

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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The first time I saw Kate, we were standing in front of the downtown office building where I had been working for the past five years. Her confident smile immediately caught my attention as she motioned for me to enter revolving door.

I remember wishing she had gone first. I would have enjoyed checking out her cute figure a bit more. She looked to be just a few inches taller than my 5-3, with a trim, athletic build and pert breasts.

“What am I doing ogling another woman?” I said to myself as I rode up to my office on the tenth floor. I noticed that Kate got onto the express elevator that didn’t even stop until 19.

“Snap out of it, Sarah,” I thought as I walked into Ackerman & Williams, prepared for another day as creative director at the second-largest advertising firm in the city.

I spotted her several more times that week. A couple of times arriving for work and once in the coffee shop just off the first floor lobby. And each time I probably looked at her a little too long. There was just something about her.

I was a happily married woman and was far as I knew straight. I hadn’t touched another female sexually since I was a young teen playing around at those notorious sleepovers. Oh, I had some nice orgasms then as I humped the leg of my best friend, Karen. But we both moved on to boys by middle school and I chalked it up as a rite of passage.

Karen had been out of my life completely for years, and I scarcely thought about those days. Except for the times when David, my husband of ten years, was out of town or we hit a dry spell and I would resort to self-pleasure.

Then thoughts of Karen would flicker through my mind as I slowly brought myself along with light touches, first to my full round breasts... then my flat belly... and finally down to the curve of my mound, where I would stroke my hungry clit through the coarse hair that I kept trimmed in a neat triangle.

Oh, yes. Then I would think of Karen! How her thigh felt as she snuggled it against my pussy. How her hair smelled of fruity shampoo. How her warm breath felt on my neck.

But these times were few, as David and I had a rather active sex life, which left little need to find pleasure by myself. So my growing preoccupation with this new woman, who had captured my attention so unexpectedly, was a real puzzle.

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We first spoke standing in line at the coffee shop a few weeks later. “Seems as if we’ve been running on the same schedule lately,” came the voice from behind. I knew who it was instinctively, and when I turned around, two large blue eyes were smiling back at me.

I’m not quite sure why, but I felt my cheeks redden. I wondered if she had noticed me looking at her those times over the past few weeks. She had.

“I’ve seen you watching me,” she said without making it sound like an accusation. “Do I remind you of someone?”

For some reason, the name Karen leapt to mind, though they really didn't look alike. Strange.

"Oh, no... I'm sorry," I managed, as I stalled for time trying to think of some way to explain why I had, indeed, been watching her. But she took me off the hook by extending her hand and smiling.

"I'm Kate. I work in IT with Pyramid Corporation up on twenty-five."

"Sarah," I answered, relieved that she was willing to move on. "I'm with Ackerman & Williams... advertising... tenth floor."

"Do you have time to take a little break?" she said, motioning to an empty table that looked out onto the street through a large window.

"Sure, that would be nice" I said, still a little worried that she might ask me again who she reminded me of.

But the conversation actually was really easy. Kate and I had a lot in common. We were both in our mid-thirties, married career women with no children. And as it turned out, we both had a wicked sense of humor.

From that first day, we spent a lot of time laughing. About our work. About movies. And especially about our husbands. It was amazing how some of David's annoying little habits that drove me crazy turned out to be pretty funny by the time Kate finished dissecting and analyzing them. She spent an equal amount of time poking fun at her husband Ted, who also worked in IT for another company that was only a few blocks away from our building.

By the time we'd met for coffee the third time, I felt as if I'd known Kate all my life. By then our conversations had turned to some serious things... hopes, dreams, loss... topics that went much deeper than casual friendship. I'd never gotten so close to anyone in such a short time. Actually, I'd never gotten so close to anyone, period.

Of course, the conversations eventually got around to sex. We talked in general about our sex lives in our marriages first. Nothing too detailed, but enough that I could tell Kate wanted more. It turned out that she had been fairly adventurous before she and Ted got together, and I had the sense Kate sometimes thought wistfully of that freedom.

When we talked about our pasts, I didn't have much to tell compared to Kate. David and I had been together for quite awhile before we finally were married. So I missed out on the usual sexual smorgasbord that many people enjoy in college.

