

Lauren Keller was jogging towards her favorite place on campus, but not because she was in a hurry. The tomboy just couldn't help herself! She was an athletic girl, and she didn't have any soccer practice today. Jogging was a good way to keep fit even if she wasn't practicing or spending time at the campus gym. When she arrived at that special favorite place she stepped in through the doors and worked her way through the halls of Kevin and Reese's dormitory.

Her destination was on the top floor in the far corner of the building. The boys had only one window, and if it wasn't blocked by their fuckin' tv they'd actually have a good view of the campus, since their dorm was five stories tall. She would have taken the stairs, but she didn't want to show up at their dorm looking winded when she knew she was going to have to stand still for a while. Reese wanted her to model for him again, and that meant she needed her heartrate to go back down to something more manageable.

When she made it to their room, she rapped her knuckles on the door before trying the handle. It was locked, but no sooner than she'd tried, the door was swinging open to reveal Reese in the doorway with a big dopey smile on his face with a wag of his tail behind him. Her own tail was wagging, too, and she pushed her way inside, taking the door in hand and shutting it with a shove from the back of her heel.

"You got here quick." He told her.

"Yeah, I did, fucker." She replied, and then took a big step in to close the gap between them so they were practically nose to nose.

He squirmed nervously as she grabbed him and hauled him in close for a big hug. For a guy that was supposed to be her boyfriend he got so sheepish when it was just the two of them. They'd known each other since they were kids, but it seemed like he found it easier to give her a hug when they weren't Facebook official. She hoped she could beat that out of him soon.

"Quit bein' this way. Hug me, dude." She squeezed him tighter, and he put his arms around her and did the awkward 'loose' hug that guys did with girls when they didn't know what was appropriate to do or not. She let out a big sigh, exaggerating it for his ears only, then broke the hug.

"I'm glad you came." He told her. She laughed.

"I know. So, what did you want me to model for?" She asked. She'd come empty handed today, nothing on her person but the clothes on her back.

"It's nothing for class, I just wanted to draw you."

"Oh, I see how it is. You called me over just to look at me naked?" She teased him.

She watched her boyfriend visibly flush and panic, immediately confessing that he didn't mean it that way at all, and as he stammered with worry that he'd upset his new girlfriend she started laughing

again, the sound of it rolling off her tongue like a boyish giggle that she'd long since learned to accept. She was a tomboy through and through and her laughter wasn't any different.

"Dude, I'm just fuckin' with you. What you want me to do? Spill it."

"You can be a bully when you want to be."

"Bull, if I was a bully you'd be limping. You're just stallin' so spill it, Reese. What you want your girlie to do today?" She redirected him back to the topic at hand, which was whatever he wanted to draw in that sketchbook of his.

She watched as her beagle shrugged, the dog being too shy to confess what he wanted even though she was standing right in front of him and telling him he could have her whichever way he wanted. Lauren knew Reese had been pining after her for a long time, and it took a lot of coaxing from Kevin and the girls to convince her that it was an alright thing for her to do. To actually date him that is.

She exhaled with a huff and closed the gap between them and grabbed him by the sides of the head and pulled him in for a kiss. She forced it, pushing her tongue into his mouth and started tongue fucking him, which wasn't something she knew she could do. A certain golden retriever had taught her otherwise.

Once upon a time Lauren would have never behaved this way with a guy, but ever since the golden boy had hollowed out each and every one of her holes, she was making out with her boyfriend like a brand new girl. The Bernese still had all the old traits and qualities that people knew her for, but underneath it all was a new Lauren that had never felt more liberated. In public she was still basically the same. She dressed the same, acted the same, did all the same things. She was still Lauren Keller, the tomboy soccer star for the San Fernando Slayers.

