

*'Hey Lukas,' my goddamn friend Toby asked me once, 'do you think you could watch my dog for the weekend? I'm gonna be gone...' So, being the nice guy I am, I said, 'yeah, okay, Toby, sure, I can do that'.*

God. I had no idea what I was getting into. I'll put it simply, here and now, so you know what *you're* getting in to when you choose to listen to me talk about this: turns out, against my prior assumption, there are creatures on this earth that want sex *more than I do*. This fuckin' dog was one of them.

I'll start from the start. My friend Toby is a coyote - I met him in, like, elementary school, way back a thousand years ago. We grew up together as best friends, drifted apart a little, came back together, so he's like a sort of brother to me, a half-brother. However, unlike actual brothers - I should know, I have one - we help each other out. This time, it was my turn to help him. He was leaving on a trip to... to Colorado or Florida or something to visit family...

"...so," he said to me over the phone, "do you think you could chill at my place while I'm gone and keep an eye on Azura?"

"Can't you hire someone to watch her?" I asked. It's not that I didn't want to help out; see, I just have this thing against leaving the house. I might have said it before, but me and the sun aren't exactly on great terms.

"Yeah," Toby replied. He had that dumbass sarcastic tone in his voice that he employs so often. It would piss me off if he weren't so clever. "I'm hiring you. I'll give ya twenty dollars a day - that's forty total - and all of the food, all of the TV, all of the games, are yours while you're there. I don't mean, like, you can take them home after. I just mean you can use them while you're there. 'Kay?"

The one difference between his house and mine - I rented a place with two dogs - is that he had *Pop-Tarts*. There were none of those here. How could I say no?

I told him, "Oh, yeah, I can totally watch her. What do I need to do?"

"Walk her, like, once or twice a day, she'll let you know what she wants. Same goes for food, and let her outside when she wants. Other than that, just... I dunno. Give her lovin'."

God. *She'll let you know what she wants*. That's as much of an understatement as saying *dragons are only kinda cool, I guess*. I told him I'd be over Saturday morning, he said thank you, I said have fun, he said thank you again... and he should have told me *have fun* as well.

So, that was Thursday, or Friday or something. Skip to Saturday, early in the morning, like eight or nine AM early. I head over to his place, dig out the key from where he told me (he sent it in a text, since he'd forgotten to bring it up over the phone), unlock the door, step inside...

...and then Azura's there, hind legs on the floor and front legs in the middle of my chest, pushing me back against the door. I'd known her since she was a pup; now, she was full-grown, almost as large as me - not saying, of course, that I'm too big of a person. I'm an otter. I'm small. Azura, however, is a big black lab, not really fat but not really muscular either, just... firm.

"Hey - hey, Azura, hey..."

She licked at my chin, at my neck, at my face, and it took almost all of my strength to push her back down. For whatever reason, Azura'd always liked me: when she was a puppy, Toby had another dog, an older akita or something, who would just lift his head when I walked in, and then go back to sleep right after. Sure, I patted his head a few times, but he was never downright *waggy* to see me. This one, on the other hand... *damn*. Given the way she licked furiously at my face every time I visit, I felt certain that, if she were much bigger than me, she would eat me.

...Well.

I sent Toby a quick text - *hey, I'm at your place, your dog nearly crushed me when I walked in* - while she continued rubbing her side against me and nuzzling my leg and thwapping her tail against the furniture, against me, and against whatever else got in the way. I reached down and patted her head again, and I guess that was all she wanted for the time being, since she wagged a little more, sneezed, and then wandered off. So, okay, I thought. I wasn't quite enough hungry yet to eat a whole box of Pop-Tarts, so I just settled down in the living room, flicked on the TV, leaned back on the couch...

...and then learned that my reprieve from a nuzzling nose and wagging tail was a short one. Azura returned, and stuck her nose right in between my legs - fuck, I almost would say that she *knew* what she was doing. She pressed in with a bit of force, enough to make me straighten up, yip, gently bat her away by reflex... she looked up at me with big chocolate eyes, as if she had done nothing wrong. Which, I guess she hadn't, and I started to feel bad when she didn't move after a while, so I patted beside me, and she wagged, hopped up, turned around a few times, and rested her head in my lap. I didn't think anything of it, so I left her alone.