It wouldn't have surprised me to learn that Kate had "strayed" a few times during her marriage, but we never went quite that deep. We never went nearly deep enough to get to the secret I was keeping, either. It would stay safely buried, as far as I was concerned.

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One thing that we did differ on was where we had chosen to live. Kate and Ted lived in a loft in one of the up and coming areas just north of downtown, while David and I had chosen the suburbs. Of course, that meant over an hour's commute for me each day. But it also meant we had a spacious house on a quiet street with a swimming pool.

And it was the pool that I tempted Kate with when I invited her and Ted to drive out on Saturday. "Sure, you and I can sun ourselves by the pool all day and be decadent," I kidded, "and the guys can

play golf. You told me Ted likes to golf, and we might as well get some use out of that expensive damned membership David pays for every month.”

“Are you sure it’ll be okay with David,” she asked. “He and Ted don’t even know each other.”

“I promise. David will use any excuse to slip off and play golf. Besides they’ll like each other just like you and I do. They’ll spend the whole day talking about us.”

“All right,” Kate laughed, “It’s a date.”

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Kate and Ted arrived as scheduled at 10 a.m. on Saturday. Ted looked cute as he struggled to get his clubs out of the small trunk of their black BMW. He was not quite as tall as David, who stood 6-0, but he had a nice fit look to him to go along with longish brown hair and brown eyes. His glasses made him look a little bookish, even on the way to the golf course.

I had already met Ted when I was having lunch downtown one day with Kate, and he seemed really nice, if quiet. I thought he was kind of cute, and I couldn’t help but wonder if there was some kind of hidden fire inside beneath his rather bland exterior. He waved to me quickly, then went back to trying to extricate his clubs from the car.

David started walking down toward the car and met Kate halfway up the drive. They stopped for a minute to introduce themselves. The two of them were smiling and laughing, as David wrapped his arms around her and gave her a big hug. I could just hear him telling Kate how much I’d talked about her lately, because I certainly had. It was strange how she was in my thoughts so much of the time.

In just a few moments he had kissed her on the cheek and headed over to help Ted, while Kate joined me on the porch.

David and Ted shook hands, and it wasn’t a minute before the two of them had hoisted the stubborn clubs from the car. David slapped Ted on the back and the two started talking animatedly.

Kate and I stood on the front porch and watched them talk and gesture, and it was clear that they were going to be just fine.

“David seems really nice,” Kate told me, “and he’s really cute. He’s got big hands, too,” she winked, as she poked me lightly in the ribs with her elbow to make sure I caught her drift.

I did. And I looked at David a little more closely than usual, pausing to admire his trim, athletic build. He looked like he still might be able to run competitively, as he did in college, even though he was just barely on the right side of 40 now. And his dark hair and eyes accented a face that was, well... cute. Damn cute.

And he did have big “hands.” Eight inches, to be exact.

David raised his arm and pointed at his watch, indicating they were short on time. And the two guys gave a wave as they threw Ted’s clubs into the back of our silver SUV and headed for the course.

“Come on in and we’ll get ready for our day of decadence,” I laughed, as I opened the door for Kate. This time she went first. And I did admire her cute little ass. “The spare bedroom is off to the left. You can change in there.”

I was already wearing my favorite bikini, a french cut model that left little to the imagination. It was a bright yellow and the bottoms rode high in the back and low in the front, providing a nice view one of my best assets. The top was pretty revealing, as well. My areolas were barely covered, but little else. I loved the color especially, because I thought it looked so good with my dark brown hair and eyes.

I had purchased the suit for a trip that David and I had taken to Florida a couple of years ago, and I had gotten a little thrill out of wearing something so revealing. But only in front of people I figured I'd never see again. I'd never worn it in front of anyone but David here at home. But today, somehow, I felt like being a little daring.

I hadn't gone "all the way" because I'd worn a matching cover-up until the guys left. I didn't want Ted to see too much too soon, and I didn't want David to wonder what I was up to. Actually, I didn't know what I was up to.

But I had slipped off the cover-up before going to the kitchen to mix the first two of what I expected to be a number of bloody-marys. And I was about to put the cap back on the vodka when I heard a low whistle behind me.

"My god, girl, you look good enough to eat!" Kate was standing in the kitchen door looking me up and down. And although I'd somehow wanted to show off for her a bit, I began to feel a little uncomfortable under her gaze that seemed to linger a few seconds too long on those places that defined my womanhood.

