

The backyard had been a flurry of construction work for the last month, but the work crew responsible for the renovations was getting closer to finishing. The married couple footing the bill had wanted to change up their acre of property by adding in a pool with an attached gazebo. The pool was built, but empty of water, and the gazebo was still in its frame stages and needing a lot of work to bring it to completion. The rest of the yard was being worked on, too, for new bushes and flowerbeds with large stones set where the wife wanted them for accent. It was ugly for now, but once it was finished it'd be something to be proud of. Maybe another two weeks and the work would be done, and they'd have their yard back.

Dorothy, the loving wife, sighed as she watched the crew outside working from the safety of her patio window. Looking out over the tarp covered patio furniture and the footprint-stomped grass she watched the men work on the new gazebo. Her eyes lingered over the tallest, leanest, of the crew, a canine male. Half of the men were college aged boys from the University, and this one was the prettiest one. He was a nice young man, an Afghan Hound with a well-kept mop of long hair that blended in with his long floppy ears. He was too pretty, someone attractive enough to catch even her husband's eye.

Her husband Lindsey was a good and loving man, a perfect companion. With the two of them being a pair of white rabbits they were the spitting image of the perfect couple, if a bit old fashioned. Lindsey was more than ten years her senior, having met a very long time ago when she was working as a waitress. You could say she was the trophy wife, but he didn't come from any sort of big money. They just fell in love at first sight and had been married now for more than a decade. A very happy and comfortable marriage where she worked hard to live up to the expectations set out for a wife, and in return her husband worked hard to be the husband she deserved.

But her husband was older than her, and as he aged the harder it got for him to keep up with her. It was hard being married to a woman who had her appetite in the bedroom, and she insisted that she wasn't unhappy with him at all, but he was old fashioned and wanted only the best for her. The tall, lean, Afghan Hound outside was the best, in her husband's eyes. Dorothy's only mistake was spending the last several years being very open with what actors and singers she liked. It gave her husband enough information to play with to determine who would tickle her fancy the most.

In an effort to give her what he believed she deserved, her husband wanted to bring another man into their bedroom, and he'd set his eyes on this young dog outside.

It made her uneasy, her nerves fraying any time her husband brought it up. He wanted this young man to lay with her while Lindsey sat comfortably at the sidelines. Her husband had brought it up more than once, carefully and gently, testing out how she felt. She'd refused at first, without question, but she was a very weak-willed woman in the face of something her husband wanted. She wanted him to be as happy as he wanted her, and if this was something he wanted then the seed was already planted the moment he'd brought it up.

"Just a date." Is all she'd agreed to do. This young man could present himself nicely and show her if he was a gentleman with her husband present. Maybe she would agree to go further, but she

made no promises to her husband even though in her heart of hearts she knew that if this date happened and her husband looked happy... she would agree to go further.

She watched the Afghan from the window and knew that the young man had already been approached by her husband. She wasn't present for the conversation, but from what her husband told her the young man was excited and eager. That made her heart flutter in ways it shouldn't have right to. This young man was much younger than her, in his early twenties and still in college.

"Just a date." Is all she'd agreed to, with her husband suggesting that they invite the young man into their home for the date. At home she would be at her most comfortable, and she could get to know the young man better with her husband right next to her to make sure she was ok the entire time. It was very considerate of him, but it wasn't enough to wipe away her worry of laying with another man...

The date was set for this weekend, and as she watched the young man outside, she continued to worry.

"Thank you for having me over." The Afghan told them both as they all took seats in the living room, the weekend coming round far too quick for Dorothy to enjoy.

She sat next to her husband on the small loveseat with his hand resting affectionately on her thigh. She'd dressed nicely, but only in a button-down blouse and a pair of capris. It wasn't anything too fancy or special, rather plain compared to what existed in her wardrobe. Her husband was dressed simply, too. Across from them the dog sat, no doubt wearing the best he had on hand. A clean dress shirt with a pair of slacks, and with his natural good looks it all looked good on him.

"You're welcome, Josh." Her husband said with a careful and reassuring squeeze on her thigh.

"Yes, you're very welcome." She added.

The date was having an awkward start, but the young man was polite and patient. It didn't seem like he had the confidence of a man who had done this before. The only man with any confidence in the room was her husband.

It wasn't a dinner date, as they'd all already eaten before Josh showed up. All this was supposed to be was a pleasant little ice breaker. Her husband did more talking than she did, trying to get the honey to flow, as it were. He asked Josh questions and set boundaries and rules. It was all simple little things, like stopping whenever either of them asked, etc and the like. They didn't really discuss a safe word that was fancier than 'stop'. It was all so embarrassing with her wearing a blush thicker than her lipstick!

"Honey, do you think you'd mind sitting next to Josh for a bit?" Her husband turned to her, his question turning her face all the pinker with her surprise. Her mouth felt suddenly very dry, and she was nervous and anxious together. Both men watched her, her husband's hand gently rubbing her thigh in a

sensuous manner while the Afghan eyed her quietly with his hands clasped between his thighs as he too seemed nervous.

After a long moment of gathering her courage, she nodded and carefully stood. Rising from the sofa she stepped quietly across the room and around the coffee table to where the Afghan sat on the matching loveseat. She sat down but made sure she hugged close to the armrest so there would be ample room of inches between her and the dog. The young man didn't make any gestures or moves towards her apart from turning his head and giving her an awkward smile.

This was just a date, she repeated in her thoughts. Just a date, and nothing more needed to happen that to get to know the young man better. This was all just about breaking the ice and making sure things would go smoothly for everyone, that she was comfortable with it most of all. Her husband smiled at them both from his seat, unbothered by his lonely spot on the sofa.

"What do you think of my wife, Josh?" Her husband asked, breaking the cold silence. She stiffened with embarrassment as the young man turned to look at her, but she was too busy looking across at her husband to notice the canine eyeing her up. Her husband gave her a reassuring smile when their eyes met.

"I think she- that you're very attractive Mrs. Dorothy." He told her, and she flushed a little more under her fur. Her heart was racing, but she didn't want it to. This was so foreign and strange to her, that a young man sitting next to her was probably imagining what he might get to do with her. If she let the ice break, allowed the space between them warm up... She suppressed the urge to shake the nonsense out of her head, she had to convince herself to remain calm.

This wasn't a one-night stand! It was a date, a chance to feel each other out, not feel each other up. Not a thing more needed to happen, they could be patient! Just a little tiny date so she and her husband could get to know the young man a little before they decided to do anything else.

"Thank you." She replied, as to not be rude.

"What do you think, honey? I think he's a handsome young man, and I won't be jealous if you think so, too." Her husband!

She blushed and reluctantly turned her head to look towards the dog, the Afghan sitting patiently next to her, with an element of nervous energy about him that someone his age couldn't hide. He had the sleek, but fit, body she enjoyed in a man... But he wasn't her husband, and thinking too hard about another man's body was not something she knew how to do easily. He was attractive, of course, but to seriously think about it...

So, she nodded in reply.

"I think so, too. You, ah, you are handsome." She sheepishly added afterwards.

"I like your outfit. I think you look very pretty in it." The Afghan told her, and she smiled. Whenever she let her mind wander to something like this, she had expected the young man to be more crass, saying lines ripped right from cheap pornography, but this isn't what she was getting. It surprised her that the Afghan was so nervous, but genuine, too. The moment her husband had put her up to this whole idea she had a wild mix of emotions about it, and a wider mix of expectations.

"I did my best to pick out something nice." She replied. Her husband got her attention then

"Honey, do you think you'd feel ok sitting closer to Josh?"

She really didn't think she should! This was just a date, nothing was supposed to happen, just a chance to feel each other out. This didn't stop her from wanting to see her husband happy, and she nodded, but she hesitated to do anything more. If she moved closer to the dog that would mean something, wouldn't it? A kind of acceptance of what could happen next, of what would happen next if she allowed it.

Josh made the move for her, shifting in his seat and scooting closer towards her until the dog was right next to her, his body against hers with the armrest of the couch trapping the rabbit in place.

She let out an audible gasp when Josh slipped his hand behind her back to hold her gently against his side. Caught in the clutches of the larger man she was silent, unsure of what to do or say. Across from them her husband shifted in his seat, too. Every heart in the room must have been beating as hard as hers was, the energy was palpable, sliceable like a stick of butter.

"I think you both look great together like that." Her husband told them, encouraging them, dangling a dangerous deal in front of them. Dorothy knew what both men would love to see happen, to see this go all the way, but it was just a date, she reminded herself.

