

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Let me tell you about her. She is quite clever, witty and cunning at times. A joy to spend time with, attentive, loyal and loving. Other times she can be a real bitch, self-centred and selfish....I guess that sums up most women. With her dark golden blonde hair just caressing the top of her firm arse cheeks, straight but with a hint of curl at times, the picture becomes more complete when viewed together with her full, tear drop 32DD breasts. Milky white, with edible nipples, au natural and wonderully set off with any top she wears. Knowing her best asset well, she has over the years become a master at exploiting them. Together with her long slender legs that seem to go forever until they reach her well groomed mound she turns heads wherever she goes. There are things about a natural blonde that can only fully be appreciated by those in the know. Her lips are full, pouting, her nose slightly angular with a hint of a chisled feel and dark eyebrows giving her a distinct french/spanish look even though she is of anglo saxon background. The voice that accompanies her personality is musical, firm, yet at times child like whenever she lets the princess within escape. It is this woman that I wish to see impaled on the end of a rather large, throbbing dog cock.

Her attention to our neighbours dog is what gave root to my fantasy. The way she plays with him, throwing the saliva covered ball away from him so he runs after it like the obedient lad that he is. Her constant rubbing of his neck, ears and stomach, feeling the silky fur glide through her fingertips, followed by her ever so silent gasp as the result of her administrations are made apparent. I had to giggle when she first was aware of the growing weapon between his legs, the look on her face when she noticed the pinkness of his cock start to peek out from between his sheath. The look of concern as it started to get bigger. Yet did she stop rubbing his stomach? Not a chance. It was only when his cock started to nearly touch her arm that she pulled away with an awkward laugh, followed by an unconvincing reprimand.

Sometime later when I brought up the topic of her "adventure", she was quick to dismiss it. I ventured so far as to suggest it turned me on, and a part of me...the dark evil part....had wanted her to touch it. She gave me a confused look, like she hadn't heard me correctly. I strenghtened my position by announcing that there were a thousand web sites that catered for that kind of thing. She wanted to see, not believing such nonsense, but after a few minutes cruising the web, she was quiet taken back by the depravity of it all. I quickly backpeddled, covering my tracks by agreeing with her, yet dropping inuendos whenever possible. It was the twinkle in her eye that gave me hope.

Sometime later I got the courage to purchase online an addition to our dildo collection. I bought a dog shaped penis, saying quite innocently that it looked wierd and it might give her a different feeling. She was non the wiser and readily accepted our new toy into our love sessions. I still vividly remember the first time I brought it out, and had her seductively spread her legs while on all fours. She loves to be fucked this way, and often I fantasize that a dog is doing it rather than me. With the rubber dog cock, the picture became even more vivid, especially as she was thrusting back on it, taking it fully, she whispered that she knew what it was, a dog penis shaped dildo, and if I was thinking about it being the neighbours dog cock instead. I couldn't lie, and said that I was pretending it was the neighbours dog thrusting into her. It was then that she orgasmed hard, one of those gut renching long drawn out ones that keep her rigid in position until the waves of pleasure subside enough for her to comfortably move.

I knew not to ruin the situation by pressing her on anything to do with the dog. I let it be, marinating in the knowledge that a huge breach had been traversed. A first step, and in my case, bigger than anything Armstrong managed. It was at this time that I started to formulate a possible strategy for my ultimate selfish goal. To make my darling wife a dog slut.

How is it that once a man decides on something, he will move heaven and earth to get to his goal? Nothing will stand in his way, obstacles become a distraction, the bizarre becomes normal and things that once were sheer fantasy become a reality.....

And so it was with my fantasy, the fact that what I was dreaming about, was wanting and willing to happen with my every breath was complete depravity for my darling wife. To see her become the tool for my selfish sexual deprecation was my focus, but how to do it without losing all? I felt like the gambler putting everything on the one throw of the dice knowing disaster was only a slip away. How was I going to direct her in the starring role of my mind's performance?

I knew that she was aware that I had a dirty little fantasy to do with the neighbour's dog. After a few sessions with the dog dildo, she got quite into it, even barking at one stage which I quickly put an end to. I didn't want her to be the dog, that was not appealing to me. She became quite brazen about it, teasing me whenever we saw the beast running around in the back yard next door. I believe she thought it was only a passing fad for me, like many others, and that if she humoured me with it, I would soon move onto some other sexual flavour of the month. Little did she know.....

It was when our neighbour had to go interstate for the week that a chance manifested itself. In the past the neighbour had asked us to look after her pets, a cat and the dog whenever she was away, and would reciprocate with our cat when we were gone. I couldn't contain myself when my wife mentioned to me between bites of her morning breakfast that she would be looking after the neighbour's pets for the week and would I help her with walking the dog like I did the last time. It was all quite innocent, but over the next couple of days until our neighbour was leaving, I pumped my manhood feverishly trying to visualize various dirty scenarios. Deep down I knew nothing would really happen, I mean, to think that my wife would actually do anything which would involve an animal sexually was complete idiocy. How would I create a situation that I would be able to engage her in without a divorce pending? The reality is often sobering.

Still, I lived in hope. The night before our neighbour left, my wife went over to go through the list of little things to take care of as women are wont to do. Water the plants, air out the rooms, feed the animals and so forth. When she got back, it was already late, and we headed off to bed as was our nightly routine, and go to sleep while some mindless tv program is playing in the background. This time though as I reached for the remote, she stopped me, saying she felt like a back rub, which is her way of saying she wants some. I rubbed her back some, tickling her spine, gently soothing her slim neck with my index fingers and thumbs while whispering how good she looked into her ear. Oh yes guys, this sort of administration does actually work, believe me! In no time we were in a tangle of lust, my engorged cock vigorously pushing the lips of her pussy apart to drive deep into her. We were both nearing orgasm, when she did something that surprised me completely, and under normal circumstances would have ruined the moment for me. She asked me to stop.

What really caught me off guard was the fact she asked me to use the dog cock dildo on her. Up until now, it was always me that had instigated this little fetish, but tonight she asked for it to be used on her. I quickly grabbed it from my bedside draw and started to gently tease her opening with it while she was lying on her back, legs spread apart and giving me an unsure smile. What was going through her mind I thought? I started to push the tip into her wet vagina, watching as the her outer lips started to wrap around the plastic shaft. For the second time she asked me to stop, saying in an unsure voice that she would rather I use it on her while she was on all fours.....like a bitch. Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather at this point! The look she gave me was one of complete distress, like she had just said the most stupid thing in the world, and I knew from past experiences that it was a look that needed reassurance from me. I told her to roll over, to spread her legs wide, and that she was wonderful and not to feel ashamed that she was getting into the role of my fantasy for me more. I used the tact that I understood that she was doing this to maybe please

me at which she quickly agreed, a little too quick to sound completely genuine. She was now propped up on her elbows, head slightly resting on the pillow, her full breasts swaying heavily, with her legs bent wide apart giving me a wonderful view of her open pussy. I was mesmerised by how wet she was even knowing we had just nearly orgasmed moments before. I know that if she doesn't orgasm soon in our lovemaking, her pussy tends to dry up, yet looking at it now, it was dripping honey like some young virgin slut. Talking to her gently, I probed her mind just as I was starting to probe her slit with the end of the dog dildo. Was she enjoying the shape of it? "Yes" she answered.... a little breathlessly. I pushed it into her a little further, pulling back as she started to thrust back on it and asked her, if she like the girth of it, did it fill her up? "Oh yes" was her subdued reply. I pushed it in even further, letting her slide her pussy along the shaft and allowing her to administer herself along the length of the plastic dog shaped cock I was holding in my hands. To view her lips grabbing at the shaft, slick with her arousal was truly intoxicating. As her breathing became laboured and I knew she was approaching an orgasm, I asked her my final question.....are you pretending the neighbours dog is fucking you? "fuck yesssss" she hissed at me, pushing back hard onto the latex pleasure pole, while I thrust the full length into her at the same time until it hit was nearly all the way in. Her orgasm was hard, violent, like nothing I had ever seen her do before. I spoke to her as she cum, saying how I wished it was a real dog cock and not just a fake one that was pounding her.....how I wished I could see the dog sperm running out of her swollen cunt. She orgasmed again violently, again something I have never seen her do before and cried out whimpering for me to stop. I gently pulled the dildo from her pussy with an audible plop, the lips releasing their vice like suction with some misgiving. She collapsed onto the bed, noticeably spent after two insatiable cums one on top of the other and curled up asking to be held. I knew she was going through a guilt trip, and proceeded to stroke her hair, holding her saying it was alright, that it was just a powerful sexual vision and nothing else, that she had reacted to the thought of fantasizing about a taboo subject, regardless of what it may have been. This seemed to calm her down a bit, but she did express a little anxiety at having to look after the neighbours pets after our sexual incident. I told her that if she was unsure, I would go over and do what was needed. As she lay there starting to fall asleep, I thought about what had just transpired, the full effect of it hitting home to me. It didn't even bother me that I had not cum, knowing that the vision of what I had just seen would fuel many a tug.

Another chapter had opened in my fantasy, one that I would have to play very carefully with as my wife was on a knives edge with her mental ability to deal with the reality that she had cum fantasizing about being fucked by a dog. The next few days would be critical and if I said the wrong thing, or made her feel dirty and cheapen the experience we had, I would soon shelve the whole depraved idea for good. I would have to tread very carefully, yet one thing I did not have was a lot of time. My neighbour would be away for a week and then that window of opportunity would close for however long.

Still, tomorrow is another day, and I was already plotting my next move.....

I woke with some misgivings about the week ahead. Had I blown any chance of making my fantasy a reality? Also, doubts starting creeping into my subconscious, causing me to question my motives. Did I "really" want to see my wife become the sex object of a beast? The more I started to think about it as I lay in bed, the more I came to realise that I had to get a grip on reality and let this whole fantasy farce go. Time to wake up and smell the roses.....

My wife had already woken and was bustling in the kitchen. When I went downstairs, I greeted her as cheerfully as possible, trying to hide my inner turmoil and guilt at what I had been trying to put her through. I thought of ways to start telling her that I was over the whole dog thing and that she could relax. As I watched her sit in her favorite chair, delicately nibbling on her morning cereal, her blonde locks hanging slightly over her face, I looked at the woman of my dreams. She seemed quite innocent, the princess within was out today, and that boded well for a relaxing afternoon. I shelved

talking to her waiting for a better time, not wanting to spoil her seemingly good mood. As I greeted her with a "good morning", she casually looked up at me and gave me one of those heavy lidded smiles, the eyes reflecting the love she held for me. Hmmm, this was certainly going to be the start of a good day!

I made myself some breakfast, and we ate in relative silence, not the uncomfortable kind, rather the self assurance between two people that have known each other for many years, comfortable in each others company without the need for idle useless chatter. Once finished, I started for the door to go to the neighbours house to look after her pets. My wife asked where I was going, to which I replied that I was going to feed the dog and cat like I said I would the previous night.

"Oh, don't bother hon, I have already taken care of that, you might want to walk him later on though, you know how he gets when he is inside all day".

I looked at her face intently, trying to garnish any information from her response.

"What about last night, I thought you were over the whole thing, I don't want you feeling uncomfortable about any of this and would rather drop the whole thing than have anything come between us".

"Don't be silly hon, that was last night and I was just being a bit foolish, anyway.....all said and done, I did rather enjoy it as you probably noticed....."she said with one of her cheeky don't you dare answer smiles.

"So you are alright then?" I asked back.

"Yes hon, I'm fine".

I guess that was that and left it at that. The rest of the day, being a weekend, was spent our usual way. Lunch at our local, followed by a bit of shopping, a walk along the beach and then back home in the afternoon. I decided to spend some time in the garden doing some trimming, while my wife decided to catch some rays on the sunlounge. She came out in her bikini, nothing flash, one of her old ones that she wore when we were alone, a strictly for suntaning bikini. Often she would take her top off, as she did today and give me a distraction from my gardening. I loved the way that at the age of 39, she still managed to have firm breasts. Perhaps the fact that she had never had children was to blame, but either way, I wasn't. Her nipples always go rock hard in the sun, and she is a professed sun worshipper, always gets rather horny after a good bake, so I was living in hope of perhaps sampling some of the wares on offer to me.

It was during my daydream that the neighbours dog started barking. He had rummaged around in the backyard being left to his own devices, and under normal circumstances, is definately a creature that needs company. He had heard me in the backyard, and was pacing the fence on the other side, occasionally jumping on his hind legs to try and get a view over the fence. I berated him for the noise he was making, but my wife looked up and told me to go easy, he was just lonely and wanted company. She started to get up, put her bikini top on and grab her towel and make a move. I asked her where she was going, to which she replied

"next door to keep him company, we can't have him in here, and he isn't going to let up until someone stays with him"

I knew the logic in this, we had a very dog unfriendly environment in our backyard, and the last time he managed to get over he caused a lot of carnage in a little amount of time.

"ok, well, I'll come with you" I said

"no need hon, I'm just going to being doing what I was here. If I need anything I will give you a yell".

That was fine with me as I did have to finish the chores in the garden and sitting over there doing nothing was not really my ideal way to end an afternoon. At this point I never even twigged, nothing dirty popped into my head at all. Here was my wife going to do some tanning over at the neighbours house, probably topless, in the same backyard as the dog. It was only a half hour after she had gone that I suddenly realised the implications of it all, and low and behold, the sun must also have an effect on me, because instantly a multitude of dirty thoughts started to flood my mind. There was no

noise next door, so I casually made my way to the fence and peeked over. There was my wife, lying semi naked on her stomach asleep by the steady rhythm of her breathing. The dog was lying not far away, head on chin, as dogs are wont to do when nothing is happening around them, just casually gazing and dreaming of whatever dogs dream about. The picture was quite innocent, yet I could extract some sort of malevolent fetish from it all, my mind playfully going over all the possible scenarios involving my wife and the beast. So much for calling it quits! I was quietly praying that something was going to happen, bending my mind to call out to the dog to do something to start a chain of events that would lead down the path of complete subjugation of my wife. I was definitely no Uri Gellar, but as I chuckled inside, I was apt at trying anything. How perverse did I feel, actually wanting something to happen? I must be sick, a wierdo, definitely perverted, but I didn't really care. It was all about me and my need for sexual fulfillment. I had entered the long dark night of the penis.....

