

Kangal
by Tredain

"Are you sure about this honey?" she asked again, about the third time now. The slim retriever smiled back and took her paw in hand to give it a reassuring pat.

"Of course hon, you know the price doesn't matter, this guy came highly recommended by everyone in the office, they say he's really good, and this way you don't have to deal with being stuck in a class of thirty or more. Real one on one time. I might even get in on it myself," he grinned, giving her a wink. She giggled.

"Just think if we were both limber." They smiled to each other, the golden retriever waggling his eyebrows. "Some real kama sutra stuff." He laughed. She chuckled again, letting out a soft 'yeah...' before the doorbell rang. They both perked up.

"Must be him. Bet he's a shriveled little raisin, you know, those yogis in the movies," Hunter rose from the loveseat and padded to the door with his tail swinging back and forth. He just imagined how flexible Michelle was going to be. Sure, it would probably take a few sessions but... He opened the door and started to say a hello, til he found himself staring into a wide, firm chest. He looked up.

"Oh, sorry, hi! You must be..." the big Kangal shepherd said nothing, instead planting a paw on the retriever's chest and pushing him out of the way before proceeding into the house. "Uh, just, just come on in, I guess...."

The big dog walked right up to Michelle, looking almost twice the size of the rottweiler. She smiled up at him, but her eyes immediately went down. Hunter, too, couldn't help but take in the dog's massiveness. He was like a mac truck in dog fur. With a piledriver swaying between his legs.

"Hello, nice to meet..." Michelle started to greet, before one thick, sausage-like finger pressed to her lips. She hushed. The kangal took his paw away, then brought both up in a slow sweeping motion toward his chest and drew in a deep breath. He breathed out slowly and pushed his hands out. Then repeated again, until the rottweiler realized the lesson had begun and began to mimic him. Her slender chest puffed out, then fell, starting to match in time with the big dog's.

"Should I...?" Hunter started to ask. The big dog glanced at him and growled just one word.

"Sit." The voice was like a hammer blow and without hesitation the retriever's bare ass planted back into the loveseat. He stared quietly. Once Michelle had the deep breathing down the kangal knelt down beside her, taking her in his paws carefully and began to move her like he were posing a doll. Her arms went out, up, bent in, back out, stretching each limb. He had her squat down almost all the way, then back up.

"Good," the big dog rumbled, taking her in both paws and slowly bending her forward, leading with one paw, while he raised her leg and balanced her on the other like a ballerina figure. Michelle just coo'ed quietly, completely surrendering to the big kangal and offering no resistance. She seemed delighted.

"That's... that's interesting," Hunter said, just to break the silence. The big dog spared another glance, his eyes narrow, but said nothing. Hunter clapped his mouth shut and settled deeper into the seat. He watched them work, the dog showing her a pose, setting her in it, then relaxing her, then letting her do it on her own a few times. She crossed her legs and performed the lotus. She laid on her belly and stretched her back up. Time seemed to crawl by, but Hunter realized part of that was watching the clock as much as he was watching them.

The kangal stepped back, facing away from the retriever like he weren't even in the room, and watched her go. He nodded quietly, signaling with his paws what poses to do. He would have her do several reps, seeing how far she could comfortably stretch, then switch to a new pose. Hunter wasn't sure if he was testing her or training her. But the entire time she smiled, even giggled, especially when he set his paws on her to guide her how she should move. The dog smiled to himself. His wife was beautiful.

Then the big dog leaned in and whispered something into her ear. Michelle furrowed her brow, listening. Then her eyes went wide. A big smile split her muzzle. She glanced past him to Hunter, but said nothing as she rose up from the floor and turned, the kangal following her as they walked into the master bedroom.

"Uh.." Hunter started to unfurl his legs to climb out of the chair. The big dog turned, standing in the doorway, and said nothing but offered another steely glare. One gulp had Hunter back in his seat and watched as the door closed. There was no click, it wasn't locked. But it was definitely shut. Butterflies tickled Hunter's stomach. Did that just happen, he wondered. He stayed in the chair, unsure what to do. So he sat and listened.