"If we did it, do you think you know what you would like?" Josh asked her, his nervousness a mixture now of uncertainty and raw excitement. She was literally in his clutches, so the young man must be at the edge of his seat with desire, but he was holding himself in check, the arm around her back was casual and gentle. He wasn't forcing her, just letting his presence be known through a hand resting on her hip and his body at her side.

She didn't know how to answer him.

"You can tell him whatever you're comfortable with." Her husband told her.

Dorothy suppressed a nervous shiver; she didn't know what to say! She and her husband simply... made love. She didn't watch porn; she didn't read the salacious romance novels filled with carnal sin. She was a modest woman, plain, simple.

"I, I don't know. Normal things." She replied, and her answer sounded terrible even to her untrained ears. What was normal these days?

"On your back, with me on top?" Josh asked her, and the mental image hit her, and she shivered. His arm squeezed her tighter, in a reassuring way. She nodded to him in reply.

"I can be gentle." He told her. She would like that.

"Gentle is good." She replied.

"But I can go at any pace you want, Mrs. Dorothy. I, uh, can go hard or soft. Whatever you would like." He told her, his nervous energy betraying him. Soft or hard, he'd said. Is that what he wanted deep down? Was he the gentle sort of man or the type that watched porn and wanted the same for himself? She could see a tall strapping young man like him being like the men in porn, or what she assumed they were like. Brutish and rough, disrespectful. She shuddered then, felt his arm squeeze her against him reassuringly. There was a warmth growing in the pit of her stomach, between her legs. No, she shouldn't be thinking about any of this, it was just a date!

"I've never done this sort of thing with a couple before, but I'd really like to try it with you, Mrs. Dorothy. You're very beautiful." Josh added.

She opened her mouth to try and reply, but she was at a loss for what to say.

"If this date goes well then maybe we can, we can try something." She finally said, the men in the room being very patient with her. It was her after all that would be sleeping with someone outside her marriage.

"I hope it does, ma'am." He told her. His hand was rubbing up her side now, gently caressing her, but she couldn't bring herself to tell him to stop. The warmth she was feeling was too strong, battling against her better judgment. It felt like her whole body was warming up next to the dog, betraying her. If this was just a date then nothing would happen except them talking about what might be possible in the future, but that hand tracing up and down her side was giving her a small taste of what was next, and she had no choice but to force her legs to sit still lest they begin to rub her thighs together.

"What do you think, Dorothy?" Her husband asked her.

She knew the answer, her body knew it. The date was going well, all the awkwardness aside, but there was a part of her that suspected the date would turn into something much more if nothing was done to stop it, and she was afraid of that something!

"It's going good." She said at last with a quick nod.

Josh's hand moved up her side and stopped, right next to her breast. She could feel his fingertips just at the edge of her bra. What was he planning? Was he seriously going to make a move like this?

"Would you like something to drink? I-I could get you something." She tried to change the subject, but the dog kept his hand on her side, her anxiety growing along with the pace of her heartbeat. His fingers were tracing the very edge of her breast, the fabric of her bra hardly enough to stop the sensation of his touch.

"No, I'm doing ok." Josh replied. He was looking at her intently, his hand tugged at her gently, drawing her tighter to him. They no longer looked like a pair of people sitting casually next to one another, what her husband was seeing was a woman being drawn deeply into the embrace of another man.

She swallowed audibly, the saliva welling up in her mouth for reasons unknown, her body responding in ways she'd not felt since her teens.

"Can I touch you more?" he asked her, and her mouth opened to reply, but she was silent. The eyes of her husband were like saucers, his excitement obvious to her by the way he sat and held his hands still in his lap.

"Maybe. Only a little." She gave in, but only a little.

Josh slipped the hand on her side forward, and she gasped as he carefully cupped her breast through her bra. He applied pressure, hugging her close with a hand on one breast while his free hand struck out, boldly. He snaked his hand between them, and she gasped sharply when he carefully began to pick her up and lift her over his lap.

Across from them her husband was gawking with surprise, his one knee trembling up and down like he had the jitters. He was as excited as she was startled.

Dorothy came to a stop in Josh's lap, a large feeling lump pressing up at her backside from the canine's lap. His one hand never left her breast and now the other was rubbing her thigh. God, he felt so much bigger now! She was sitting right in another man's lap, the size of his body compared to her made her convictions tremble close to faltering. Their 'date' was so dangerously close to turning into something more, she felt it in her racing heart.

"Is this ok?" He asked her, but only after he'd already done what he wanted.

She was flushed pink, embarrassed, nervous, and aroused in ways she shouldn't be. This is why the young man was here, to eventually do things to her that only her husband had right to do. She was breathing quicker, knowing both men in the room expected an answer, knowing that her husband no doubt hoped she'd say yes. Dare she? Her body yearned for this, but her spirit hadn't yet made peace with any of it!

"I- I think so." She stammered.

"If we keep going, we'll be doing a lot more than this. Not just sitting or anything like that. Are you sure?" He asked her, at least he was thinking of her comfort still even if he was pushing the boundaries little by little. She nodded to him, quickly, curtly, then reconsidered what her gesture might mean to him without any words to give it voice.

"I- I'm nervous." She confessed; it wasn't a lie. The hand on her breast vanished and slipped behind her back to reach up to her shoulder, holding her there and tugging her against his chest.

"We can go slow, and I can try to be gentle." He told her, almost a whisper but still enough for her husband to hear.

Her husband shifted in his seat, moving himself on the couch a bit so that he was seated directly across from them instead of from the side. She looked to him, but he didn't say anything. Their eyes met, and she could see it. He was letting her make the decisions now, but she knew. This all started with him, his desires and curiosity. He wanted the dog to go further and further with her, and the only person holding him back was the little white rabbit perched in the Afghan's lap.

She looked back to Josh, the words caught tight in her throat.

"I've never done anything like this before." She confessed.

"Can I kiss you?" He asked her, his eyes boring right into hers with such intensity, a kind of fire she'd not seen in a long time, not even in her husband. It stunned her silent, not just his question, but the eyes. Her mouth fell open by just a hair's width, then the dog leaned forward. He pressed his lips against hers, and she tried to gasp, the suddenness of it all taking her by surprise.

He forced his tongue into her mouth, her muffled protest hardly amounting to anything greater than an 'oomph'. The hand resting on her shoulder moved to the back of her head while the hand on her thigh traveled up her front until it found a breast. He gently squeezed her, both head and breast at once as he kissed her hard.

She gasped into his mouth, his tongue dancing against hers. Dorothy didn't know what to do at first, she actually panicked once the reality of set in that she was being kissed by another man, but the firm hand on her chest and her head stifled her protests, her own hands trembling, pulling them back to her chest, finding the hand on her breast. She clung to him all throughout the kiss, the hand on her breast kneading her now while her own tongue betrayed her by dancing in sync with the dog's.

At last, her thighs began to rub against one another, she was burning red hot, piping hot, so much so that if another soul touched her right then they might come away with blisters! It was like the dog was lighting her ablaze his hands, with his kiss alone. When he broke the kiss after what felt like an eternity she was baffled and shook, panting quietly in his lap.

"Did you like that, Mrs. Dorothy?" He asked her, those intense eyes still peering deeply into her own. It silenced her, leaving her to swallow, the taste of the dog still on her tongue, her lips. After a

pause, her body replied to him, like on autopilot. She nodded, trembling with nervous excitement she shouldn't be feeling at all! Their date was rapidly escalating, barreling ahead into lands uncharted.

"I think we should take this to the bedroom, if you are both ok with that." The dog suggested, first looking down at her, then up at her husband.

"If- If that's what Dorothy wants, then we can do that." Her husband replied, sounding nervous for the first time before he regained his composure. Dorothy was startled, the reality slapping her in the face. Was this really going to happen? To the bed, he'd said!

"I, wait, I don't. I don't know..." She stammered, suddenly finding her voice again.

"We can go slow. Baby steps. If I go too far, I can stop." He told her, looking back down into her eyes, and she felt herself giving into his gaze. She mouthed words, silent, unsure of what to tell him in return.

When the dog began to stand, he carried her up with him, cradled in his arms now like a young girl. Stunned silent she stared up at him while in turn the canine looked over to her husband.

"Where?" He asked, and she watched as her husband quickly stood up and began to walk in the direction of the hallway.

She was trapped in a daze as Josh carried her through her own house, down the hallway and towards their bedroom door. Her heart was trying to beat its way out of her chest, and when the dog reached their bed, he carefully sat her down, letting her lay on her back while he hovered over her prone form, speechless still.