I was snapped out of my thoughts by movement. The dog had got up and was sniffing around the grass. I looked intently, eyes fixed on any sign that something may proceed. He gradually made his way to my wife, and started to sniff at her crotch. Well bugger me if I didn't just jump 10 feet into the air and do a cartwheel all at the same time. This would feed my perverse little mind for hours to come. I watched as she brushed him aside, waving her hand behind her above her arse to shoo him away. Instinct told me to make myself unseen, so I lowered myself to fence height and moved along to where the bushes were more prevailing. He went back for seconds, trying to sniff her arse again, and I deduced that my wife must be sending out some sort of sent to him, perhaps she was getting a little wet as she does when she bakes in the sun for a while. Oh, to only hope! She waved him away again, this time with a verbal reprimand. He scooted off, but was soon back at the scene, trying again to push his wet snout between her legs. Then my wife did something that will stay vividly in my mind's eye till the day I die.....she looked up over at our fence, obviously looking for me, and when she didn't see me, she called out my name, not loudly, just enough to satisfy her own conscience. When I didn't answer, she reached back and pulled aside her bikini bottoms allowing the dog to have access to her pussy. I couldn't believe my eyes....was this really happening? I peered intently, watching as she started to spread her legs, slightly at first to give him better access and then wide apart. The dog was lapping away at her pussy and arsehole, oblivious to his part in the scheme of things. My wife reached back with both hands and grabbed her arse cheeks firmly and pulled them apart. There was no doubt now, she wanted this, and was making the best of the situation. The dog started to lick away feverishly, turning his furry head sideways to gain better access. He must have started to taste her juices as I was sure she must be gushing profusely. I could even hear her little moans, and sharp intake of breath as the dog's tongue probed deeper into her vagina. She started to lean back into him, raising herself slowly on her knees, allowing her pussy to open up even further for the beast, hands frantically pulling her arse apart. What a good dog I thought, playing his part so well! He was right inside her now, I could see the snaking tongue lash at her wet glistening lips, her hips moving back and forth in a simulation of copulation, moaning louder, reaching a point of no return.....

Her orgasm was gigantic, I was mesmerized that the woman I thought I knew sexually, thought I had been the sole giver of her pleasure. It was with mixed emotions that I witnessed what would have been one of her biggest and longest cums I had ever seen. Happy for her to have felt such release, yet fiercely jealous of the fact that it was not me giving her that release. In her throws, the dog kept licking away, trying to manoeuvre his mouth in time with her convulsions. Her heavy breasts crushed under the weight of her body until she finally collapsed. She snapped her legs closed, finished with the ministrations of the canine, just lying there on her stomach, breathing heavily, slight tremours snaking their way down different parts of her body. I could see her legs were shaking, trembling. After what seemed ages, but was only a few minutes, she looked over at the fence again, didn't see me and made to leave. She put her bikini on, picked up her towel and started to make her way back over, when suddenly she stopped, turned and made her way to the dog. I

watched as she knelt down to him as he was lying on the grass, a big panting grin on his face, and rubbed his head and ears in gratitude, giving him a quick kiss on the head. As she was about to get up and leave, she hesitated, looked over at our fence again, and then back down to the dog. I could see as she was rubbing her hand along his belly, and the attention causing him to roll over onto his back, legs splayed out widely, with one leg pumping the tyre. She moved her hand hesitantly closer to his shaft, and I noticed, albeit strainingly, that he must be getting hard. I watched in fascination and awe as she started to rub her hands along his ball sack, squeezing slightly, but with the full intent to make him hard. Where was this going? As the pinkness of his rod started to protrude from his sheath, she touched it, rubbed it between her finger and thumb. I was in heaven.....! But as soon as she started, she stopped, got up and started to walk back towards our house. It was only then that I noticed my cock in my hand, the remnants of semen dripping through my clenched fingers and a fence that had been repainted in egg shell cum. There was nothing for it, I just placed him back in my pants, soiled and all, and ran to the house to pretend I was inside. The laptop was on so I would have a plausible excuse for not hearing her call my name.

My mind was a swirl of emotions. My fantasy was taking shape as hard core reality. She had let the dog lick her to orgasm, touched his shaft and all. Where to from here? I would have to wait for her to get back and plan my moves around her now. This rollercoaster ride was starting to get momentum, but I felt far from in control. The ramifications of what had just transpired thrilled and scared me all at the same time.

Where to from here.....?

With Christmas Day fast approaching, any thoughts of creating a liaison between my wife and the neighbours dog was pushed from my mind. I had to digest what had transpired between the two of them, and the more I thought on it, the more jealous I got about it. I know this sounds strange, the fact that my fantasy was taking shape and bearing fruit, but as it always goes with things we want badly, the reality can somewhat become quite sobering. I would have to say, after a day or two of self analysis, that I was taken back by the fact she had proceed to another level without my participation. I was not "present" at her first real involvement, not able to dictate proceedings according to my selfish plan. Then there was also the initial "what if's?"....what if she liked having sex with the dog more than me? what if I had to compete with an animal?...the more I thought on these things, the more I felt the whole situation slipping from my control. I couldn't even confront her or talk to her about what I was feeling as it would give away the fact that I had spied on her and as women have a knack at doing, make her the victim in all of this. I was starting to become distracted by the whole event, my every thought going back to the vision in my head of her complete and powerful orgasm on the end of a canine tounge.

Christmas Day came and went. My wife did her duties taking care of the animals next door without incident. It wasn't until the end of Boxing Day, lying in bed together having finally escorted our last guests to their cars that we starting chatting about the days events. What presents we liked, the amount of food eaten, who drank what and how much.....the sort of things a couple normally do. I was rather tired and didn't make any move towards sex, thinking my wife would be in the same frame of mind and was just happy lazily surfing Foxtel. While flicking through the channels, stopping occasionally on one to peruse the contents, I stumbled across the animal planet channel. It was showing two animals copulating, a couple of horses at which I just started watching. My wife commented on how hard it must be for the filly to take the weight of such a big stallion to which I agreed. The next scene was showing two dogs going at it.....well, didn't everything go silent at that. I was peeking out of the corner of my eye trying to see my wife's reaction without me making it obvious I was. She was starring intently at the rapid sexual frenzy at which the male dog was pounding the bitch, and then how he suddenly stopped as they knotted together. Without looking at me, still intent on the action on the TV, she said she knew that I was watching her.

"Is this what you want me to do?" she asked not taking her eyes off the screen.

I didn't know what to say. My mind was screaming at me to retreat, my cock on the other hand was instantly twitching to hardness. What answer would I give? It had come to a crucial impasse, and how I replied would dictate the direction of any future actions. I knew I could not be indifferent, that would show my weakness at making a decision. I had to say either yes or no....

"Yes", I replied in an almost whisper.

"You want an animal doing that to me?" she continued.

"Yes", I said with more confidence this time.

"Why?" she asked.

Well, that put me on the spot. Why indeed? Was our sex life not reasonably good? Did I not love her enough? Was I just some perverted selfish bastard that needed medication?

"It turns me on", I answered back

"Don't I do that enough for you? What is so wrong with our sex life that you want to see an animal fucking your own wife?" she said.

Damn, wrong answer! Well, not wrong, just said in the wrong way. How to salvage this I thought?

"It's not any of those sorts of things. It's just something very primitive, I want to see you getting fucked, and have often thought about a threesome with another guy....but emotionally I don't think, actually, I know I wouldn't be able to handle it, the jealousy attached with such an event. This is just a perverted way of fulfilling my desire to see you getting pounded by someone, or as is the case at hand, something other than myself. It is just so wrong, so terribly dirty that it becomes very erotic. I don't expect you to understand, in fact, I don't understand it myself at times. It is pure sexual emotion." I retorted.

She didn't say anything for the longest time. The documentary had moved on to other topics and neither of us was really watching anymore. I started to feel sick, really worried I had gone way, way too far with what I was feeling. The ball was definitely in her court.....

"I still can't see how a women can do something like that" she said.

"I am sure there are many women out there who do it for similar reasons to mine, or just another angle of what I have said" I started to say.

"No, physically I mean. How can a woman be fucked by a dog?" she corrected me. "Those websites, do they show how you can actually do it, or is it just porn?" she said.

"Well, most of them are just pictures and movies. Just jerking material, but you may be able to garnish something from them. There is this one website called Zooskool that I stumbled across which is rather in-depth on the techniques used" I said.

"Oh, you've got it all planned eh?" was her sharp reply.

"Not really, just stumbled along it while surfing looking at the pictures. Why? Are you interested in "doing" something?" I asked.

"I really don't know to be honest. I disgusts me completely on one side, and yet, there is something that intrigues me greatly. It is so rather dirty isn't it. Do you think I could look at that website?" she said.

"Sure, I'll go and get the laptop and bring it in here" I said.

It took me all of 30 seconds to race to get the laptop. Things were spinning well out of orbit now, but there was nothing for it. In for a penny.....

I switched the Dell on, cursing Windows for being so slow. Then again, I don't think Bill would have had what I was needing it for in mind when designing it either. Finally, I got my web browser open, and a few clicks later, arrived at the Zooskool website. I went straight to the "lessons" and started to go through them with my wife. She at first didn't say anything, just looking, nodding with the occasional "oh my" thrown in. As they started to get more graphic, I could tell that she was getting more excited. Casually, I started to stroke her back, gently running my fingers along her spine until I reached the base of her nightshirt. She likes this sort of attention, and was obviously getting rather turned on with what she was looking at. Her nipples started to protrude sharply from her top, straining at the material in a definite sign of arousal. She often made comments to various pictures



or bits of video, saying how she couldn't believe it was true. One thing she did mention which stuck was the fact that none of the women looked like they were not enjoying it. It was when we got to the actual copulation section that she really started to get edgy. I whispered in her ear how good that dog cock would look going into her wet sloppy hole. She moaned loudly, grabbed my arm and asked me to get the dog dildo for her. I quickly got it from its hiding place, and gave it to her to play with. She knew how I loved to watch her pleasure herself, and I was very excited with the turn of events. Web browsing to a beastiality site while pleasuring herself with a dog shaped dildo was certainly a turn up for the books. I was in dirty porn heaven!

As she was getting more and more into it, she asked me to tell her what I wanted the dog to do to her. I started with things such as watching it lick her pussy and arse, getting her to fondle his cock for me and such things. As I was saying these things, she had inserted the dildo into her wet snatch, the outer lips wrapping themselves tightly around the curious canine shaped shaft. An audible growl escaped her lips, one of sheer pleasure, mixed with a hint of something more. I grew bold, saying suddenly to her..."wouldn't you prefer to have the real thing?"

She stopped, dildo half way up her snatch, and looked me straight in the eyes. Her expression was serious, firm, yet pleading.

"Is this what you really want?" she whispered.

"Yessss" I answered back. Oh so very much yes.

I could hear the suction noise as she withdrew the substitute dog cock from her cunt. The audible "plop" as her pussy lips reluctantly released their hold on the pleasure pole.

"Ok then" she started to say, "lets go and make your wife into a dog slut" she whispered.

As we left the bedroom I let my wife take the lead, watching her slowly walk in front of me. The gentle sway of her hips as she scooted across the cold tiles, the slight curl in her blonde hair bouncing off her shoulders, the teasingly seductive swell of her arse cheeks straining against her little pyjama panties. I tried not to imagine what lay ahead. Was she truly going to go all the way? Is this what I really wanted? God, the thoughts racing through my mind were starting to make me shiver. I felt the throbbing of my engorged penis, straining against my undies. It was all the answer I needed.....

"How is this going to work?" she asked me, "I mean, do we bring the dog in here?"

"I guess that is the safest option. Wait here while I go and fetch him" I replied

Grabbing the keys from the kitchen table, I tried to walk with a calm slow gait, not wanting to seem over eager. Also, I didn't want to work myself up any more than I already was and have the dog perhaps get agitated sensing my energy. I walked in the dark over to my neighbours house, gently whispering the dogs name so as not to startle him into a barking frenzy and wake the neighbourhood. He was sitting on his hind legs, his tail swishing back and forth on the tiles when I opened the door, his tongue lazily hanging from between his canines in what I could only discern as a smile. I thought that soon he would have a better use for his tongue.

I startled my wife upon my return with the neighbours dog. I think she had been in a world of her own, probably thinking about backing out more than likely. The dog knew he was not allowed into our house, so I had to pull a little tighter on his leash to get him to enter. He started to race ahead when he saw my wife. It is the way of things when an animal sees the person that feeds it, a natural bond grows between them. I let him off his leash and he raced to where she was sitting on the couch, sniffing her legs and jumping up onto the cushions in a gesture of excitedness. I watched her start to rub his head, scratching behind the ears as she always has done, and lean over to rub her nose on his. Something a month ago I would have not even noticed suddenly sent sparks of jealousy through my mind. I didn't say anything, just stood watching from a distance as my wife tried to calm the animal down with quiet whispers. She looked up at me suddenly, with a questioned look in her eyes. I looked back and just nodded my head. She took this as my final submission to my own perverted fantasy and turned her attention back to the dog.

"Would you like taste mommies pussy again like you did the other day?" I heard her whisper, almost

inaudible, but it carried enough for me to hear.

"Perhaps, if your a naughty doggie, mommy might just let you have your way with her" she again whispered.

The dog jumped off the couch, moving rapidly around the coffee table in a playful walk, checking out all the oddities around him, sniffing the magazine pile under the table, another wiff of a pair of shoes before darting back to my wife. I watched the dog and never noticed that my wife had stood up and started removing her pyjama pants. So this was going to happen I thought! It was actually going to happen! She removed them, stepping away from them when I said to her "take your top off as well, I want him to see everything".

She looked over at me, and with no expression on her face, removed her top as well revealing her firm full breasts. I watched as she discarded the cotton top next to her panties and started to run her hands along the sides of her breasts down until they reached the top of her thighs.

"fuck I'm horny" she suddenly said. I took this as a good sign...

She called the dog over to her, again rubbing her hands through the thick fur of his neck and back. With one hand she reached down and rubbed in a circular motion around her pussy, then put it to his nose. I could see light reflect off her fingers, a sure sign of her arousal. The dog suddenly went quite still, intent on sniffing her fingers and then starting to lick at them. I took this as another good sign.....

Without hesitation she fell back into the couch with her legs firmly closed and looked straight at me. "Last chance oh husband of mine" she said, "before I let this beast have his wicked way with me. Once I start, it will finish on my terms....ok?" she said. "And no getting all wierd on me, remember darling, this is your idea, never mine" she continued.

I just nodded, my tounge glued dry to the top of my mouth. I was about to cum just at hearing those words. She turned away and started to spread her legs, slowly at first, but then quicker as the neighbours dog started to move between them. He darted straight for her pussy, snout buried into her hairy mound and the audible sound of his tounge rasping her womanhood. I watched intently as he started to get more agile around her lips, turning his furry head sideways to get better access to the fluid between them. I looked at my wife, who was looking directly at me, smiling. Not the smile of one who has just heard a good joke, or the happy smile of recieving a gift, but rather the smile of someone who is starting down the road of perverted lust. She smiled at me, rubbing her left hand along the dogs head, gently trying to push his snout further into her snatch, while her right hand had moved to her breast, tweaking and pinching her engorged nipple.

