holding me tight as he started thrusting wildly. Once the end of his dick went in, he moved closer and pushed himself deeper into me. A couple of quick thrusts and I felt his knot go into my pussy with the same delectable stab of pain I'd felt earlier. With another couple of hard thrusts he buried himself deep inside my cunt. He must have been starting the go soft, because it seemed like his cock was expanding again. Then there was the soft pulsing as he started to cum again. There seemed to be a lot more of it this time. I've read stories where women have claimed dogs have shot gallons of cum into them, this is a huge exaggeration, of course, but I understand now why they say it; there was a continuous flow of warm fluid coming from his cock, filling me and oozing out of my pussy. I'm not sure how much of it was actually semen and how much was prostatic fluid, the so called pre-cum. At the time I really didn't care, all I was thinking about was my own series of massive orgasms; I was cumming right along with him. It's hard to remain clinical at a time like that.

I knelt there, my arms reaching outward, my hands gripping the opposite side of the table. I was panting in ecstasy. The orgasmic spasms of my cunt seemed to be gripping and squeezing Archie's thick prick, almost like it was milking it. There was a deeply sensuous feel to it all; him clutching me at the waist, his cock quivering as he came, the gentle flowing of his warm cum into me. It would be impossible for me to describe my reactions to all this; I was in a state of sexual euphoria. It's one of those moments you hope will never end.

Then he suddenly released his grip on me, swinging to the side as his rear leg moved across my back. We were now in the classic ass to ass position. All that jerking and twisting of his dick as he did this had a powerful effect, sending waves of sexual excitement through me. He stopped all movement, but it felt as if he was possibly still ejaculating. I rose up on my elbows and leaned forward, he moved with me. Then I pushed back and again he went with me. That's when I got scared, all the stories of getting "stuck" came into my head. Looking over to where the baby monitor had fallen, I saw it was just out of my reach. I was beginning to panic. Shuffling sideways, with Archie attached to me, I got to where I could reach it. I turned it on and hoped Dana was within earshot of hers.

"Dana," I gasped, "are you there?"

"Yeah, what's up, honey?" Just the sound of her voice was reassuring.

"I've got a problem, please."

"Be right there."

I heard her coming down the stairs, so did Archie and he began wagging his tail. This caused his prick to vibrate in me. My mind was in a panic, but my body seemed to be enjoying itself, responding to this new stimulation. Had I not been in so scared I would have loved it. About then Dana opened

the door and looked in, a concerned look on her face.

"What's wrong, sweetie?"

"We're stuck," I said as I raised my head, "what do I do?"

Dana kind of laughed and shook her head. Then she walked over to me. Add embarrassment to panic and sexual arousal. It was quite the emotional cocktail.

"You're not stuck, and if you were, you'd just wait for him to go soft."

"It sure feels like I'm stuck," I murmured plaintively.

"He turns around like that out of instinct, with a female dog he'll be locked in, not with you. With his cock behind him like this, it'd probably hurt him if he pulled out now, maybe squeeze his balls."

It seemed like one hell of a time to give me a lesson in canine sexuality. Looking back on it however, what better time was there?

"He came out the first time, no problem."

"The first time? You guys have been having one hell of a party." Then she turned to the dog. "Archie, come here boy, come on."

I heard her making some kissing sounds and snap her fingers behind my head. Then Archie swung his leg again turning back around. Once again the movement of his cock inside me sent shivers down my spine. Once more I felt my pussy contracting around his prick. When he first turned around, his knot came out, again with that delightfully painful, arousing sensation. But my vaginal convulsions obviously had an effect on him since he immediately wrapped his paws around my waist and began humping again. A couple of thrusts and the knot was back in my pussy as he tried to go as deep as he could once more.

"Oh, a bonus," I heard Dana exclaim as she turned and walked out, leaving us alone again.

Once more I felt his prick shuddering as he came some more. There really didn't seem to be as much of it this time. I figured he was pretty much depleted, and the end was close. It was also evident that he more was comfortable in this position to our earlier one, when I was on my back. I, on the other hand, liked it better the first way, I don't know if it's considered the missionary position with a dog. I think it was because the angles of my vaginal channel and his cock didn't quite match up, putting more pressure on my pussy.

Finally all motion stopped, he didn't do the leg over thing this time, just held onto me for a few minutes. Then I felt his cock softening, returning to its normal size, the knot shrinking. It was an interesting sensation. Finally he slipped out. Dropping to all fours he started licking my pussy, one final thrill as that strong tongue seemed to clean me up. Then even that stopped, I heard his claws on the floor as he walked away. It was over.

I turned around slowly, and sat on the floor with my back against the table and watched as he got onto his dog bed and began licking himself. Despite the fact that I'd been a state of continuous multiple orgasms, something was missing. Then it occurred to me; with human sex there's touching, caressing, kissing, and post sex cuddling. Even if the affection is false or temporary, it's there. But, I hadn't made love with this dog; I had let him fuck me, pure and simple, nothing more, and nothing less. Now he was done and went back to doing whatever it was he felt like doing. He had fucked me

and was done, end of story. But it had been one hell of a fuck!

I stood up, picked up the towel from earlier, and began to wipe myself off. I guess mop myself would be a better term, considering the amount of fluid that was involved. I put my panties and slacks back on and went upstairs, leaving Archie alone in our little love nest. My little experiment was over. When I got upstairs Dana was waiting for me.

"All done?" I nodded my head. "Anything you need?"

"Ah, yeah, a shower would be nice."

"Sure thing, sweetie." She gestured to the bathroom door.

I went to the kitchen, picked up my gym bag, and went into the bath room. A quick douche, a fast shower and a change of clothes and I was ready to face the world. There were a few scratches and I could tell my pussy had been stretched out and might be tender for the next couple of days, but I was none the worse for wear. I was a little paranoid about all the dog cum and fluid, after all, it seemed to me a lot more had gone in than had come out. I wasn't sure where it had gone so I slipped a sanitary napkin into the crotch of my panties in case there was any left to leak out.