But now she was tongue fucking her boyfriend in his dorm room while her pussy was getting damp with arousal. Just standing in this room was enough to get her cunt warm. Kevin wasn't even here and yet this place had her engine running, like the experiment she'd learned about in one of her science classes. Some guy named Pavlov. If Lauren stepped foot into this dorm room it was like a bell ringing, and suddenly her pussy was salivating as much as her mouth. Her body knew what happened in this room.

Her own pussy juice had been soaked into both boy's beds, their floor, both their chairs. Her voice, her foul-mouthed exaltations, all had been soaked in, too. If this dorm room had walls that could speak, they'd sound like her screaming at Kevin to fuck her harder.

Reese was hardly brave enough to touch her on his own, even with her kissing him so hard. He was lightyears different from Kevin. If Kevin had been here, and had she been doing this to him, his hands would already be pulling off her clothes and she'd have his dick in her in thirty seconds flat. Kevin was a genuinely nice guy, but he was also a sexual brute that knew how to bend over a girl and fuck her

stupid. He'd have his way with a girl every which way he could think of that floated his boat, and he was talented enough at it that whoever was on the receiving end became his cheerleader, begging for more.

She knew that she certainly loved to beg!

Lauren loved the attention, she even loved watching Kevin work his dick into the other girls, too. She actually knew what it felt like to get cuckold as she watched Kaitlyn or Miyu getting knotted by the golden boy. All three girls loved it, and they got antsy and impatient watching each other take turns with his perfect cock.

Reese was the most reserved one in their group. He was a nice guy, too, like Kevin. He just didn't have the confidence to trust his gut and take what he wanted. Kevin had the knack of knowing where a girl's boundaries were, of knowing just how to push up against them in ways that were thrilling and fun. Reese was timid. Respectful to a fault and living with a fear of fucking up and losing it all. The opposite of a natural born gambler. He couldn't roll the dice if he tried, and since a man's balls are often the only dice he's got in his pocket this left Reese too timid to whip them out even for his own girlfriend. Even with her kissing him his hands lightly touched her on the sides.

She broke the kiss.

"He's not the only one that gets to treat me like a slut, Reese." She reminded him, looking him in the eyes. Even though Reese was a little bit taller than her she felt like the tall one in the room with how much more control she had over the situation.

"I, uh, wow." He nervously laughed, a grin on his lips.

"Be thinkin' about how you want to draw me, fucker." She told him, then dropped to her knees. If he was going to play shy and coy, she'd suck the confidence out of him, so he'd think a little straighter. Maybe after she lightened his nuts, he'd have a few ideas for poses. Lauren grabbed the elastic band of his gym shorts and started yanking them down. Reese didn't resist, but it was more like he was feeling stunned.

The beagle still hadn't gotten over the shock that not only did he have a girlfriend, but that it was Lauren and that she wanted him to fuck her. It wasn't just because he was a cuck. She knew he'd put her on a pedestal a long time ago. He thought the world of her, had been doing that for a long time. Even with her right in his grasp, hand holding and everything, he was convinced deep down that she was out of his league.

If Lauren wanted to, she could shatter him like glass and leave him broken on the floor, but instead she uncovered his cute little sheath with a tug of her hands. His pink tip was poking out, and she leaned in and went to work. Her lips touched his tip, planting a small kiss, then she slipped a hand inside and cupped his nuts. They weren't as big as Kevin's, but they were still large enough for her to fondle. With a single hand she could cup them and cradle them, as her mouth suckled on his tip to draw his cock from its hiding place.

His legs threatened to buckle, and she reached out with her free hand to grab one of his knees to help hold him steady. After a minute of her working her lips on him, making his swelling cock grow to its full size, one of his hands finally reached down to touch her on the head. She leaned her ear into his palm until he grabbed it. Kevin would have taken both ears in hand by now, and probably would have been face fucking her.

It was hard not to compare the two boys. One was a sexual colossus with a bunker buster for a cock, a man that left you cumming like an earthquake, screaming his name. The other was an artsy fartsy pervert that would cum in his pants just by watching the other guy fuck his girlfriend limp. Thinking about their relationship dynamic sometimes left her wondering what would happen if word got out. Like, what would people think?