"Is this what you wanted to see honey?" she asked "To see your wife get all wet and horny by having a dog lick her cunt?"

I nodded again, unable to speak, mesmerized by the scene before me. My wife, leaning back on the couch, legs spread with our neighbours dog between her thighs licking her snatch while she was playing with her nipple. I started to take my straining cock out of my jocks when she stopped me.

"Oh no hon, this is just between him and me. Watching only and no jerking off. I don't want you distracted in case he gets out of control" she said.

Bloody hell I thought! "You've got to be joking!" I replied.

"Either that or I stop now.....remember our deal" was her reply.

Damn, beaten by my own lust. There was nothing for it but to stand there like a third left shoe and continue to watch the proceedings.

My wife started to move her hips in time with pushing the dogs head into her pussy. She was slowly fucking his tounge. God this was insane! She looked back at me and told me how good it felt, how far into her pussy his tounge was going. I could tell by the way she was breathing, how erect her nipples were and the perspiration starting to show on her body that she was loving it.

"Ohh, his tounge keeps flicking my clit. It feels like he is trying to eat me" she moaned.

Her movements were getting stronger, more jagged and rougher. The dog did not let up, just continued with his attention on her snatch.

"fuck me, this is good" she wailed. "Do you like watching your wife surrender her cunt to this

animal?" she asked "because if you don't its too fucking late....."

Her orgasm hit her like a slap in the face. She bucked her hips up violently, startling the dog who cautiously took a few steps back. My wife quickly lent forward and grabbed his collar dragging him to her gaping wet pussy, which from where I stood was red and slightly swollen from his rasping tongue. He went straight back to licking her pussy while she continued in the throws of her orgasm, more powerful than the other one I had witnessed days earlier. Both hands were now violently pulling at her blood engorged nipples, pulling them to an obscene length that caused her heavy breasts to pull away from her body, then slap back down as she released them. Her legs were now wide open, knees behind her elbows to allow the dog full rein of her pulsating sex. The scene looked like something out of the dirtiest porn video, and I couldn't help but grab my aching cock and start to pound my meat. It didn't take me long to start shooting my excessively large load all over the tiles, my hands slick with my semen. I groaned as I watched my wife grab her knees to even further open herself up to the canine. She was rasping, sobbing in her ecstasy, tears forming in her eyes as testament to the power of her orgasm. Her body was shaking violently now, back and forth her arse was bucking off the couch, like she was subconsciously trying to fuck an invisibly obscene sized cock.

The dog could not keep pace with her emotions, and I think she had become too sensitive for him to continue anyway, as he slipped from between her legs and paced around the table again. After a while, she settled down somewhat, gulping in large amounts of air like some marathon runner at the end of his race. Her head was weakly resting in the cushions of our couch, looking at the ceiling, while her legs, together now but hanging over the couch with her feet resting on the floor. She said without looking at me, "I want your cock inside me, I really need to be fucked right now hon, badly". I could only sigh in embarrassment as she turned her head to look at me. My right hand still clutching my now undersized penis, cum leaking from between my fingers dripping onto the floor to be added to the pool of my mother load, my left hand against the wall giving me support.

"Oh Jesus hon, I told you not to jerk off" she moaned. "I really need a cock badly, your so selfish sometimes".

She followed my gaze to the neighbour's dog, who was lying on the floor, gently licking his sheath.

"Your not serious?" she said hesitantly

I just looked back at her and nodded.....

Silently we looked at each other, the thread of understanding between us strained. Her eyes were unsure, hesitant, pleading almost as if waiting for me to release her from this burden and tell her it was fine to walk away, not to continue. We didn't say a thing for the longest time, just looking at each other. I was debating in my mind whether to pursue the issue, the ramifications of failure, of success. I was sure she was thinking a lot of the same, but from more of an emotional level....would I still love her? Would I respect her? How would she feel about herself afterwards? At least that was what my male ego was telling me she might be thinking, but looking into her eyes, there was no real way to guess her thoughts. Here was my wife, naked, her chest rising with her steady breathing, golden locks slightly damp from the sweat of her release, the hardened rose coloured nipples abused from her attention to them, the glistening evidence of her lust displayed along the inside of her thighs, the matted hair of her pubes, the swollen lips of her womanhood.....the beast in my pants was starting to take over my thought pattern again!

After the longest time, I broke my trance with her and glanced over to the neighbour's dog. Was I happy for it to be him.....for him to take possession of my wife of so many years, to be her first lover other than me after the consummation of our marriage so long ago? He looked a fine beast, his fur shiny, glistening in the subdued light of our living room. Strong muscles rippling underneath all that hair displaying to the world the latent power within. He was casually licking his sheath, a tiny red point protruding when his tongue flicked away. He suddenly stopped, looked at us both with his jaw slightly ajar. He rolled over playfully, legs splayed in the air, rubbing his back against the

carpet...like a prize athlete stretching before his game. Again he locked eyes with me, telling me it was alright, that he would look after her, take her to new levels that we could both enjoy. Trust me was what was in his eyes.....trust me.

I looked back at my wife. She was looking at the dog, watching it intently. Was she seeing the same trust in his eyes as I had? Her right hand moved towards her pussy, her index and middle finger gently pulling at the canine saliva soaked hairs of her sex. She looked back at me, a more resolute look on her face, like she had made a decision.

"You want this dog to fuck me?" she asked

I paused, hesitated and finally answered....."yes"

"You understand there is no going back, never. Whatever happens you will have to live with it for the rest of your life, for better or for worse. Are you sure you want to risk everything for a moments pleasure?" she continued

"It's not just my pleasure we are talking about is it?" I retorted

"Don't get smart on me now hon, you know exactly what I mean, so don't make my decision to tell you to go fuck yourself any easier.....answer the question" she said

I knew this ploy, she was accruing some emotional ammunition in case it did go all pair shaped. She did a similar thing when I went out and bought a new car a few months ago.

"Yes I am. I have the strongest feeling that it is just not me alone that wants this to happen. Truthfully now, if you were going to do anything purely for me alone, we both know you wouldn't. You have to have some sort of feeling towards this otherwise it wouldn't have gone this far" I replied "You are right in a way" she started to say, "At first when you brought this newest of your kinks to me, I always thought that it would just be a passing thing, you know, humour him a little, play along with it and you will soon get bored with it like you mostly do. But this is different, I can feel it as well. I.....it's just so hard to admit it.....I think I want to try it as well, just to see what it is like, but I am deathly afraid of trying, of what lies on the other side, of what you will think of me afterwards, how everything will change".

"I will still and always love you" I reassured

"I know that hon, but how will you take it? Have you really thought about it? You've seen my orgasm, and how hard I cum recently when we involve this fantasy into our lovemaking. How will you be able to emotionally cope watching me get fucked hard by that dog over there, watching me cum harder than I have ever for you, watching him make me his.....bitch?" she whispered

She drew that last word out for impact, and boy did it hit home. Making my wife into the dogs bitch. Wasn't what all this was about? Wasn't that my original plan? To transform my wife into a dog slut? But her words were playing on my mind, really digging deep into my thoughts. Oh how the reality can divert from the fantasy, yet still be the same. My wife was looking at me intently, studying my unease and waiting patiently for my inner demons to fight their battle....guilt, conscience and lust. Who was going to win?

She was still casually playing with her sweaty pubic hairs, her magnificent breasts rising with every breath she took when the dog raised itself from his lethargy and strolled over to my wife. He parked himself next to her legs, close enough for her to reach out with her left hand and gently scratch him behind the ears. He almost immediately started to lick her fingers, lick her own lust from her finger tips. He stopped, and looked at me, gazing intently into my eyes. Both of them were just starring at me like they were waiting for an answer. And there it was again, the look in the dogs eyes.....trust me.....

"I .....I want this to happen" I whispered

After the longest pause, my wife finally answered,

"So do I".....

She looked painfully into in my eyes, looking for some sign that I loved and respected her. I could tell what she was wanting. After all our years together, all the tough times, it was our constant

understanding of each others needs that was the adhesive in our relationship.

I made a move towards the dog, suddenly not knowing how to continue. My wife could see my hesitation and supplied my discomfort with a giggle.

“Didn’t plan this far ahead did we now?” she smirked at me

I felt suddenly foolish, my demeanour plummeting at the sudden realisation that she was right. Up until seconds ago, I was in control, or fairly in control of my own fantasy. Yes, there had been deviations, but on the whole, it was working out just fine.....until now. How would I go about the actual copulation? I knew it could never take on the form of one of those cheap mpegs I had viewed so many times on Beastforum. This had to be handled much better, or this was going to be the first and last time I would ever have the chance at this. I wanted it to be fantastic, and I knew my wife expected me as the architect of this whole sware to come up with the goods. Still, my mind registered a blank.

“I tell you what hon, why don’t you give him a wash. He is rather wiffy, and there is no way I am going to do anything with him smelling like that” she said interrupting my thoughts. “Oh, and I suppose you had better give his..... you know what, a real good going over. I know they are supposed to be clean and all down there, but it would help me knowing it actually was”

I was surprised by her sudden candid approach to it all. Even now, at this heightened stage of arousal, her feminine hormones kicked fully in. I couldn’t believe that she asking me to perform the canine version of brushing his teeth before sex! Women, they never cease to absolutely infuriate me.....

“Don’t you want to help me? I almost pleaded

“No hon, I want to get ready for him” she answered as she started to get up and move.

“What do you mean....get ready for him? I queried. My simple male mind could not comprehend without some sort of outside visual stimulation that she was turning this into something much more than a quick romp. What did she need to do? Geez, just get on your hands and knees and let him mount you I thought....my balls were busting!

“You’ll just have to wait and see” she said. “Oh, and don’t rush, I’m going to be at least an hour, so you will have plenty of time to give him a blow dry. I don’t want a wet dog for my first time” she laughed as she said this, my expression must have been truly divine. She walked naked to the kitchen fridge, dragged a bottle of one of our more expensive bubblyies out, a Veuve Clicquot by the look of it, took a single long stemmed champagne glass out of the cupboard and with a mischievous grin on her face went into our bedroom. I could hear the click of the lock being turned. It felt so final.....

Well, if that didn’t just take the whole bloody cake! It was my fantasy from what I last could recall, and now, like some bloody shifty lawyer, she had pulled it out from under my feet and made it her own. There was nothing for it but to do as she had asked, and to be honest, he did smell rather pungent. I took the dog into our guest bathroom. He seemed to know what was going to happen, and didn’t at all fight me as I had worried he might. Perhaps he knew the prize for his watery ordeal? At least it gave me time with him to go over some finer points on how to stimulate my wife. I wanted to give him every chance at doing it right the first time. With his size, he didn’t need lifting into the bathtub, just a gently “giddy up” and he was in. I reached for the shampoo, not knowing and at the moment honestly not caring if it was good for him or not. I felt like one of those metro male hairdressers getting some guy ready for his big date. I didn’t like the way I was feeling at all.

Turning on the water, I noticed the pressure was down somewhat. This was always the case when someone else was showering or filling the tub in our ensuite. So my wife was also having a bath! Well, when was the last time she did that for me before sex? I could feel the pang of jealousy starting to creep its ugly way through my mind. Making sure the water was warm, I poured some shampoo onto the dogs back. He just quietly stood still, looking straight ahead. At least he was co-operative in this somewhat humiliating process. I was starting to think the trust I could see in his eyes earlier was actually more like “you sucker” .....

Somewhat begrudgingly I started to lather him up. First along his back, getting him nice and soapy. Up to his ears, careful to not get any into them or his eyes and then along his legs and tail. His stomach came last, and then his equipment. Man, this was becoming degrading. Funny how this little image never made it into those many hours of masturbation. After washing my hands clean of soap I rubbed his balls thoroughly, knowing full well that my attention was going to get him aroused. I mean, just think of it for a moment, here you are, getting your cock and balls washed by the guy whose wife you are about to royally fuck. I don't know about anybody else, but it would give me the biggest fucking hard on in my life if it was me! He started to twitch which brought me back from my self pity. I could feel his sheath start to stretch within my grasp, the inevitable protrusion of his slick cock head starting to make its way forward. I was slightly amazed at how quickly he became hard in my hands, and also somewhat envious of his size. The thought came to me of my wife. Was she going to be able to take all of this meat? I wonder if she had thought about it? Was she thinking about it now as she marinated in a wondrous bubble bath, slowly sipping a cold glass of Veuve? Oh, I had no doubt she had at some stage made comparisons between his potential size and the dog cocks we had both been looking at on the Beastforum website.

The dog suddenly started to make small forward motions with his hips. My god, he was starting to hump my hand. I was unconsciously jerking the beast off while busy with my own thoughts. Immediately I removed my hand from his shaft, and with some perversion, took the opportunity to have a quick peek at it. Bloody hell, it was huge, and the knot had not even made it out yet. I started to have real misgivings about my wife being able to successfully manoeuvre her first canine cock. But those were dispelled almost instantly by the vision of that same cock grotesquely stretching my wife's pussy. "Enjoy the champagne honey", I smiled to myself somewhat wickedly.

In another half hour I had him towelled, dried and looking show material, whatever that was. He smelt like a dog still, and I was about to spray him with some of my aftershave to make him more appealing to my wife when I stopped. The whole point was that he was a dog, and not as substitute me. I got him to follow me to our bedroom door where he sat on his butt next to me. We both looked at each other, him sitting expectantly at the door to my sanctity, me standing next to him, reaching out to open the door. What a comical pair the two of us made. It was enough to make me chuckle and loose all my bad thoughts from the last half hour.

"Well boy, I guess this is it" I said to him. He just looked up at me, cocked his head slightly as if to say, "are you going to open this thing or just stand there looking at it stupid all day?" I know when to take a hint.

Reaching out to turn the door handle, I noticed it was still locked. I knocked on the door. I could hear my wife moving around inside the room, closing a wardrobe door.

"Wait a minute hon, I'm still not ready yet. I did say an hour" she chided me through the closed door.

"Well, what am I supposed to do?" I replied

"Your both males, why don't you kill some time together in front of the telly. You could even be a nice guy and let him choose the channel. I'm sure he would love that Animal Planet channel we watched the other day". I could hear amusement in her voice. I could see the funny side in it as well.

"Well boy, what do you say to some fornication on the Discovery Channel?" I asked the dog. He just raised his head up at me again with that look of "I don't care what we do, as long as it doesn't involve standing in front of a closed door all bloody night". I laughed and made our way to the lounge. We both sat there like we were waiting at a vet appointment. Minutes passed, and my mind was racing Schumacher style. What was my wife doing in there so long? A bath would not have taken her an hour. My curiosity was starting to really get the better of me and I was about to creep outside to have a peek in the bedroom window when I heard her call out.

"I'm ready hon" she called, "for the both of you".

I got up and made my way to our bedroom door. The neighbour's dog was lying on the floor, cautiously watching my moves.