Silence. No cries. No growls. Nothing that.. well, he wasn't sure what to expect. He waited. After a minute of watching the clock he looked back at the door because it felt like time was standing still. Slowly, Hunter climbed out of the chair and crept toward the door. Still nothing. He leaned his head in.

Heavy breathing. Not heavy breathing, really. He could hear them doing the breathing exercise. Deep breath in. Deep breath out. Deep breath in. Deep breath out. Then the unmistakable sound of the bed creaking. Breathe in. Breathe out. Creak. Breathe in. Breathe out. Creak. No keyhole or anything to peek through. No way to look under the door. He looked down at the doorknob. Creak. Maybe he could.. he pondered. Maybe just a peek. He closed his fingers around the doorknob. Creak. One gentle twist would be all it....he froze as the unmistakable rumble of a deep growl pierced the rhythm.

Hunter's butt hit the chair so hard he nearly tipped it back. The dog scrambled for balance until the chair landed with a thump against the carpet. The retriever sat and waited. And waited. If he strained he could just hear the soft 'creak' of the bed springs.

He considered turning on the TV. The session was only for an hour. It would be done in no time. Creak. He could just pick up the remote and flip it on. Creak. The remote stayed where it was on the coffee table. He sat with his ear cocked toward the door. Creak. Time seemed to crawl by. Creak. Creak. Creak. It drowned out his own heartbeat. He considered checking in on them. Creak.

Then the door opened. The big dog stepped out into the living room. Hunter watched as he passed by, then out the front door without a word or even a glance at him. It was like he didn't exist.

Michelle was still in the bedroom, sitting on the edge of the bed. Hunter walked in quietly.

"Honey? Are... are you okay?" he asked. She smiled brightly, lifting one arm over her head and pulling her other arm over, stretching.

"I'm fine. That was great! I've never felt so flexible. I mean, I'm kind of sore," she emphasized this with arching her back, popping it loudly. "But.. wow. You were right. I see why everyone recommended him."

The retriever nodded, sniffing the air. He glanced over the bed. It was still perfectly made.

"Why.. uh why in here?" he asked.

"Oh, he wanted me on the bed, more padding. It made it a lot easier actually. I didn't even know I could get into positions like that!" She sprung to her feet, giving Hunter a kiss on the cheek. "Thank you hon. He's coming back on Friday. He wants me to take twice a week sessions for now, until I get used to it, then up it."

The dog nodded.

"Oh. Ok, so, he'll be back. I'm.. I'm glad you like it so much hon," he smiled, sliding his arms around her. They hugged. He gave her a little nuzzle along her neck, up to her ear. "Whaddya say we uh, try out your new flexibility?"

Michelle smiled, but gently pushed him away.

"Oh, love, I think I'm going to be really sore today. Thank you. I think I'm just going to take a quick shower then, maybe we can plan dinner?" His ears sank a little, but he nodded, then gave a little wiggle to his tail.

"Sure, sure. I don't want you hurting yourself. I'm really glad you had a good session." She

smiled widely and pecked his cheek before slipping away into the bathroom. The rush of the shower could be heard. They didn't say anything about it the rest of the day. Or the rest of that week, until Friday.

Friday

Knock knock knock. Hunter's heart skipped a beat and the two of them stopped what they were doing.

"Oh, he's here!" Michelle lit up with a big smile as she bounced over to the doorway and opened it without hesitating. Hunter stood beside the coffee table with magazines still in hand as he'd been sorting the pile they kept out. The door opened and there stood the mountain of dog once again. He looked down at the bouncy rottweiler and the barest of smiles perked up the stern muzzle. Michelle leaned up and pecked his cheek as one big arm slipped around her and settled on her shoulder.