When I came out Dana had a kettle of water boiling for tea. We sat at the table and had some, discussing what had happened. It was almost as if I hadn't just done something unusual. She said that when he pulled out of me the first time it was probably due to the awkward position, that he hadn't really been finished, just frustrated. If I'd put a couple of the towels under my hips, he would have been able to get his paws under me to hold on and there'd have been no problems. She wanted to know if I had any regrets. I told her no, it had been one hell of an experience and I was glad I had done it. She then asked if I thought it was something I'd like to do again. I said that I didn't think so, that it was strictly a onetime thing, something I'd wanted to experience and now I had. Of course if someone had asked me a month earlier if I was going to fuck a dog, I'd have said they were insane. So I guess it's like that old cliché, you can never say never. If that's true, you also can never say never again.

~~~~~

## **Part Two**

Ron and I had been going together for about a month when it all started. We had gone through the usual "getting to know you" phase before we started sleeping together. Now we were in that period where you start trying find out all the secret intimate details of each other's past. One night just before we were to go out to dinner and a movie he asked what was the wildest thing I'd ever done sexually. I was 40 and Ron 38, so we both had a past and I couldn't help but think that this was a subject best left alone.

I told him I had no good stories to tell, that my sex life had always been kind of mundane, good, but nothing particularly wild. But he kept insisting, telling me a story about how in his early twenties he and a buddy had picked up a woman hitchhiker and she'd taken turns with them in the back seat, fucking and sucking them silly. It could have happened, but it seemed more like something he wished had happened. I repeated that I had no stories to tell.

"Aw, come on, you must have done something weird at some point."

Now I was getting a little annoyed. If he wanted a story, I'd give him one.



"I fucked a dog. OK? Weird enough?"

"Yeah, sure you did." He seemed a little taken aback, "If that's a joke, it's a sick one. If it's true, I don't know what to think."

"You asked, I told. Deal with it." I paused briefly, "By the way, how drunk was your hitchhiker? If she was wasted, my love, that's rape. And, if I said I'd blown a circus elephant, that's not as sick as two guys gang raping a drunk."

"All right, just when did you do this, this dog fucking thing?"

"Last winter, if it's any of your concern." I was getting pissed.

"Last winter? So you're telling me that for the first two weeks we had sex you made me use rubbers, but a month earlier you were fucking a dog? Did he have to wear a rubber too?"

"I knew he was clean, but I wasn't sure about you," I shot back. "Now just drop it, OK?"

He agreed, although I was pretty sure this was the end of the relationship. So much for telling the truth; I knew it had been a bad idea. But dinner went surprisingly well, with no mention of my indiscretion. We went to the movies, and again everything seemed normal; he even copped a feel or two. I began to gladly think everything was working itself out.

When he brought me home, I found out while our relationship hadn't ended, it had taken a slightly different course. When we sat down on the couch, he slid his arm around my shoulders and kissed me. I thought we were on the verge of that nice little bonus you get after an argument, makeup sex, even though I don't know if his reaction to my little revelation was really a quarrel. But then he surprised me.

"What was it like, you know, with the dog?"

I was dumbfounded, not knowing what to say. It seemed our conversation hadn't ended after all, it'd just been delayed. Then I remembered what my friend Dana had said to me the day I did it and I repeated it.

"It's just another kind of sex." Then I added, "Why?"

"Just interested, that's all. I mean, do they have a really big dick?"

"This one did, kind of. Not humongous, I guess about seven inches, maybe more and kind of thick."

"What kind of dog was it?"

"German Shepard, name was Archie."

"I gotta' admit, I can't get this out of my mind."

So that was it, he was getting turned on thinking about it. This could get interesting, I figured I'd answer all his questions and see where it would lead.

"Anything else?"

"How many times?"

"Just once." I hesitated, "A long time ago I let one lick me until I came, I think that's why I wanted to go all the way with Archie."

"The ball on their dicks, is that for real?"

"Yeah, his wasn't exactly a ball, but there was a major swelling. It wasn't as large as I'd often heard, but it was substantial." I looked down, slightly embarrassed, feeling myself smile and added, "It made its presence felt."

"Get stuck?"

"No, I thought I was, but it turned out I wasn't." I saw a confused look on his face. "Don't try to figure it out. I didn't get stuck, not like a female dog does. That's all."

Suddenly he leaned over and kissed me, hard and lustfully. He may have had some misgivings about a dog fucking me, but I could tell that they weren't going to get in the way of HIM fucking me, funny how that works. As our tongues entwined I undid the front of my blouse, leaning forward as his hands reached behind me to unhook my bra. I could feel my nipples tightening as his fingers began to lightly tweak first one, then the other. Our lips parted and he started kissing my breasts. My pussy was getting wet rapidly. I couldn't wait, so I pushed him back, got up and took his hand and led him into the bedroom.

Once there, we quickly stripped off our clothes. I lay on the bed, Ron sat on the edge, leaning over to kiss me. His hand began massaging my pussy while his lips moved from mine down to my breasts. He kissed them, then his tongue grazed across my nipples. Glancing down at his erect cock sticking out like a flagpole, I knew he couldn't wait long.

When he shuffled over me, I spread my legs wide and waited. Supporting himself on one elbow, he used his free hand to guide himself to my sopping cunt. He went in easily and quickly, I was that wet. He then shifted his weight onto me while his hands gripped my ass cheeks and began drilling his cock into me. Each thrust was taking me closer and closer to an orgasm and since they were coming rapidly, I knew I would be cumming in short order. Locking my ankles behind him I did what I could, straining up against his jabbing cock. I felt a weakness sweep through me as I came. Moments later I felt Ron cum deep inside me. If this was the reward for telling him about the dog, I'm glad I confessed. I was looking forward to more of this.

The thing was, the subject of my afternoon with Dana's dog kept coming up. He kept asking questions; did I have pictures, did I really enjoy it, would I like to do it again, things like that. Finally I asked him what this was all about, then he confessed.

"I kind of wish I could've seen it, that's all."

So that was it. He'd gone from being put off by the whole thing to being turned on by it to becoming obsessed with it. Now he wanted to watch. I told him there wasn't much chance of that. Then one day he told me his sister and her husband were going away for the week end and he told them instead of sending their Golden Retriever to a kennel, he would stay at their house with the dog. He asked me if I'd come over when he did, I knew what he had in mind.

"Maybe, but I have no intention of screwing that dog, if that's what you're thinking."