"Come on boy, its time" I encouraged him. He bounded up, his muscular legs easily raising him to a

standing position and seductively meandered to where I was standing. I patted him on the head, almost lovingly before reaching out to turn the handle of my bedroom door. Turning it slowly until it could turn no more, I gently pushed open the obstacle of my fetish. I paused ever so slightly, knowing that what lay beyond was a new life, a complete different set of rules. I felt suddenly sick and faint, glad I was still holding onto the door handle for support. My sudden weakness made me lean forward pushing the door open. As the door opened slightly, the neighbour's dog pressed forward and made his way inside. He was defiantly more ready for this than I was, and not wanting to be outdone by a canine I full flung the door open wide regaining my composure. Inside it was dimly lit, the immediate smell of burning candles hit my nostrils. As my eyes adjusted, I peered inside looking at my marital bed half expecting to see my wife lying naked on it. Instead I saw my wife, but not as I had seen her for a long while. She was sitting on the bed, rubbing the head of her new friend whispering indiscernible things to him. I was dumbfounded, my feet suddenly become lead. It took me a moment to take it all in.....

My wife gestured for me to come inside. She was dressed in a fantastic outfit, a lovely dress with a halter top flowing down finishing just above the knees she had only worn a couple of times to special occasions. It made her breasts very pronounced and she has stopped wearing it because of that. I knew immediately that underneath the silky material would be a wondrous matching bra and panties, black, with a garter and stockings to match. As I moved closer, I was rewarded by sighting those black stockings flowing down the length of her slender legs finishing in the confines of a high set pair of stilettos. Her hair was done wonderfully, she had obviously straightened it and I watched mesmerised as it flowed like a river down her slender neck to drop further down her back like some waterfall made of gold. Her face was beautiful. She was never one for needing makeup, hardly owning any lipstick. But tonight she had applied herself, the thick red violently splashed on her pouting lips, the eyeliner thicker than I had previously seen it, the rouge applied just that little bit heavier. She looked wonderful, no, sexy was the more accurate description. She looked a little bit tarty, but in a high class way. She played the role magnificently and knew what I was thinking.

"If I am to become a dog slut.....I may as well look like one" she said, looking straight into my eyes. "You look fantastic" was all I could get out.

"Do you think so?" she said as she stood up and did a slow twirl in front of me. Her dress flowed up enough for me to see she was wearing a garter.

"Oh yes" I confirmed.

"I feel a little tipsy, sorry, I had forgotten how much that expensive stuff goes straight to my head. I feel so very dirty as well, so I wanted to dress how I felt. Do you understand?" she said.

"Yes I do, I feel like that as well. I feel it is so nasty, but so good. I need to see how this ends" I replied.

"Well, before it ends, it has to start" she giggled.

"Yes it does" I said, looking down at our neighbour's dog. She followed my gaze, her eyes appreciating the muscular form standing in between us, panting softly, waiting patiently.

My wife lifted her head and said to me, "I want this to happen".

I nodded my head.

"I want to become his bitch, his dog slut".....

We both stood with the neighbour's dog between us for what seemed like an eternity. Both of us knew roughly where we were headed, but neither of us knew how to get there. The dog patiently stood between us, and then it was as if he took control. Without realising it he broke the spell we found ourselves in. He moved to me, sniffing my hand that was dangling limply at my side. He pushed his snout into it, forcing me to put pressure on his wet nose. I stroked gently up past his eyes pushing his ears flat and watched as they bounced upright again. His tongue was casually hanging from his slightly open mouth, the pinkness contrasting with his off white coloured teeth, his head now raised up looking up at me. It was as if he was asking permission. Permission to seduce my wife.....

I knelt down, whispering into his ear while looking at the woman of my desires, the centre of my most depraved fantasy. She was still standing, watching us both intently. Her eyes sparkled, but the slight frown gave away her nervousness.

"Take her" I whispered into the dog's ear. "Go..... go to her" I said as I indicated waving my arm towards the direction of my wife. I could hear a sharp intake of breath from the other side of the room as he started to meander towards her, his powerful muscles rippling taut underneath his slick black fur. I stood from my kneeling position and focused fully on what was about to transpire. My heart stopped beating, the air in my lungs became stagnant as I watched her reach out first one hand and then the other to stroke his head. She knelt down in front of the dog, both hands stroking along the side of his face, scratching gently once they reached the back of his ears. My eyes were drilling holes through them both so intent was my stare. I didn't want to miss any small detail. The sudden pressure I felt from between my legs acknowledgment of the sexual intensity engulfing the room.

My wife had progressed her stroking now along the dog's back. She still had one hand rubbing underneath his chin, while the other started to wander into uncharted territory. She started to whisper to him, I didn't know what, but finished whatever she said with a kiss to snout. He responded by giving her a big lick with his tongue. Normally, a wet dog tongue on my wife's face would have sent her into a scolding torrent, but now she welcomed it. I watched as she let the dog lick her face, his tongue negotiating the curves of her nose, the contours of her lips. She closed her eyes tilting her head back slightly, seemingly enjoying the attention of the beast while her golden locks strained to reach the floor. I watched as she pulled away and rubbed her head against his, again whispering to him. What was she saying? This minute detail was beginning to drive me insane. I wanted to move closer so I could hear, but by doing so, my presence might dispel the magic that was brewing. I opted to remain as still as a stone.

It was then I noticed that her right hand, the one stroking his back had moved to his stomach. My view was slightly obscured, so I ventured to move to a better position. I slowly walked closer, and sat on the bedroom chair which gave me a perfect side on view to the bed and the dog. My wife looked up at me and upon my sitting down smiled warmly at me. She had a dreamy look in her eyes, like she was floating on clouds. It was then that I looked to where her hand had moved to.....

"Oh my...." I whispered as I leant forward in the chair to get a better view. Her hand was lovingly stroking the dog's balls, gently squeezing them in her delicate fingers, her white hands contrasting with his black fur. I watched as she moved her hand forward to his sheath, placing her four fingers on one side with her thumb on the other and started to rub it back and forth slowly. Almost immediately she was rewarded with a swelling of his member. I sat transfixed as I watched his cock start to emerge from his sheath, start to swell and grow in her hands.....my wife's hands. For the second time in one night I was both impressed and envious of the size of his cock. My wife must have also noticed how large his penis was growing with the attention of her lovely hands.

"My god, he is huge hon" she gasped

"I know....I had to wash him, remember?" I replied

I could see the look of hesitation in her eyes, a mixture of shock and lust. I was not sure I liked the way she was staring at his cock.

"It's.....beautiful, isn't it?" she asked me

What could I say? A cock is a cock to a guy, but I knew how to play this game.

"It looks good wrapped in your hand" I whispered

"I bet your thinking what it is going to look like pushing between the lips of my cunt" she said.

I was shocked. My wife never, and I mean never used the "c" word. Not in our most lustful state of sexual arousal had I ever managed to get her to say it and here she was using it in context with a dog's cock. I was aroused and also intrigued by how this was transpiring.

"Yes, I was thinking something along that line" I replied

"God, I'm soooo fucking hot, this is so wild" she drawled. "All those nasty things those women do with them, I never understood how they could.....are you sure you washed him good?" she asked



"Yes, I made sure" I said

Then she did something that king hit me. My wife bent the dogs cock slightly towards her, and then placed her mouth over the end. Now, under normal circumstances, this would be pretty wild at the best of times, enough to make me blow without even touching myself, but you need to understand.....my wife never gave blow jobs. She just wasn't into them, period. Oh, I got the occasional suck once a year when she was drunk, but that was more out of pity to me. I was completely taken aback watching her start to lick his shaft. Why do something to an animal that she wasn't prepared to do to me? I instantly felt a jealous pang in the guts of my stomach, but it was soon overrun with my selfish lust. I couldn't believe my wife was sucking on a dogs cock like some cheap slut! But wasn't this what I had dreamed of? Wasn't this the exact thing that had fuelled countless hours of skin tearing masturbation sessions? Now that it was actually happening, my emotions were running rampant in my body taking opposing sides. But one thing was for sure, however I felt, I was not about to stop anything.

"Do you like watching me suck him off?" she said having stopped momentarily looking at me intently with a smirk on her face.

"I....I'm not sure" I answered truthfully

"Why....because I don't do it for you? She chided

I remembered why I married this woman, her intelligence being one of her better traits

"Remember, I'm your wife.....and wives don't do that sort of thing, but with him it's different.....I'm his slut" she said with an evil grin on her face.

Before I could reply, she had returned her attention to the slab of meat in front of her. The dog had started to spray spurts of some clear liquid from the end of his cock. I was sure this would put a finish to her administrations, but to my chagrin and complete sexual perversion she aimed his cock at her open mouth making sure I could see him squirt into it and then finishing the debauchery by placing her red lips over the end of his swollen piss hole and sucking hard on it. The squelching sound of her mouth taking in all his pre cum was something to behold. Her hair had been hit and a thick wet curl hung down into her face. I could see some moisture start to seep from between those seductive lips, dribbling down the side of her chin and dripping onto the floor. I was in heaven and hell at the same time.

The dog started to hump her mouth. This was something she hadn't anticipated and she removed her mouth from his cock head. She turned to me opening her mouth to show me the contents of his pre cum swirling between her tongue. I watched in disbelief as she swallowed it and smiled at me.

"If that's what his pre cum tastes like, I can't wait to taste his seed" she grinned at me while licking the length of his now very swollen shaft. I could see his knot still trapped in his sheath, covered by fur trying to push its way out towards freedom. My wife noticed it as well and started to run her tongue along the edge trying to push it underneath the fur to reach the perversely sized growth inside. This was wild, I mean really wild and beyond now anything I had ever imagined. My stagnant mind had envisaged fornication, but based on what I had seen on websites. The reality of seeing my wife make actual love, and let's make no mistake for that is what she is doing, to a dog cock was just out of this world. I was speechless, my mouth devoid of any moisture stopping me from either congratulating or berating her. I was now just a passenger along for the ride.....

She started to lick feverishly along his shaft, moaning between slurps, occasionally taking as much of his dog cock into her mouth as she could. His discharge was now more prominent, more frequent, wetting her face as he sprayed more liberally. It was running down her neck in a small torrent, disappearing between the valley of her large heaving breasts only to reappear as a growing wet patch along the front of her dress.

Without warning, she stopped, mostly because of how unpredictable he was starting to hump at her face. He had started to turn towards her, trying to climb on her head and start his instinctual ritual of fornication. My wife whispered to him again, still too quiet for me to hear, and stroked his head to calm him down. She raised herself into a standing position, with the dog making hectic turns around

her and patted the bed.

"Up boy.....up!" she encouraged

He jumped up onto the bed, our marital bed. The sanctity where only a husband and wife enjoy the pleasure of each others bodies. I was soon to loose this sanctity.....to a dog. The feeling of being sick washed over me a few times, unnoticed by my wife who was intent only on her new lover. He was pacing on the bed then dropped down onto all fours watching my wife with those canine eyes of concentration. I was oblivious to both of them. My wife started to remove her dress, reaching behind to undo the zip. She posed for the dog, facing him with her back to me. I was unsure how I felt about this, but happy was maybe not the word that popped to mind first. I watched as she lowered her zipper fully down, then raising her arms to pull the halter neck over her head, her body coming into view slowly as she lowered her dress to fall into a pool of silk at her stilettoed feet. I followed the path from her stocking clad ankles all the way to her upper legs, gazing with lust upon the black frilly suspenders that encapsulated her bare arse. It was then that I noticed she was not wearing any panties at all. She dressed prepared.....

My wife started to reach behind her to undo her bra, then stopped and said

"Hon, would you be so nice as to do it"

Like a zombie I got up and started to unclip her bra, feeling the tension in the material as her heavy breasts were starting to be released from their confines. I slid the black straps from over both shoulders, feeling her arms move forward to allow it to fall forward and off. With her breasts free at last, she raised her arms above her head and pushed her chest out.....finishing by cupping each fleshy glove in her hands and leaning forward in a mock offering to her new lover. I could guess without seeing she was squeezing her nipples for him.

"You can sit down again" she said

I had been dismissed.....well, this wasn't going too fucking well I can tell you now. I'm not one of those guys that enjoys being manipulated, but under the circumstances I kept my cool only because of the prize ahead.....and it was getting nearer with each passing moment.

I returned to my voyeurism, taking the opportunity to move the chair to a closer and better position. My wife started to get onto the bed, placing a few of our pillows and cushions together to create a platform for her head and back to sit upright on. I followed her every movement as did the neighbour's dog, both of us now under the harpies spell. She lay back into her new cushioned seat, started to spread her legs and with one hand patted her mound sharply.

"Time to give mommy some more attention boy" she said as she fondled the hairs of her newly trimmed pussy. She had really gone to town, and boy, was I starting to feel like a schmuck. The dog raised itself from its prone position and moved over to my wife's waiting open pussy. It was already red and swollen from anticipation, moisture glistening along the insides of her thighs. I watched in pure satisfaction as she smiled at me, running her tongue along the top of her smeared red lips and then looking at the beast, his grotesquely swollen cock swinging from between his legs. Soon it would be buried where I yearned for it to go the most.....soon.

I watched with a sedated glare as the dog made its way over my marital bed towards my wife. She had spread her legs widely, patting her mound with the flat of her hand in time with the beating of my heart. As he sniffed at her sex, I couldn't help but feel like I was watching from a distance, a voyeur watching two lovers from some secret vantage point. Event though I was only a short distance from them both, I may as well have been on another planet. My wife was about to give herself to another. The fact that it was of a different species was insignificant. It was still a male and he had a cock, a cock that was soon to pierce the sinews of our relationship. Guilt was eating away at my insides followed by a wave of jealousy washing over my soul. I felt nauseous watching the beginnings of an act that would forever change my relationship with my wife. Was I strong enough? Was our relationship strong enough? Would I still love her? Would she still love me? Damn....why hadn't I thought of all these bloody questions before I embarked on this quest! Cruel how lust can blind one from the reality of things and turn ones thoughts away from the obvious. Listening to the

way my wife was egging the dog on, telling him what a good lick he was, how wet she was for him only added to my chagrin. My head was reeling from the chemical reactions of all the emotions swirling in my mind. Still, I watched them.....

I couldn't help but lean closer towards them as I witnessed the dog go from sniffing to then lick greedily at her swollen lips. She must really be gushing I thought to myself as I watched the beast devour her nectar. Her head was tilted back on the pillow, her sweaty hair splayed out like a fan. I could hear her little whimpers broken only by a guttural moan as he obviously penetrated deeply into her open sex. Her eyes were closed tightly like in some deep concentration, her face twisted in a frown with her pleasure visible only through the convulsions of her body. She was biting at her bottom lip, trying to stop herself from moaning too loudly but to no avail.....the lust that had been ignited within her was now too strong, too wild and raw. My wife raised her right hand to her breast, violently grabbing at her nipple, tugging it harshly until I could see it swell engorged with the blood of her veins rushing madly to it. Her left hand had moved down to her sex, her fingers clumsily trying to spread her outer lips to let the dog have better access to her swollen clit. Raising her stocking covered knees back towards herself and spreading her stilettoed legs wide apart in the air, she urged her lover on. The neighbour's dog now had complete rein over my wife's sex, lapping at will, his tongue rasping and dragging at her spread lips.