She was on the pill, but sometimes the thought crossed her mind if Reese would one day want her to stop taking it. Maybe one day in the far-flung future, if they were married, Reese would have Kevin fuck her raw in the master bedroom until she was good and pregnant. Her and Reese's parents knew each other, their families were kinda tight. If she popped out a beautiful puppy with golden fur and bright blue eyes what would the neighbors think?

Lauren shivered on her knees, her boyfriend's cock in her mouth, before shaking the thoughts of some distant future out of her head. None of them had even graduated yet, so it wasn't like those ideas were going to come true any time soon.

With his cock now rock solid in her mouth, his shaft laid out over her soft tongue, she popped him out of her mouth so she could look at him. He was close to half the size of Kevin, a far cry from that behemoth of a dick. Her boyfriend was cute sized, but that was silly to say. She wasn't an expert on what men had for dicks, since the only two she'd ever been intimate with was Kevin and Reese's. What she did know though was that Reese was actually not a bad size. He was definitely average, and on his lean looking body his cock looked larger. Had he the courage to ask her out on his own, and if Kevin was a celibate monk, Lauren wouldn't have thought anything was wrong with Reese's dick. Not that she thought anything wrong about it now.

Yeah, he was smaller, but there were things Reese could do with her that Kevin couldn't, believe it or not.

Lauren dove her nose down under his dick to nuzzle at his balls. She inhaled his scent, caught the aroma of Dove Soap for Men, before pulling back to look up at him.

"Think of anything yet, fucker?" She teased him.

"I, uh, I want you to suck my dick." He told her, blushing furiously and looking like he thought she'd be mad at him. Was he trying to be forceful with her like Kevin would? He'd tell her to suck his dick without flinching. She grinned up at him.

“Ok.” She told him and went back to servicing his cock.

She gripped him around the base of his dick and started massaging him, working her palm and fingers around his knot to help convince it to swell. With every squeeze of her hand, she tricked his dick into thinking it was buried in a girl’s cunt, and she used her mouth to sweeten the deal, slurping and slobbering over him messily, making a mess of him on purpose while looking up at him.

His legs were trembling, struggling to stay straight, and she had to use one of her hands to hold onto him, helping him stay rock steady. This lasted only another minute before he began to buckle. He was quicker to pop than Kevin, the beagle’s stamina untrained. She popped off his dick again and pushed at his hips with her hands until he was sitting down onto the edge of his bed.

Once she knew he wouldn’t fall over she went back to work, engulfing his full length in her mouth, carefully navigating her teeth around her boyfriend’s knot so that he could do that one special thing that he and he alone could do with his girl. She grabbed his nuts and massaged him with one hand, using the other to scratch at the fur of his belly while she hoovered her mouth on his dick with a steady rhythm.

Reese’s knot kept swelling right up until she felt it lock tight against her tongue and the roof of her mouth, her lips making a perfect O around the narrow part of his cock right behind his knot.

When he came, he grabbed her by both ears, and she hummed around his dick. His cock started spitting and jerking in her, she felt his cum slide down her throat with every warm splash. It didn’t take him as long to finish as Kevin, but she was still satisfied by what he could do. Kevin was great with his huge loads, but that left messes that took a lot of work to clean. The novelty of leaking cum down your leg hours after you left his dorm room had long worn off. She didn’t need to worry about that with Reese. He came a perfectly reasonable amount, a perfect companion to the unreasonableness of his roommate.

She quietly hummed for him long after his orgasm had tapered off to a thin trickle, the vibration in her throat rumbling up through his shaft. Unlike the golden boy, Reese was going to go soft no matter what, especially after this kind of milking. Soon, his knot was shrinking and she was able to slip her head back gently. With her lips still drawn tight around his shaft she slid back, catching all the leftover cum and spit in her mouth until his tip left her lips with a quiet pop.