"You don't have to if you don't want to, but if the urge hits, we'll be the only ones there."

"Well let's just say this, if I did do him, don't you think your sister would get suspicious if he

suddenly tried to jump her every time she bent over?"

"I think he may already be doing that. They keep saying it's time to get him neutered. You may be his one and only chance to get laid."

"Not much chance of that, he'll have to live and die a virgin." I did, however, agree to go over and help him dog sit.

When the day came I went over. At first there was no sign of the Retriever anywhere. Ron told me he was in the spare bedroom that had been set up as a kind of home office; it was his favorite place. We went in and I saw him. He was a beautiful animal, well groomed, and friendly. I knelt down and began petting him. He sat up and I began to scratch his chest, I couldn't help staring down at his cock. It was still in its sheath, but it drew my eyes to it like a magnet.

"You guys have the same hair color"

"Yeah, he must have the same hair dresser as I do." But then he got back to the point.

"Think about it, honey. You might be his only chance."

The fact was, I was thinking of it. There was a kind of erotic feel to the whole situation that I couldn't ignore. I stopped petting Kelly and stood up, it was time to choose whether to do this or not. My two previous experiences with dogs were different; the first was done years ago on impulse. The second, and more important time, the time I went all the way and let a dog fuck me, was done out of my own curiosity; to satisfy me (and the dog, of course). But as I stood there looking at the dog, then at Ron, I felt uncomfortable. I was basically putting on a show and was kind of reluctant. However the memories of the orgasms I'd had fucking the German Shepherd were still fresh in my mind, so I made my decision based on that. Despite how depraved it may seem to others, I was ready; the opportunity had presented itself and I was going to take it.

"Going to do it?" I looked at Ron and nodded. "Anywhere I should be or do?"

I raised my hand up to my forehead, then mumbled, "No, I don't know...you wanted to watch, that's why I'm doing this. Just watch I guess."

I went over to the desk chair and sat down to take off my sneaks and socks, then stood up and took off my jeans and underwear. I left my tee shirt on to minimize scratching. I walked over to Ron.

"You asked if you could do anything, it seems to work best if I'm turned on."

I took his hand and held it against my pussy. He took the hint and began rubbing. I pulled his head down slightly and kissed him, my tongue forcing its way into his mouth. His fingers caressing my cunt while he sucked on my tongue got me going quicker than if I had done it myself. Within moments I could feel the tingly sensation of arousal. I gently pushed Ron away.

"Good job, honey." I patted his cheek lightly, "I can take it from here."

I slowly walked over to where Kelly was sitting. Pushing a finger into my pussy, I wiggled it slightly then jabbed it in and out several times, getting it as wet as I could. Then, pulling it out, I waved it under Kelly's nose. He seemed to catch the scent, but unlike Archie, who had experience with women, Kelly didn't seem to quite know what it was about. I stood in front of him, my feet apart, allowing him to sniff away freely at me. The wet nose bumping against my cunt lips, the feel of his whiskers, long fur and floppy ears on my upper thighs were having a definite effect on me. I could

feel myself getting wetter.

Finally his tongue lashed out, stroking my pussy. There was a brief pause, then it flashed out twice more, almost taking my breath away. He backed off slightly, his tongue came out twice as if he were licking the air, I thought for a second he didn't like it but he suddenly shoved his snout into my crotch and began lapping away. It had begun, there was no turning back.

I was on familiar ground now, I backed up to the chair and sat down thighs spread wide and waited for nature to take its course. Kelly came over tentatively, his nose working, inhaling the scent of my secretions. It was if he were trying to make up his mind, then he plunged in suddenly, his tongue working furiously. The results on me were almost immediate, I felt the first tremors of an onrushing orgasm. Flashbacks to my day with Archie in Dana's game room ran through my mind. There was a big difference, then I'd been a nervous wreck, scared and unsure of it all. This time I knew what was coming; I could relax and enjoy it.

I remembered long ago, letting my parents' dog lick me, how much wilder it got when I spread my pussy wide open so I decided to do that now. My fingertips pulled my cunt lips apart and Kelly's tongue began roughly stroking the delicate interior flesh and my clitoris directly. It was tortuously erotic, triggering one really serious orgasm, the damned dog was rocking my world. He continued lapping as I came, prolonging and intensifying my orgasm. It was hard to believe that minutes earlier he'd been acting as if he didn't know what to do. He stopped licking me, when I looked down at him I saw his head moving from side to side, then he looked up at me, whimpering. I knew what was next, I was as eager as he was.

Twisting in the chair, I slid down to the floor on my knees. Shifting back a little I bumped Kelly out of the way. When I looked at him I could see at least three inches of his cock sticking out of its sheath already dripping pre-cum. I leaned forward with my forearms crossed on the seat of the chair, my knees spread. I laid my head on my forearms and waited. Kelly moved behind me and resumed lapping at my pussy. It was almost like, confronted with my change in position, he was starting all over again. Since my orgasm hadn't completely subsided, this revived it, so I had no complaints. I couldn't get enough, but the glimpse I'd gotten of his protruding cock had filled me with willing anticipation. I wouldn't have long to wait.

The lapping ceased and Kelly was suddenly on top of me, making some whinny sounds. I could feel his claws through my shirt. He moved closer and began thrusting his hips rapidly, his cock jabbing hard at my pussy, constantly missing its mark. I reached back between my thighs to help guide it in, but he was thrusting too fast for me to get hold of his prick. The best I could do was to use my fingers to kind of deflect it in the right direction. His dick was leaking pre-cum freely now, I could feel it running down my fingers, warm and sticky. At one point his cock bumped off my fingers and went in about an inch but he pulled back and it came out; I was really getting frustrated at this point. I was beginning to think this dog was too damned dumb to get laid.

Finally, I felt his cock go back in me, this time he did it right, at least he was a fast learner. His hold on me tightened in that peculiar way they have of wrapping their forelegs around your waist. His cock was ramming in and out of me now, quite rapidly. The knot at the base of his dick began banging against my pussy, then forced its way in. The thrusting began to slow down as Kelly instinctively tried to shove his prick as far into my cunt as he could. That's when his cock began to swell, going to full erection; that wonderful, beautifully erotic feeling as it expanded inside me, filling my pussy to a tight fit, the knot stretching me further, triggering another orgasm.

My hands reached down, gripping the back legs of the chair, bracing myself. I could hear Kelly breathing in short, sharp breaths as he held on to my hips, pulling me to him, his cock as deep inside