"This is sooo fucking horny" she moaned, "I'm running like an open faucet"

The dog continued to lick as my wife started to push her hips into his snout. Her thrusting was getting stronger, causing the dog's head to rock back and forth as he tried to keep his tongue in time with her. She was trying to fuck his tongue as she was building up to a major orgasm. His cock was dangling freely between his furry legs and was swinging in time with her hips, hanging like some slab of meat in a butcher's window. I noticed how it shrank and grew again nearly at will, almost disappearing at one point only to make a swift return in all its glory.

"Isn't it beautiful" she whispered staring at the appendage between the dog's legs. We both watched mesmerized as the dog freely discharged his pre-cum over the bed sheets. She had a far away look in her eyes, like she wasn't there at all.

"It's time to make your fantasy a reality hon" she continued "get me some of those hiking socks, the thick ones in the bottom drawer. I don't want to be cut to shreds by his nails"

I obediently did as she asked, taking the thickest pair of socks out of the drawer and returning them to her.

"You do it, I want to keep my pussy simmering for him" she said as she feverishly played with her wet sex.

I took a sock and attempted to put it on the dog's front legs. Well, he wasn't having any of it. No matter how much I tried, it soon turned into a wrestling match between him, the sock and me. I could hear my wife laughing as we rolled around the bed and then onto the floor.

"Not having much luck are you?" she laughed.

"I could do with a hand" I answered somewhat curtly back.

"Ok, no need to snap....." she replied

"Sorry babe, it's just..." I started

"It's just what hon?" she coaxed as she got on the floor and stroked the dog's ears to calm him down.

"Well, it's just, all said and done, I'm not sure anymore I want to go through with this" I said.

Her tone became serious, short, "listen here, you wanted this, you started all this, and now you want to pull out? Just so we get this absolutely clear, if this is what you want and we do stop, I shall never, and I mean, never revisit this again. We both know that an hour from now you'll be wanting me to do it so we might as well do it now. And anyway, I want to do it.....it's not just about you anymore. I want to feel what it is like to have his cock inside me, fucking me, filling me with his seed. You've lit the flame, now you have to see it through" she finished

Check mate.....I was now the one being royally fucked. I had to laugh to myself, she was right, after the shock had worn off, I would go back to scheming to get her to do it, and here she was ready, no...wanting to do it. My stiff cock betrayed my emotions to her.

"You need me to do it as much as I want to do it now" she said in a more relaxed tone. "Now let me help you get these on" she finished as she grabbed hold of one of the dog's front legs. With her help I quickly put the socks on the dog. He looked somewhat comical walking around with those green coloured woollens all the way up his legs, contrasting with the black of his fur and the purplish red hue of his cock.

While I was watching the dog turn circles my wife had moved a couple of pillows onto the floor. She still had on her garter and the stockings were firmly enclosed by her black high heels. She looked erotic, sexy and slutty all in the one picture. She placed each knee onto a pillow and rested herself onto her elbows, her head inches from another cushion. Her rounded tight arse was pointing heavenward and spread in the customary doggy position. I had seen this view many times, the wisps of pubic hair hiding the entrance of her sex, her heavy breasts swaying underneath her, but tonight, I was only going to be a bystander and not a participant.

"You ready?" I asked

"Are you?" she replied with a nervous tone in her voice

Seeing my wife splayed out like that, her body waiting to receive the administrations of a sexual perversion that weeks ago would have been ludicrous to have imagined for anything other than sheer fantasy was the closing deal in my inner battle. My perversion had won out. I wanted to see her impaled on the end of a swollen dog cock....no, like she said, I needed to see it.

"Oh yes" I said. I called the dog over to us. He obediently walked awkwardly to us, the socks causing him to lose footing. His cock was out of its sheath, glistening with the pre cum of his earlier arousal. I grabbed his collar, trying to lift him into place. I knew from a multitude of pictures and videos how he needed to be placed and was intent on making the act of copulation as swift as possible. I didn't want my wife to get frustrated and perhaps stop.

"Up boy" I encouraged. I let him sniff at my wife's pussy and have a few quick licks again. My wife moaned in a frustrated pleasure. With a suggestive pull on his collar he jumped up onto my wife forcing her forward causing her large breasts to be crushed under the weight of them both. With his front legs dangling on each side of her arse cheeks he immediately started to hump away, pre cum spraying the legs of my wife.

"It feels warm" she moaned

I pulled him by his collar to get him to move closer to my wife's sex. She aided me by wriggling her legs further apart to get the height right.

"How far away is his cock?" she asked in a breathless tone trying to look underneath herself.

"Not far babe, it's only inches from your opening" I replied

I could see that I would have to help him out, his wild humping missing the mark by a significant distance. I took a deep breath and grabbed hold of his manhood. It felt hot in my hand, wet and slimy. His size again made an impact on me. I had no doubt that he would stretch my wife to new dimensions. A silly thought suddenly crossed my mind, what if she couldn't feel me anymore afterwards? It left as soon as it had entered my head. With the base of his cock firmly in my grasp, my fingers clenched between his knot and the fur of his sheath I guided him to the object of his frantic endeavours. As the large angled head started to make contact with my wife's pussy lips, I felt her shudder, a deep moan escaping her lips.

"Ohhh god, put it in hon, let him fuck me! Let him make me his bitch"

I watched mesmerized as the canine penis separated the lips of my wife's swollen pussy. Once he had a few inches in her he took over. I have never seen such a display of wanton sexual frenzy before. His hips were a blur as he savagely thrust into my wife. Vicious stabs into the silken folds of her womanhood with no recourse as to if it may be hurting her. This animal was intent on fucking, making her his bitch, claiming her as his own. His mission was possession.....

My wife cried out sharply with his first deep thrust, her cries getting louder and more painful with each savage invasion of her being. She was incoherent, moaning and crying at the same time. I watched as she forced herself back onto his cock, liquid starting to gush from her gaping cunt.

"I can feel him cumming in me.....oh my god, I can feel him spraying inside of my cunt. I can feel it all the way to my stomach" she cried

I looked at my wife, her head down in the pillow, sweat streaking down her back and neck mixed with the saliva of the dog. His tongue was dripping freely on her back, both front legs clamped either side of her. It was then I noticed he had slowed his thrusting making them shorter and with more intent.

"Oh my god.....he's ripping me apart! Get him off me.....it fucking hurts" she moaned

We had both forgotten about the knot. I tried to reach down between his legs but to no avail. His knot which had been banging away at the entrance of my wife's sex had finally battered its way in. He was knotting with my wife. His possession was now complete.

My wife orgasmed. She slumped forward, her head pushed into the pillow with her arms splayed out in front of her. Her back was arched, breasts splayed obscenely either side of her, arse high in the air with the dog covering her. He had stopped humping altogether, his face a broad grin, tongue dangling out one side of his mouth. Her screams a mixture of grunts and cries while her body violently thrashed about. I took the opportunity to change my viewing position and moved behind them both, lifting his tail so I had a great vantage of his possession of my woman. The knot was fully inside her, liquid which I presumed was his cum flowing out of her very red and very swollen pussy. It was a magnificent site, one that I would always look back on as the most erotic of my life.

"Like what you see?" my wife moaned

"Oh yes, you should see it from where I am...your pussy is completely stretched. It looks like it's being used as a fucking hole." I said

"Am I his bitch?" she asked "Am I his dog slut?"

"Yes babe, he has made you his dog slut" I answered truthfully.

She just moaned again, a second orgasm ripping through her body. I watched enviously as the dog took complete ownership of my spouse making her his. She reached back and held his hind legs, trying to stop the dog from moving away.

"Grab him, stop him from moving" she pleaded with me.

I put one hand on his back and with the other I grabbed his collar to keep him in place. She thrust back on him, trying to create a fucking motion with the dog.

"You horny bitch, I thought it was hurting you?" I said

"It still does, but the pleasure is 10 times better....oh fuck me" she wailed

Three! She was having her third orgasm in as many minutes. I had never seen my wife have multiple orgasms and she often said she felt they were an urban myth, but here she was now cumming for the third time. I was impressed!

"That's three orgasms babe" I informed her

"No, that's four. I had one the moment his cock touched my cunt" she confessed

The dog was starting to get restless and tried to move off my wife. They were still connected with his slab of meat inside her but his twisting proved better than my ability to keep him on her. In a moment they were both on the floor facing away from each other, his meat still firmly imbedded in her sloppy pussy. I waited with eagerness for his release....I wanted to see how much cum was going to spill out.

Sensing my intent, my wife said "I feel like my stomach is full of his cum....he just kept spraying into me.....I could feel everything....it feels so good".

The dog started to move but I stopped him before he could cause any pain to my wife. I waited and watched patiently, like some child waiting on the stairs for Santa to come down the chimney, my stare not moving from their point of copulation lest I miss the moment of release. I was not disappointed.

His cock started to slide from between my wife's lips. It slid out quickly with an audible plop followed by a pained moan from my wife. I watched in disbelief at the amount of cum that gushed from her gaping hole. It was just flowing out freely pooling on the floor. I couldn't help but put my hand to her swollen sex and caught some of it. My wife was oblivious to my actions as she just stayed

there on all fours panting exhaustedly. I so wanted to fuck her, to feel my cock mix with the fresh cum of the dog.

Undoing my fly and dropping my pants to expose my rigid cock I moved to her abused lips. With a short thrust I entered her warm pussy not feeling the sides. It felt all slimy and wet, but the biggest sensation was the warmth of it all. I knew that it was partly due to the fresh deposit of dog cum.

She moaned again as I entered her, painfully. I didn't care if it caused her pain, I needed this, I needed to add my seed to the already overflowing load of depravation that lay between my wife's legs. I grabbed her thighs, feeling the smoothness of the stockings, now ripped in places by the violent fucking of her canine lover. I ripped at them as well, adding to her slut appearance by exposing her skin. My thrusts were violent, like I was competing with the previous occupant to establish that I was still the alpha male. My wife didn't even gasp or cry out, being too spent to feel me fucking her. When I finally orgasmed, it caused a blackness in front of my eyes making me nearly pass out. I slumped over her limp body, the both of us turning to fall onto the heap of cushions on the floor. I was satisfied as I watched my cum mixed with the dogs flow from her pussy. I was satisfied.....

She snuggled up to me, completely spent. I wrapped my arm around her, holding her to me and kissing her forehead.

"Do you love me hon?" she asked intently.

I answered truthfully. "Yes babe, I love you"

"Will you still love me if I tell you I want the dog to fuck me again?" she said while looking at the dog cleaning himself at the end of the bed.

"Especially if want that" I answered

"Good" she said, "because I think I might enjoy being a dog slut"

With those words my fantasy had ended, but the reality had only just begun.....

It had been a couple of weeks since the life changing episode that I witnessed unfold before my disbelieving eyes. During this time I grappled with emotions that had until now hibernated in a long slumber deep in the recesses of my sordid mind. More than anything, I felt betrayed that my wife could so readily submit to the carnal advances of my lustful fantasy. It was my fantasy, and although she was a principal player in the events unfolding meticulously in my mind, I never thought that she would go from that somewhat idyllic wife image to a wanton slut in reality. Now....the alpha males reading this would suggest that it is a dream come true and how could I maintain an air of discontent? This thought pattern can only come from the experience of those who's fantasies have never given fruit to any form of reality. Reality is such an uncontrollable force. It cannot be manipulated. It has a way of taking your best plans and turning them inside out to play to its own ends, smiling wickedly back at you in the full knowledge that you have had your deepest desires twisted out of your control turning you from game show host to a mere contestant....

I looked lovingly at my wife sitting across from me at the table. In the immediate aftermath of her copulation with a dog I was euphoric. Everything that I had dreamed about, all those long hours pouring over pictures, reading stories trying to visualise my wife as the recipient while feverishly ploughing my shaft had come to fruition. Then reality has set in. The guilt....from both of us. The realisation from my part that my wife experienced sensations that I could never give her. The fact that our vows had been broken and that my wife had taken another lover into her bed, the niggling perception that she wanted to do it again. The way in which she enveloped the whole situation so enthusiastically towards the end. She was truly a dog slut.....

I watched as she took a sip of wine from her glass. The restaurant was not overly busy, and we had chosen well our place of retirement. The booth seating was comfortable enough, and the meal had been exceptional, although under the circumstances left an artificial taste in my mouth. It had been at my wife's suggestion that we went out. Over the recent weeks since it had happened, we had

started to drift apart caught in our own thoughts. Work suddenly seemed to keep us both busy and when at home all those chores that had been sitting idle occupied us throughout the weekend. I was sure that what I was going through, she was also dealing with painfully. Conversation had been reduced to small talk, our once strong cornerstone of communication having suddenly been found wanting. When she had broached the subject of going out and having a dinner and talk I was relieved. It was good that we were finally facing up to the reality of the situation.

The wine was finally taking its hold on both of us. I looked at her, the lush blonde hair falling down around either side of her long slender neck. She had made a real effort to acquire my concentration on this night, having paid particular attention to her makeup. Eyeliner just thick enough to accentuate her large green orbs, the curvature of her nose finishing just above her pouting red stained lips, a bead of moisture glistening on the splash of colour after the withdrawal of the wine glass. She caught my stare, smiling back at me. Her eyes sparkled from within telling me it was alright, that she loved me.

I wondered what was going through her mind right now looking at her. It had never occurred to me to try and understand the events leading up to her final actions. The situation was only ever about what I had wanted, needed. I never really gave thought to my wife's emotions, or the consequence of my scheming little ways. What had possessed her to go from loving wife to dog slut? What reasons had she given herself to make it seem alright. I was deep in thought feeling very self-conscious about my own selfishness. The silence of her presence brought me back from my minds journey.

I looked lovingly at my wife.....

I looked lovingly at my husband.....

His stare was intent, like he was trying to read my mind as if it was a newspaper on display. I gave him a reassuring smile. I wanted him to relax, to feel at ease. I still find it hard to believe what I had done. How I had been swept along by emotions completely out of my control. Still, if I wanted to find excuses and turn back time to a point where I still had the power to stop it all, I don't think I would. The deed had been done, and in typical female style I would make the most of it and not dwell on "ifs" and "buts". I had done what I had done and there was no ever going back.....ever. And anyway, it brought me back to the fact that I had enjoyed it, and worst of all, the reason why I had instigated this outing. I wanted to do it again.....