"Okay hon, we're gonna borrow the bedroom again, ok?" The little dog's tail wiggled as she led the kangal past Hunter and back into the bedroom once more. The retriever started to make a noise, even to just say 'ok hon' when the big dog glanced at him and once again his ass hit the chair with a low squeak.

The door shut with a click. Hunter sat quietly until he realized he was still holding the magazines. He set them down on the table and stared at them for a moment. Creak. Creak. Creak. He could hear them climbing on the bed. Maybe it was time to get a new mattress, he considered. Creak. The thought died away. Creak. His ears perked up. He could hear Michelle let out a loud, breath sigh. The exercises again. This was all about exercise. Creak.

Minutes passed. Hunter didn't move from the chair. He fidgeted with his paws but every little thing he tries to distract himself with ended with another creak interrupting him. After twenty minutes he sat against one side of the chair with his ear up, listening. His heart beat up in his throat and inexplicably, to him, his face felt flush.

He could hear something wet. It was still punctuated with the bed creaking but it was unmistakable. Something wet, slurping. There was an audible pop and he could hear his wife gasp.

"H..honey? Are you okay?" he said, raising his voice. Silence. Hunter waited. He started to get up from the chair when another loud creak broke the quiet. His butt went back down.

"Guess she is..." He went back to leaning against the chair and listening. Creak. Would they hear him if he moved the chair closer, he wondered. Would she notice? Creak. No, he dismissed the thought, how awkward would it be if his chair were suddenly that much closer to the door. And the dimples in the rug would be unmistakeable. Creak.

He lost track of time, sitting, listening. The creaking stayed steady, the occasional slurp and gasp adding to the quiet symphony of the yoga session. And then it ended. The creaking stopped. The door opened.

Hunter sat up straight and tried not to make eye contact. The big dog strolled through the living room and again it was like he wasn't even there. The tang of the dog's sweat tickled Hunter's nose and then the front door swung open and shut and he was gone again. Hunter glanced over to the bedroom and Michelle laid on the edge of the bed, smiling serenely, her legs and arms splayed out like she used to do when she came back from the gym.

"Good... good session?" Hunter asked. The rotti licked her snout and sat up slowly.

"I've never felt so relaxed in my life love," she glowed. The kangal's scent wafted in from the bedroom. Heady, salty, unmistakeably male. Hunter rubbed his nose. Michelle stretched out on the bed then hopped to her feet, giving her husband a little smile before heading straight into the bathroom. The shower came on with a soft fwoosh and no more was said of it that day.

Monday

The weekend passed quietly. They went out to a nice dinner on Saturday and did their usual grocery shopping on Sunday. Michelle was still too sore to play, but Hunter gave her a nice rub down, hoping to help her adjust. They didn't bring up the kangal, but by Monday, for the next session, Michelle was waiting at the door with her little tail wiggling eagerly. Hunter was already sitting in his chair. Both jumped when the knock came and before the third one struck the rottweiler had opened the door. The kangal stood with his fist raised, looked and saw his student, and his smile widened as he lowered his arm. Michelle jumped up, her arms wrapping the dog's broad shoulders, and pulled herself up to give a kiss that was halfway between the dog's lips and cheek. As she hit the floor his arm came down and slipped around her waist. She did likewise and together they walked into the bedroom together, not a word to her husband, who kept his head down and only caught sight of their legs and the door swinging shut. He gulped.

Creak. Creak. Gasp. Slurp. Creak. He knew the sounds now. They were all rhythmic, methodic. Like yoga was supposed to be, he thought to himself. He still pressed his ear close to the door and listened, his heart beating as every noise came clearer and shaper, this close. He stood on his tip toes, every movement making his heart race as he tried to be quiet. Michelle's breathy sighs were exhilarating. It wasn't just deep breathing. She was gasping. Moaning? It wasn't quite there yet. He smiled a little to himself. He knew just what her moans were like. But the noises she was making were.. newish. She was enjoying this so much. Creak. Creak. Slurp. Creak. Hunter's cock stirred between his legs. Even just breathing, his wife could get him hard. He didn't touch it, letting it throb, his face flush again.