"What I wouldn't give for your tits." Kate's eyes locked on to my breasts, and I could feel my nipples hardening under the flimsy fabric.

"You don't look half-bad yourself, sweetheart," I said truthfully. Kate looked so cute and sexy in her tiny two-piece that was cut high in the legs and molded tightly to the curve of her mound. The suit was pale blue and looked delicious with her light brown hair and creamy skin.

"Too cold for you in the bedroom?" I laughed, looking directly at her hard nipples that were trying to poke their way through the little top.

"I guess it's pretty cold here in the kitchen, too," she laughed, not letting me get away with anything.

"Very funny," I volleyed back, handing her a bloody-mary and leading the way out the French doors to the pool.

As we stepped through the door, we were met by our German shepherd, Blitz. Obviously I'm prejudiced, but Blitz is a truly beautiful animal. He was in his prime at four years, full grown and weighing a little over 100 pounds.

He was not particularly tall for a mature male, but he was very muscular. He reminded me how strong he was every time I took him for a walk and he decided he didn't want to follow my lead. I pretty much had to hang onto the leash with both hands and dig my heels in until I could get him back under control.

Blitz was registered and almost perfectly marked, with the familiar black and tan coat. But he was distinctive, too, because of a larger-than-normal black mask across his muzzle. It made him look quite threatening when he barked or growled at someone he was uncomfortable with.

But I knew that Blitz was a real sweetheart who enjoyed splashing in the swimming pool and having his belly rubbed. One other thing that I knew about him that no one else knew, I planned to keep to myself.

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As soon as Kate and I were out on the pool deck, Blitz started circling us, showing the shepherding instincts that had been bred in over the generations. He bounced around excitedly and licked our hands in greeting.

I scratched him behind the ears and he settled down a bit. But when Kate bent over to lay her towel across the chaise, he bounded over to her and stuck his nose right between her bare thighs. Before I could get him back under control, he had given her legs and crotch three or four big licks with his long tongue.

"No, Blitz, no," I scolded him. "Be nice to our guest."

Kate just laughed it off. "I've been trying to teach Ted that trick for years," she quipped.

But I was embarrassed by his unruliness. And it unnerved me a little that he had gone after Kate the way he did, thrusting his nose between her legs so aggressively. I felt uncomfortable for her, and for me.

I didn't want Blitz pestering us while we enjoyed our time by the pool, so I grabbed his collar and led him over near the fence. "Stay," I commanded, and he lay down looking chastised and forlorn.

"Sorry about that," I said, still a little embarrassed about Blitz's behavior.

Kate just smiled and patted the empty chaise next to her. So I sat down and joined her in rubbing sunscreen as best I could over all my exposed skin. Even though I have dark hair and eyes, my skin is quite fair and I burn easily. Kate looked as if she had the same problem. Finally, we took turns helping each other with the areas we couldn't reach for ourselves. And then we were ready to lay back, relax and sip our drinks.

For the next hour we talked and laughed and drank. The conversation was easy, as always. And today it became even easier by the time we'd finished our second bloody mary.

Occasionally, Blitz would get up from his spot in the shade and amble over to his dish for a drink of water. I watched him out of the corner of my eye, worried that he might get frisky again, but he behaved himself very nicely after my scolding.

Then Kate turned to me and said, "All right, my sweet innocent Sarah. What's the sluttiest thing you've ever done?"

"What?!" I gulped in surprise.

"You heard me. Surely there's a daring Sarah inside there who slips out every now and then."

I could tell I was blushing because I knew she was right. There was something deep down inside. But I wasn't about to let it out.

"Oh, my stories would put an adventurous girl like you to sleep, Kate. I don't want to waste your afternoon with my boring sex life."

She smiled knowingly at me and prodded a little more. "Come on, Sarah, you can tell me, babe. I'll keep all your secrets." By the time she'd finished, the look on her face told me she was serious about wanting to know... and about keeping secrets.

"Tell you what, Kate." You go first, then we'll see what happens. What's the sluttiest thing you've ever done?"

"All right, I'll go first. But don't think you're off the hook," she warned.