me as was possible. I felt him shiver as his cum began flowing into my pussy, washing through me. I'd forgotten about Ron until I heard him.

"What's happening?"

"He's cumming," I gasped out, then added, "both of us."

I turned my head in his direction and opened my eyes briefly. He was standing there with his pants down, his erect cock in one hand and a handkerchief in the other, jerking off. I didn't want to see this, I closed my eyes. I was more concerned with Kelly and the steady flood of cum he was pumping into me. It felt as if my entire reproductive system was awash in the stuff. I know it was leaking out of me. He released his hold on my waist and swung around, facing the other way. All the jerking and pulling he did doing this had an arousing effect. I felt the muscles in my stomach and ass tense up and tighten as another orgasm shook me. When my cunt contracted on his prick, it must have stimulated him further; the stream of cum seemed to pick up, surging into me.

It was at this point I realized how much I'd enjoyed my previous encounter with canine sex and how much I'd missed it. This was why I so easily agreed to do it again. It wasn't because Ron talked me into it; he'd only provided an excuse. It had happened because I wanted it to. Kneeling there feeling the last shudders of the dog's swollen prick in me as he finished cumming, I had to admit that I'd loved it, I was overwhelmed with a feeling of decadent ecstasy.

Finally, his cock began to shrink down slowly until he stepped forward pulling his cock out of me. Turning around he began licking my pussy again, a delightful finish to the whole thing. Once again orgasmic tremors ran through me. I didn't know if this was another orgasm or a continuation of the last one. For that matter, I didn't know if I'd had several orgasms throughout the process or one big one with several peaks. I didn't really care, all I knew was I was happily spent. Pushing off the chair when he finished, I sat back on my heels, breathing heavily. Ron came over and put a hand on my back. I glanced over and saw he'd pulled his pants back up, guess he'd had a good time too.

"You OK, honey?"

"Yeah, oh yeah." I looked up at him, "I could use a shower though."

He reached down and helped me to my feet. When I was up he gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"Well, go for your shower, I'll take Kelly outside and start to clean things up."

I nodded and picked up my jeans and underpants and walked bare assed to the bathroom. Taking off my shirt and bra, I turned on the shower, adjusted the temperature, and stepped in. The warm water felt good as I worked the soap into my crotch and legs. I would have really liked to douche, but had to improvise. I soaped up my fingers and pushed one into my pussy in an attempt to clean out some of the dog cum and whatever other fluids I could, be they mine or his. Surprisingly, it felt good; I was becoming aroused again. I stopped, thinking to myself enough was enough. I'd had plenty for one afternoon.

Turning off the water, I got out of the shower and began drying myself. Even the feel of the terrycloth towel was somewhat arousing, especially when it ran over my pussy. Interestingly, it seemed as if my whole sexual awareness had been heightened by my latest adventure. While I was using a comb to get some of the water out of my hair, the door opened and Ron stepped in. Walking up behind me he put his hands on my shoulders.

"How're you feeling?"

"Fine, rather good actually. And you?"

"Great, I have to tell you, that was one of the hottest things I've ever seen."

"Yeah, I noticed you were enjoying it," I smiled in the mirror and raised my fist up and pumped it in a jerking off motion.

"I needed something," he laughed, "some sort of relief. Damn, I can't believe you did that."

"Hey, you insisted you wanted to see it, so I showed you."

"Yeah, no, don't take it the wrong way. I meant I can't believe you did it for me, it was incredible. I love you for it."

His hands slid down my arms, then embraced me while he kissed my neck. As I said earlier, I wasn't sure if I'd done it for him or me but I figured what difference did it make? He enjoyed watching it, I enjoyed doing it, and I'm sure the dog had a damn good time. I saw no point in saying anything. Besides, his kiss was turning me on; now was not the time for long winded explanations. He loosened his embrace, one hand moving up to cup my breast while the other slid down my stomach to my pussy.

He nibbled on my earlobe, pausing long enough to whisper, "Is it all right, can we do it? I mean are you up to it?"

All right, up to it? You're damned right I was. I pushed back against him and could feel his erection pressed between us. My knees were weak as I turned to face him.

"As long as we don't do it doggie style," I smiled, then I kissed him.

We stood there, lips locked, bodies pressed tightly together briefly, then slowly lowered ourselves down on our knees. I adjusted the plush floor mat then laid back on it with my legs bent and spread.

Looking between my thighs at Ron, I waited while he quickly disrobed. I really didn't need or want any foreplay, which was good because it didn't look like Ron was going to bother with it. He slid over me, his hand on his cock, directing to my waiting pussy. I felt the head poke against me then press in slowly and steadily. You might think after just having a swollen dog dick in me, my cunt would be either numb or sore, but not so. The feel of his hard prick entering me was exquisite; I knew there would be another orgasm.

I arched my back so Ron could get his arms behind me. He held me tight as he began thrusting his prick into me in a twisting, grinding motion, sending waves of erotic pleasure through me with every inward drive. My legs and arms wrapped around him, I hung on for dear life. I started squirming and jerking underneath him involuntarily, crying out as I came. He continued plunging into me wildly, almost in desperation. Finally he let out a groan and I felt his dick throb as a load of his cum joined the other fluids still in my cunt.

When he got off me I sat up and slid back to the wall and leaned back against it, breathing heavily. I took my towel and wiped myself off. Ron joined me and I handed him the towel. When he finished, he draped arm around my neck. I felt his cheek resting on the top of my head.

"You realize having sex with me now was kind of like sticking your dick into a puddle of dog cum, right." I didn't think my weak attempts at swabbing myself out had done much good.

"Hadn't thought of that, thanks for putting that thought into my head."

"Just figured I'd mention it, hon."

"Don't care, I wanted you badly, if that's the cost, so be it; I'd do it again." He waited a second or two, "I have to ask you something."

"Let me guess, you want to know which was better, or how you stacked up?"

"Well, yeah. I mean, it's only natural, right?"

"Don't do that honey. It's an apples and oranges thing. They're both fruit, but completely different, they can't be compared."

"That's not much of an answer."

"Look, honey, it's not a competition. Yeah, dog sex is good. I got off, big time. The thing is, I still prefer men. It's the difference between making love and getting fucked. Both have their place, OK?"

I hugged him tight. Then I remembered what Dana had said after my tryst with Archie. I had told her then that I liked men better. She'd told me the two don't have to be mutually exclusive. If both felt good, do both; she certainly did. She may have been right. Now, neither Ron nor I have any plans to get a dog, but I do visit Dana occasionally, so if the opportunity presents itself again, and the mood is right, who knows?