"I'm going to kiss you again." He told her, taking more command of her, of the situation, while her husband watched from the background.

He leaned over her and kissed her again, slipping a single hand behind her head while the other found her breast. She didn't fight his kiss, nor did she resist him as he groped her chest. She panted up into him, breathing hard through her nose as the young man kissed her deeply. If he let their kiss linger any longer she might have had to gasp for air, but he broke it just in time. She was heaving, taking in deep breaths while the Afghan continued to hover over her, staring into her eyes.

She was weak, melted, a woman broken down into her individual parts and strewn about the bed.

"I want to know what you taste like down there. I'm going to do that now unless you tell me to stop." He told her, his hand leaving her breast and running down the front of her body until he reached her waist.



"W-wait!" She suddenly found herself again, thinking back to the truth that this was just a date, nothing more. Her hands found his, stopping him even as he already had her zipper between his fingers.

"I'm not going to fuck you yet." He told her, the f-word stunning her silent, the mental image of the tall dog mounting her painted across her mind like a splash of color across a canvas.

"Just this right now." He told her and began to unzip her. Her hands didn't have the strength to stop him as she listened and felt the zipper draw down.

"If you want more afterward, I can do that, too." He continued, his fingers reached up to find the single button, the last defense that kept her capris in place. "Let me taste you, Mrs. Dororthy."

"O-ok." She nodded, unable to resist, giving in one last time.

He unbuttoned her pants, and the dog moved further down the bed, standing at the foot of the mattress before leaning over to reach and grab at the sides of her capris. Behind him her husband was staring, wide eyed, leaning against the bathroom door. He looked bewildered, like reality wasn't matching up with his expectations, or perhaps seeing his fantasy become real before his eyes was too much to ponder at all once.

Josh began to pull, and her pants began to slide down. She didn't stop him. Her pants quickly fell down her slender legs until they broke free of her feet, before being discarded to the floor. Her hands instinctively moved to her crotch, to cover herself. The dog just grabbed her legs and pulled her down the bed until her butt came to stop at the edge.

She was helpless as the Afghan moved her legs apart, the dog kneeling in front of her, licking his chops before he leaned in, pressing his nose against her hands until he nudged them aside. His lips met the fabric of her panties. It was the only barrier of modesty she had left!

"P-please be gentle." She whispered, voice filled with panic, and he looked up at her, his eyes fiery hot with need. He kissed her lips through the fabric, then gave her a single lick.

"I promise, Mrs. Dorothy. When I'm done, you'll want more." He told her, and she nearly gasped. She drew her hands up to cover her face as the dog began to kiss her more, letting the panties grow even more damp with her arousal with every peck of his lips upon her.

She was soaking wet, and it left her feeling ashamed, even as the engine of her arousal left her panting quietly from behind her hands. She couldn't bring herself to watch Josh give her oral, but she felt his hands find the sides of her panties. When he began to tug them, she let her legs do whatever the dog wanted, lifting them up so he could pull her underwear down her legs, and soon they too were discarded. She couldn't pull her hands away from her face! She couldn't bring herself to look.

"Mrs. Dororthy." She heard Josh say, but she didn't respond, couldn't. It was too much! She felt him plant a kiss on her inner thigh, his hands rubbing the sides of her hips.

"Look at me." He told her. She shook her head, timid as could be.

"Look at me." He told her again, louder, and firmer, and she couldn't stop her hands from pulling away at the sound of his command. Her eyes met his, were locked in an embrace with them. She couldn't look away, eyes wide as saucers as the young man stared her down, giving his lips one last lick with his tongue before he leaned down to run his tongue up her slit. She gasped, but didn't dare look away, the Afghan watching her as she watched him. He was going to make sure she watched this, to watch another man devour her instead of her husband!

And so, she watched, watched as the young man dove his muzzle against her slit, dragging his tongue across her petals, kissing at her folds. Dorothy panted, her body struggling not to squirm under the dog's attentions, but she couldn't help herself. When John finally looked away from her face, shutting his eyes and devoting himself fully to eating her, she pulled her hands back to her face, hiding, gasping out from between her palms.

He shoved his tongue inside her, and her entire body jerked. His hands gripped her sides tight and held her hips firmly in place as he kept digging his tongue deeper inside her, tasting her inside all around like he'd not eaten in days. She felt, and heard, him remove himself from her crotch with a wet smacking of his lips before he pressed himself back down. His lips touched against her clit, hard, his mouth parted like he was trying to whistle. His tongue darted out, dancing across her little vulnerable nub until she shouted from behind her hands, her back arching, her toes curling.

But before she could cum he stopped, his hot breathing drifting over her soaked petals.

She peeked down at him through her hands and found him staring back at her. Quickly, she put her hands aside, obeying his previous order to look at him. When he was satisfied, he continued. Kissing her again, she made herself watch as he expertly made out with her folds like he'd done it so many times before. His skill with his tongue was like a sculptor molding clay into whatever he desired. The more he worked the closer she got to her own climax, the dog walking her back to the edge of orgasm.

This time he didn't stop when her body began to shudder, her back arching again. Her hands, no longer bound to her face, reached out instinctive for the dog's head, but fear gripped her. Josh wasn't her husband! Her hands fell to her sides, gripping the bedding tight as the canine returned his lips to 'whistle' at her clit. His tongue darting and dancing once more at her now tender and desperate bud. He planted his mouth over her fully, suckling on her clit for a moment before popping himself off of her with a smack.

She shivered from head to toe, standing on the razors edge of climax.

"Josh!" She nearly shouted; her voice filled with warning. She felt actual fear at being so close to orgasm. The dog just looked at her firmly, then planted his lips upon her again, and when his tongue touched her clit again she began to vibrate silently against the bed, her body going rigid.

Dorothy swore to herself that she might be able to survive, that just maybe she could prevent herself from cumming. She shouldn't cum from another man, this was wrong, wasn't it? Another man was going to make her cum! Then she felt a hand quickly leave her side and reappearing at the lips of her sex. She looked back down, her eyes having drifted to the heavens to stare at the ceiling as bliss nearly stole away her purity.

Those fingers slipped inside her, curling, searching, as the dog continue to maul her clit with his mouth. In moments he left her screaming, her body racked with an orgasm she couldn't have stopped if she'd tried with all her might. The moment she 'popped'; the dog stopped. He extracted himself from her, fingers and all. She was left to herself on the bed, shuddering and squirming all on her own while she panted, chest heaving. As she calmed down the dog sat back on his haunches and watched her recover her wits.

"Would it be ok if we kept going?" The dog broke the silence, turning to look over at her husband. He was still by the bathroom door, a stunned look on his face. He wasn't sure how to respond, looking to her for guidance. She was almost in a daze, her breathing still heavy as the cool air of the room settled over her damp petals.

The two rabbits shared a look, her seeing that her husband was a mix of excitement and surprise. Neither of them probably thought things would go this far, especially Dorothy. The dog looked back at her, reaching a hand out to touch her inner thigh, giving her a gentle rub up and down.

"I- I don't know. What more, what more would- would we do?" She panted in reply, breathless, her voice sounding weak to her ears.

"You could give me a turn since I gave you one. I want your mouth on me." Josh replied, and she felt her heart flutter, her cheeks turning a fresh coat of pink. She didn't know, she wasn't sure!

"I would like that." Her husband spoke up in her place. She looked at him, then the dog, back to her husband. She knew both men wanted this, and she... she wanted it to, but she shouldn't.

"Ok." She replied, uncertain. Giving oral wasn't something she often did, or even something she thought she was good at. Her husband didn't ask it much of her, but this young man likely expected more from her than what she knew to give. "I won't... I won't be very good."

"That's ok, ma'am. Just do your best." He replied, standing up.

She lifted herself up onto her elbows and watched as the dog began to unsnap his jeans, the noise of his zipper drawing down becoming the loudest thing in the room. Behind him her husband stepped away from the bathroom door until he reached her vanity in the corner. She had a little stool there and he sat down, watching the young dog loosen up his jeans before scooting them down his fit legs.

Her husband was hard in his pants, a hand refusing to leave the evidence of his bulge. What her husband tried to hide behind his hand was nothing compared to the bulge that the dog was sporting in his underwear. Her anxiety was shooting through the roof as she watched the Afghan fondle himself, feeling and groping the fat lump until he was ready.

As the canine's hand worked at his plump sheath, something began to lengthen. His cock, hidden still behind the layer of fabric, was swelling. His length snaked its way to the side, stretching his underwear. Her heart was skipping beats, her breathing quick and heavy. She didn't think she could do this! He looked so big! Dorothy wasn't a big woman, she was petite, unpracticed. This- this was far outside what she knew she could do!

