

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Her first conscious thought was, I'm awake. She hadn't opened her eyes just yet, but was aware of sounds and that she was cold. The second conscious thought was that she had a Blacksmith using the inside of her head as an anvil and was hitting a particularly hard piece of metal with a four-pound lump hammer.

She groaned and cursed red wine. She always got a hangover after drinking red wine and reminded herself of the often-made promise to stick to the voddy.

April then realised that she was naked. Not an unusual condition in the mornings, but along with her nakedness was a realisation that she wasn't in her own bed. In fact, she wasn't in a bed, but on the floor with some kind of fur rug under her. She unlocked her eyelids and was immediately sorry she did. The Blacksmith really began to go at the anvil inside her cranium. She closed her eyes again and groaned once more. But, not before they registered that she was in fact, lying on a sheepskin rug, face down with her wrists tied together and attached to a radiator tail.

To most people, this would have given rise to panic, but April was almost used to waking in strange situations in strange places after a night of debauchery. Her life style dictated that she would often get into what might be construed, as tricky positions. She had to give these one nighter's up. One of these days, she would really find herself in trouble.

Time to run a system diagnostic she thought. April wiggled her toes and was pleased to feel that they were all there and not restricted. Legs were in a similar condition, brilliant, so far so good. Her inner thighs were sticky and wet. Nothing new there then, must have been one hell of a night, because she was also aware of a pool of wetness under her pelvic bone. She had either pissed herself or her partner of last night had left his semen to trickle from her body and coagulate below her. Her check of the rest of her body found no damage and seemed to be fully functional.

She heard a door whisper open and the heavy tread of bare male feet approach.

"You're awake then". His voice rasped in her ear like a file rubbing over soft cheese.

"Umm". Surely he didn't expect her to be able to articulate coherent words so soon after waking into a situation as this did he?

Suddenly, white lightening raced up her spine as her brain registered the unexpected lash of a whip across her buttocks.

"Whadthefuck!!! Jessuzzzz!!! whadthefuck was that for?" She screamed into the fur of the rug.

"Just your morning wake up call, thought I would bring you all the way into the rest of the world. Good morning. Long day in front of you"

A cold wet nose made her flinch as it nudged against her tailbone. Then a warm tongue lapped at her crack, but could not get too far because she clenched her muscles tight in confusion and as a protective defence mechanism.

"Better open your legs, unless of course, you want another wake up call." His voice sounded calm, reassuring, but at the same time, commanding, leaving her no illusions about his sincerity.

"What the fuck is going on?" Her confused synapses screamed at her to do something, she was hardly awake and they were being abused.

"It's only Max cleaning up."

"Max! Who and what the fuck is Max." But, she already knew.

"Max is your lover from last night. God you two were terrific." He conversationally informed her. Had she really fucked a dog? She also knew the answer to that one, but had no recollection of the event. Had she been that drunk last night?

"I need to pee." Obediently, she had opened her legs and the dog was washing her, but the only effect was to make her need to vent her bladder. "God my head hurts."

"Probably the GBH, it gets some people like that. If you want to piss, do so. Max won't mind in the slightest." His conversational tone did little to calm her.

"What the fuck is GBH and can you stop that dog from doing that? I need to get up and go to the toilet."

"... Otherwise known as date rape drug. It renders the taker bereft of will and makes them totally compliant." He ignored the rest of her question.

Her bladder let go involuntarily and a gush of urine flooded from her. April was genuinely getting worried at her predicament. Sure she had been in some amazing scrapes before, but this one was a little too far even for her adventurous spirit. The dog lapped at her labia and cleaned her up. April whimpered and decided that pleading might help her.

"Please, I don't know your name, let me go eh? I promise I won't tell anyone, I mean, how could I? I don't know who you are or where I am. Just let me go and we can forget all about it, put it down to experience, what do you say?"

"April," His calm voice whispered into her ear while the dog continued to lick her sex. "I promise you that nothing will harm you here. If, at the end of the day, you want to go and never see us again, that will be okay with me, but, you will be here for the day and you will get screwed until we are both satisfied. So, why not just relax and enjoy the experience?" He sounded so matter of fact and she was certain that he meant every word, but it still did little to assuage her fears.

"Now, why don't you kneel up and allow Max to clean up properly?"