~~~~~

Part Three

I'm on my hands and knees, the dog holding me tight around the waist his swollen cock slamming into me rapidly. In my two previous experiences with dog sex once the dogs became fully erect they tried to push as deep into my cunt as they could and they began to come, this one is different. He's fucking me like a man does, not like a dog; his stiff cock moving in and out of my pussy like a piston, the knot at the base of his dick forcing its way past my cunt lips on its back and forth journey. Each thrust is sending waves of pleasure through me. His erection is huge, the knot even more so, there's a strange delightful pain involved. I'm loving it. I want more. I know the two of us are going to cum soon, hopefully together. My hands are clinched into fists; my head is hanging down swaying with every hammer blow of his cock inside me. I can't get enough. I'm close; he's fucking me harder now, faster. Suddenly I jerk my head up and open my eyes. I am alone in my bed, staring into the darkness. It's just a dream. DAMN IT!

That's the problem with sex dreams, they never seem to last until their conclusion; I usually wake up turned on but frustrated and unfulfilled, and this was no exception. Pulling my nightgown up to my waist, I slipped my hand into my panties. I was wet. Half way there, I needed to finish the job. I began rubbing my pussy, pressing down firmly in order to put indirect pressure on my clitoris. I wasn't looking for a wild frenzied orgasm, but something gentle; relief so I can go back to a restful sleep. It didn't take long. Within minutes I felt my muscles tense up, then relax as a sensation of pure contentment gripped me. Then I drifted off to sleep knowing I was going to have to call on Dana and Archie once more.

I made the call the next morning. When I said I'd like to get together I made sure to include her dog Archie in the invitation, she got the message and knew what I wanted. She told me her husband was going on one of his business trips Monday morning and I should come over later that day. Funny

thing, I'd had sex with dogs twice before, and my attitude had changed with each. The first time, with Archie, while uncontrollably curious, I'd been scared and somewhat reluctant. The second time, I'd allowed myself to be "talked into it" by my boyfriend so he could watch only to find out that I'd really been looking for an excuse to do it again. This time I was neither nervous nor needing an excuse, I was looking forward to it. I guess once you break a taboo it just gets easier. This time I was openly looking forward to Monday.

The day arrived, finally. As I pulled up in front of her house I couldn't help think of the differences between now and the first time I had an appointment with Archie. Just the fact that it had been winter then and this time was early summer gave it a different feel. As I said, this time I was glad to be there, joyful actually. I knew what was waiting for me, or so I thought. I didn't know that Dana had a surprise or two waiting for me.

As I came up the walk she appeared on the porch to meet me. I don't think I've said much about Dana before. In her early forties, she's more attractive than she has a right to be (yes, I'm jealous, meow!). This day she looked positively gorgeous standing there. Her short dark hair parted on one side, combed across her forehead like a bird's wing above the dark expressive eyebrows that accentuated her deep brown eyes. Add to that a radiant smile. The short one piece sundress she was wearing accentuated her figure; like I said, gorgeous. As a young woman, she married a much older man with money; a typical trophy wife. It worked out well for her. Realizing their age difference, he pretty much let her loose to have her fun as long as she was discreet about it. It was a freedom she was known to exercise.

She greeted me with a kiss on the cheek and directed me into the house. This was different from the last time I came to visit her and Archie. We sat down and had a glass of wine the same as before, but with a big distinction; then she fed me the wine to steady my nerves so I could go through with it, this time it was for purely social reasons. I had previously told her the story of my experience with my boyfriend's sister's dog, how I had sex with him while Ron watched. I guess it was to be expected that she would bring that up. I was, however, surprised with the direction it took.

"So, now that you've put on a show for Ron, does that mean I'm allowed in the room today?"

I wasn't sure how to respond. It was, after all, her house and her dog. I was just a guest and one who had invited herself over at that. Oddly, I didn't find it all that troubling, sort of like we were sharing some kind of special bond, two middle aged secret sorority sisters.

"I didn't kick you out the last time, you just sort of left me down there on my own."

"Well, I thought your first time you should have some privacy."

"And now?"

"Let's just say I have a trick or two up my sleeve that you might find enjoyable. You up for that?"

I figured, why not? After all, she hadn't steered me wrong this far. An advanced tutorial in deviant sex; this could get really interesting. Trying to look casual, I merely arched my eyebrows and shrugged my shoulders, then nodded my head in agreement. She wasted no time, setting her wine glass down, she stood up and came around the table. Smiling slightly, she reached down and took my hand. I took it as a signal to stand up, which I did. Then she surprised me; releasing my hand she slid her arms over my shoulders and around my neck and kissed me, her tongue sliding lightly across my lips.

I can't say I was shocked because I knew Dana was openly bi-sexual and it had occurred to me

before that something like this might happen someday. I myself had never had any lesbian experience before and really didn't know how to react. Thinking that it could happen and having it actually happen are two different things. I was slightly bewildered, but while I wasn't wildly turned on, it was a pleasant sensation and I decided to go with it. She could do whatever she wanted and I would follow her lead. My stomach knotted up with excitement as she kissed me a second time, passionately, harder, more forcefully. This time her tongue pushed past my lips into my mouth. Now I was turned on.

Slowly I began to respond, our tongues entwined, my hands which had been hanging limply at my sides, moved up and rested on her hips. I was really getting into this now as my hands moved back feeling her ass through the thin material of her sundress. There was an odd exciting feeling involved, the kind you get when you do something for the first time that you believe is not allowed. The kiss ended and she stepped back smiling, her finger tips brushed across my cheek lightly.

"Wasn't so bad, was it?" I shook my head and silently mouthed the word no.

"Well, come on, let's go have some fun." With that she slid her arm around my waist and we went down stairs to the game room.

When we reached the bottom she opened the door and we went down the two steps into the room; the scene of my first canine encounter. There was a feeling of familiarity as I looked around remembering that afternoon. It was all there, the fireplace, the coffee table and, of course Archie. I could feel the excitement building as we walked over to him.

He sat up wagging his tail, glad to see us. We both stooped down and began to pet him, he seemed thrilled to be getting all this attention. I had to wonder if he knew he was going to get laid, it was hard to tell. It amazed me that there were never any overt signs of it with him. I don't know if it was training, discipline, or just some sort of unusual self-restraint, but it seemed like he never did anything unless he was invited. Like I said, I don't know if that was natural or learned from experience. All I do know is when I looked down, the head of his cock was sticking out of its sheath about an inch looking back at me, red, pointed and ready. It was like an old friend coming out to say hello. This was what I was here for, I was getting eager, and obviously so was Archie, or at least he was hopeful. I wasn't sure what "tricks" Dana had in store for me, but I was anxious to get on with things.

Seeing me looking down at his cock, Dana decided it was time to get started. Standing up, she gestured to me to follow as she walked over to the coffee table. She kissed me again, this time softly and gently, no tongue. Somehow, it was more exciting than the passion filled kiss she'd laid on me upstairs. I'd always been under the impression that when women made love to each other one acted like a man, but Dana was entirely feminine, there was no mistaking that. Perhaps that unexpected difference was what was making it so enticing. She stepped back, placed her hand on the side of my face, and looked my smiling slyly.