"I- I don't know. You, you look large." She replied.

"Hop off the bed, we'll see what you can do." He told her, and she sheepishly obeyed, thinking herself that it was impossible, that she couldn't possibly go through with this, thinking of all the reasons why. She crawled to the end of the bed, and slipped off the edge and onto the floor. Despite all her years of being married, and a chaste marriage at that, she knew enough to know where a woman was supposed to be if she was to give her partner oral sex.

When she settled herself onto her knees in front of him, the dog replied to her presence by hooking his thumb under the waistband of his underwear and gave it a tug down. His cock bounced free of its prison, drooping briefly towards the floor before the rush of blood stiffened it erect, the lengthy tool twitching and bouncing higher and higher in the air until it was jutting proudly out from his groin.

Dorothy could only stare, mouth agape, as the dog showed off his cock. His dick wasn't just bigger than her husband's. It looked positively massive! For such a lean and slender male, his cock was almost too big for him, its girth thicker than her wrist, the evidence of his knot threatening to be even wider than that. And where would all that length go? How could a dog built like this expect to ever fit himself into a woman as slender as her? She was just a little rabbit, a petite woman!

She looked shyly to her husband, hoping for assistance, a way out. Her husband was as awestruck as her, his own mouth ajar as he gawked at the dog's cock. The Afghan took a step towards her, snapping her head back towards him, towards his dick, towards his face as he reached out a hand and grabbed her gently by the head, right behind one of her ears.

"I-I don't, I." she stammered, but when he tugged her gently forward, taking one step closer towards her still, she found herself obeying again. She was turning submissive to the dog's wants. His fat cock came closer and closer to her, so close that she swore she could feel its heat radiating across her unprotected face.

She was audibly panting, mouth hanging open, when the dog stopped. He wrapped his free hand around the bottom of his dick and held it still next to her face.

"Is this what you were looking for?" Josh asked.

Dorothy was confused, until she realized that the dog was looking at her husband. When she turned to look to her husband, she was instead face to face with the enormous swell of the dog's dick. There was a cock resting, twitching, between her and her husband, obscuring her view, and with Josh's hand still holding a grip on her ear she couldn't move. She was trapped in this spot, a dick in her face that wasn't her husband's.

"I- I had hoped." She heard her husband say, quiet and shy. There was a nervous tremble in his voice.

"Hoped for what, Mr. Lindsey?" The dog pressed. It was like a switch had been flipped in the dog's brain. He was more dominant now, like he knew that the married couple had gone too deep to pull back out, that the pieces were set up nicely on the board, and all he had to do now was to command them to move to whatever square he wanted them to be. She felt helpless, but she also felt aroused. Her whole body was hot like an oven, she'd never felt this way before, it was so different from any other feeling she'd had! This wasn't love, or romance, or a teenage crush, but something curiously filthy. She felt dirty even as it elevated her five senses.

"I, well." Her husband replied, stopped for a moment to audibly swallow.

"I had hoped you would be big. You looked big." He continued.

"You wanted to see someone bigger than you fuck your wife?" Josh asked, bluntly, his hand tightening slightly on Dorothy. Her heart started to pound a little harder, her eyes staring more intently at the massive cock floating right next to her face. She swore she felt hotter, like the red steel pipe of meat next to her was growing in temperature as it twitched rhythmically to the quick beat of the dog's heart.

"Y-yes. I did."

"You were looking at my junk while I was working for you, trying to figure out if I was the dog to ask?" Josh asked, almost as if Dorothy was no longer a person in the room, just an accessory to a kink. That made her heart beat even faster. This huge cock was mocking her, taunting her. So close, and yet so distant. At any moment she could reach her hands up, to do anything with them, but they were cowardly. She kept them in her lap, right close to her smoldering nethers. She was frozen in place, unsure and unwilling to do anything on her own.

There was no way it would fit! Look at how big it was! Not in her mouth, not her pussy, nowhere! She had to swallow a mouthful of spit right then.

"I, well, I was discrete." Her husband defended himself, his voice more nervous now, but she knew this tone of voice. He sounded every bit the man she loved, but there were those moments of weakness. A special kind of weakness like when they shared their first time. A sheepishness overtakes him, when he's embarrassed and shy, but trying to sound like a stronger man. He was doing that now,

the dog had cowed him as easily as Dorothy had done on their first night together, and many nights after that.

“You weren’t. I noticed before you ever asked if I wanted to fuck her.” He replied, then the hand on his cock moved, and his dick swung out to the side and away from her face.

She briefly saw her husband, his hands in his lap rubbing nervously at his obvious erection. He had the look of a man entrapped by lust and need, eyes wide, mouth open in a pant.

And then suddenly her husband was gone, a red pillar of meat obscured him from view as Josh flicked his dick at Dorothy, his prick slapping her across the face. She gasped, but not from the pain. She hardly felt that. She gasped at the HEAT! Another man had slapped her with his fat needy cock, she’d felt it! It was so warm to the touch that she could still feel the spot where he’d touched her, radiating its warmth across her face!

“Suck my dick, Mrs. Dorothy.” The Afghan told her.

She looked up at him and he was looking right down at her. Her heart almost froze for a moment, the reality setting in that she was going to suck this young man’s cock. The fear that it was too big was gnawing at her very soul, the uncertainty of how she could ever manage such a task overwhelming her. When she felt his hand grip her tighter, twisting her head to look at his cock, she obeyed.

In her mind she resisted, denied that it was possible, asserted to herself that she would fail! But her body obeyed. She leaned her face into his prick, the heat of his cock flushing her face red, the fur of her face pink with shame and shyness even as her trembling hands rose from her lap to touch at his thighs.

Now that was compliant with his demands, to dog grew more dominant, pulling her head suddenly into his crotch. Her nose pressed to his solidly built abdominals; his sheath smooshed against her lips with his red hot cock pressed firmly against her cheek.

She didn’t know what to do in the face of such a dominant man! Her hands found his underwear, their waistband. She tugged them down to get them out of the way, and quickly they fell down his thighs where the dog quickly shook them loose down his leg to step free of them. Dorothy couldn’t see anything but a wall of toned fur. Her hands needed something to do, so she reached up higher and found his hips, a nice spot of fit hip muscle that was the perfect place to rest her hands.

When Josh pulled his hand away from her head she was finally free, free to do as she pleased. No longer forced to press her nose against his body she pulled herself back, but the rich smell of him pulled her back in. Moving on her own accord she buried her face into his crotch, rubbing herself into him, shivering and shuddering as she bathed her face in another man’s scent and warmth.

She took a good look at him. His sheath was wrapped tightly around his girthy cock, fuzzy and soft with a pair of huge nuts dangling beneath them. She removed a hand from his hip and reached for his orbs. They were big, easily overflowing her little palm as she fondled them, discovering how heavy they felt in her hand. She shuddered again, harder, and leaned her face back into his crotch so that his nuts pressed against her cheek. Dorothy nuzzled against them, baffling herself. She had no idea why she was doing this!

The rabbit then started kissing his balls, something she'd never done to a man before, and she had no idea why she was doing it! Why was she so aroused, so desperately needy that just having these nuts in front of her drove her crazy? What kind of woman was she?

"My dick, Mrs. Dorothy." Josh reminded her firmly, and to make sure she got the hint he took another firm grip of her head right then and then slapped her face with his cock a second time.

She gasped this time, too, and looked up at him. Dorothy had no idea what she looked like from the dog's point of view, of a little married woman kneeling in front of him. Whatever she must have looked like, he thought it must have deserved a little more abuse because he slapped her face with his dick a third time, and then as he swung his dick back for a fourth she opened her mouth obediently, and he slapped her again. She was panting heavily, and Josh simply drew his hips back while holding her head in place, then forced the end of his dick into her waiting mouth.

Dorothy almost gagged, but not because a man that wasn't her husband had forced himself past her lips, but because he was huge! He pushed deeper, his thick dick slipping back across her tongue. She didn't know what to do except sit still and let the man have his way, she felt like a virgin again! Something wet splashed inside her mouth, intense in its flavor, but familiar. The wet splash of a man's precum was something she knew the taste of, but Josh's was a bit different from her husband's, and there was so much more of it!

She swallowed, and the dog must have liked how it felt. He let go of his cock and took her head by both hands.

"Let's see if she was lying about not being able to take it." He said aloud.