April, thinking that she had better just go with the flow, struggled to get her knees under her. It wasn't made any easier with a tongue lapping at her sex and her hands restricted by the ties to the radiator pipe. At last she managed to get into a kneeling position with her head down, which gave Max an unobstructed angle to her. His tongue hit home and licked straight over her clit, producing a shiver. The feel of the slightly rough surface of the dog's tongue was starting to work its magic. April could never resist a tongue doing its thing, her resolve always melted at this point and this time was going to be no exception. A familiar heat began to build up in her groin. If this dog didn't stop his tonguing and soon, she would come hard. Max seemed to sense her increasing excitement, because his ministrations went up a gear and he licked faster and longer, travelling from her clit, over her pussy lips and up to her puckered anus.

April gasped and tried to breath through the fur of the rug where she was pressing her face down in an effort not to let her body release. She clenched her buttocks together thinking it might help in

controlling the urge to climax, but it was to no avail. The heat had built to a crescendo and then suddenly boiled over in a wave of pure pleasure. She soaked the dog's nose with her secretions and a crashing climax coursed through her.

Max was lifted away from her. She heard him being dragged across the floor and the door shut. Her captor returned and whispered into her ear once more.

"Wasn't so bad was it? I'll bring you some water and towels so you can clean yourself up. Want some breakfast?" Without waiting for an answer, he left her prostrate on the floor.

The time gave April the opportunity to think. She tried to recall last night's events, but most of it was a blur. A vivid memory of locking the office door seemed like a good starting point from which to work. Joe, the barman at her local watering hole had nodded his recognition of her entrance. She remembered her usual Vodka and orange and she remembered talking to Lynne who was in the same business of selling cosmetics to department stores. They worked for rival companies, but always got along very well.

April remembered going to 'Flamingos'; a nightclub that she frequented as a devoted parishioner goes to church. Every Saturday night would find her propping the bar while she scoped the influx of likely short-term partners. April had no interest in anything-long term. A few days and the guy would get on her tits. Why they always descended into demanding little boys left April at a loss. She had lost count of the times some sad bastard professed undying love for her only to never call again when she threw them out. So much for love, it sucked.

Picking up guys at the club had become a frequent thing. Her natural good looks and slim body worked to full advantage in the testosterone charged atmosphere of the club. It had led to some wild nights and some pretty hairy moments. Several times, her training in martial arts had come to the rescue. Her Mom was to thank for that.

Last night hadn't been any different as far as she could remember. The usual parade of spotty faced louts, leering at her and making suggestive insinuations. But nobody special came to mind. April couldn't remember leaving the club though. A snatch of conversation in the ladies was the last thing she could remember from last night. An over made up bimbo's face swam into her minds eye and something about borrowing lipstick. April never used the stuff. She sold it and knew what went into making it. But, after that, she had no recollection.

The door opening again interrupted her thoughts. From the corner of her eye, she could see bare feet approaching her. She was still kneeling in the same position.

"You may get up now April. I'll let out a little of the chain so you can feed and wash your self." A ceramic bowl was placed on the floor by her head and a towel slipped off his hair-covered arm. April, smothered a shudder, she hated hairy men. She felt him release some of the chain that was attached to her wristbands and the radiator pipe.

"Thanks. What do I call you?"

"It ain't Jesus like you called me earlier." He laughed at his own joke and turned to leave her saying over his shoulder, "I'll be back." He laughed again at his attempt to mimic the voice of the Terminator in the film. April groaned. The door closed, she still had not yet seen him fully.

The water was nice and hot with scented oil floating on top. Folded on the side of the bowl was a flannel. She washed herself as best as she could, the wristband proved to be quite an encumbrance and a handicap. The towel felt soft and warm on her skin.

Washed and refreshed, April took stock of her surroundings. She was in a basement room. A high level window allowed some sunlight to permeate through a filter of a floral curtain. It was the only form of light in the room. A bed took up half the floor space and a wardrobe had been fitted into an alcove. The floor had been covered with laminated wood floorboards. She was sitting on an orange dyed sheepskin rug. Warmth was coming from the radiator. The walls had been painted in what looked like magnolia paint. There were no pictures and little adorned the room. It had the feel of being a spare bedroom, like a guest room or something.

The door opened again. Her captor pushed it with his foot. She could see that he was tall, powerful and broad shouldered like a rugby player. His jeans were tight and a white tee-shirt was stretched over his torso. His feet were still bare and he had hair on the top of his big toe. Max, or least, that is who she thought it was, padded into the room behind him. The large dog sat obediently at a command from his master, but his eyes glittered as he observed April. She could see the pink tip of his penis protruding from its sheath. She looked away in disgust. This all took only a second or two.