However, she didn't want to do the same for me. I was maybe twenty minutes into *Clerks* when I noticed her again nosing at the front of my pants - I don't know how long she'd been doing it for. This time, it was softer, just her gently pressing against the fabric; when I listened, I could hear her sniffing a lot, then breathe out, then sniff a lot more, then breathe out again. Now, I can't speak for anyone else, but for *me*, when someone - something? - is nosing into my crotch, I... well, I get turned on a little bit. I considered unbuttoning and unzipping, considered shifting my pants down - I neglected to put on underwear this morning - for her, but... *nah*, I told myself, that would be wrong. This is my *best friend's* dog. What would I tell him?

...or... would he even have to know?...

Feh. To distract myself, I got up and went into the kitchen, even though I'd just concluded that I wasn't too hungry. Azura, surprisingly, stayed where she was. I rooted through the fridge until my chub went down - man, it'd been a while since I last showered; when I shifted my pants, I got a good whiff of my musk - and then shuffled around the house for a little longer, seeing if there was anything *else* I could do, other than sit on the couch and have a dog try to get into my pants... which really shouldn't be that hard, if she came at it from the right angle.

I should go ahead and say now: what I learned from this day is that it's really, *really* damn hard to resist doing something that you actually *really* want to do. I wonder - is this what closet cases feel like?

Well, I eventually went back into the living room, but instead of taking my place beside the dog, I sat down on one of the other armchairs. Azura just lifted her head and looked at me for a moment, and then went back to staring at the screen. While I was in the kitchen, she'd sprawled out on her back across the couch and made it so that I couldn't have sat where I did originally, even if I wanted to; her rear was facing towards me, and her legs were splayed out in a way that would be obscene if she weren't a feral. In the past, I had... watched a few videos, I'd read a video stories, and several of them had resulted in my bucking into my paw, sucking in a few gasps, shooting a load all over myself - and... I found my eyes drawn to her, to her belly, which was a lighter shade of grey as opposed to the rest of her body, to what was below that.

Toby'd never gotten her fixed, I realized then. I guess I had just never noticed before, somehow; I knew I'd never be able to forget about it. Whenever I'd look at her from the side, I'd see those plump black lips below her tail, or from the back, I could see the glimmer of excitement on them, the sheen of arousal if she was in heat...

Damn, I'm a bad person. Having missed essentially all of the movie that had played thus far, I switched it off, got back up, and headed down the hall to where Toby had his computer, which itself contained an unquantifiable amount of video games. This could at least for certain take my mind off that goddamn bitch in the other room.

I started up a game of some zombie survival game I'd never played before, one where I had to go around and gather supplies to build a shelter, while trying to stay alive and eat food and, well, not die... I'd started a fairly okay place when I became aware that - damn, I had to piss. So, I put the game on pause, got up, headed back down the hall to the bathroom, and took care of business. When I got there and rolled my foreskin back, there was a little bit of pre at the end of my cock...

...and then, I heard the noise of a zombie, coming from the game. *Oh, don't tell me it doesn't have a pause function.* I had to quickly finish up, and didn't have time to redo my fly; the door had lurched closed when I left the room, so I pushed it back open, slid into the chair, and scrambled to escape the coming horde in the game. God, if only I'd noticed before - *who makes a game that doesn't pause?*...

I just forgot about zipping up my fly, and got immersed in the game again. Things were going pretty well: I handled the zombies, night came and went, morning came, I found a town...

-and a wet dognose found my open fly.

"Shit."

Azura nosed my pants open and snuffled at my cock, soft but already growing harder because of her. She pressed her nose against me right below my belly button, still sniffing, and drew it around, brought it down against the base of my shaft, where she focused for a while... I frantically tried to push her away (since, again, there was no pause function, I couldn't take a paw away from the keyboard or the mouse for too long) but, of course, she kept on coming back, with as much determination as I tried to push her away. I was just about ready to save the game and storm off again - but, then, the tongue came out.

God.

It was like an electric shock was sent down my back and resulted in my just kinda tensing up all over everywhere. And, tell me - when has a dog ever licked *just once*? She kept on going, continue dragging her broad, flat tongue up along the side of my cock, and then the underside when she flopped it over, and - ugh. I give up. With one paw I slid my pants down a little, then angled my cock towards her muzzle; her wagging tail thumped the back leg of the desk, and she continued licking. Very soon, there was a hot, pulsing discomfort between my legs...

"Okay. Azura! Hey, girl!" I hit the ESC cape, imagining I'd put the game on pause, and stood up from the chair. "C'mon, let's go back into the living room..." I kept my pants up with one paw as I walked, but halfway there, figured, *fuck it*, and kicked them off, leaving me nude... and, God, there was something oddly enticing about being naked in a house that was not my own. Well, along with that, there was something oddly enticing about this whole thing, about this feral dog that wanted my cock as much as I wanted anyone else's cock... I hadn't even sat back down on the couch when she cut me off and shoveled her nose up under my sack, the surprise temporarily knocking me off balance and back against the wall. I almost would've said that that was her intention, because she just dragged that *wonderful* tongue of hers up along that and the base of my shaft... *mmf*.