Dorothy had never explicitly stated that she couldn't take it, but that was what she was thinking, and sure that's what both men knew she was trying to convey. The Afghan started drawing his hips back, his cock dragging backwards across her tongue.

This wasn't going to work, she insisted to herself even as she kept her lips wrapped tightly around his massive prick. There was no way it was going to fit! He pushed forward, the rabbit gagging as he penetrated her mouth from her lips and all the way to the back of her throat. The end of his cock rubbed along the roof of her mouth, making her shiver, when it bottomed out in her she gagged again, but she swallowed the moment she felt a splash of precum.

The dog worked his hips against her, forcing his dick in and out of her while his strong hands held her captive, kneeling on the floor like a good submissive woman. Each thrust elicited a gag from the little wife, her hands desperate for a handhold, each finding purchase on his hips again. The dog wasn't panting, nor huffing or puffing. He was effortlessly working his hips in a slow and rhythmic fashion, making sure each thrust forced his cock just a hair's width deeper down her muzzle while she gagged and swallowed.

She'd open her eyes, see his stomach draw close, then pull away, tears beading up at the corner's of her eyes until she had to blink them away. Not much of his impressive cock made it down her muzzle, the backside of her mouth was simply too tight to be penetrated, and she couldn't guarantee her gagging would even allow it. When she looked up at Josh he was looking back down at her, smug and possessive. It turned her on, and she'd swallow around his cock a little more, that sticky hot precum of his washing down her throat, slickening up her tunnel far more than spit only could manage.

The dog yanked himself out of her mouth, her lips making a wet pop as he slipped free. He let his cock slap over her face, resting wetly across the bridge of her nose while it twitched and drooled pre across the top of her head.

"Your turn." He told her.

She was confused, tilting her face to the side so his cock could rolled off to twitch besides her cheek.

"What?" She asked, looking up at him as her spit and his pre dripped down her face and from her lower lip.

"Suck my dick, don't make me do the work for you." He told her, and his eyes held a firm gaze. She withered, nodding and grabbed his cock of her own accord and aimed his tip back into her mouth. She felt so shameless, that she was actually humoring this impossible task even as while husband watched wide-eyed and an in awe from the vanity.

Dorothy gagged when she tried to swallow him down on her own, her pitiful attempt to throat him failing. She couldn't get any more of his dick into her mouth than he could, but his voice and eyes were so firm with her, leaving no room for denial of his desires. He wanted her to suck his cock, and so she sucked his cock! She held him at the bottom with one hand while another hand cupped his big balls. She sucked and swallowed on him, bobbing her head, gagging every time she felt his tip knock against the back of her mouth.

The gagging didn't bother her anymore, it was just a fact of life than the young man's dick was so huge. It didn't stop her from trying, didn't stop her from shamelessly obeying the command to gobble up his huge dick like she was told to. His dick would twitch across her tongue, spilling more pre into her mouth and she'd gladly swallow it down, feeling the sticky clear substance line the walls of her throat like lube. Her head was rocking back and forth, grinding the end of his dick deep into her gullet almost



like instinct, as if every woman knew the tricks of the trade deep down inside them. All it took was the right man to awaken the knowledge within her with a firm voice, hand, and hot glare of his eyes.

The tight opening of her throat began to tremble, Dorothy gagging as she screwed her eyes shut to swallow him down deeper still, as deep as the little wife could get him in. Even as she continued to deny it to herself, claiming that he was simply too big to fit, she obeyed the command to try.

When the head of his prick popped past the last barrier of resistance, the precum having nicely lubed her insides up and leaving her extra slick for his entry, she didn't even gag. She was simply shocked that so much dick was suddenly in her mouth, the incredible feeling of tightness in the back of her mouth was something she'd never felt before!

Then Josh snatched her head in his hands and with a curt grunt he yanked her head down into his crotch.

His prick slid down into her deep, stretching her throat wide as her hands desperately clawed at the dog's stomach, her eyes bulging wide open as the Afghan exhaled hard over her, his got breathe like a summer's breeze as he proved her wrong. She could fit him, all the way down, his shrunken knot pressed at her lips, throbbing now and growing eagerly in front of her as tears beaded up hard in her eyes from the stress of containing so much cock in such a narrow tunnel.

"I knew it would fit!" Josh shouted, his hands keeping an iron grip on her head as she swallowed instinctively, feeling him twitch and throb inside her mouth as more precum spilled down directly into her stomach. His knot kept growing, her eyes darting from the swelling orb, then up to his smug toothy smile, then back down to his knot only to find it'd gotten even larger.

He held her there, still, as she squirmed and struggled, unable to even breathe, until her eyes were fluttering. The world was growing darker and darker until all she could see was the red fiery orb of his knot, at last having reached its full obscene size. When he yanked his cock free from her this time she sputtered and coughed, gagging as precum spilled down her chin, spit hanging from her lips and his cock like spiderwebs of lust.

When her vision returned to normal, lungs full once more of fresh air, she saw how beautiful his cock looked now that it was in prime condition. It was huge, throbbing, coated in her spit and his own pre. This was a cock she would have only guessed existed in fantasy and porn, but here it was, right in front of her. The veins on his shaft and knot were angrily with blood, bugling vessels of hot fuel that kept the engine of his dick running with as much vigor as needed to breed any woman he wanted to sink it into.

The warmth between her legs was now like an inferno, even if she hadn't been on the pill, she'd have never known it from how hot she was deep in her belly.

"Is this what you were thinking of when you were checking out my dick?" Josh was turning his attention back to her husband now.

She was in a state of stunned silence, the gentle ache in her throat was mesmerizing, like a spell had been cast over her mind and body. She didn't believe, didn't want to believe it, and yet that ache was proof she'd been wrong. He'd made it fit, and she'd help him to!

"I- I didn't know what to think. I..." Her husband stammered in reply.

"You want me to plug her pussy next, or should I just blow a load over her on the floor?"

There was so much ownership in the tone of the dog's voice, it made her shiver with excitement as the words filled her ears. It snapped her out of her stupor, and she looked to her husband then, and then up at Josh.

"I- I think we can do whatever Dorothy would like." Her husband confessed, trying to regain some of his own authority, but only to pass it over to her instead. She looked again at the fat prick in front of her, tried to imagine that monster squeezing past her petals and deep within her folds. He'd made it fit in her mouth, but... Surely not, surely it couldn't! Her throat didn't have a 'bottom'! But, her pussy did! He was so huge! Surely...

"I think she's ready to do whatever I tell her to do, isn't that right Mrs. Dorothy?" He replied, his final question aimed down at her with his eyes giving her that smoldering male gaze that left her trembling. She looked again to his dick, and then she swallowed. The taste of his precum was still in her mouth, glued to her tongue.

"It won't fit." She whispered, not to Josh, but to his cock.

"I don't mind proving you wrong twice, Mrs. Dorothy. On the bed, lay down with your legs off the edge."

It was not a request, but a command, and she touched his legs, held them and drew herself upright on weak legs. Dorothy took another look to her husband, and saw he was wide eyed still, caught as if in headlights. The tent in his pants had left a damp spot at his tip, which was slowly spreading as her husband's dick drooled its own sticky precum.

She turned to look back up at Josh, and his hands took her by the shoulders. His grip was firm, commanding. The dog nudged her backwards, and he took a step back. Again. The back of her left leg hit the mattress, then the other. His hands slid up from her shoulders, caught her by the neck and he held her still as he loomed over her with his height. When he leaned in close, she froze still, the dog's lips brushing past her cheek and stopped at her ear. He whispered to her, his breath hot like fire.

"This is your one chance to stop me. Take it, or I'm going to fuck you like a whore while your husband watches."

Her pussy was soaked to the bone, her juices dribbling down her inner thighs as the words hammered away at her. Her good sense, her morals, her wedding vows, her status in her own community, their church. All of that was yelling at her a single question: What are you doing, Dorothy?

She darted her eyes back to her husband, whose hands were nervously pawing at his pant legs, his body language screaming at her that he wanted so badly to touch himself, but the growing wet spot was proof that if he dared to he'd blow right then and there, and his pleasure would be over. His eyes told her what he wanted. He was as confused, bewildered, as she was, but he was as hot as she was. The fire alight in his body may not have been the same as hers, but it was powerful enough that he was willing to sit there at the vanity and give his wife the freedom to chase her own pleasure, and in turn give pleasure to him.

What was she doing? She asked the question to herself.

Josh answered it for her by shifted his lips to her own, and he kissed her. Her muffled gasp was the last once of resistance she had left. The rabbit melted, and the dog knew it. She'd made her choice. He broke the kiss and pushed her backwards, and not even very hard. She was his to command and she allowed herself to fall backwards onto the bed.