"April, allow me to make some introductions, this is Max." The dog's ears pricked at the mention of his name. "I am Dave and you are our slave for the day."

"Dave is it? Well Dave..." Her voice dripped sarcasm; "I don't find this in the least funny. Please release me from these cuffs and let me go. What I said earlier stands. I will not tell anyone of this, fucking hell! Who would believe it anyway?"

"You said you would say that." He smiled for the first time and it radiated from his eyes. "You said that I was to ignore your demands and I should treat you like a captive. Well, your wish is my command. Here's your breakfast."

"What do you mean I said you should treat me in this manner?" April's confusion reigned. "I would never allow myself to become any man's slave, let alone you and your dog."

"You said you would say that too." He smiled again. "Why don't you shut up and eat?" He turned from her and signalled Max to follow as he left the room, not shutting the door this time.

The tray he had been carrying held buttered toast and two boiled eggs in a twin eggcup holder. A mug of tea sat to one side and a bowl of sugar with a spoon in was on the other side. April realised she was famished and ate it all with relish.

Dave returned a little later and cleared everything away. He said nothing nor offered any responses to her questions. It was as if the relationship had changed from him being a genial host to a tight-lipped gaoler. April began to worry that she was in way over her head. It didn't help that her imagination was running riot. When Max was brought into the room and tied to the other radiator pipe, April really started to worry. Dave once again, wordlessly left the room to April and her new companion, the dog.

Max studied her from almost black eyes. His head cocked from side to side as if to get a better perspective. He sat quietly, but she noticed the pink tip peeping from its furry sheath. He was an obvious cross with more than a little Labrador in him which gave the dog the gently look typical of the breed, but he had something else in him that made him much taller and slimmer than a pure Lab.

"Well what now Max Eh?" She needed to hear the sound of her voice as a calming influence, but failed miserably. Her body still had a vivid memory of what the dogs tongue could do.

Max's tail thumped and wall and the floor. She could almost swear that he was grinning at her in a

lasviscious way as if anticipating her shuddering beneath him as he ground his cock inside her. April was imagining things she knew, but, at the same time, she felt that familiar heat build up in her guts and she could feel her heart start to bang against her ribs.

There was enough slack on her chain for April to shuffle over to the dog, who moved toward her until his leash prevented him getting any nearer. It was close enough for her to be able to stroke the dog, which she did. April wasn't overly used to animals, her busy lifestyle didn't allow for pets and her childhood had been spent as an army brat, never staying in any place long enough to set roots down or allow for pets. It may have been this that set her life as almost a nomad as it was.

She stroked Max's head, playing with his ears and scratching the back of his head. A look of bliss overcame him as he relaxed and lent against her. A mutual calm and bond was developing between the woman and dog and a shared moment of anticipation passed as her hands travelled down his sleek coat towards that centre of desire, which was beginning to poke out of its sheath again. Slowly, April bent her head and with some difficulty, managed to get his cock in her mouth. April sucked him until his cock became rock hard and his knot slipped from its furry haven. She managed to get most of the nine inches or so that the dog's organ had grown to the back of her throat, working her tongue greedily lapping and urging the animal to climax in her mouth. She was rewarded with a thin stream of pre-come that was hotter than her own body heat and felt gorgeously salty as it ran over her taste buds before she hungrily drank it down. It was then that she realised what she was doing and a shudder of revulsion overcame her. April had had many cocks in her mouth before, she had sucked so many men to orgasm and swallowed their semen, but had never thought, for one second, about doing it with any other species.

Max licked his throbbing cock to clean it before it retreated back. His look was filled with unspent longing and more than a little chagrin at her stopping before the main event.

Dave returned soon after she had stopped. She had a feeling that he may have been watching from the darkness of the door, because he had a smile on his face and his words when he spoke held a knowing meaning to them.

"I see you and Max are becoming a good friend, that's good, because you and he are going to get rather more, well acquainted. Stand up April."

April stood with some difficulty, her hands, although not tightly cuffed, made it awkward to manoeuvre properly. Eventually, she made it onto her feet. Her nakedness, for some reason, gave her a moment of embarrassment. He had seen her in all her glory, but not when she had been sober or standing. She tried to cover her mons with its closely clipped line of hair. Dave laughed at her attempts of modesty. He released the chain that was running through the cuffs and led her to the bed.

"Lay on your back, I want to look at you fully." She complied, but still covered her mound, feeling more than a little uncomfortable. "Very nice... You are very nice." She accepted the compliment.