"I had a little, unexpected adventure not too long ago when I was flying back home after a business trip," she began. "It probably wasn't the sluttiest thing I've ever done, but it would have to rank in the top five." Kate was smiling as she laid her head back against the chaise and began to explain.

"While I was waiting at the gate, I had been surfing the net on my computer. I found this web site that has a lot of erotic stories and started reading. Well, before I knew it, I'd gotten so worked up that I was about to slip into the ladies room and give myself some relief, if you know what I mean."

Kate glanced over at me and smiled again at the sight of my open-mouthed stare. "Then I noticed this group of really cute girls," she continued. "I figured they were probably flying somewhere for spring break, since it was that time of year."

"Girls?!" I interrupted, my eyes wide with surprise. "I didn't realize your interests leaned in that direction." I was looking at Kate in a whole new way at that moment.

"Oh, it's not like I'm a lesbian or anything. I'm barely even bisexual," she giggled at her little joke. "But I do appreciate a beautiful woman. Have ever since college."

I filed that little tidbit away for future reference, but I was interested in her current story right then. "Go on," I said as I turned on my side to get a better look at my friend, who I was seeing in an entirely different way.

Kate simply stared straight ahead, her eyes shielded by the dark sunglasses. "Well, there was this one really well-developed girl. She couldn't have been 20. I certainly would have fantasized about her when I got myself off in the bathroom, but wouldn't you know, about that time they called our flight. "I was really pissed at that point because I needed to climax-bad. But when we boarded the plane, this same girl ended up sitting right next to me! Her boyfriend was in the seat in front of her."

Kate turned her head toward me again, apparently interested in any comment I might have. But by this point, I was too wrapped up in her story to talk.

"Since it was a night flight, they left the cabin lights low after we took off. I sat there with my eyes closed, thinking about her ripe little body, about some of those stories I'd been reading online, and about what I intended to do to Ted when I got home. I just get so horny when I travel for several days in a row."

Kate looked over to me as if to validate the normalcy of her arousal. "Um hum," was all I could manage.

"So I was sitting there in the dim light, with the engines humming. Actually, my engine was humming pretty good by then, too. I pulled a blanket over me so I could, how shall I say, make the most of those naughty thoughts I was having."

"Oh my god, Kate! You didn't." She just smiled a little wider and went on.

“Well, my cute seatmate figured out what I was doing. She kept looking at the blanket where my hand was pleasuring my wet pussy which, by the way, was quite easy because I had gone commando on that particular day. And the poor girl was acting very nervous.

“Next thing I knew, she had pulled her own blanket over her and it was pretty obvious to me that she was doing the same thing I was.”

I opened my mouth to say something, then closed it again, not wanting to break developing the mood that was right then. I could feel the stirrings of arousal beginning deep in my belly, and I wanted to just lie back and savor them.

“Finally,” Kate continued, “I couldn’t help it and I leaned over to her and whispered, ‘Can I help?’ She just kind of froze, but she didn’t shriek or run off. So I slid my hand under the blanket and over to her crotch. She had undone her pants and pulled them down a little and moved her panties out of the way. I slid my hand underneath hers and found an extremely hot, wet cunt which I began stroking as if it were my own.”

Suddenly, I became very aware that my own cunt was both hot and wet, and I was a little worried about the dark spot that was rapidly growing on the small crotch of my bikini. But I just pressed my legs together a little, first to hide it from view, and second to put a bit of pressure in just the right place.

Kate glanced over and noticed how I was squirming on the chaise. But she just went on with her story.

“When I started to touch her pussy, I leaned toward her a little more so I could feel those beautiful mounds of hers against my arm. She moaned softly when she felt the contact. And I whispered to her, ‘I could use some help, too.’”

I think I moaned a little, too, when Kate said that.

“So the girl slid her hand under my blanket to cup my hot, slippery cunt and started fondling it, just the way I like. It only took a couple of minutes before we were both cumming...biting down to keep from making noise. “

“Fuccckkkkk,” I couldn’t help but whisper.

“After she came, she kind of slammed her legs together and pulled her hand from my crotch. I guess she realized what she was doing. I smiled, thanked her and licked my fingers. When it was time to exit the plane, she grabbed her boyfriend’s arm and clung to him, I guess to be protected from any more wicked women she might encounter on her trip.”