Physically, she was at his mercy. As the dog grabbed her by the legs and spread them wide, leaving her petite body open and vulnerable to the fat cock he was threatening to stick in her, she was a flurry of emotions. What was she doing? She had to ask herself again as the raging fire in her body consumed her from lips to loins, leaving her breathless and hungry for more even as she asked herself again and again what was she doing. Josh knelt in front of her and drug his tongue across her folds once, then twice, before finishing with a wet smack of his chops.

She was easily a decade or more older than this young man, and he was ordering her do such filthy things!

Josh stood back up, eying up his prize hungrily as he took his dick in hand and stroked it. A big, delicious looking, glob of precum oozed from his top and dropped right over her cunt.

"Take off your shirt, Mrs. Dorothy." He told her. After she resisted a moment too long, he repeated himself more firmly, and her hands reached to the bottom of her blouse and began to lift it high up her slender frame. She tugged it over her head and let the garment drop onto the bed, then, and without asking, she quickly removed her bra and cast it aside like she was on autopilot, incapable of stopping herself.

Only then did he aim his dick down, finding her soaked tunnel with his tip. The dog seemed to enjoy the feel of her petals across the end of his cock, as he stroked her up and down, running his tip across her opening nice and slow until she was as wet with her own fluids as she was with his.

Dorothy was a married woman! She had a husband, and this young man was going to deflower her like she was still a virgin!

She felt hot, and not just with lust, but with anger! Even without her resistance, even as her loins burned with need to feel this dog stuff her guts to the brim, she still had enough sense to know what she was doing was filthy, was foul, was not something a decent woman like her should be doing. This is the sort of sleazy behavior a lesser woman would permit herself to be swept up by, isn't it? Wasn't she a good woman? It was as if the Afghan could read her mind, because as if in answer to her wordless question he pressed his dick inside her.

Dorothy was a filthy woman.

He split her petals apart with his girth, making her grunt weakly as her cunt was stretched wide. Somehow, it wasn't painful. There was just this overwhelming sense of fullness from her lips to somewhere deep inside her. Josh pressed onward, pushing his shaft deeper and deeper still until he exhaled sharply over her, the walls of her cunt clamping and clenching around his cock like it was an invader.

And her husband was watching them both, her darling husband. Poor Lindsey! What did this look like to him? Watching his wife, the woman he'd married, whose vows had been earnest and pure, spreading her legs for a man that nearly two decades his junior! This dog was out showing him, in skill, in size, in raw masculinity. This was emasculating him! Why were either of them allowing this?

Dorothy's last sliver of sensibility was fighting the hardest fight of its life, desperately trying to talk some sense into the rest of the woman it called home. The lust she felt, that incredible fire, helped light another flame, that one of anger. It was easy to get caught up in emotion, especially when you were so well primed by another. Her arousal was at its absolute peak, and when Josh hitched his hips to sink another inch inside her, she grunted.

He took her waist in his hands and started thrusting, fucking her gently just like he had her mouth, she recognized this pace. He was too good at this, how many other women had he claimed like this? Women that told him he wouldn't fit, and yet he'd wormed his way inside their bodies with a dick as silver coated as his tongue. She was getting good at making herself angry and his cock was getting good at pumping in and out of her wetly. The walls of her pussy were sticking to him, getting tugged along for the ride of their ride as the dog's fat cock taught them a lesson on size, and how to accommodate it.

Dorothy reached out, grabbed his hands, and almost thought to yank them off her, like a sensible woman should. He surprised her by removing them himself, grabbing her by the wrists, then pinning them to the bed. With her arms stuck at her sides Josh fucked her harder, making sure that each thrust was enough to leave the married woman grunting and gasping as he took her.

"You dog!" She spat, trying to put on a show of her own, showing that he might have held her body, but she still owned her tongue. She was holding back the lust that wanted to explode from her, letting herself spit just two words of defiance.

He replied to her by leaning down to kiss her. Her body accepted the kiss, and she angrily accepted it herself, surprising the canine with her ferocity. He got over the surprise quickly, responding in kind with ferocity of his own, the pair kissing, no mauling, each other with how hard they were making out.

Josh, this dog! He was so hung! He was too big! He was too good at kissing, as his tongue wrestled with her own. He was too good at eating pussy, too good at making his dick slip down her throat. He was so fucking good at everything! With every new thrust he sank every deeper inside her. Dorothy was simply too far gone, too aroused, to have a pussy that wasn't ripe for breeding. Tight as she may have been, she had the depth. Her cunt was awakening to new pleasures, welcoming it, adjusting and relaxing in all the right ways to allow a man to bed her down fully, and as he pleased. All he had to do was keep plugging away at her cunt to earn the right to call it his own.

He was going to own her pussy, she knew it. He was too good, too hung, too eager to fuck a married woman's cunt until she's confessing that it is HE that owns her slutty tunnel and not her HUSBAND!

And Lindsey was just going to let it happen!

Her husband wanted this; it was his idea! She looked over at him, saw him gawking not at her face, but at the young man's cock as it plunged in and out of his wife's pussy. That was it, she was just going to do it.

A sensible, sane woman wouldn't have ever let this happen, so clearly Dorothy was not such a woman! Her husband was not such a man, as any decent man would never have cooked up this plan to begin with! If this filthy young dog wanted to own her pussy, if her husband was so eager to... to... to be a cuck, then she'd let them both have it!

"Fuck me!" She shouted at her younger lover, glaring at him. This took the dog by surprise again, but a pleasant one. He grinned at her, letting go of her wrists and taking her by the waist again. When he slammed his cock home in her she shouted, a lust fueled howl that invigorated the canine rutting her, driving him to screw her harder. His cock was sinking so deep into her that she couldn't believe it. Even as she refused to believe that such a massive prick could fit itself in her tight little body, she welcomed it. Giving herself up fully to the dog she wrapped her legs around him, clinging, her hands finding purchase on his own.

"Make it fit!" She shouted, and the dog answered her by leaning back down to kiss her, violently pressing their lips together. She kissed him back as hard as she could, letting go of his hands to grab at his ears holding his head against hers as she kissed him as hard as his cock was plugging her slutty married cunt.

From the direction of the vanity she could hear the sound of a zipper, and shot a glance at her husband who was at his limit, unzipping his pants and trying to free himself from their confines. He was so eager for this, so hungry to be cucked by this young lecherous dog!

She would be a lecherous wife, a slutty hole for this dog to fill, a warm cavity to dump his big heavy nuts into!

He forced his head away, breaking from her grasp as spit connects their lips, but briefly, before the strand broke.

“Cum for me!” He growled at her, and she was already there waiting for him, the lust in her body desperate for release, the steady pumping of his cock growing it bigger and hotter with each thrust.

“Make me!” She whined angrily, bratty, defiant.

And he made her fucking cum. Josh slammed his cock deep, held still for just a moment while she grunted a new sound she’d never heard herself make before, and when the dog finished adjusting his footing he yanked back and slammed back inside her again.

Heavy, hard, deep thrusts, one after another. He was jack hammering her like he was in her backyard again doing construction work, his hands digging roughly into her sides as he struggled to cram as many of his inches into her as possible, until at last her eyes began to roll back in her head.

She couldn’t even stop it, her eyes fluttering, her toes curling, the whorish noises that exploded from her mouth. She came, and came hard, harder than she ever had in her life. There was an entire light show of pleasure exploding like fireworks in her vision, like a chorus of multicolor stars falling from heaven just for her and her alone as this hung dog signed his name on the deed of her cunt.

Dorothy was limp and exhausted from her climax when she felt the dog slip out of her pussy.

There was a moment of pause, actual silence, or at least that seemed to be the case. As the lightshow faded, there was a quiet ringing in her ears. Maybe it was the noise of her own orgasm that had left her deaf, or maybe it had been the power of her own orgasm. She didn’t know, but it gave her a precious moment of reprieve.

As she stared at the ceiling from atop her marriage bed, her pussy felt hollow. He’d opened her cunt up so good, and she’d cum so hard. Her husband would never make her cum like this, it wasn’t possible. But everything else was. Josh was going to make it fit; she understood that now. No sense in denying it. Her anger wasn’t going to stop it either. She’d done this, Dorothy had agreed, even eagerly, to let the dog claim her.

As quickly as her anger had awoken, it was fading. Anger could be such a fickle emotion, like a fire quickly consuming its fuel before exhausting itself, just like how she’d exhausted herself on another man’s cock.