"What happened last night Dave? I have no recollection of meeting you or anything I might have said." She looked into his eyes and waited for an answer.

"You were quite drunk when we meet April. I think you had just been to the toilet when you fell into me in the corridor. I propped you up against a wall while I went for a piss, you were still there when I got back, so we started to talk. You really should watch how much you drink, because you asked me to take you home and fuck you. I could have been anyone, mad axe man or a rapist or something. Anyway, I brought you here and gave you some coffee to try and sober you up a bit. God knows what

you carry in your handbag, but you brought out some powder and tipped it into your coffee, then drank the whole lot. You told me it was GBH and that I should do with you as I pleased. That I should treat you like a whore; beat you, fuck your arse and screw your mouth. Your words, not mine. I put you to bed, but then things got a little out of hand and we ended up as we are now. But, just for the record, I have not screwed you, when you saw Max and that was it, I was always going to be second best. You also said that I should ignore you in the morning. That you would have no memory and I should treat you like a slave. What is happening now is your wishes, but if you want to change your mind, that's okay with me." He paused and a look of concern crossed his features.

"Listen April, I don't know what your problem is, but I am not usually overly successful with women, or at least picking them up, but you threw your self at me and I will take full advantage of the situation if I can."

He sat on the edge of the bed while he explained and rested his huge hand on her right thigh. The touch of his warm skin produced a shudder and rekindled the heat in her guts.

"Dave..." April began. "I am usually quite circumspect about picking up men. I find it very difficult when I am sober, but given a few drinks, it's like an alter ego takes over and I have found myself in some awful situations. This is one of the worst I must say. Did I really fuck the dog?"

"I'm afraid you did. Max wasn't too keen at first, but after you had sucked him almost to death, he couldn't wait to jump you. I know my dog, and he is hoping for a return. Perhaps it is some kind of subconscious desire or something, but honestly, you were like a pro and seemed to love every second.

April thought for a little while, going quiet. She reviewed her life to now, some of the men she could remember and one or two of the exploits she had found herself engaged in. It wasn't a pretty picture and had a seam of drink and drug abuse running right through it. On One hand, she was a very successful business lady. Her cosmetics outlet made more than could be expected and afforded her comfort and excellence. The other hand had showed a woman who seemed bent on self-depreciation and even destruction. She knew that drinking in binges as she did and coupling these bouts with barbiturates or whatever she could score would kill her one way or another. What she couldn't work out was why. She also couldn't work out why she let herself descend into depravity in these sodden states, or why she should feel the need.

"I guess I am messed up Dave." She finally had admitted it to someone. Her life was a sham and a confluence of mixed up emotions that probably needed a trained analyst to sort out. She began to cry. Dave gently unclipped the cuffs and held her heaving shoulders, letting her release the emotions.

They stayed in an embrace of comfort for some time until, at last, her sobs ebbed and she sniffed while trying to say sorry.

"I'm going to take you home April, I think you need to take a break, get some thinking time in eh?" He patted her bare shoulder, relishing the smoothness of her skin and the cool alabaster sheen. "Would you like some tea? I'll make some. The bathroom is through there, why not get cleaned up and refreshed while I put the kettle on?"

He got up and left April to sort her self out. She felt gratitude for his kindness while feeling sorry for herself. The look of indifferent uninterest from the dog gave him a comical expression. April laughed aloud, but her laughter quickly descended into howls of self-loathing and she buried her face in the sheets.

Dave returned with two cups on a tray and sat besides her, carefully placing the tray on the floor. He felt at a loss, as to how should he deal with this tormented woman who was clearly in need of a friend, comfort or some love. He stroked her back between the shoulder blades, lightly running his finger tips in circular patterns. The sunlight showed the downy blond hairs that were almost invisible. He noticed a brown mole on her shoulder and freckles that had almost faded. Her skin was cool to touch and her smoothness fascinated him. He looked at her hair for the first time. Although it was dishevelled from the exertions of last night, it kept a neatness and showed that she looked after her appearance. He could see that she was naturally dark blond and noted the clever cutting of a hairdresser to mask the thickness. A sudden feeling of unbearable desire overcame Dave closely followed by guilt for the thought.

April's sobs subsided; she blew her nose on the sheet and eventually sat up again. Her eyes red rimmed and puffy from the depth of her despair regarded Dave. He took her face in his hands and gently kissed her lips briefly, before reaching down for the tray and offering her the tea, which she took and sipped.