I just sat and stared at Kate for a long time. Neither one of us spoke. Finally, I jumped up quickly and headed for the pool. I needed to cool off and I hoped the dip in the water would camouflage the fact that my entire crotch was soaked by that point. I could hear Kate laughing as I hurried across the pool deck and dove in headfirst.

Kate had another bloody-mary ready when I slipped out of the pool and dried myself off. I couldn’t remember if it was my third or fourth, and at that point, I didn’t really care. Kate’s story and the alcohol just made me feel so warm and aroused and daring. I could practically feel my inhibitions falling away one by one until I was just one raw nerve needing to be stimulated.

“All right, Sarah, your turn.” Kate was smiling that wicked smile of hers, and she made no attempt to



hide the large wet patch between her legs. And I made no attempt to hide the fact that I was looking right at it... for a long time.

“What’s the sluttiest thing you’ve ever done?”

And right then, I decided I would do what I swore to myself I would never do—tell another living person what happened last summer. By the pool. On a day very much like today.

I settled back on the chaise and slipped on my dark sunglasses. I guess I hoped if I hid my eyes, what I was about to tell her would somehow be a little easier. I just didn’t want her to see the look in my eyes when I told the story.

Kate settled in, too, with her drink in hand, sipping and nibbling on the celery garnish. She had pulled her chaise over until it touched mine, and I was glad, because her closeness allowed me to speak in a whisper and still be heard. And what I was about to tell her was best spoken in whispers.

I took a deep breath and began. “This happened last summer, almost exactly a year ago. I was home alone, lying by the pool sunbathing. Since we have this privacy fence, I decided to tan without my suit. I really hate tan lines.”

“Oooooooo. I love that,” Kate breathed as I went on.

“I’d had a few beers, and there in the hot sun, the alcohol seemed to be affecting me more than usual. I began to feel a little daring, so I slipped my suit off. As I lay there, all relaxed from the hot sun and the cold beer, my mind began to wander. You know, to sex.”

I could see out of the corner of my eye that Kate was watching me closely and I was really glad the sunglasses were shielding my eyes right then. She had gotten quiet, and I could tell she was listening intently.

“Little sexual vignettes began to play through my head,” I continued. “The image of masturbating here by the pool with a girl friend... being taken roughly from behind by a stranger with an extraordinarily big cock... touching my very first cock when I was playing doctor with a neighbor boy as a young girl. It was sort of a sexual collage and, my god, did it ever turn me on!”

“I know what you mean,” she whispered. By this time, Kate had turned on her side and had begun to trace her fingers lightly along my leg, from my knee, up my thigh and back. In another time and place, it might not have even seemed sexual, but today it was more than just closeness between girlfriends.

Plunging ahead anyway, I whispered softly, “Opening my eyes and looking around, I made sure that I was alone. Then I started touching myself. You know, to get ready... ”

“You mean like this?” Kate whispered as she leaned over to caress my cheek, my neck, my arms.

“Yessssss,” I sighed, then continued my story. “My hands slid down to my breasts. I didn’t want to touch the nipples just yet, so I just kept making light circles with my fingertips. The circles kept getting smaller and smaller, until my nipples were hard as rocks. I finally just had to touch them.”

“Like this,” Kate said softly, as she took my right nipple between her thumb and index finger and rolled it around, pulling and pinching through my bikini top. I could feel her warm breath on my arm as she leaned closer.

My eyes were closed as I paused to enjoy the thrill of this first intimate touch from a woman. I

wanted to drink in all the sensations before going on. But suddenly, I realized that Kate had removed her hand. I opened my eyes and saw her just lying there smiling at me.

“So my slutty Sarah got herself off by the pool,” Kate teased.

“Please Kate!” I was shocked by how sharply I had spoken. So I lowered my voice. “This is really hard for me, but I want to tell you.”

“All right, Sarah, I’m sorry. Please go on.” She laid her hand on my bare arm and began to stroke me soothingly. I knew she was trying to put me at ease, to coax the words out of me.

“Okay, so after teasing myself for what seemed like an hour, I allowed my fingers the first contact with my nipples. I took each little bud between my fingertips and rolled it, tugged it a little, and pinched until it just passed the point of feeling good and started to hurt.”