If you've never felt a dog tongue on you before, it's... *goddamn*, it's something. A few strokes of my paw with her working with that tongue, and I found myself buckling at the knees, like when someone digs their teeth into my neck and squeezes me while stroking... smooth, warm, deliciously moist, and deft, too. She knew, for lack of a better word, all of the little flicks and embellishments, all of the right areas to run her tongue over. Whether it was my musk she liked, or my pre - which would explain why she refused to go away - or just me, I don't know, but I didn't mind too much anymore.

Hell, I would've unloaded right then and there all over her black-furred muzzle (which really wouldn't have been too undesirable... I should've brought my camera, the really nice one that my brother left behind when he moved out...) but, I turned away, and then went over to the couch. Azura hopped up beside me, as I expected, and - I couldn't resist - I rolled her onto her back, slid down the couch, nosed against her lower belly as she did to mine... I could smell her. Now, it wasn't the kind of scent where, like, you're walking in the mall and you pass the candle shop, and you think *oh, that's nice* - no; it was like the scent of a big wolf when he pushes you down, and your nose catches the waistband of his pants and pulls them down a little, and the heat and aroma of his desire wafts up. It was like - hell - like your own scent after a long day, when you unzip to take a piss... the scent that you're a little ashamed to enjoy so much, and that you certainly would not tell your friends (except maybe some) that you enjoy.

It was like that. And, *man*, it just drew me in. Azura looked down at me with dark brown eyes, and I planted a soft kiss in the fur of her belly - between all of her nipples, god damn; that was something I would probably never get used to about ferals - and then moved down further, the rest of the way. And, then: I put my lips to her lips. She tasted like how she smelled, but still different, like how some spices share a similarity to their scent when tasted, but with some certain difference. Still being intact (thank God), there was quite a bit of room for me to swirl my tongue around in her... mm, fuck. The texture, the taste - the heat, the whole idea of this just drove me crazy... her flesh felt to my tongue like warm silk, soaked in the oils, the juice that I found to cling to my lip, that connected my mouth to her in a thin string when I briefly pulled back to wipe my mouth.

Her tail wagged underneath her and against my chest, making light swishing sounds on the fabric of the couch; I licked my lips, swallowed, and dove back down, burying my tongue as far as I could reach into her. She wriggled as I swirled it around, and ran it up along the outside - triangles *are* my favorite shape, y'know - or flicked it over her revealed flesh, trying to emulate what she had done to me. In response, I got more wags, a soft huff, or a kick of a leg.

I straightened up, now quite ready, and patted my legs - "C'mon, Azura, off the couch. Come on..."

She rolled over, wobbled, stepped off the couch, and walked up to me, wagging and apparently waiting for what to do next. But, God, I wanted it *then*; instead of pulling her over, I just shoved the couch to the side with a leg, knelt down, and lifted her tail with one paw while I angled my cock towards her with my other. She pawed at the tile floor

with her back foot, wagged more in my paw, let her tongue loll out of her mouth... I could feel the heat radiating off her body, as well as a little bit of something, either her arousal or my saliva, drip down onto the end of my length.

Well, needless to say, I couldn't resist. I placed myself against her, moved my paws to her sides, and sank in, slowly, savoring and relishing the sensation - it was like nothing I'd ever felt before, again like warm, moist silk, enclosing my length, squeezing gently... a shudder ran through my body, and I pushed in further. Beneath me, Azura's leg started kicking again, which apparently meant she enjoyed the feeling. I dunno, I've never had a dog.

...Well. After today, I could say that I *have* had a dog, but probably in a way different than what most people think (or would approve of, for that matter).

I slid further and further into her until my hips, my lower belly pressed against her rump, where I could again feel the warmth of her body, the texture of her fur on mine. I realized then that I was in deep - both literally (which, again, made me shiver all over) and figuratively; if Toby were to walk back in through the front door all '*oh, I forgot something*', I wouldn't be able to explain myself. Well, I guess I would, but not adequately. I hadn't exactly acquired permission to rail his dog into the floor... the thought was almost enough for me to slide back out of her and tug up my pants, to put myself through a quick few moments with a tongue and a paw to finish things up, but... hah. Azura shifted how she was standing, which tugged an unexpected "*ah-*" out of my lips.