"What are you going to do April?" He felt somehow responsible for her. It was an entirely new emotion for him, up until now, he only had any empathetic feelings for Max and his Mother who still lived in a nursing home.

"We can still screw if that's what you want."

"That isn't what I meant April and you know it. I mean what are you going to do with your life? You can't go on like this. Look at you, all beaten up and unhappy, you deserve much better than this misery."

"Sorry, I'm being silly aren't I? I think I would like to go home, if that's all right with you. I'm sorry things didn't work out the way I said they would. I don't know what came over me and I am sorry."

Her face looked so pathetic that Dave melted and drew her into his arms, upsetting the tea over himself. He wanted to hold her, protect her and just love her. He didn't want to let her go, ever. The hot tea scalded him and he jumped up with a shout. They laughed then, his Jeans dripping tea onto the floor as he tried to keep the hot fabric from burning his tender groin. It must have looked quite comical because she screeched with laughter and the mood was broken.

Max jumped up and hit him in the back in excitement from picking up the sudden uplift in the atmosphere. It caused Dave to fall face down on the bed and they both ended up laughing hard while sharing a cuddle. When they got under control, Dave stood up and offered his hand and helped April up from the bed. They held each other in an embrace, before he showed her to the bathroom.

After April had washed, retrieved her clothes and dressed. They had another tea, both managing to drink them this time. They chatted over the rims of teacups and got to know each other a little. April still had no recollection of last night. The not knowing was burning away inside, but asking what had happened and not really looking forward to the answer made her hesitant until at last, she drew a deep breath and asked flat out.

"Dave, I cannot remember anything from last night, but I am not sure I really want to know either. Tell me I didn't do the dog."

"I'm afraid you did. But, you were completely out of it. I saw you put something n your drink, but it looked as if you had decided that I was your score for the night before you did. At least, you made it very plain that I should take you home. After you took the stuff though, you changed completely, almost as soon as you had finished your drink; you were demanding that I treat you like a slut. You

begged me to beat you, tie you up fuck you up and use you anyway I wanted. I thought that you were just saying it to make sure I took you home. When you saw Max, well, that was it, you where out of control."

"Oh God! What did I do?"

"Do you really want graphic detail?"

"I'm not sure, but I guess... Yeah, you had better tell me, perhaps it might teach me a lesson."

"April, I watched you earlier with Max. It's nothing to be ashamed of you know. Thousands of people are tuned into animals, although it is mostly dogs, because they are closer to us. Max has had one or two female lovers before. I think it is something to do with his friendly nature. Some people are natural to it, you seem to be one of them and you shouldn't beat yourself up about it. I am not shocked in the slightest." He paused and refreshed the tea in her cup.

Sitting back down at the kitchen table, he continued to tell her about last nights events.

"When I got you home, you fell on the bed and ripped off you clothes. I'm surprised they are not ruined. You were screaming at me to fuck you. I have never seen anyone like it. But, then Max came into the room and that was that. He jumped on the bed and you sucked him off as if he had been me. Then, when he had given you a taster as you put it, you got on the floor, begged me to tie your hands and max did the rest."

"What did he do?" She already knew the answer, but she was getting quite hot listening to the description, as if it had happened to somebody else. Already, a heat was building and her pussy was getting very wet.

"Max did what Max does best, he jumped on your back and tried to fuck you, but he didn't quite get it right, I had to help him, but once her got inside you, it was like watching a pro at it." Dave paused before he carried on with his story.

"You wanted it in your arse. You got it, but he finished with his knot deep inside you. You still wanted more and sucked him until he was ready again; he shot another load into you before you collapsed comatose until this morning. I didn't get a look in, but that's okay because watching you and Max was something I shall never ever forget."

April sighed and shook her head and sipped her tea.

"April, you need to sort your life out. The way you were last night will be the death of you. One of these days, you are going to get into a situation that you can't handle. I could have been anyone; you didn't seem to care what happened to you. You have got to sort it out, besides, I would really like it if could see you again." He looked down, not sure what her answer would be.

"That would be nice." April looked at the top of his head and waited until he looked up, then looked into his eyes as she said.

"I would really like that." Dave blushed like a schoolboy. She liked his reaction and thought that perhaps, she had found someone she could like and get involved with.

"Would you take me home please or call me a cab. I really need to clean up and do some thinking. Can I call you tomorrow?"

"Sure, I'll drive you and it might be a good idea to have some time to your self.

April gave Max a loving stroke as they left his flat.