"Trust me?" she asked quietly. I nodded my head. "Good, go with this now, I really think you're going to like it."

With that she began undoing my shorts then pushed them down along with my panties. The shorts fell free down around my ankles while the underpants clung to my thighs hobbling me. I raised my arms as she pushed my shirt up over my head. She tossed it over on the couch, my bra quickly joined it.

"You said you liked it best when you were on your back and Archie was on top, right?"

She was right. I remember telling her the sensations were more intense in the “missionary” position. At the time she told me that was probably because his penis was putting pressure on my G-spot; that marvelous, elusive, much sought after orgasmic trigger. I don’t know if that was true or not, just that I had loved the feeling and wanted it again. I was willing to do whatever she wanted in order to relive it.

“OK then, sit down and lay back”, she gestured to the table. “Just trust me now, this is going to seem a little kinky at first, but I think you’re going to love it if you give it a chance.”

I did what she said, sat down finished removing my underwear, laid back and waited. She went over to the couch and picked up a pillow, a towel, and some strips silky looking material and came back over. The pillow and towel I understood. The strips of cloth I wasn’t too sure of, although I could make a guess. She was right, this was starting to get real kinky, and that was saying a lot when you remember that I’d gone there in the first place to fuck a dog.

“Raise yourself up, hon.” I did and she slid the pillow under my hips. “Now slide down just a little.”

Once she was sure I was positioned right, she took two of the strips of cloth, scarves actually, and moved to the other end of the table. She took my wrist and tied one end of a scarf to it in a kind of half bow. Bringing my arm up over my head, she tied the other end to a table leg. She repeated this with the other arm. Frankly, I wasn’t too sure I wanted to do this.

“Aren’t we supposed to have some kind of safe word? You know, in case I want out of this.”

“Untie me, works pretty well. Besides, if you grab the loose end of the knot and pull it with your fingers until the bow disappears, you’re out. But,” she advised me, “don’t do it. Stick it out, like I said, you’re going to love this.”

Then she went to the opposite end of the table and finished the job, tying my ankles directly to the table legs. There I was, tied down to a coffee table, bare naked, thighs spread, and kind of uncomfortable. I felt kind of like some sort of human sacrifice in one of those adventure stories, about to be offered up to King Kong or some pagan crocodile god. Part of me wanted out but the rest of me had faith in Dana. I didn’t say a word; after all, she had assured me I was going to love it. There was only one way to find out if she was right.

I thought she was going to call Archie over and let him have at me, but instead she stayed on her knees between my legs. Fact is I don’t know where Archie was, I don’t know how he managed to show that kind of control, he never seemed to get involved unless he was encouraged. I don’t know if she had taught him that or if Dana had him so used to human pussy that it wasn’t such a big deal to him and he was willing to wait until it was offered. Perhaps he just wasn’t all that bright.

Then I felt Dana’s hands on my bent knees, they slid slowly up my legs, over my hips and across my abdomen. I sort of knew this was coming, but like the first kiss she gave me upstairs, I wasn’t really prepared for it. She began kissing my inner thighs, then moved on to my pussy, sending a shock wave of arousal through me. Her tongue traced a wavering trail up the length of one labia and down the other, finally moving up and down my slit. I’m sure from my position the lips were gapped open slightly, but her tongue was moving so softly and lightly it hadn’t slid past them to the interior. Finally I felt the gentle pressure of her thumbs as she pressed my cunt lips apart and her tongue ever so softly stroked the sensitive inner flesh. I could feel the orgasm building as her tongue delicately glossed repeatedly over my clitoris. Then I felt one of her fingers push into me. Twisting, turning, wiggling; she wasn’t finger fucking me so much as caressing the inside of my vagina.

Sex with another woman was definitely different from sex with a man. It seemed gentler, more

deliberate, and less frenzied. I wanted to reach down and run my fingers through her hair, but my wrists were bound. Yes, this added a surprising erotic feel to it all. It was as if my pussy was on its own, the rest of my body had to lay back and enjoy it but not participate. I could feel my nipples harden, my legs straining to wrap themselves around her, my hands and arms dying to embrace her, but I couldn't. I laid there helpless as she brought me to orgasm, my hips involuntarily jerking and twisting while the rest of me drifted off into ecstasy. My head turned to the side and I heard myself.

"Oh, fuckin' damn, damn", followed by a low whimpering groan as I came. Dana had done her job well.

As I laid there recovering, I heard a soft bark; Archie had become aware of what was happening. I raised my head as best as I could and looked to the far end of the table. Dana was still between my thighs smiling at me.

"Well, look who's come over to see you."

She tipped her head towards Archie. I could see him fidgeting around in an agitated state behind her, waiting for a chance to get at my pussy. Raising herself up on her knees, Dana folded the towel she'd brought over in half lengthwise, then slid it under the small of my back overlapping the ends on my stomach. She wanted to minimize the chances of claw marks and scratches. It was a strangely comforting feeling, a warm fuzzy girdle.

Dana stood up and moved aside and Archie rushed in. His wet nose and whiskers tickled my upper thighs as he quickly sniffed around my pussy. Then there was his tongue as he began rapidly licking me. This was the start of what I'd been waiting for; the effects were almost immediate. It was as if every muscle in my body tightened up and my thighs moved as far apart as they could under the circumstances giving him as much access to me as possible. The difference between Dana's technique and her dog's instinctive lapping was striking. Her tongue had been gentle and articulate; the tip lovingly and expertly tantalizing me until I came. Archie's was strong and rapid, forcing its way into my pussy, its rough surface covering every fold and crevice. It was like the difference between an artist's brush working on the fine and delicate details and a housepainter's brush giving full and complete coverage; hard to say which was better. All I knew was I was cumming again.

Laying there helpless, unable to move, I was rocked by my second orgasm. Archie started lapping at me furiously, I assume trying to get as much of the juices that had to be flowing from my pussy as he could. The more he licked me the wetter I seemed to get; it was glorious. Then he abruptly stopped and I felt his weight on my stomach when raised himself up trying to get in position. He began thrusting wildly, his cock jabbing at my crotch rapidly, searching for the right spot. Trussed up as I was, there was nothing I could do but wait patiently for him to hit the mark. Besides, I'd learned from my two previous encounters with dog fucking that they will find their way in and Archie was, after all, very experienced.