Lauren smiled up at him, his mouth open in a pant while he bashfully watched her tilt her head back, exposing her throat to him. She made a single exaggerated gulp, watching as her boyfriend stared wide eyed at her display.

She grinned up at him, stood, then crawled over his body until she had him pinned to the bed. The Bernese locked eyes with him, the beagle a mix of nervous energy and embarrassment, and then she leaned down and forced her lips to his for a passionate kiss. As soon as their tongues met, Lauren let the cum she pretended to swallow loose, and she promptly snowballed her boyfriend who went stiff with surprise until she had him under control again.

When she was satisfied, she broke the kiss with a smack of her lips, the beagle was beet red under his fur while she grinned down at him with a mischievous look. Lauren looked further down, saw that he was still hard. Normally, he went slack pretty fast after he got off, but snowballing him must have surprised him so much it gave him a second wind.

She squirmed on top of him, slowly stripping herself bare. First her shirt, then her bottoms, her underwear. It all hit the floor one piece at a time as she discarded them one by one while Reese gawked at her from below. Once she was completely naked, she returned to dominating her boyfriend physically, draping her body over his and kissing him again. Tongue fucking him from above she used her hands to molest him down below as she wiggled her hips and pressed his tip to her cunt.

He gasped into her mouth as she mounted him, letting his length slip all the way into her warm embrace.

“Boyfriends fuck their girlfriends.” She growled into his ear in a lusty feminine way, letting her voice purr into his ear.

She grabbed both his hands and put them on her hips. Lauren pulled her lips away from his ear and moved to look him square in the eye, their noses touching as they each looked down the lengths of the other’s muzzle.

“Fuck me.” She told him. He stared up at her, wide eyed, but she felt him begin to slowly wiggle his hips beneath her, a gentle rocking.

“You can do better than that, fucker.” She smiled at him, dipping her lips down to his neck to nip at his fur.

He began to move his hips faster, his hands gripping her a little more strongly, but this still wasn’t enough for her. She wanted her boyfriend to lay claim to her, to let her know that she was his. She lifted her hips and dropped them roughly into his lap, sinking his cock into herself deeply. Reese grunted in reply, her weight and soccer star strength enough to push the wind out of him.

“Fuck your tomboy slut, Reese.” She told him, encouraging him more, planting her hands on the bed at either side so she could look down at him as he tried to thrust up into her faster.

He was blushing too much to look her in the eyes anymore, his eyes darting down to where their bodies met, turning his face a brighter shade of red.

“Look at me, fucker.” She growled playfully at him, the beagle looking back up at her quickly. She narrowed her eyes down at him and started working her hips in sync with his own, the two dogs riding and grinding into one another until she felt her boyfriend’s knot begin to swell back to full size. He’d never seal her up with a tie, Kevin made sure of that, but the swell of her boyfriend’s knot was still a good feeling.

Her gyrating and grinding forced his knot to rub and slide inside her tunnel right over the spot of tender flesh that got her the wettest, the fastest. If she'd been riding Kevin, she'd be howling his name right now, his knot mashing and demolishing her gspot like a battering ram. Her beagle was a gentler dog, letting her orgasm rise slowly and calmly until she was leaning down low over her boyfriend until their noses touched again.

"Dump your nuts in me, baby. Paint my insides white, make me your slutty little tomboy whore." She started filthy talking, turning his face the brightest shade of red she'd ever seen on him, and his hands suddenly gripped her tight. He jerked his hips up into her once, then twice, his legs then started flailing as his climax hit him like a brick.

She felt it splash inside her, a small amount, but a dose of cum was a dose of cum, didn't matter the size. Reese's hands left her hips and moved behind her, the beagle wrapping her tightly into a hug as he continued to jerk up into her, his cock spasming inside her cunt. She bit her lip, nuzzling her face into the crook of his neck while he gasped and grunted below her.