Kate’s hand was back on my breast now, imitating the movements, the touches I was describing. She scooted the chaise out of the way and was on her knees beside me, touching me as I continued.

“Then I cupped my breasts in my hands and began to massage them, knead them. The pressure became firmer and more vigorous as I got more turned on.” Kate had both breasts in her palms now, caressing me the way I described it to her. Suddenly I became aware of what we were doing and I hesitated, knowing I should stop this, but I didn’t know how to deflect Kate without driving a wedge into our new and intriguing friendship plus, what she was doing felt really good.

“I could already feel my nectar beginning to ooze from my pussy and mix with the sweat and suntan oil. And I hadn’t even touched myself there yet.”

Kate was totally silent now. I could hear her breathing quicken a little as I felt her hands playing over my breasts, pulling on the nipples through my bikini top. She was doing her best to imitate my words. I wanted to stop and watch her, to bask in these wonderful new sensations, but I had to hurry on with the story before I backed out.

“I was incredibly aroused by this point, and as much as I like to tease myself and stay on the edge for a long, long time, I knew it was time to touch myself... down there, you know.”

And just as I had done it to myself that day, I felt Kate’s hand glide along my flat belly, downward across my navel, pausing at the curve of my mound. She continued to pleasure my breast with her other hand as she traced the length of my slit through the wet fabric of my bikini bottoms.

“Ohhhhhh,” Kate sighed, and I glanced down at her to see that her top was bunched around her neck, exposing her pert breasts and rock hard nipples. She continued to caress me, one hand on my breast, the other playing over my pussy, probing, massaging, caressing.

This time I looked right at her, my eyes locked on her, as I continued. “For the first time, I caught a whiff of my arousal. The smell of my sex excited me even more, and I knew I couldn’t tease me any more. I had to touch my clit. And I needed to do it right then!”

With that, Kate hooked her fingers in the waistband of my bikini bottoms and slowly pulled them down. I instinctively raised my hips to help her slide them off, exposing me to her for the first time. The wisps of my pubic hair were damp with sweat. And I knew there was even more dampness a little farther down.

Kate tossed my bikini bottoms to the other side of the chaise then stood and slipped hers down and

off. Her top soon followed, and she helped me shed mine, until both of us were naked. My eyes glided over Kate's body, drinking in the light brown hair that partially concealed her swollen labia. I wanted to touch her so much at that moment, but before I could reach for her, she knelt back down by my chaise and pressed two fingers inside my sex.

She moved them up and down teasingly, caressing the inside of my swollen lips, spreading my juices around my opening and over my enflamed clit. My breaths were coming faster now, but I steadied myself to go on with my story.

"Suddenly, before my hand could move lower, I felt something cool and wet at my sex," I continued. "I jumped, then opened my eyes and saw Blitz sniffing at my opening. I was just appalled! And I tried to sit up on the chaise and scoot myself away from him."

"Oh fuck, Sarah, no..." I couldn't tell if she was excited, disgusted or something else. So I plunged ahead. And thankfully she did too!

"Just then, his long wet tongue snaked out and began to lick me. And they were big licks, Kate, wide licks, eager licks that started at my rectum and ended at my clit. Then back again, three, four times before I could react. Blitz had found something he wanted, and he was quite insistent."

As best I could tell, Kate was using her fingers to trace what she understood to be the path that Blitz's tongue traveled that day. She stroked and caressed me, smearing my nectar from my tight little rosebud up to my clit. I was finding it very difficult to talk by this time.

"I scolded him and tried to push his head away. But my resistance was weak and Blitz sensed it. He ignored me and continued to lick, if anything, with greater urgency because I'd tried to push him away."

I felt two of Kate's slender fingers enter me completely at that point. She probed deeply, then finally curled them and found my magic spot. Her words came in rhythm with the movement of her fingers. "Don't... stop... Sarah... tell... me!" she panted. So I went on.

"I glanced to see if anyone could help me. But I think I really wanted to make sure that there was no one around to see how much it turned me on. Instinctively, I spread my legs wider, feet on the pool deck on either side of the chaise, to open myself completely to Blitz's delicious tongue."

A third finger slid inside easily and Kate began a slow fucking motion with her hand. Each time she withdrew her fingers almost completely, then plunged them back in deeply. My hips were beginning to rock just a little, keeping time with her thrusts. My words came through clenched teeth as I tried to continue.