He didn't let me down. After a few more moments I felt his dick stab into me. A quick shuffle as he moved as close to me as he could and he began ramming his cock back and forth, going deeper with each thrust. His paws were behind my back clinging to me as his cock moved easily in and out of my soaking wet pussy, well lubricated from my own juices and his pre-cum. I guess it's one of those things that you're either into or you're not, but I got a surge of excitement just knowing that the cock that had just penetrated me was basically "forbidden fruit". It was something that wasn't supposed to happen but did and I loved it; breaking the rules made it more exhilarating. This was my third time letting a dog fuck me, and each time it was easier to do, but I hoped that that feeling of exotic, nasty sexuality would never go away.

Then I felt that beautifully precious knot at the base of his cock banging against my cunt lips, finally forcing its way in. I could feel it inside me, moving back and forth, almost coming out then moving quickly forward, stimulating me, arousing me further, if that was even possible. His thrusting slowed drastically as his cock began to expand to full erection. The sensation involved was almost indescribable. It enlarged quickly, stretching my vaginal walls, the head pressing tightly against my cervix, filling me so tightly I swear I could feel every twitch and throb as he came. His erect prick was larger than I'd remembered, larger than my boyfriend's sister's dog. I have to wonder if Dana had done some type of "research" on dog penis size by breed, because if it had been much bigger it may have been too painful to enjoy. But as it was it was perfect.

The knot had increased in size also, creating a uniquely erotic pressure in my pussy. I once described it as stimulating my clitoris from inside, and as I said earlier, Dana thought it was pressing on my G-spot. I don't really know, perhaps we were both right, all I was sure of was that I was coming right along with Archie. The scarves tightened on my wrists as I involuntarily struggled against them as I orgasmed. Unable to move, I had to lay there and let Archie fuck me as he pleased, and from the whimpering little sounds he was making he was very pleased.

The thrusting had stopped, he was now pushing his cock forward slightly in a rhythmical rocking motion. It was as if he was trying to go deeper into me, but that wasn't possible; he was all the way in, besides, there was nowhere left to go. It may have been some instinctive motion, a way of forcing his cum into a female's reproductive system. It may have worked; in my mind I envisioned my uterus and fallopian tubes swollen and heavy, filled to capacity with dog cum waiting in vain to fertilize a litter.

That's when I felt Dana's hands run down my arms. She'd moved to the head of the table and had decided it was time to join in. Her soft hands continued down to my breasts, her fingertips gently stroking them, circling my nipples, finally pressing her palms down on them in a tender caress. She leaned over, kissing me on the cheek. I could feel her breath as she whispered into my ear.

"It's good, isn't it honey?"

All I could muster in response was a moan and a nod of my head. She'd just added the one thing that had been missing in my previous encounters with dog sex, the human touch. Between her and her dog, I was being taken somewhere I'd never been before and I loved them for it. I can never fully describe the exotically blissful feel of Archie's erect prick pumping cum into me while Dana attended to my needs to feel emotion and affection. They supplemented each other; Archie fucking me while Dana made love to me. It was heaven on a coffee table.

Finally Archie swung his leg across my stomach as he turned around to face the other way. Due my position his leg came down awkwardly outside my leg. He began to briefly struggle to get it between my thighs. I could feel the knot pressing against my labia, stretching them, on the verge of popping out. Once he got his leg untangled the knot settled back into position. Needless to say, all this activity not only refueled my dying orgasm but enhanced it. I was beside myself, shivering with uncontrollable passion. I didn't think it could get any better, but Dana was to prove me wrong.

Moving to the side of the table she leaned over me, kissing my neck and throat first, then moving down to my breasts. As her tongue tortured my erect nipples her hand slid down my body to my pussy. Her fingertips pressed down massaging my cunt lips further exciting my clitoris, already agitated by Archie's thick cock, not to mention its swollen knot. My wrists and ankles strained against their bindings while my hips jerked and squirmed uncontrollably. I don't know what Archie was thinking, since dog sex is different from human sex I don't know if a twisting grinding pussy is as arousing to him as it is to a man. Perhaps it's frightening. I don't know and at that point didn't

care. All I knew was I was in the middle of a massive orgasm; a toe curling, eyes rolling into your head, sweating bullets, crying out loud orgasm. Basically I was in sensory overload. I was close to swooning when I felt his cock begin to deflate, the pressure in my pussy fading away.

Once he pulled out, he turned around and started licking my dripping pussy again. I'm sure there's a biological reason why they do this after intercourse, but to me it was like watching long distance runners on TV; when they cross the finish line, they slow to a walk, but keep on going. After the series of powerful orgasms I'd just had, I needed to cool down slowly and Archie's tongue was my way of "walking it off". It was a delightful finish to it all. I tightened my abdominal muscles as hard as I could to try and force as much of his cum out of me as I could. Don't know if it worked or not, but it was worth a try.

When he finished and walked away, Dana leaned over and pulled the loose ends of the knot at my wrists, releasing them. Then she untied my ankles. It felt good to stretch my legs out; the strain and the odd position had caused some knotting of the muscles. I sat up on the edge of the table and used the towel to clean myself off. Dana bent down, brushed my hair back from my face, and kissed me on the cheek.

"Well, how was it?"

I looked at her and smiled. Then I leaned over and kissed her. It was the only answer I could come up with, but it said it all; loving gratitude. I wished at that moment I had a penis, so I could make love to her. A dildo or strap-on wouldn't do. That's when it dawned on me, that's probably how she got into dog fucking in the first place, real living flesh in your cunt was better than cramming a piece of plastic into it.

Getting up from the table I took her hand as we went over to the sofa and sat down. I embraced her, kissed her again, this time I was the dominant one. Our tongues passed freely between our lips, rubbing against each other lovingly. One handed, I undid the back of her sun dress and unhooked her bra. When our lips parted, I pulled both off of her shoulders and they dropped down to her elbows exposing her breasts. Dana pulled her arms out, tossing the bra aside. Her dress fell around her waist. I looked at her breasts with more envy than lust. Not overly large, but still plump and inviting. If there was any sag, it was so natural and slight, that it wasn't noticeable (some girls have all the luck!). Instinctively, I cupped one in my hand and kissed it. I could feel her already erect nipple tighten under my tongue.

I moved to her other breast, similarly kissing it, tasting it. Then moving upwards, kissed her throat, the point of her chin, finally her lips. My hand released her breast and slid down her body, under the folds of her dress and into her panties. I began slowly rubbing her pussy. It was already wet, she was breathing deeply. It gave me a thrill to know I was turning her on. Once again I was doing something that I had never thought I'd do and was enjoying it. It's hard to explain, I wasn't turned on so much by having sex with another woman, but knowing I was giving pleasure to Dana, that was getting me hot.