Oh well, I figured. She appeared to be enjoying this, and I sure as hell was, too. I leaned over her and started to churn my hips in and out, staying deep in her at first and then gradually pulling out a little further before thrusting back in. I may have been drooling, I don't know; I was only aware of Azura's heat and moistness, of how she squeezed around my length, how she bucked backwards whenever I thrust back in... her tail wagged against my belly and she twisted her head back to lick at my muzzle, and I let her. There was simply too much going through my mind to care - well. There was only one single thought that occupied my mind, but it consumed *everything*.

I tried to purr '*shit*', but instead, all that came out was a breathy "*fshaah...*" followed by a low moan. I moved my arms from the dog's sides to around her front, so that I could hold on to her while I thrust in deep and then pulled back, gaining in speed, in force. Her squeezing around me just made me throb and shudder again, and at one point, I had to sink into her as far as I could and then hold there for a moment, to catch my breath. In all of the videos I've watched (which was more than even I was proud to admit), I'd seen views from under or to the side of a guy railing a dog, and I always thought - damn, I'd love for that to be me, or *damn*, I would love to get under that and get my tongue in between them... right now, I couldn't tell if it was her dripping all over me, or me dripping all into her, but I didn't care. That just made it feel so much better than it already did.

After I started fucking her again, I... well, I didn't last too much longer afterwards. Near the end I, I just decided to let go, and pumped my hips into her like one of my roommates back home liked to do to me - hard enough so that she lurched forward when I slammed into her, so that again, I felt like buckling over halfway up my body due to the hot, bright pleasure. Once more I leaned back over her, so that my chest heaved with heavy breaths against her back, and I buried my nose in her neck - and breathed her scent, her raw, feral scent, the kind that's not exactly pleasant but also certainly not *unpleasant*, and she squeezed around me again, she moved her legs apart and pressed back, and there was just warmth, and moisture, and musk, and heat, and-

An electric shudder shot through my body, and my hips jerked forward into her. I couldn't hold back the breathy moan that forced itself from my lips, just as I couldn't hold back the spurts of my load deep into her, one after the other, each decreasing in force until I'd completely emptied myself, panting. I swallowed, but my mouth was dry; Azura leaned back and licked my nose, and I sucked in a breath and slid out of her-

She turned back around and resumed lapping at my cock, dripping with pre, with the saliva I'd used to lube her up, with cum, with whatever else either of us had oozed. Each lick caused me to jerk upwards and breathe another high "*ah!*" but, I let her, and then sat back on the couch, chest still moving in heavy breaths. Azura hopped up beside me, nose her way under my paw, silently demanded scratches. I obliged.

So, that was me succumbing to the pressures and wants of my friend's dog... and we had all damn weekend. After I'd gotten a chance to calm down, to steady my breathing, I went and ate, and then took her outside, let her back in, went back into the other room... and saw a big "YOU HAVE DIED. SCORE: 146" on the computer screen. Normally I'd be a bit pissed, but at least I did something better than games for a while - and that '*something*' was, again, my friend's dog. Later in the day, I took Azura on a walk, and I think she was ready to go again: when I sat down briefly on a bench in the park, she again nuzzled up in between my legs, and I had to stand back up. When we got back home, she hopped up onto the couch in front of me, positioned her front legs on the table, and stuck her rump in my face. So, I ate (out) two servings of dog on that one day.

That weekend was the most fun I'd ever had outside of the house. That night, I learned that she could fit all of my hard cock into her muzzle, and the way she worked her tongue while doing it was amazing; in the middle of the night, I was awoken by - guess what - a searching nose and hungry tongue; about halfway through Sunday, after her morning walk, I let her lick me all over again, and then sank into her tailhole this time...

Near the end of the day, Toby called: "Hey, I'm on my way back. How was it?"

"I had fun. Azura's really affectionate."

"Yeah, she's like that with you for some reason. You took her on her walks, right? She needs her exercise. Can't just sit on her butt all day."

I got an image in my head of me on the couch with my pants around my ankles and Azura in my lap, licking my neck and muzzle while I press into her and pull back out... I shifted my pants. "Yeah. Oh, yeah. She tired me out... she's so energetic."

"Oh, I know. Anyway, I'll be home shortly, and then I'll pay you and you can head home..."

"Alright. Oh, hey, if you never need someone to watch her again... hey, I'll do it. Don't have to pay me, either. I just like chillin' here."

Damn bitch. I patted her on the rear as a goodbye before Toby got home... and then fingered her, one, two, three fingers a thumb until I heard his car pull into the driveway. I licked my paw and waited for him.