To do it again....it sounded so final reverberating in my mind. To do what again? I kept asking myself this question I don't remember how many times a day over the last couple of weeks. It was something that was festering in my psyche, continuously niggling at my every waking hour stopping me from putting a close on the events. I wanted my lover to take me again, make me his. The problem was that my lover was no longer my husband. Oh, I still love him, and feel closer to him than ever before, but the connection I had found with that animal on that night was....well, to be honest, fantastic. I had never felt so close to another living entity as I did when I felt the dog cum in me that night. It was like I was opening up to him, finally releasing my life's worth of pent up emotions through my orgasm. I wanted, no.....needed it again.

I decided to open the proceedings.

"You've been distant" I said

He didn't answer immediately, just kept looking at me. I watched as he took a sip from his wine glass. I knew he was stalling....

"It's time we discussed you know what" I continued

He looked a little sad. My heart felt for him. God I loved this man and didn't want anything to come between us.

"We've always had such a strong sense of each other hon, and it seems to have suddenly stopped. I know what has caused it, I knew it would. You men are always talking it up, how nothing will affect you so long as your dick is hard. Well, it has and it's time to get it out in the open" I kept at him

"Your right" he finally answered. "You're absolutely right" he continued. "It's just that, well, all said and done I guess I feel intimidated by the whole thing"

"What do you mean?" I asked. "You wanted this, you started this, and now you've got it all, you go all withdrawn on me"

"I know it's wrong of me to be like this. I guess it is more to do with what is going through my mind. I am coming to terms with it all, and it is taking a lot more effort than I ever thought it would" he said

"That's the problem with you guys, you never think far enough ahead" I chided "So tell me, why do you feel intimidated?"

"Well, the way you reacted, the way you.....gave yourself to him.....it was both awesome and terrifying at the same time" he started. "I feel a little inadequate, no in fact, I feel very inadequate. We both know I can't ever replicate that sort of emotion in you and it terrifies me that you may come to need him more than me"

I laughed. It was the wrong thing to do, I know, but men can be so stupid sometimes. No, let me correct that, all the time!

"What you are saying is that you think I am going to leave you for a dog?" I asked

"Not to that extent, not physically but emotionally" he said

Well, he wasn't as silly as I thought. Then again, I hadn't married him for his money and good looks alone.

"Can I just be honest with you hon? In the current light of things it may hurt you to hear, but if this is going to go anywhere our policy of honesty has always worked in the past" I said. "The truth is that yes, I felt something wonderful that night, something that I had never felt before. I didn't expect it and I know you didn't either. It was up to that point all sexual for me nothing more, but when he entered me, when he took me, and when he finally cum in me and made me his, everything changed" I watched as he squirmed uncomfortably. He looked down at his wine glass, twirling it slowly on the table.

"Having said that, it is completely different to what I feel for you. You are my man, and always will be. You are the love of my life and no one will ever take your place. I plan to get old and grey with you, and when I get that wrinkled that no other man or dog will look sideways at me anymore, I hope you still will. We have a bond for life, and you know me, I don't go into binding contracts idly" I continued. I reached over the table to take his hand in mine. He returned my gentle squeeze.

"Sex with you is fantastic, it always has been. I know it hasn't always been for you, that is why you branched out with all your five minute fantasies. I humoured them for the relationship, but this latest one, well, as you have seen, I have grown fond of it as well" I said. I was building up to the crunch line.....and by his body language, he knew it was coming.

"In fact, I was hoping we could try it again.....together" I whispered.

His hand squeezed hard on mine. We looked into each others eyes trying to read minds. The silence was deafening. He finally spoke after what seemed the longest time.

"Why?" was all he said.

"Because it makes me feel like a woman" I answered truthfully.

My answer hit him like a blow to his soul. It would any man. The inevitable reply came....

"And I don't?" he said

"Yes you do, but in different ways. You can never be replaced. In fact, if this is going to get any worse then I will bury it so deep in myself and never go there again. I don't want anything to ever come between us, including this." I answered.

"I don't understand" he whispered. "All I know is that I don't want to loose you".

"You won't hon, ever. Look at it this way.....you what finally get what you have always wanted.....a sexually free wife. I think they call it a slut wife" I said

He laughed.

"It's funny how things work out" he said as he took another sip of his wine.

"Don't you want to see me submit to the dog?" I teased. I knew the wine would be taking effect and the fact that I was rubbing my silk covered toes along his leg. My husband stared into the glass of wine, a smile forming on his lips.



"Don't you want to see me bent over on all fours like a bitch in heat, waiting for him to own me?" I kept on saying

His smile broadened even though he was trying to contain it.

"Look me in the eyes and tell me you don't want to see the dog's cock sliding in between my pussy, his cum running down my legs?" I said as I ran my tongue along my lips while brushing my toes against his hardening crotch. I knew I had him! He looked me straight in the eyes.

"Yes, I want to see it" he whispered.

"See what?" I said. Oh, I was loving this.

"See you become his dog slut" he answered.

"Well then" I said, "you had better get the check hon 'cause this little mouse is horny as hell"

He raised his hand signalling the waiter over.

"Would Sir and Madame be having any dessert tonight?" the waiter asked politely.

"Yes, but not here" my husband replied.

We looked at each other and both laughed.....

My mood had turned sultry in the ensuing weeks since I had last been able to share myself with my four legged lover. I was easily drawn into disagreement and often my husband became the outlet for my frustrations. I was at a quandary as to the solution to my problem and would often look longingly over the fence as the object of my desires was innocently chewing on a bone. How had I come to such a point in my life where the thought of sex with an animal was all consuming? It was eating me up and there was nothing really I could do about it. The dildo my husband had bought me only frustrated me more, teasing me with its shape and the obvious intent of its design. Sex with my husband was still wonderful, but oh how I wished it was a dog cock that I was sucking on rather than his. Often I would partake of a devious fantasy while in the middle of making love to my husband. At first I was shocked at how easily I could detach myself from where I was and focus in my mind on that wonderful doggy cock doing things to me that nobody else ever had. I was definitely hooked!

Now, don't get me wrong. I was in love with my husband, that would never change, but I was also in love sexually with the neighbour's dog as well. To a woman they are two completely different things. With my husband I felt complete, with the dog....I felt....alive. I don't expect anybody to understand this other than those that have taken a bite of the apple. It's a lot like trying to describe to someone the rush of emotions of jumping out of an airplane at 10,000ft with only a parachute on your back. Those that have done it just smile and nod at each other like they are privy to a private truth while those that haven't try to understand the feelings involved without ever really truly understanding.

It was a public holiday but my husband was still required to work which left me alone with a whole day to fill. I churned through the housework, never one to leave the place in any state of mess, and silently chided my husband for not putting in more of an effort around the place. After finishing with my chores I made myself some lunch during which I saw the neighbour's dog playing in the backyard. I felt that twitch of frustration start to burn in my pussy and rather than rub myself raw I thought I would go next door to my neighbours and see what she was up to. The thought that I may be able to see my lover closer brightened me up and I was somewhat taken aback at how eagerly I scooted from the house.

My neighbour was home as I expected, and with her was the object of my lust. She answered the door and let me in, welcoming my company as much as I needed to be with someone as well. When our husbands were away we often spent time together, shopping, having lunch or watching movies during the evening so it was no surprise to her that I came knocking. It was obvious that she was not the only one pleased to see me because no sooner than walking in the front door I was nearly bowled over by her dog. Ah, the smell of him.....the feeling of running my hands along his glistening fur.....the energy that rippled beneath. I was overjoyed at being this close to him and felt myself getting moist between my legs. As I knelt down to give him a cuddle he must have gotten wind of my arousal because he shot his muzzle straight to the sweet spot and started to sniff away causing me

to lose my balance and fall flat on my arse. My neighbour grabbed him by the collar and pulled him back, somewhat embarrassed by his behaviour. It became even more so when we both noticed him showcasing his wares. I don't know if he was teasing me or if he was just showing off, but his manhood was there for all the world to see in its magnificent glory. It took my breath away just looking at it and the hairs on my body stood on end with the thoughts that rushed through my sordid mind. What had my husband done to me! My neighbour was beside herself with embarrassment, chastising her dog for his misbehaviour and apologising to me throughout her attempt to get him outside. I couldn't help but laugh at her predicament.....trying to pull a horny dog by the collar while his slab of meat was flapping away beneath him like some winged keel on a sleek racing yacht. She could see the funny side as well and we both just laughed at the situation. Once he was outside we both settled down and just spent the afternoon chatting and watching mindless television. The afternoon wore on and forgetting the time, my neighbour suddenly announced that she had forgotten a prior arranged meeting with some friends for drinks that afternoon. Already late, she just grabbed her bag and car keys, kissed me on the cheek and left me to lock up after her apologising on her way out the door.

Well, I didn't have to think twice at the situation I had been left in, and as soon as I heard her car speed down the street it was like someone had opened a faucet on my pussy. I couldn't believe how horny I was and now alone for at least a couple of hours I was not going to squander the opportunity. I had promised my husband that anything to do with the dog we would do together but finding myself as I was now, with my pussy gushing like some sexual tsunami I blew caution, promises and logic to the wind. I needed some dog cock and I was going to get some. It only took me a few minutes to get my lover back to my house which was an episode on its own, what with him trying to jump me at every step.

Once inside it didn't take me long to discard my clothes. Funny looking back on it though, I didn't just rip them off, but rather seductively stripped for my lover. While he sat there watching my every move, I slowly danced for him, something I had never done for my husband. First came off the top, slowly pulling it over my head revealing my rather unflattering bra. It was functional and kept them in place and comfortable. I reached back to release the clips that held my heavy breasts in place, pulling my shoulders forward to allow the straps to fall off while holding the cups over the swell of my tit flesh. I reached down with one hand to rub his head roughly and was greeted with a big lick of his warm tongue. Oh, I knew what that was going to be licking soon.....

Turning around, I let the bra drop to the floor, only to have the dog race to it and sniff it. After getting his attention back with a "hey boy", he followed my movements again with curiosity. I reached up and rubbed my breasts with the open palms of my hand in a circular motion while drawing my finger over my nipples. Already engorged, I pulled on them hard, tweaking the nipples between thumb and finger and pulling on them until my breasts hung away from my chest. I loved it when the weight of my breasts contributed to the stretching of my nipples, causing me slight discomfort that usually manifested itself with a tingling in my pussy. After a few minutes of this attention I needed to remove my shorts and panties which were rather wet anyway. I knew that if I let them fall to the ground he would be on them and away which didn't sit in my mind as an erotic interlude, chasing the dog for my undergarments. Oh, the reality of canine sex! I pulled them down together, both panties and shorts and held them to his nose. He was rewarded with my pungent sexual odour, which sent him in a licking frenzy on my panties. I knew he was ready to devour what I had to offer him and I was not about to let my doggy lover wait any longer. I could feel the wetness crawl down my inner thighs and my only thought was I didn't want my love juice to be wasted.

Quickly I removed myself to single seater couch in the living room, stretching my legs over each armrest while sitting on the edge of the seat and opening up my sex to the animal. He knew what to do and positioned himself close to my pussy sniffing at it intently. I used both hands to open myself up for him, pulling my swollen lips aside with my fingers to allow his tongue to get the best possible access to my clit and hole. What a sight I must have made, head rolled back with an audible gasp as his tongue made contact with my slit. His tongue was so rough which added to the ecstasy of what

he was doing to me. I could feel him turning his head to give himself better leverage which caused me to feel like he was truly inside me. Feeling the levels of pleasure increase and wash over my whole being as he licked deep into my pussy, his each lick was like a wave crashing over me emotionally, building in crescendo towards a wonderful orgasm. I couldn't get my lips open for him wide enough, and although what he was doing was mind blowing, I just wanted more of him inside me. I grabbed his head just under the ears while pushing my pelvis up to meet every swipe of his hot mouth, urging him on vocally, encouraging him to tongue fuck my cunt deeper and deeper.

"C'mon boy, lick my pussy, lick your bitch" .....

He responded by getting more aggressive towards eating me, nipping at my pussy while I was at the same time trying to force his whole head into my entrance. When it hit me, the first orgasm, it was unlike anything I had ever experienced with another human being. My sex convulsed, spasms rolling over my whole body causing my hips to float over the seat and force more of his never ending administration of my cunt. I was in some other place, some may call it heaven, but to me all sense of feeling left me other than the burning sensation coming from my sex. Again and again I came. I was unsure if it was just one orgasm rolling along or a multiple of them hitting me like waves. I have never had multiple orgasms before so this was definitely a new sensation to me.

As I started to regain some sort of control over myself, I realised that I had been sobbing during my orgasm. My face was wet with my tears and something else that I had never experienced also made itself known to me.....I had squirted. This was very unusual. I knew by the very nature of the amount of moisture that had pooled itself under my arse cheeks and wet the sofa that it wasn't just all doggy saliva. The beast had made me squirt! I lay on the couch, legs still either side hanging off the armrests with my head loosely rolled back looking up at the ceiling. He was still licking me without pausing which was causing me to build up again to another cum. I knew that if I orgasmed again only half as much as I just had that it would wipe me out for good, which in itself was not a bad thing only that I wanted it to be on the end of his yummy dog cock.

I looked at him with genuine love in my eyes. What a wonderful lover, still so intent on making me happy. I stroked his ears, gently pulling his head away from my engorged sex while closing my legs at the same time. He understood and just moved back from me allowing me to slide down onto the ground next to him. I took time to take him all in, his sleek fur, the rippling muscles underneath which flexed as I stroked him. His tongue which had done so much to me was lolling out the side of his mouth, my juices mixed with his saliva dripping on the carpet. Instinctually I grabbed his head with both hands and kissed him. His tongue gave me a swipe over my face and mouth which I welcomed. I stuck my tongue out to meet his, both of us licking each other. His saliva mixed with mine which only added to my arousal and caused me to venture so far as to suck on it. I wanted him to understand that I was his bitch, his dog bitch and I knew one way that would both satisfy my perverse need to submit to him and also add to his own pleasure.....