This pleasure, it was so good, her orgasm was so good. She wasn't even angry that she agreed to any of this, in fact, she wished she hadn't. She just didn't have the strength to be angry anymore. A pair of hands grabbed her then, pulling her from her reverie as she was manually rolled over onto her belly, legs hanging down the edge of the bed so the tops of her thighs were pressed to the mattress. A hand grabbed her left shoulder and squeezed, and then that big beautiful cock pressed against the splayed out lips of her sex. Josh was going to finish what he started, and she wasn't going to stop him.

"My turn." The dog grunts as he sheathed himself inside her again.

Dorothy grabbed a handful of the bedspread in each hand, knowing that she's about to get the second round of the most incredible sex in her life. He tightened his grip on her shoulder while another hand grabbed her hip. When he started fucking her, she grunts and shouts with every thrust. She's still turned on, still consumed with lust even as her heart grows heavier each time the tip of his dick knocks against her insides. Without anger, she's left with guilt.

He's going to make her cum again, she thought to herself, and she's going to enjoy it. She's going to love every second of bliss she'd put through, and all while her husband watches! When she felt the dog's knot slap against her cunt she gasped sharply, not just from feeling that knob press against her lips, but from the bulge she felt stretching her stomach. Josh was stuffing her like a Thanksgiving Turkey, and soon, he'd plug that apple of a knot in her pussy and lock himself inside her.

"Knew it would fit!" He grunted from behind her.

"Yes!" She howled in despair, though her voice hardly sounded sad at all. She sounded like a whore that loved being fucked because that's exactly what she was.

A whore that loved being fucked, and Josh was doing his damndest to make sure she got everything she wanted and more, and that her husband would see it all. The canine hunched over her, fingers digging into her sides as he tightened his grip. She couldn't even feel the pain of his grip with how much explosive pleasure was coming from her pussy. It just all too much! Nothing else mattered! Even as she lamented the loss of her married innocence, she eagerly rocked her hips into his, rolling her ass up and down as his balls sapped the backs of her thighs.

The dog hadn't cum yet, not a single drop. He was going to knot her and show her just how virile he was! She felt tears bead around her eyes again, the guilt so strong in her heart that it was competing with her lust. The two emotions, so far from one another, and yet there they were inside one married woman, blending together like the most dangerous of decadent mixed drinks. The kind that tasted so sweet that they hid the liquor and left you aching later from all the alcohol you'd unknowingly consumed.

Dorothy was a foolish woman, drinking deeply of this young man's dick, and he was happy to tip her head back and pour as many shots as his balls could make right down into her belly. He was just going to start with her cunt first.

“Beg for it!” Josh growled, his knot slapping her pussy constantly now, rapidly, fiercely. The dog might as well have yanked out and used his own hand to pelt her lips with slap after slap, it was both painful but intoxicating, the coupling of pleasure and pain keeping her both blissed out with pleasure, but sane enough to feel every little thing with crystal clarity.

She wasn’t going to see the lightshow this time, no, she was going to experience the explosion like it was in slow motion, capturing every moment in real time, documenting it, relishing in it. His hand left her shoulder.

When he grabbed the other side of her hip, she knew he was doing this for himself now. It was his turn to climax, and she knew his balls would need it. They’d waited so long for release!

“I said beg for it!” He shouted, one hand leaving her side to slap her on the ass, which snapping her back to reality, and she barked in reply.

“Please! Please!” She shouted back, spreading her legs, inviting him inside, deeper and deeper. She needed him, even as the tears at the edges of her ears finally overflows and fell down her cheeks, but her wailing didn’t stop with ‘please’.

“Fuck me! Please, don’t stop!” She screamed, rolling her ass harder and faster, feeling his swollen knob grinding against her cunt deeper and deeper with every thrust of his hips.

Each time his knot slapped her entrance she felt her petals part a little wider. He was going to split her open, he was going to make it fit.

“Make it fit! I need it!” She begged him, giving in to him.

“Knot my slutty pussy!” She cried, the tears flowing hotly down her face just liberally as her cunt spilled its own juices all across Josh’s balls and her marriage bed. She was his now.

“I’m yours!” She shouted, and she heard something in the distance, like a feeble grunt, but she was too focused on her own moment to pick up that it was her husband finally losing it all over himself and the carpet. Josh, listening to his slut, was all too happy to reply in kind.

“Mine!” He snarled, fucking her even harder, not holding back. Whatever thin veneer of inhibition he might have had was gone. This married whore was his now, and he was going to seal the deal.

He hammered her with short, vicious thrusts, making sure that his knot lived eternal at the edge of her cunt, always sinking a little deeper, never stopping, a boulder tumbling wildly down a hillside with nothing to stop it but God, but heaven had long since put her bedroom on mute to silence to noise of their sin.



“My bitch!” He snarled again, pulling her body back, the rabbit leaving the bed, her hands clawing at the bedspread and dragging it along with her. She felt his hands move. One slipping down to grab her behind a knee and hauling one leg up until her knee was touching her tit, then his other hand snaked around her neck until he had her in a head lock. She kept going up, up, until he had her locked upright against his chest as he stood at the edge of the bed.

And his cock was wedged as deep as it could go in her snatch.

He lifted her up, then dropped her down, his hips forcibly working his knot up into her cunt with everything his body had to give. Straining against her taut lips, the orb struggled and failed to sink inside. She desperately wanted him to knot her.

“Yes!” She howled, caught in a headlock, her leg lifted up high, the young man fucking her like a piece of meat in her own bedroom, her husband sitting in stunned silence as he witnessed the spectacle before him, his own cock soft now from his recent orgasm.

She was dimly aware of Lindsey, her entire world only revolved around the cock that was pistoning in and out of her violently, stirring up her insides like she was cream meant to be whipped into a froth. The delicious and sweet sin of her union with the filthy canine was soon to culminate in a climax that threatened to shatter her entire world.

Memories, her memories, came rushing by like hot flashes. Her first time with Lindsey in the back seat of his car, their wedding night, the many nights of their honeymoon. All those memories of her husband paled in comparison to the Earth shattered experience she was being put through in this one moment, a moment so intense that it risked erasing everything that came before it.

“GOD, PLEASE!” She screamed, and finally, it happened.

The moment her cunt finally gave up, the moment his knot slurped inside her, was a moment she’d never forget. Everything that came before her seemed to just melt away more and more as the pressure inside her grew. His knot, splaying her cunt apart, was visibly bulging her out from the inside, a real life miracle in the flesh that it was somehow able to squeeze in and lock tight.

Josh was beyond words, he let himself collapse onto the bed, now lying on his side and dragging Dorothy along with him. As he moved his hips kept hitching themselves deep into her, his cock stuck solidly in her body with little room to wiggle, but his instincts were in full control of him now. He was a machine, pistoning in and out of her with what little his tie would allow, and then he finally barred his fangs, snarling viciously, tightening up his grip until Dorothy was becoming lightheaded from the lack of air as the arm around her neck gripped her harder and harder.

His nuts jerked up tight, and again, and again. As seed flooded her body she tried howling his name, but lacked the air, her eyes rolling back as she felt every moment of his climax. Her own orgasm was rocketing off like a firecracker, but it was a muted sensation, drifting and lagging behind the feel of this young man’s cock making her his bitch. Her tummy was throbbing along with his dick, the steady

pumping of his dick straining the limits of her cunt until she felt a gentle pop, and then suddenly cum began to spread deeper into her. Her womb was his now, every inch of her was his, she could feel warmth in places she didn't know existed.

Josh let go of her neck before she could pass out, the Afghan panting harshly, his tongue hanging out of his mouth while his nuts continued to jerk and unload their sticky contents.

"Holy fuck." He spat, breathless, before turning to look down at her, letting go of her leg and grabbing her by the chin to twist her head to face him so he could kiss her. She hungrily accepted, her cheeks stained with fresh tears as both his and her climaxes continued to wash over them like waves of sea water.

When he let go of her chin, she was kissing him on her own now, and he found one of her hands. He took it in his, but not as a romantic gesture. He pulled her hand to her stomach, made her palm caress the swell of her belly, the cock and cum filled tummy that he made well sure was his now and forever, then pushed her hand further down so that her fingertips could feel her cunt, stretched obscenely around the even more obscene knot. When he was finished with her hand, she was left cradling his twitching orbs in her palm. She didn't let go of his nuts, the feel of them rocking steadily in her palm was too addictive to let go.

These were her nuts now, just as her cunt belonged to him.

"You're my bitch now, Mrs. Dorothy." He panted down at her after breaking their kiss.