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## Chapter Two

Sunday morning found April back in her Chelsea flat having had a good night sleeping dreamlessly. Her body felt sore from the events of the previous night with Max. Dave had taken her home and respectfully retreated, leaving her to herself. He had left a phone number and asked her to call him when she wanted or needed anything.

The time alone had allowed April to think things through. Her life in many ways, was very successful. She earned more than enough for her needs. Enough to allow her the buying power to afford almost anything she needed. It had taken a long time to build up the business and Daddy had helped in the beginning with money. Now though, she had paid him back and had a nest egg in the bank.

It was her other life that she had to think about. There was a self-destruct mechanism at work, one that she couldn't understand. Her weekend nightlife had brought her to some situations among sex-crazed men in groups, singular or with women. It had also given her some very satisfying encounters, but she had never returned to any of these even though the offer had been made on many occasions. Once she good stoked up on drink and perhaps drugs, she was into anything as long as it was sex. Raw, tender or wild sex, she didn't care, just so long as she got royally fucked all over the weekend.

She recalled being raped at knife point. That had been one of the worst experiences, but when she eventually got away from the three guys, it was as if it had not happened and she was back at the same club the very next weekend and getting picked up by some new stranger. Perhaps it was the element of danger she craved. Perhaps it was the abuse she wanted, or perhaps, she was looking for love, but in the classic way, went about it the wrong way having nothing to base her search on. To a point, she blamed the Army life of her father for this. She had never been anywhere long enough to form attractions or relationships with boys.

April visited an often-recalled memory. Her first time; It had been with a couple of squaddies in Iraq, while civilians were still allowed. The two guys were scared shitless, knowing they were to go into battle for the first time and not knowing quite what to expect or if they would survive. April had just turned twenty then and had only gone to see her father and let him know that she had passed her exams with honours. He seemed indifferent. April got wasted for the first time in her life in the NAAFI out of spite; two young soldiers took advantage of her condition. Her two soldier lovers were not too gentle about springing her cherry as they called it. A couple of hours later she found her quarters and tried to tell he dad what had happened. He said it was all the fault of her own; he refused to take it further.

She ran a hot bath and dropped an aromatic bath bomb in. Petals and leaves floated away from the effervescent maelstrom the ball of purple made. April turned on her CD and put an album in the changer, something a colleague had bought for Christmas. She relaxed into the steaming water and drifted on strains of Barbers 'Adagio' followed by 'Moonlight Sonata' and 'Toccata without the fugue by Bach. Music had always been her salvation in troubled times.

Later, she called Dave to invite him over for Lunch, but it was his answer phone that picked up the call. April went out and ate in a local restaurant and watched the people living their lives. She

walked in the park and observed weekend dads with their kids. April had no maternal instincts, but the children looked happy and the dads all had a universal lost appearance about them. She found herself studying the various breeds of dog. It is something of a fashion in West London to have designer dogs to go with the four by four vehicles that were totally inept in the busy town. The spoilt dogs all had one thing in common; they had all been neutered and seemed too well fed.

She called Dave again when she got home. This time he answered on the third ring and suddenly, she didn't know what to say. She clammed up, just holding the earpiece to her head.

"Hello... hello... is that you April?... is everything alright?"

S.sorry Dave, I just wanted to um... I don't know. Can I come over?"

Twenty minutes later, she fell into Dave's arms as he opened his front door. She kissed him as if she would devour him from the head down. Her arms enveloped him and they ended up flat on the floor.

"Whoa April; I need to breath." He laughed and squeezed her back and laughed. "What brought this on?"

April suddenly became serious "I have been doing some thinking. You and Max have made me realise that I have to change. I don't know if I can settle down with anyone, but thank you, I will never forget what you have done." She pecked his cheek and rose from the floor, her blouse had come undone, a breast peeked out, but it seemed not to matter.

"I would like to fulfil my promise to you, if that's alright. I got some wine and took the liberty in ordering a pizza. Hope you like chicken." She buttoned up her blouse and walked through to the kitchen, not waiting for his answer. Max got a pat on the head as she passed him.

Later, when they had eaten the pizza and finished the wine, April and Dave settled on a sofa to continue talking following the conversation over the food. They chatted and just like the movies, gradually moved closer as their body language called to each other. Dave's arm circled April's shoulder and then travelled between her shoulder blades. He gently stroked the soft downy skin in the middle of her back. His touch was electric and her breathing very quickly told him he was doing the right thing.