Reaching under him to feel his balls, I moved my hand along his sheath and felt the slickness of his protruding cock between my fingers. My breath became shorter as I knelt down next to his meat knowing what I was about to do to him broke every taboo I felt there was. But what could I do? Looking at the tiny tip of his wet glistening cock I moved my head underneath his belly, my heavy breasts swaying as I positioned myself comfortably to be able to taste his maleness. My tongue darted out and I licked the tip of his pink cock causing him to jump a little. With one hand I stroked his back gently while the other I tried to keep my balance. The tip of my tongue was flicking against his tip and as it started to grow bigger I increased my licks to take in more of his shaft. It tasted, well, a bit acidic, like it had a metallic tinge to it, but it was not unpleasant. The more I tasted his growing meat the more I wanted it. My tongue had been replaced by my lips as I started to suck earnestly on his cock. He remained quite still which enabled me to use one of my hands rub his balls gently while I bobbed my head up and down his meat. The sensations going through my mind as I was trying to comprehend the sordidness of my actions while trying to meet the sexual needs of my lover were so overwhelming it was causing me to build to another orgasm. Here I was, on my knees sucking on my neighbour's dog cock like I have never sucked on another cock before. I was not a fan

of doing it to guys, and my husband on more than one occasion sulked when I didn't offer my services to him like that, but with my canine lover it was different. It made me feel dirty, disgusting, like a slut which in turn made me feel even more horny. Reaching down to stroke my pussy I could suddenly feel him spraying into my mouth hitting the back of my throat with his pre-cum. It was coming in short squirts to start with and I hungrily swallowed some of it while letting part of it run down my chin and help lubricate his cock for me to be able to suck on it harder. When he started to hump my mouth I knew he was close, and this thought alone sent me over the edge causing me to cum again. I released his cock from my mouth with an audible plop, directing his squirting fluids into my face and open mouth, my hair now slick with his molten liquid, running down my breasts and dripping off the ends of both nipples like a waterfall of depravity. I was gasping for air and the odour of his seed was intoxicating me to new heights of pleasure. How far could he take me? Was there more in store or had I reached a pinnacle of sexual satisfaction? To answer that question I had to go further.

Grabbing my breast, I brought the nipple up to my mouth and like some wanton slut licked it clean of his essence. He started to lick at it as well, so I offered him my other breast which he started to lick clean. I revelled in the feelings of having my nipple so roughly attended to, his magnificent tongue again going to work on my soul. This could go on for ever I thought, but I was intent on the end game, the one which involved me fully giving myself to him to complete my total submission. It was time my furry lover fucked his bitch.....

I know there are many ways to let a dog fuck a woman from the websites I had visited with my husband, but being a beginner, I was really only game enough to try one. I rolled over onto my hands and knees, shuffling up to the couch so I could lean my upper body on it to take away the pressure of his weight when he mounted me. I liked this position, even in regular sex with my husband as it opened me up fully. Lets face it, when a woman is naked on her hands and knees it is only to do one thing....to be fucked. They don't call it "doggy style" for nothing! I knew from my past two attempts that position is crucial, jutting my arse in the air and opening up my knees while arching the bottom of my back, physically telling my canine lover my engorged pussy is waiting for his pleasure. He breathes heavily as he mounts me, his hind legs trying to climb on my back as he unsuccessfully attempts to pierce my pussy with his swollen cock. I reach behind me grabbing hold of his meat and guide it into my willing hole. As soon as the tip makes contact with my outer lips it is like an explosion in my mind! He thrusts forward pumping into me slowly trying to maintain his connection with me. I can feel him instantly start to swell up inside me and I thrust back to selfishly accept more of him. Deeper and deeper he thrusts, his fur brushing against my back while I feel his saliva dribbling into my hair and pooling on the back of my neck. I focus fully on his meat stroking the fires of my inner womb, pushing further up into me where no man has ever reached before, stretching my hole in preparation to accept his complete surrender of me with his knot. Feeling it banging away at the entrance of my sex only heightens my arousal and when I can feel his stream of liquid lubrication hit the walls of the inside of my cunt it sends me into a near cathartic state.

"fuck your bitch, fuck me like I have never been fucked before" I urge my lover on, nearly screaming it at him

He reacts to my encouragement with further thrusts, driving his tool even deeper into me which causes his knot to finally push my lips far enough apart to accept his girth. It's like he is fucking me with an orange sized cock, pushing inside me until I can feel his prick bend upwards around my tunnel till I am completely full of his meat. Never before have I felt so full, so stretched...so completely fucked.....and then it comes, he cums, and I feel his hot molten sperm burn the insides of my womb. It causes me to orgasm again, to nearly black out with emotion as my lover and I are one, erupting together awash with each others seed. My pussy crushes onto his fuck tool as it contracts in ecstasy, gripping it with vaginal muscles that I didn't realise I even had. We both slow down marinating in the knowledge that our body fluids are mixing together. I can feel my pussy fill to overflowing, feeling him still squirting his hot semen into my womb while I tremble in oblivion. I am his bitch.

Time passes and all I can feel is the sense of his breath on the back of my neck, the knot in my pussy and the wetness of my existence. He starts to move, to withdraw his weapon from my painfully sensitive sex. His knot, not yet fully deflated, pulls aggressively from my afflicted hole and the length of his essence slides along the walls of my overstretched vagina letting me understand the manner and size of my capitulation. As his cock flops from me it allows a torrent of cum to flow freely from my opening running down my legs. I am helpless, without energy and devoid of movement as I let him lick my dripping pussy. The sensations are acute, painful but I submit to his will. He soon becomes disinterested attending to his own needs and curling up on the floor near me to begin his cleaning duties. It is at this point that I make my final compliance into my role as a dog slut. I weakly move over to him offering my mouth as a means to clean him, licking on his shrinking shaft with more vitality that I felt I had. He lets me attend to him by rolling on his side to give me easier access. I lick and sometimes suck, gently, as I can feel him wince when I become over eager to please him. To taste his sperm, his essence of maleness on my lips mixed in with my own juices is mind blowing. I dutifully complete this task until his cock has fully shrunk away and give his balls a final kiss in gratitude to the pleasure they have shown me.

We are both spent but I know I have to get him back next door. Raising my aching body up of the ground I feel I must look a complete slutty mess, wet, sore and reeking of sex. I examine the claw marks on the back of my legs, feel the blood clot where his nails have penetrated the skin. I can't very well pass those off as shaving cuts.....I look up trying to catch my reflection in the window to see what other damage has been done. What I see sends me into a state of complete paralysis. Looking at the window I see not my eyes staring back at me, but another's.....her eyes, the eyes of my neighbour.....

My first stab of conscious thought was how much had she seen? The fact that I was dripping dog semen out of my swollen pussy with every movement and the injuries sustained throughout my canine orgy, not to mention all the depraved acts that I had undertaken flashed through my mind like some cheap backstreet spectacle. My mouth was frozen open in a circle of guilt devoid of speech. My body was shackled and unable to move, the two of us just staring at each. The thoughts that were rampaging through my mind caused a cold chill to slide down my spine which made me shiver. I sat down on the floor in a wet patch of dog cum in disgrace, tears starting to trickled down my sweat stained cheeks as an uncontrolled sobbing racked my frame. Naked I sat before my neighbour, unable to remove myself from her stare while inwardly cursing my weakness to not control the urges that had driven me to become such a slut. For that is what I was, and how I must now appear to the rest of the world. Guilty as charged.....

Through the roaring noise in my head I finally heard her calling my name while gently knocking on the door. I couldn't avoid her any more, hell, she could have called the police by now or something but hadn't. I dragged myself up from the debauchery around me and quickly grabbed my robe from the bathroom before returning to open the front door for her. She looked at me with a mixture of shock, shame and.....lust? I couldn't be sure, but in my addled state, I was sure that I had misread it.

"How much did you see?" I asked her quietly as we sat down on the couch

"Everything" was her reply

"So what now?" I asked hesitantly

"I don't know" she answered. "It's not everyday you catch your friend and neighbour having sex with an animal"

"I...I don't know what to say" I replied honestly starting to sob again.

"Well, for starters, what about your husband? Doesn't he do it for you? How did you get this far with it all? Why?" she rumbled off the questions.

"My husband knows. He was the one that started it all, one of his stupid fantasies which I sort of fell into. It's not the first time I've done it with your dog" I said

"Oh, I gathered that from watching you....." she said. Then she startled me with her next question.

"What's it like?" she whispered.

"What do you mean?" I answered

"You know, what's it like being fucked by a dog?" she said with a quiver in her voice and leaning forward on the couch.

"Honestly?" I hesitated before getting the approval to go on with a nod of her head. "It's fantastic....like nothing I have experienced ever before" I said as I broke her gaze and stared at the floor. "You must think me a proper slut".

"I don't know what I am thinking to be honest" she said. "All I can really say is that it is one of the most disgusting things that I have ever seen.....and one of the horniest. The things you did to him, the obvious way you enjoyed it all. The expression on your face as he fucked you.....I've never seen someone with such wanton lust".

"Please don't say anymore, I'm embarrassed enough as it is" I pleaded.

"Well, apart from the fact it was a dog doing it to you, you have nothing to be embarrassed about....I wish I could get off like that" she trailed off. I didn't at all acknowledge what she was saying at the time, but those words would come back to haunt me. As she got up she called her dog over to her.

"Here stud" she called. I looked at her and we both started to laugh. He meandered to her with his lovely tongue hanging out the side of his mouth, tail slapping violently back and forth.

"I won't say a word to anyone" she promised me. "But we will have to talk about this some more" she said as she headed for the door. "Your definitely one hell of a mad bitch" she said as she left me sitting on the couch to contemplate all that had transpired the last couple of hours.

A week later I got a call from my neighbour. During that time I put all thoughts of doggy sex out of my mind vowing never to succumb to that sordid pleasure again. It was just too damn dangerous as well as the fact that it was unnatural and rather disgusting. As the days went by I convinced myself this much, even to the point that when my husband brought up the subject of doing it again I well and truly rounded on him like some queen snarler. To say that he was confused and put out was an understatement, but without putting myself into it any further I continued with the lies and half truths about why I was now so suddenly against the whole thing.

"I don't know how to say this" my neighbour started, hesitant in her approach to me on the phone. "But, well, its my dog. He has been walking around for days now on heat, with his, you know, peeking out and to make things worse, every chance he gets he tries to sniff between my legs or tries to mount me. I took him to the vet and they recommend either I cut him or get him a bitch to play with".

"And?" I asked.

"And, well, you know how I feel about giving him or any animal the chop so I thought....well, and I know how this is going to sound, but, you're the only bitch I could think of for him to do what he needs to do" she trailed off.

"Let me get this right, you want to relieve your dog of his sexual tensions" I asked somewhat unsure.

"To put it in a nutshell, yes" she replied

"And how do you think this will work?" I asked. "You just drop him over or organise some hotel room for us to do the dirty in".

"Well, to be honest, I thought you could do it over here" she answered.

"And when did you want this to take place" I asked somewhat shocked at the ease with which the words came out of my mouth.

"I was hoping tomorrow" my neighbour said.

"But that's a Saturday, I didn't realise you were working Saturdays now" I replied.

"I don't" she answered, "I was hoping to watch you both at it again....."

The silence that followed was only interrupted by the beeping on the phone of an incoming call. Still neither of us said a thing. I finally asked her.

"Why?"

"Don't ask me that" she replied, "I haven't been able to think of anything else for the last week. I

told you I thought it was the horniest thing I have ever seen and I guess this is a good excuse for me to ask you to do it again”.

I was thinking long and hard. To have my husband watch me make love to a dog was definitely one thing, but another person whom I had only a limited social connection with was something altogether different. The thing that struck me was how excited I had become. I was defiantly not into women, at least, I had never had the means nor the reason to try it and it didn't appeal to be at all, but the reality that another person wanted to watch me fuck a dog was a huge turn on and altogether left me speechless. What kind of a dog slut was I becoming that I actually contemplated letting my neighbour watch me seduce her dog.....

“Alright” I whispered on the phone. “I'll be over around midday if that's fine with you”

“It is” she answered, the shortness of her breath divulging her own excitement. “My husband will be away for the weekend and I know yours always plays golf on a Saturday”.

“Alright then” I finished, “I'll see you tomorrow”

I could tell she hesitated on the phone before I encouraged her.

“Anything else?” I asked

“Could you....you know, wear something sexy?” she almost whispered.

“Or would you prefer I dressed like a slut for my dog lover?” I answered brazenly back

Her sharp intake told me all I needed to know

“Yes” was all she said before she hung up the phone.

I spent the rest of the day contemplating the situation I now found myself in. Over and over I mulled the possibilities to the point where I had talked myself out of it, and then suddenly I would hear a dog bark in the distance which was like an emotional starting gun hurtling me down the track of lustful memories of my canine trysts that would again fortify my resolve to see where it would all lead. Most of the late evening was spent looking out the kitchen window into next doors backyard watching my lover casually lying around the garden while I was thinking about the possible events that were now in my power to pursue. It was just on evening when the light starts to fade that my neighbour walked into her backyard to call her dog for his meal. Intently I watched as she bent down to offer her pet his nightly bowl of food and then casually stroke his back as she so often does. Was it my imagination in the failing half light or did I see her look my way as she suddenly grabbed his heavy swinging balls in her hand? I couldn't be sure of it but knew she couldn't see me as I had neglected to turn on any lights in my house. This startled me back into reality as I realised how late it was and that my husband would soon be home. Quickly and with some panic I set about returning to the normal household duties preparing for his arrival. Even through dinner I couldn't concentrate on anything other than what I was going to do tomorrow and what I thought I had seen. My husband more than noticed my demeanour which I brushed off with the tried and trusted excuse of period pains. Funny how men know what day and time the football is on yet neglect to keep track of our monthly cycles. Had he been more astute he would have known I was lying as I had only had them the week before. The ignorance of men can be such a wonderful thing at times! Sleep was to say the least restless, yet when I did finally succumb to the pillow in the small hours of the morning my head was filled with visions of my upcoming performance as a dog slut. I was more frightened than anything else with how willing my subconscious was guiding my body towards this sordid end.

When I awoke in the morning my husband was already leaving for his regular weekly game of golf with the boys. I knew he wouldn't be back until the late afternoon which gave me immediate heart palpitations as the memories of yesterdays events came flooding back. How stupid could I have been? After a restless nights sleep and time to think over it all there was no way I was going through with anything at all. I had to stop this madness and return back to some semblance of reality. I mean, really, have sex in front of my neighbour with her dog? Complete madness!

During my resolution to not be persuaded by my inner desires the phone rang. I answered it as I normally would with a “hello” not knowing who it would be.

"I just saw your husband leave, are you coming over soon?" my neighbour said. I was silent not knowing what to say.

"Hello, are you there?" she sounded a little panicky.

"Yes, sorry, it's just....." I started hesitantly.

"Just what?" she said, "Please don't tell me your getting cold feet. I haven't been able to sleep a wink all night thinking about it. In fact, I was looking up the subject on the internet most of the night and couldn't believe the things that I saw. It's just, well, so damn.....interesting, and his symptoms are only getting worse. He's been walking around all morning with a hard on the size of.....You'd be doing us both a favour..... so to speak".

"Is that what you call it?" I laughed. "You have to understand that my reluctance in regards to your ability to keep this all under wraps. I have my integrity to think....." as I said this I felt how stupid the comment was, whatever integrity I had was gone the first time I swallowed dog semen.