"Maybe it was the beer. Maybe I'd teased myself to such a level of arousal that I no longer had control. But whatever the reason, I began to relax, to enjoy the feeling of Blitz's tongue on my pussy. His big wet licks were unlike anything I'd ever felt before. They were so alien, so erotic."

Kate was plunging her fingers in and out, faster now. My pussy made squishy slurping sounds as she fucked me to the sound of my words. Just before I closed my eyes again I noticed that Kate's other hand had moved to her own mound and was slowly stroking her clit.

"I started to rationalize then. I began to think that I'd already "crossed the line" by letting the dog lick me like that. So why not enjoy it now..."

"And then, my god, Kate, I reached down and spread open my cunt for him! I wanted to make sure

he had access to all of me. It worked, too, because the next lick found my clit. It sent shivers through my body, and I was now totally out of control. I leaned my head back, lips spread wide, and prepared for the most explosive and nastiest orgasm of my entire life!"

Kate suddenly erupted, "Aaaaaaahhh fuckkkkkkkk!! Fuck me. Fuck!!!" Her fingers were a blur on her clit. She was cumming and I knew that my own orgasm wasn't far behind. I could feel it building. But I was determined to get it all out. To tell the whole story once and for all.

"He just kept licking! My eyes were shut tight and I could barely catch my breath. I was right on the verge of a massive orgasm, and my entire mental focus was on the sensations happening between my legs.

"Suddenly the licking just stopped. But in just a second, I felt Blitz's front paws on my shoulders. He had managed to climb up the chaise, paws on either side of me and now had me pinned underneath him. My god, Kate, he weighed almost as much as I did! I felt his hot breath on my face and could actually smell myself as he panted on me."

By this time, Kate had recovered somewhat from her orgasm and was concentrating again on my pussy. But I was too far gone to even be fully aware of what she was doing. I just had to finish the story now! I wanted to relive it and wanted Kate to live it with me.

"Blitz was out of control. I tried... I really tried to get myself out from under him. But I saw his cock emerging from its sheath. It looked red and slick and shiny. And it was growing by the second! I could actually see it pulsing and growing as Blitz began wildly thrusting in the general direction of my defenseless pussy.

"He was trying desperately to enter me! He was panting, thrusting, scooting upward on his hind legs, while his front paws kept me pinned tightly in place. I was almost paralyzed by the thought that I might actually be fucked by a dog! But with that very thought, I just exploded. I started to cum in wave after wave. And just as my back arched upward, I felt the first touch of Blitz's engorged cock."

The words were just tumbling out of me now, as I tried desperately to finish before I came again telling Kate about that day.

"As my pussy throbbed and contracted, Blitz drove his huge cock deep into me. And my contractions seemed to be pulling it deeper inside. He was bigger than David. And the width! He just split me wide open. And the heat, Kate. It felt like his cock was on fire!

"Then, there were a series of wild thrusts, Blitz's cock and my hips, both of us thrusting with pure animal instinct. His soft fur rubbed against my tender breasts each time our bodies jerked together.

"As my orgasm subsided, I lay almost still. I thought it was over. But just as I tried to get away again, I felt it! The walls of my abused cunt were being pushed outward, filled beyond capacity with some thing that was totally foreign to me. It scared me at first, then scared me even more as I realized we were locked together!

"He had claimed me with his knot. I was his until he was through with me. The thought of it appalled me and enflamed me at the same time. So when Blitz began thrusting again, I was ready for him. I thrust back, moaning and growling primitive sounds that came from my very core.

"And I couldn't help it! My legs reached upward and wrapped themselves around his hindquarters, pulling him to me again and again, as I totally crossed over from the human world to something much more primitive. Now, not only was the dog fucking me, but I was fucking the dog!

"I had never felt so filled before. The knot had grown to an unbelievable size, pushing me outward, stretching me far beyond my capacity. It throbbed, it pulsed, it controlled me as I had never been controlled before. I remember thinking that my body literally could take no more.

"But I felt his cock begin to throb again. And this time shot after shot of explosive heat and creamy liquid flooded my abused pussy... right before another massive orgasm swept me into unconsciousness."