She lent back, trapping his hand and slowly undid the buttons of her blouse. She wore no bra, her breasts didn't need supporting, having tits that had an upturned shape. April wriggled out of her jeans and twisted to kiss Dave, her arms encircling his neck and drawing him forward. His free hand cupped her left breast and his thumb rubbed her hardening nipple. April gasped, his touch evoked tingles in her skin that transmitted to her sexual receptors. April became hotter as he pinched and teased her darkened and, by now, aching hard nipple.

"Oh god!" She whispered in his ear, "Take me to bed please?"

He picked her up as if she weighed nothing and carried her into another bedroom from the one she had woken up in. His double bed had a soft duvet thrown over. She sunk into the mattress and relaxed. Dave's tongue flicked her lips. He traced her chin and throat with the moist tip then continued between her breasts and down to her navel. The sensation produced a shiver of pure delight and anticipation.

He pushed her knees apart and ran his tongue over her inner thigh. The wait for what was inevitable was becoming unbearable while being delicious at the same time. She was so wet and her internal heat was running at boiling point. Then he traced her cunt lips and flicked her clit. April screamed in

surprise, shock and delight. Dave sucked her lips into his mouth and savoured her taste. She knew she had never been quite so excited before or treated to such exquisite pain and longing.

She came hard and gushed over his tongue. Dave didn't seem to mind at all. He drank her in and lapped at her box with renewed fervour. April began to climb again, her nerves building into a crescendo of lust and desire. She came again, but the sensation was starting to become unbearable. It was Dave's turn to get naked and for her to return the favour.

She undressed him, kissing flesh as it appeared. Soon she had the tip of his cock between her lips, teasing him and relishing the prospect of sinking his shaft down her throat. April couldn't remember making love sober. In fact she couldn't remember making love, fucking, yes, but not actually making love. She loved it. Slowly, she slipped him into her mouth and inched him into her throat before expelling him only to swallow him again. She could feel the throb of his pulse on her tongue and taste his natural lubrication.

So intent on what she was doing, April didn't hear Max silently slip into the room or feel him climb onto the bed. She was blissfully unaware of the dog until his cold wet nose planted its self on her exposed pussy. She yelped and shot forward, getting more of Dave's cock in her mouth than she bargained for. She gagged and jumped up.

"Sorry about that, I'll get rid of him shall I?"

April was about to say yes when she had one of those rare moments when a picture, so evocative passes across the mind's eye. Her answer, when it came was to be a negative. The dog should stay. April got straight back into slurping on Dave's saliva slicked cock, but making sure that Max had full access to her sex. Dave shifted his position a little so he could get a better view of what Max was doing. It gave April an uninterrupted view via a mirror. She had never seen herself in action before, had done most things, but not that. The scene she was looking and feeling drove her to new heights. Dave's dick disappeared down her throat and she sucked with all of her being until, Max's rasping tongue slid over her clit and searched her opening. The double pleasure took April over the limit; she climaxed noisily and then soaked the dog's muzzle. He licked all the more and drove her to another climax that shattered the last. In her excitement, she took all of Dave's cock into her throat and felt him begin to twitch.

Although April had no problems with the taste of come, she didn't want this to stop just yet. She pushed Max away with her foot and lifted her face off Dave.

"Oh God! That was fucking wonderful." She gushed. "Why don't you finger fuck me while Max performs the wonders he does with his tongue?"

Dave wriggled down until he was parallel with her. His leg crossed over her and pulled her legs apart while she lay on her back. His fingers quested for her sex, rubbing lightly over her swollen clit and sinking into her body. Max was now an integral part of the trio and played his part to the utmost. His tongue lubricated Dave's fingers as they frigg'd April then slipped between her lips and deep into her vagina while Dave teased her clit. April felt the delicious heat mounting in her guts until it boiled over in a gush of come and a massive climax. She relaxed as did both Max and Dave. The smell of her emissions became wafted up to her. April had never felt so screwed and secure.

"I could do with a break." She needed the toilet.

"Tea?"

"Great."

Over the tea April Said, "Dave, I just realised that it's me that's having all the fun here, when we've had the tea, it's yours and Max's turn. I would love to suck him off while you screw me from behind, what do ya say?"

Later, after stripping the bed of the soaked sheets, they coaxed Max up onto the bed and got him to lie on his side. April wanted to be able to see in the mirror, she had discovered that this gave her such a buzz, not that she needed any more stimulation.