"If your worried I am going to say anything don't be. We've known each other for a long time now and you should have some idea about "my" integrity as well" she countered.

"Yes, I'm sorry, it's just that what you want of me is so nasty" I said. Her silence was followed by something that shocked me.

"It turned me on seeing you like that. I want to see if it does so again.....will you come over?" she said pleadingly.

I listened to the heavy breathing on the phone, not knowing if it was coming from my neighbour or if I was the culprit.

"I'll be an hour" I whispered into the phone before hanging up. The butterflies had been released now that I had made my mind up to go through with whatever the day was to bring.

After a quick breakfast which I found hard to hold down due to my growing nerves I put thought to what I was going to wear. Not that it was going to stay on for long, but the request from my neighbour did haunt me into making the right decision. Now that I was going to do this I did want it to be special for her as well. Where these thoughts and feelings were coming from I had no idea, and even now I had no intention of physically doing anything with her yet I wanted her to be turned on again more out of my own ego than anything else.

Having a warm shower and attending to all the administrations that a woman does before going out somewhere special was the first thing out of the way. I shaved my legs and started to trim my bush, yet as I did so I thought how much nastier it would look if I was completely shaven. The thought of having that lovely big dog knot pushing between my freshly shaven lips while someone else was watching not only made me moist, but started my flaps to puff slightly in anticipation. God was I horny now! It made it double hard to do a good job of it and near the end I thought of what excuse I would use with my husband for having a shaven mound as he knows I don't like it all that much, but as it always goes, you put all thoughts of the aftermath out of your head to deal with later when it is probably to late. Deciding to leave my hair down I gave it a quick brush and applied my makeup as quickly as I could, even though I was shaking uncontrollably at times that I needed both hands to hold the eyeliner steady. I finished by doing my nails in what I call "slut red", flapping my hands around to quicken the drying process as I entered the bedroom.

I sensuously rolled the silk stockings up my left leg which was perched on the edge of the bed slightly creasing the fabric of the sheets. Glancing in the mirror, I watched my heavy breasts sway as I leant forward to smooth the silk against my skin. My nipples were achingly hard and swollen which I was going to put to good use visually with my black sheer silk shirt. I opted to forgo the confines of a bra and instead let my large breasts create the focal point of my visual feast. One by one I buttoned the shirt up until they just held my cleavage in place. My nipples were visible through the edge of the sheer fabric as they pressed out like small silos on a darkened landscape. With a shake of my head I tossed my sun kissed hair over the collar and moved to complete my dress by putting on a short black leather skirt that stopped halfway down my thigh. Panties were never an option. To complete my transformation I slipped my stocking clad toes into one of my many stilettos and



applied the red war paint along my pouting lips. The finality of pressing my lips together and blowing myself a kiss in the mirror coincided with the phone ringing again. Without answering I knew who it would be as the hour that I had promised had come and gone. A sharp deep intake of breath was all I gave myself as I turned the handle of the front door and entered a new world.

The knock on my neighbours door sounded rather foreboding and final. I could hear the clack of high heels on the tiles as she walked to door and let me in. We looked at each other across the threshold and smiled. She had gone to as much trouble as I had which made me feel a little awkward. Her breasts, although smaller than mine were prominently pushed upwards by her bra. The jeans she was wearing were rather tight, a pair I had never seen her wear before but which did manage to accentuate the curvature of her backside wonderfully. The low cut top slightly hidden by her dark curly waves. I suddenly wondered if she was a natural blonde, a most strange thought at the time. Was she trying to seduce me? Probably but without returning her advances I felt she would soon back down.

"You look....." she trailed off.

"Like a slut?" I finished for her.

"Not exactly, I wouldn't be so harsh. But you do look like you mean business" she replied.

"And speaking of which, where is he?" I asked looking beyond her shoulder to see if I could find the object of my desires.

"He's outside....come in and make yourself comfortable. I'll go fetch him" she continued.

As I walked over the threshold of her door time seemed to slow down. Everything wound down in speed, even her voice slowed to a slow drawl. I could hear my heart smashing violently in my head as the piercing clack of my stiletto hit the first tile of her abode. Everything would change, my desires, expectations and needs would all undergo a massive transformation from this point on. What had started out as my husbands folly would now take on a life of it's own that neither of us had any more control over. I was frightened, even sickly yet at the same time never felt so alive and free. As the resounding crash of my heel hitting the tile hit my eardrums the world caught up to me and I was back to real time.

"Do you approve of how I look?" I ventured to her.

She turned and looked at me. It was not a casual glance but rather one that a carnivore gives its prey before pouncing. It made me feel uncomfortable.

"You look fantastic" she said, her sparkling eyes lingering on my breasts.

She turned and motioned me to sit on the couch while she went to fetch her dog. My heart was trying to burst out of it's confines while I tried to wipe the clammy sweat from my hands onto the couch.

"How do you want to do this?" I asked, suddenly unsure of the mechanics of the situation.

My neighbour arrived back with her magnificent dog in tow. He immediately rushed up to me spreading my legs with his head to try and reach my sex. I spread myself for him falling back into the couch while he started to lap at my wetness.

"I think you have already started" my neighbour replied as she sat herself in the seat opposite me. My peaked tongue seductively ran along my top lip as I looked directly into her eyes. She glanced downwards to watch my left hand push her dogs head closer to my pussy while my right hand lingered over the first of the buttons that would release my breasts from their fragile prison.

"Is this what you really want to see?" I teased her.

She looked at me trying to take the scene in. I spread my legs as wide as my skirt would allow giving her a better view of proceedings.

A hoarse whisper escaped her throat....."yes"

I opened the first button on my blouse. The swell of my heaving breasts forced the material apart revealing my areolas on either side. Her breathing changed with every button I opened especially when I reached under the blouse to aggressively tweak one of my engorged nipples.

"Oh my god" she whispered.

"You ain't seen nothing yet" I smiled back at her.....

Leaning forward on the couch I reached skywards with both my arms in an exaggerated stretch which I knew would reveal my breasts fully to my neighbour as either side of my unbuttoned blouse fell away from my fleshy peaks. Her gasp at my exhibitionism encouraged me to go further with my display. The feeling of being empowered like she was a puppet on my string was acting like an aphrodisiac to my senses.

"They are magnificent" she said looking at the rounded swell of my full breasts.

Without acknowledging her comment I closed my eyes and enjoyed the attention I was getting from her dog. His tongue was rasping on my open sex causing me to lubricate profusely. I was aware that the fact I was on display added to the build up in my juices. The wetter I became, the more my canine lover licked me. It was a catch 22 with me being the big winner. A soft moan escaped my lips as I tried to pull my skirt up over my thighs higher so I could get my legs open further. Both my hands wandered down towards my open sex where the dogs tongue was licking away. Deftly I used my forefingers on both hands to pry open the sweet lips of my cunt letting my lover have access to my pink hole. My breathing was now coming in rasps as I started to lift my hips off the couch to get deeper penetration. His head was starting to turn on his side as he was devouring my womanhood, trying to eat my silky flaps with little nibbles that sent shock waves through my being. The engorged almost fluorescent red nipples on my heaving breasts added to the visual exuberance that I knew must be giving my neighbour pleasure. When I looked over at her through my lust clouded vision I could see her licking her lips and rubbing her mound through the material of her tight jeans. I wanted to tell her to take them off so I could share in the visual feast and watch her rub her sex for me but my gasps due to my imminent orgasm prevented anything more than a long moan from escaping from my lips. When I did cum I threw myself back into her lounge grabbing both my ankles pressing them towards my thighs as I spread my legs as wide as they could go. My senses were heightened to near painfulness as I discerned her small whimpers as she watched my orgasm intently. The sharp softness of the silk stockings I was holding around my ankles was in stark contrast to the fire burning in between my legs as my thighs shook uncontrollably in the spasms of my cum. I was cumming in front of another female with a dog lapping at my pussy and I was loving it. I couldn't wait to show her more of my new found skills and as soon as the pleasure subsided decided to see how much of a slut I could become visually for her.

"That is unbelievable" she said with a slightly hoarse drawl.

"It certainly is" I replied. I then decided to venture into a different direction. "You should try it sometime yourself" I added with a seductive smile while stroking my slit with my index finger and then bringing it to the tip of my tongue so she could see me slide my lips over it.

"I...I don't know if I could" she hesitated.

"Would you like to see more?" I asked already knowing her answer.

"Oh yes" she said.

Getting myself up off her couch I started to slowly drop my skirt onto the floor. Now wearing nothing else but my black stockings and stilettos with the tiny silver tips I stepped out of the skirt and started to walk to the centre of the room calling her dog with me. Leaning over so my breasts swung obscenely I reached down and started to stroke her wonderful dog. His fur was so soft and shiny as my hand ran from his ears to the small of his back in one slow sensual stroke.

"Do you want me to touch him?" I teased

"Yes please" she said breathlessly

"What do you want me to touch?" I asked. I was starting to really get into controlling the moment.

She hesitated before answering. "His cock, I want you to touch his cock".

"Only touch it?" I said turning my head to her looking directly in her eyes as I licked my lips.

"I want.....I want you to suck his cock for me" she whispered.

The invitation to suck my lovers cock was what I was waiting for. I couldn't imagine anything more erotic than licking on his swollen shaft and pleasuring his manhood while his mistress watched me.

Even though she owned him I was his true bitch and I was going to show her exactly that. Kneeling on the floor I reached under his stomach to glide my hands along it until I reached his sheath and ball sack. Gently rubbing and stroking around his erogenous area provokes his cock to start its journey outwards. I lean even further down until I can see his pinkness protruding from his furry scabbard and reached over with my mouth until it is inches from his manhood. Oh how I wanted to taste his salty fluids on my lips, but I hold back until I was sure my neighbour had a good line of vision. She got up and repositioned herself so she had a better view from the chair like some voyeur at a magic show. When I was satisfied I had her full attention I ran the tip of my tongue along the edge of the dogs piss hole. This area always instantly stimulates me as it is where he releases his semen and his pre cum. I find this area on his cock almost drug inducing as it makes me feel very much like a cheap slut. Feeling his meat spring to life with the short flicks of my tongue I open my mouth to receive the first blast of his pre cum. A whimper escapes me as I feel his fluids start to hit the back of my throat and the effort not to fully take him into my mouth becomes too difficult. With one swift motion I fully enclose my lips around his throbbing shaft and start to suck on his cock like some cheap hooker. Oblivious to the fact that I have an audience I bob my head up and down his meaty shaft swallowing his now strong stream of lubrication that he is squirting into the caverns of my stomach. The more I swallow the more I want. The feeling is one of complete abandon and I relish in the knowledge that I have the power to make this magnificent male beast explode his seed into my mouth. Further and further I take him into my mouth until I realise that his knot is now starting to hit my lips as I nearly gag on the amount of dog cock I am trying to swallow. The audible plop as I let his cock fall from my lips is only accentuated by the vocal encouragement that I receive from my neighbour.

"Suck that cock, that's it, suck it good" she eggs me on.

I start to lick his shaft and wrap my lips around his shaft as his piss hole feely discharges his lubrication onto my face and breasts. The rivulets of his juices running down my chin and neck to finally slide down my breasts and onto the floor.

"Oh my god, you fucking slut" she says as she gets off the chair and kneels closer to the action. "I can't believe you enjoy this so much, look at you it's as if you can't get enough of his cock"

In answer to her I place his cock back in my mouth and make an obvious effort to swallow his fluids sucking in my cheeks. I can see the look in her eyes and venture a question to her.

"Do you want to try?" I ask her.

She looks at me as I hold the cock towards her. With a little hesitation she leans forward and with small exploratory flicks runs her tongue along a small portion of her dogs cock. A guttural moan makes its way from deep inside her as she tastes canine for the first time. Her hesitation soon turns to a lustful assault on his manhood. I am amazed at how quickly she learns to pleasure her animal as she slurps her mouth along his shaft. I take the opportunity to suck on the other side to where her lips are and soon both our tongues are licking his magnificent throbbing member. As I suck on his knot I can see her fully take his meat into her mouth and swallow his pre cum. Her cheeks are caved in as she sucks hard on the end of his purple knob only for us to momentarily exchange places on his shaft. It was inevitable that at some stage our lips would meet and when they did I was surprised at how easily I was able to suck on her tongue and taste her dog on her breath. We both spent what seemed ages kissing and licking each others mouth with the dogs cock dangling between us, one of us occasionally breaking off to suck on it and replenish his fluids in our spit swapping orgy. By now both of us were wet with his juices, our hair slick in places from the blasts of his hot pre jism but we couldn't bring ourselves to stop our sordid ministrations. Without warning I felt her hand on my breasts squeezing hard on my fleshy globe while trying to find my swollen nipple. When she located my bud she tweaked it aggressively between her finger and thumb pulling at my nipple until the pain became almost unbearable. I could hear the dog start his whimpering which alluded to the inevitable precursor of his orgasm. Even though I was loath to do it, I knew that it was only right for his mistress to feel the full brunt of his lovely seed hit the back of her throat. I motioned her into position and guided her with soft words to expect a [SPAM] of hot liquid as he cums. She looked at

me with questioning eyes but I reassured her by giving her a last minute kiss. Mesmerized I watched as she started on the final sprint before being rewarded by the ultimate prize of a stomach full of dog semen. His back leg was swinging madly away as he tried to clime her face and the whimpers became more frequent as he quickly approached orgasm. I tried to hold him in place when a sudden sick thought came into my mind. As my neighbour was pumping her slender mouth up and down the shaft of her dog I tentatively lifted his tail and viewed his sphincter. Without hesitation I probed my tongue into his shit crack and pushed as far in as I could. Instantly I felt his back legs tense and by the sounds of gagging from his mistress knew he has shot his full load into her mouth. As he was pumping his virile seed into her stomach I continued to tongue fuck his shit hole and rimmed him clean. My second orgasm hit me as a serious of slaps as the realisation of how depraved I had become hit home. Here I was anally rimming my canine lover while he discharged his manhood into the bowls of his mistress. Nearly fainting I removed my mouth from his arsehole and searched out my new partner in lust. With a mouth full of her dogs cum she pressed her tongue into my mouth and we shared a cocktail of dog semen mixed with my shit stained lips. Back and forth the fluids passed until we both swallowed and drew away in a final passionate kiss.

"fuck me that was something else" was all my neighbour could say.

"I won't fuck you" I said looking at her dog as I made a play on her words, "But he will"

She looked at me and then came to some sort of decision in her mind.

"Not just me hon.....both of us" she said as she leant forward kissing me.

I helped her to her feet and started to make our way to her bedroom. Stopping at the entrance of her door I turned around and beckoned to her dog who was lying where we had left him licking his dwindling cock.

"Ménage a trios anyone?" I said as I beckoned him to join us.....

Thanks to "The Horst" [wherever you may be] ...