When our lips parted, I knew what I had to do next, what I wanted to do. Getting down on my knees in front of her I gripped the bunched up sundress and the waistband of her panties and pulled on them when she lifted her ass up. When they were off, I straightened out the dress and set it on the sofa next to her. She slid forward and spread her thighs wide. There was a slight hesitation on my part, I'd never gone down on another woman and I wasn't quite sure how to proceed. I thought, however, I knew what I liked and she would probably enjoy the same. Besides that, all I had to do was imitate what she'd done before Archie had gotten involved. It was like she'd given me a blueprint on what to do. I'm good at following instructions.

Bending forward, I kissed her pussy, twice actually, then stuck my tongue out. I remembered the light and delicate touch she'd used on me and tried to duplicate it. Easing her outer lips apart to expose the delicate inner flesh, I ran my tongue up and down the interior. Reaching her clitoris, I let some saliva dribble down my tongue to be sure it was well lubricated. Even though her cunt was already wet, I didn't want to risk over irritating something as hypersensitive as her clit. I wanted it to be as gentle and pleasurable as possible. I felt I owed it to her; loving gratitude, remember?

I eased a finger into her pussy and began moving it in and out, wiggling it, using any motion I thought would stimulate her. While my tongue concentrated on her clitoris, I slid a second finger into the snug, wet, warmth of her cunt. As I moved them in and out in a twisting motion, I felt her grip my hair tightly. Glancing up I could see her stomach rising and falling as her breath grew heavier and her moans were getting louder, higher pitched. She was on the verge of orgasm and I was thrilled. It had easier than I'd expected. My tongue rolled across her swollen clitoris forcefully and I felt her hips move in a twisting, jerky way as she came. I myself was exhilarated, ecstatic beyond belief that I'd gotten her off. Lapping her pussy hadn't done all that much for me, but making her cum, that was another matter; it was something special, arousing, stimulating. I enjoyed it as much as she did, maybe more so.

Kneeling there, leaning forward, I had every intention of continuing with my first experience with eating pussy, to try to bring Dana to multiple orgasms. But then something unexpected happened. I felt Archie behind me, his head pushed under my ass, his wet nose sniffing my pussy; he was back for more. I didn't know a dog could recover so quickly, but I guess the scent of two aroused pussies was too much for him to ignore. I was lucky to be the most available one. A couple of whiffs and his tongue went to work. I raised my hips up to give him free access to my cunt. At first I had some vague idea of continuing to lap Dana, kind of a little daisy chain, but I couldn't concentrate. I ended up resting my head on her thigh while Archie licked frantically away at me, driving me wild.

Still weak from my earlier series of orgasms, I spread my knees to steady myself. Archie to full advantage of this, his tongue lashing growing stronger, more frenzied. I was crazy with lust filled desire. I wrapped my arms around Dana's hips, hugging her as I came, moaning out in ecstasy. Then I felt his weight on my back, his paws scratching me as he moved into position and began thrusting. This time only a couple of fast jabs and his cock was in me, quickly and easily. I savored the feel of its back and forth motion, each forward poke taking him deeper. Even the knot, one bump, then it forged in. I could feel another orgasm building. I held Dana tighter and bit my lip. Once again his prick was becoming engorged, swelling and stretching me to that same tight fit. Then the slight vibration as he came inside me. I knew there was a flood of thick heavy dog cum washing through me like a warm semen douche.

I'm not sure what there was that I liked about all this, whether it was purely physical or if it was all in my mind. What I do know is I was cumming and that's all that really mattered. Dana stroked my head as it lay on her thigh. I grabbed her hand and kissed her palm, then I kissed each of her fingertips. Finally I took each finger, one at a time into my mouth and stroked them with my tongue. I don't know why I did that, by this point I was functioning on simple sexual instinct. Later, I noticed I'd given her a hickey on the top of her thigh, though I have no memory of doing it.

When Archie turned and faced the other direction, the jerking and tugging of his prick inside me sent fresh waves of excitement through me. This sent me farther into my little world of sensual bliss. I tried to recreate what Dana had done during my first fuck, placing my hand on my pussy and pressing. It didn't seem to work, I was probably approaching sexual exhaustion. Maybe there's a point where you can go no further; too much of a good thing. I do know I'd lost all sense of time, having no concept of how long it took before his cock began to reduce. When he slipped out, turned and began licking me again, I could barely support myself. Weak and unsteady I held on to Dana at

that point more to support myself than out of passion.

When he finished and wondered off to his bed, I brought my knees together and dropped heavily to the floor. I sat there leaning against Dana, my head in her crotch. Opening my eyes I saw the passion mark I'd left on her thigh. I raised my hand to touch it and saw how bad I was shaking. We're not talking about excited little tremors or anything, I doubt if I could have drunk a glass of water at that moment without spilling it. I've used the term "spent" to describe the aftermath of an orgasmic sexual experience, but I don't think I ever really understood what it meant until that moment. I was completely done in, worn out. I couldn't have taken anymore; I was finished.

Dana put her hands on my shoulders and eased me back into sitting position. Then sliding off the sofa onto the floor on her knees, she sat back on her heels. Her arms around me she pulled me to her, my head against her shoulder. It must have been quite a sight; two naked middle aged women clinging to each other looking like she was comforting me after some traumatic event. That's what she was doing actually, but it had been an extremely pleasurable trauma. When I finally began to regain control, I found my voice.

"Did you know he was going to do me again?"

"I had an idea."

"But you didn't get any."

"I've had my share of him, remember? Besides today was your day, you were the one. What's important is that we've found each other. There'll be other days, honey."

I felt her lips press down on the top of my head as she kissed me. She was right, there would be other days. I remember telling my boyfriend when he asked about the difference between sex with a man vs. sex with a dog that there was no comparison, it was apples and oranges. I was right of course, but I didn't go far enough. There were more than apples and oranges; there were also pears, peaches, plums, bananas, a whole fruit basket of experiences out there. In one afternoon I'd not only accepted my penchant for dog fucking but added bondage and lesbianism to my repertoire and found them both delightful.

That's the end of my little saga. Those who followed all three parts followed the tale of a woman who started out trying to live out a sexual fantasy and discovered a whole world of sexual pleasures. No, I haven't lost my desire for straight "normal" sex, but learned to accept the joys of an occasional walk on the wild side. I owe it all to Dana; there will always be a special place in my heart for her and, of course for Archie.