She teased Max's cock from his sheath and took the tip into her mouth. She was rewarded when it began to fill with blood and swell. Pretty soon, his knot and the whole of his dick were now fully out in the open. Purple veins stood out along its length. He tasted sweeter than she remembered. Dave watched for a little while, just fingering her hole and rubbing her clit with his thumb. The sensations it realised were pleasant, but not too much that it made her lose her control of the situation.

Dave eased his cock into April, sinking himself into her depths then slowly, he fucked her while her watched April suck the dog. Max was humping her face now; spasms rocked his haunches as he drove his cock into her mouth. His rhythm increased as he neared his climax. Dave tried to keep pace with the dog, but it wasn't possible, instead, he timed himself to every other thrust of the dog. April's cunt gushed as a climaxed ripped through her, but she was not going to give in to the overwhelming sensation until Max and Dave had got what they deserved.

She almost lost it when Dave decided that he should fuck her in her anus. His already slick, throbbing cock slipped past her sphincter and plunged into the depths of her arse. He reached around with one hand finding her clit and the other tweaking a swinging nipple. It was too much, April jabbed Max's cock into her throat and was gratified to feel a long hot stream of dog cum flood her guts. He streamed spurt after spurt, coming so much more than a guy, the temperature of his semen was a lot hotter and it burned slightly as it went past her tonsils. She didn't get to taste him, being past her taste buds, but wasn't too disappointed.

April lifted her face from the dog and wiped cum from her lips. Suddenly, the taste of the dog filled her mouth. She liked it, but wanted more.

"Dave, I want to swallow your cum, fill my mouth with your love juice... do it now please... please do it now."

Dave pulled out of her dirt box, her secretions stuck to his helmet in a light brown corona. She flipped over and lay on her back. Dave knelt over her and slowly rubbed himself, increasing the pace until he gasped and directed his steamy hot cream into her open mouth. April wanted a little more and grabbed his balls, pulling him down until she had both his cock and cum in her mouth. It washed the brown slim off of him and mixed together in a pungent mass. April swallowed it, showing him her clean mouth, before taking him into her throat again and proceeded to give Dave, the blow job of his life. To both of their surprise, he quickly shot a second load that nearly took out the back of her head and blew off his helmet. The feeling of his balls emptying took her over the edge, April gushed a climax had had nothing to do with her clit or being fucked. She had never had an orgasm without her cunt being abused before. It blew her mind.

Exhausted, April knelt and began to get up, but Max had other ideas. He had watched the human bitch and his master, it had affected him and he was primed, ready to fuck the slut. His front legs wrapped around her waist, scratching and gouging skin from her, but neither of them noticed. He pulled her to him and quested to find her opening. He missed and sank into her shit hole, but April was too sore for that, so she reached around and re-directed the dog's love truncheon. When his tip found her opening, he gave an almighty thrust forward, while pulling her into his stomach. It drove

every inch of his cock and knot straight into her. The knot forced its way past her taut muscles and lodged in her body. Max humped her, his hips thrusting and fore legs, pulling. April humped him back until she screamed and screamed. She was past any climax, orgasm or any other feeling of sexual peek she had ever experienced before in her career of depraved liaisons.

Suddenly, Max stiffened and drove his cock further into her than it had been before. Her cervix opened to accept the sharp, wedge shaped tip and they locked. Long streams of red hot spunk flooded into her. Max howled his climax.

"Dave... Dave... quick! I want your cock now... quickly, get over here."

He couldn't wait. The sight of her and Max locked had rekindled his ardour. It took no time for him to be flooding her mouth with red-hot jism.

At last, Max's erection softened and he pulled out of her. Dog sperm shot from her cunt, soaking the bed yet again. Max had the grace to clean her before he retired to a corner to clean himself.

"I'm afraid the mattress is fucked." April looked at the pool of hers and Max's cum. Her comment seemed completely inane and it appealed to her sense of silly. She laughed and descended into gut wrenching guffaws. There seemed a sense of the ridiculous or farce. Dave held her head and shoulders while she laughed uncontrollably.

Eventually, she calmed down from what had been hysteria. "Dave..." She managed at last, "That is the best sex I have ever had and no drugs! I'm totally fucked." They slept in exhausted and satiated mutual trust. Dave held her throughout until they woke. Pressure on her bladder pulled her from the deep sleep she had been enjoying. Dave watched as she peed. He found it strangely erotic, but hadn't the energy to do anything about it.

They dressed and went out to eat after taking Max to the local park for a run.

"Can we do this again?" She asked, hoping he would say yes.

"Anytime you like." He kissed her mouth and slipped an arm around her waist as they watched the boundless energy of Max as he raced across the clipped grass.