By the time the story had finally come tumbling out, I was in a trancelike state. It was as if remembering it had transported me back to that day nearly a year ago. It was as if I could still feel the incredible pressure of the knot in my pussy.

Just then, I looked down and saw that Kate had inserted her entire hand inside my dripping cunt. She had curled it into a fish, and I could feel her twisting it slowly one way, then the other. I'd never seen a look of lust on another human face like the one I saw as she stared up into my eyes.

The sight, the sensations all joined together to push me over the edge. I was swept away. Totally. Completely. Wave after wave of orgasm lifted me up, then brought me crashing down, before lifting me again. The breakers kept coming and coming until I lost consciousness.

I'm not sure how long I was out. But I woke up to the feeling of someone or something gripping my thigh very tightly. As I slowly emerged from my orgasm-induced stupor, the first thing I saw was Kate. Her face was turned toward me, her eyes wide open, but not seeing me at all. And it was her hands that were digging into my thigh.

Then I realized what was going on. It was Blitz! Apparently attracted by the scent of our arousal, Blitz had jut mounted Kate from behind and was now fucking her hard with a speed that only dogs can manage. Kate's eyes were wide as the 100-pound animal gripped her with his strong forelegs and pulled himself onto and then into her.

Before I could get up to try and help her, Blitz was in, and the look of fear on her face changed. Her eyes were half closed now and her lips parted with a look of arousal and abandon that I knew all too well. I knew it was how I must have looked that day last year when Blitz had his way with me.

Blitz's thrusting grew even more urgent, as he drew Kate closer to him, gripping her tighter and tighter with his legs. He has pushed her forward until her head was resting on my thigh as I lay there on the chaise, and his face was only inches from mine. He was panting furiously and his tongue hung out of his mouth with his exertion.

Just then, his urgent thrusting slowed, then almost stopped. And I knew what must be happening.

"My god, Sarah," Kate whimpered. "It's... it's... oh, fuckkkkkkkkkk!"

Just as I had, Kate could feel the knot growing inside her, pushing outward with a force she could never have imagined. I knew the combination of fear, pain and arousal that she was feeling at that moment. And I knew she felt totally helpless and out of control, because that's exactly how I felt when it happened to me.

But she was on her own at this point; there was nothing I could do for her. And anyway, from the primitive, guttural sounds she was making, I didn't think she needed help. So, instead, I reached down and began to stroke her hair, her cheek, her breasts and then down to her clit where I could feel Blitz's deep thrusts. I marveled at how hard her nipples were!

As I caressed and comforted Kate, I looked at Blitz. He was whimpering and struggling with the effort, as he sprayed his seed into the waiting womb of his new mate. I couldn't help myself. I reached my other hand to him and patted his head soothingly. "Good boy, Blitz, good boy."

Just then, Kate exploded with her own climax. She dug her fingernails into my bare thigh, breaking the skin and drawing a little blood. But I pulled her close and pressed my nipple to her mouth causing her to suckle instinctively. I pressed her close as she stiffened and arched and bucked with Blitz still firmly locked in her abused throbbing pussy.

Her cries and moans were primal, sounding almost like a wounded animal. But I knew from my own experience that she was feeling things right then that no human words could express.

And now I could hear the slurping, sucking sounds of the huge knot, now lubed by his thin white cum, as it popped out of Kate's gaping cunt. It was followed by a flood of their mingled juices that puddled on the pool deck beneath them. I saw Blitz's massive cock dangling lewdly between his back legs, all pink and slick, as he pressed his tongue between Kate's legs to lap at the results of their coupling.

And then he was gone. Blitz ambled slowly over to his place next to the fence and was asleep by the time he had stretched himself fully on the ground. He was totally exhausted, and I was sure that like most men he'd already forgotten about what had happened.

But I hadn't forgotten. And I knew Kate hadn't forgotten. Neither of us would ever forget.

As I lay down next to Kate and held her trembling body to mine, I could see the scratches around her waist and her thighs where Blitz had gripped her. But seeing her pussy-lips puffy and swollen, hair matted with her juices and a stream of thin, white cum still oozing from her battered opening, I couldn't help but gasp at what Blitz had left behind.

And leaning over to soothe her ravaged tissues with my delicate tongue, determined to soothe her, I couldn't help but wonder how long it would be before we both craved to feel it again.

END