"Yes." She whispered back breathlessly, weak as a baby.

"She's my bitch now, Mr. Lindsey." The dog said, looking away from her and towards her husband. Josh had laid them down on he bed so that the two of them were facing the vanity, and Lindsey had as clear a view one could have of Dorothy cradling a pair of canine nuts in her palm, and a cock seeding her petite little body.

She watched as her own husband nodded, dumbfounded, but trembling in his seat with the same sexual excitement he'd shown earlier. Dorothy could feel that the fur of her face was matted from her tears, her climax had left her eyes feeling worn out. She had no more emotions left to give now, she'd expressed them all in such a sort time, she was simply exhausted. She fell asleep sometime after, the dog's tongue snaking back inside her mouth for a kiss, his cock still wedged inside her. All while her husband watched from his seat.

---

All of the house renovations were complete! It was such a relief to see everything finished, and finally being free of having so many workers on their property each day. It was nice being able to enjoy being at home without a bunch of strangers all over the yard or using your facilities indoors. The peace of mind alone could have been worth the money spent.

To celebrate the completion of all the hard work, Dorothy had sent out invitations for a kind of 'house rewarming' party, something nice to show off the hard work and to break it all in. The centerpiece was of course the new pool and the gazebo, which all looked absolutely gorgeous and would see years of use. Mostly in attendance were friends and family with a few coworkers that counted as the latter in their friend group. Maybe thirty-five or so people were gathered in total, but despite that number they had plenty of food and refreshments for everyone.

Dorothy had just whipped up a fresh pitcher of lemonade and was serving it to her sister and her husband, and looking for anyone else that looked thirsty enough to have another glass. Behind her, he husband crept up to her, giving her a small scare that she laughed about when he revealed it was only him. He planted a kiss on her cheek.

"Think everyone is having a good time?" He asked her in a low voice as to not be overheard by any of their guests.

"We should have prepared to have more food. We might run out of finger foods at the rate your parents are going." She chided him, remarking that a few of the easy items to snatch and grab were going quite fast.

"Yeah, we probably should have, but then my mother would blame us for whatever she weighs on the scale tomorrow." He told her back, and she laughed. That was true! Somehow it was always their fault whenever his mother gained weight, when all she has to do is not go for seconds. Just because it's there doesn't mean you need to eat it!

"Maybe you should ask her if she wants some kale, I'm sure there's some left in the fridge for my smoothies." She teased, and Lindsey just gave her a look like she's crazy.

"I'll leave that suggestion to you, dear." He replied, and then pivoted a little and leaned in close to whisper much more quietly, the couple now facing each other, shoulder to shoulder with his lips close to her ear. She tilted her head to him, offering one ear wondering what he needed to say that required such secrecy.

"Josh replied, said he'd come by this weekend." He whispered. Her cheeks felt suddenly very pink, and so she tilted her lips to him so she could whisper back.

"I'm glad!" She replied.

"Oi, Lindsey!" One of his work buddies was shouting over to them from where the men were standing around Lindsey's grill. Apart from having finger foods Lindsey had been grilling... well, more finger foods. Just of the meat variety.

"We'll talk later." Lindsey assured her, then pulled himself away with a smile and a wink before turning and making his way over to the men and the grill.

Dorothy could still feel the redness in her cheeks, and a little renewed pep in her step now that she'd heard the good news. When they first asked Josh if he could swing by this Saturday he had replied that he didn't know if he could. Now that the crew he worked on was finished with their house, they'd moved on to another project which sometimes had crews working weekends. There was a real chance he'd not be able to come by, but now that the news dropped that he would be here again she felt positively giddy!

She quickly serves up lemonade to those she could, then decided she should head back inside, mingling with guests as needed until she finally could step away for a moment. She rinsed the now emptied pitcher clean and began to refill it with water from the tap, leaving the pitcher under the faucet. While she waited for the pitcher to fill, she grabbed her cellphone from the charger next to their fridge and checked her messages.

Dorothy was now in a group text with Lindsey and Josh, which they used for kinky talk and 'date' planning. There were new messages in the group text, and below that was a private message to her from Josh. Lindsey knew she chatted with her bull behind his back, it was something they'd discussed in the group text together and in person. Checking the group text, she saw the two men had gone back and forth a lot to try and figure out days and times that would work, and she saw that Josh would be coming over Saturday evening after he puts in a half day at his new job site.

He might be tired from work if he did that, so she'd have to be extra sweet to him when he arrived, and make a nice dinner. Fill her man up nice before her does the same to her. She suppressed the urge to shiver with delight, then returned to her inbox and tapped on the texts that were just between her and Josh. He'd sent two messages, a text and a photo.

"Can't wait to see you, baby <3" he'd told her, which left her smiling, rocking a little from one foot to the other like she was a lot younger than she really was. Josh certainly knew how to make her feel young, like she was in her twenties again. She then eyed the photo he'd sent. It was a photo of his cock, taken from a top-down angle. She felt herself salivate at the sight of it, and judging by the scenery around her man, he must have snuck off somewhere secluded while working so that he could steal a pic of himself. The idea that he might get caught taking a photo for her was as exciting as seeing the photo itself!

She replied to him.

"I can't wait to have you inside me again, sweetie! <3"

The pitcher was now overflowing in the sink. She shut the water off, then sat her phone down so she could pour out the excess. Her phone screen was still on so she turned it off quickly before going for the sugar and fresh lemons. She had to keep up appearances for her guests, so she focused on making more lemonade the old-fashioned way, using raw sugar and fresh squeezed lemons.

When she was done she sat the pitcher aside and scooped out a bunch of ice from the freezer before shoving the entire pitcher into the fridge to let it cool down a little quicker before bringing it

outside for everyone to enjoy. Her phone was now blinking with a new message. She picked it up and checked it, her excitement for what was to come was too strong to keep her still.

"Same <3 btw Lindsey said he bought you something new to wear this weekend. Do you know what it is?"

No! She did not know what it was! This was news to her.

"No! But I can find out!" She replied, then hooked her phone back up to the charger next to the fridge and pulled the pitcher of lemonade back out. It wasn't that cold, but with the fresh ice added it would chill down quickly enough in people's cups.

As she returned to the party she scanned the view and watched as so many of her friends and family all mingled. Not one of them was wise to what her and Lindsey had been getting up to secret these last few weeks. She spots Lindsey, who'd left the grill to the other men and was now talking with his parents who were sitting in the shade beneath the new gazebo.

She sighed, smiling, and began to make her way through the party, offering lemonade refills as she went until she was back by her husband's side with yet another empty pitcher of lemonade. She should have just bought several gallons of the stuff from Chick-Fil-A if people were going to drink so much of it, her hands were getting to be sore from all the juicing.

"You didn't save any for us?" His parents teased her, but all she could do is apologize and say that she tired, but everyone keeps asking for more.

As they spoke under the gazebo she was grateful no one knew their secret, but she was even more grateful that they had their secret at all. It had taken a lot of time to process their first night with Josh, with how intense it had been. The roller coaster of emotion had left her and Lindsey both quiet and uncertain. It took a week just to reply to Josh after he'd texted to check in on them. They started up again after that, but kept it slow, and for real this time.

They'd let things rush to the finish the first time, so they were patient with the second, and then the third, and the forth. By their fifth 'date' they were back to being as intense as the first had been, but this time they were ready for it. Eager for it. She never would have expected that she'd be so excited to sleep with another man, and yet here she was eyeing up her husband, wondering what sort of outfit he'd bought for her without telling her. An outfit she'd be wearing for another man before he ripped it off her and fucked her.

If she wasn't in public around friends and family she'd have shuddered at the thought of it, but she kept her composure.

"Dear, can you fetch me some more lemonade if you have any more back there?" Lindsey's mother asked. She agreed that she could, of course. She dragged her husband away with her though, because her hands were indeed getting sore from all those lemons and she wanted him to suffer, too.

Once they were back inside the kitchen, and alone for once even if it'd only be for a few minutes, she confronted him after passing him the last of their lemons.

"So, what's this outfit I've heard so much about?" She asked.

Lindsey replied to her first with a grin.

"Something only a slut would wear." He told her with a wink. She pretended to be offended at him, but she was smiling.

"Now I'm even more curious!" She replied.

Once, she'd have genuinely been offended at the idea of being called a slut or being asked to dress like one. Now, though? She felt like she'd been through the entire maelstrom of emotions, the so-called stages of a grief, as they like to call it. She'd come out of that storm a different person. Dorothy loved being a slutty little wife!