Lauren let him slowly climb down from his orgasm until he was limp on his back and panting.

"That's two times you've cum in me today. Next time I'll have to try to yank three of them out of you." She teased him, sitting upright with his cock noticeably softening inside her. She knew he was fully spent now. Three times was probably asking a bit much.

"I'll die." He panted in reply.

She laughed, then swung her leg over him, twisting herself around until she could hop off her boyfriend and stand.

Suddenly, Reese found his dick and balls exposed to the open air of the room and his modesty kicked in. He scrambled to pull his shorts back up and tug them back up his legs like he was still too shy to be naked in his own dorm room. Watching her boyfriend make himself decent again, she stood proudly next the dog's desk while she waited her boyfriend to tell her what he wanted to do next.

"Ok, fucker, do you think you're ready to draw me now?" She teased him, rocking her weight onto one leg and putting a hand on her hip in a way she thought would come off as seductive to her boyfriend.

"Y-yeah, yeah I think so!" He panted, still red under his fur but with a smile on his face now that the shock of 'I just had sex with my girlfriend!' was wearing off.

Lauren watched as he left the bed, taking up his sketchbook and pencil before moving over to take a seat in Kevin's empty desk chair. When he was seated with his sketchbook open to a clean page, she tapped her fingers on the desk next to her.

"So? What am I doing?" She prodded him.

"Um, you can lay down on my be-" And before he could finish the door opened and a yellow figure entered, his backpack slung over his shoulder.

When the golden retriever noticed the naked mountain dog standing in the middle of his dorm room he smiled, then dropped his backpack over on the floor out of the way before shutting the door behind him.

"Sup, dude!" Lauren turned to eye the handsome dog up but felt a tinge of annoyance that the moment the golden boy decided to show up was right when her boyfriend was finally going to get around to telling her what pose to take.

"Hey! Didn't know you were having her model today." He said, looking over at Reese who was obviously prepared to start drawing.

"I've been trying to get him to tell me what pose to do so he can get started but he's being stubborn." She replied, looking back to her boyfriend who now looked uncertain. He was probably assuming that Kevin was about to start screwing her and that he'd need to play camera man again.

"Do a ballerina pose, it wont look goofy on you at all." The golden boy joked, stepping around Lauren, his eyes openly eating her up from head to toe, until he was behind her and moving to sit on his bed behind where Reese was sitting, throwing his legs up and over to dodge over beagle's head before landing on the foot of the bed, now reclining and watching the mountain dog as she waited for her boyfriend to decide what he wanted to draw.

"Har, har." She replied, making an exaggerate grin at the golden boy, knowing that ballet is the last thing she'd be caught dead doing.

"Ok, um, how about you do some yoga poses?" He suggested.

She reached behind her back, pressed her hands to her sides and made to pop her back, getting herself mentally and physically prepared to begin posing.

"You boys just love stretching us girls out." She teased and walked over to the empty bed where they'd been moments before and crawled back onto it. Spinning around on her ass to face the two boys, she had to admit to herself that she didn't know enough about yoga to do any real poses, but she did know how to stretch. So, she spread her legs out as wide as she could to make them go, just like she would have had she been trying to do the splits. With her pussy aimed at her boyfriend she reached down with her hands and spread the folds her pussy wide open.

She could feel Reese's cum starting to leak from her.



“So, I guess they changed the definition of ‘being stubborn’ to ‘having lots of sex’, am I getting that right?” Kevin quipped, Lauren noticing that the dog was lazily groping at his crotch through his jeans while he watched her posing spread eagle.

“I just didn’t want you to get jealous that you weren’t the first one to fuck me today.” She teased the golden boy with a mischievous smile. The retriever laughed in reply while her boyfriend’s pencil began to make noise across the page of his sketchbook as he began to furiously draw his girlfriend’s sloppy pussy.