His heart fluttered when he realized the hour was up and the creaking had ended more than a couple minutes ago. Stepping as lightly as he could he practically leapt back to the chair, pulling himself into it all the way, his boner jutting up from his lap with his legs crossed.

The kangal stepped into the living room and strode past. This time, however, he paused. The big nose wrinkled and he turned his head to stare down at Hunter. He looked straight at the dog's erection, muzzle twitching in what might have been a sneer if it hadn't flicked past so quickly, before he turned away and walked out of their house again.

As the door clicked shut, Hunter let his breath out, only then realizing he had been holding it, his heart pounding in his ears.

"Was it a good..." he started to ask, turning to look to the bedroom, when the soft fwoosh of the shower cut him off.

Wednesday

Nothing was said of the kangal the rest of the week. By the next appointment though, both of them were waiting. Michelle at the door, Hunter in his chair. There wasn't even a knock. The big dog opened the door and the rottweiler jumped at him again, their muzzles meeting in a wet slurp. His paw came down and cupped her butt to hold her against him. They held the kiss a long moment, the kangal's tongue visibly invading Michelle's mouth, before they parted with an audible pop and the rottie gasped. Hunter's ears perked, recognizing the sound, but he said nothing, his heart already beating in his ears.

The big dog set his student down but his paw stayed on her ass. Neither looked at the retriever as they walked arm in arm to the bedroom, like he wasn't even there.

This time, however, the bedroom door did not click shut. Hunter's ears went up again and he looked at it. They had shut it, but not all the way. The sliver of space shined like the sun, a simple strip of light breaking up the white of the wall and door. His heart skipped a beat. Creak. It was louder now. With the door not muffling it, the sounds came through crystal clear. Creak. He squeezed the arms of the chair.

Hunter rose slowly, heart beating a mile a second, and crept his way to the door. He dare not touch it and move it, so he knelt down and, bracing one paw against the frame, peeked.

It wasn't a good view. Mostly he could see the floor, part of the bed and the nightstand beside it. Michelle's paw flopped into view.

"Like this?" she whispered. Creak. She took a deep breath. Her arm stretched higher into view, she was laying on her back. He tried to shift his vision, leaning to one side, trying to see more. He glimpsed her face, the wide smile on it and her eyes looking down. Her foot came into view above, then slowly touched down against her shoulder, but he couldn't see what the kangal was doing. Creak. A gasp. Then her paw receded. It was such a poor view. Any little thing obscured it. Creak. Suddenly his view was filled with the big dog's backside. The kangal had stepped to one side of the bed. Creak. They were repositioning, but he couldn't make out anything. Creak. A paw here. A backside. They shifted back. Creak. Slurp. Gasp. Creak.

His heart pounded in his ears and his cock stood to attention. Hunter bit back a whine. His heart fluttered and he leaned to one side, getting the best view through the crack he could, which was very little, and listened. Creak. Creak. Slurp. Gasp. Creak. Creak. Creakcreakcreak. He wanted with every fiber of his being to push the door open. But he also wanted to close it, a part of him wanting to sit back in the chair. What he ended up doing was slowly stroking himself as he squinted through the doorway into his bedroom where he used to sleep with his wife and listened intently to every little sound they made.

Michelle's head came into view, her tongue lolling out. The creaking stopped. He could hear movement on the carpet. His heart froze. He scrambled, quietly as he could, back to his chair, much like Monday. Every sound seemed to be a crash, every little step of his paw into the carpet like a warning siren going off, but he made it into the chair, sitting quietly, heart pounding in his ears, when the kangal opened the door all the way and stepped through.

His scent made Hunter's nose twitch. It was strong. Stronger than it had been. He didn't look up at the big dog as he passed but you didn't have to look him in the eye to see the unmistakable wet sheet on the fat cock as it bounced along with every step. Hunter's fingers gripped the arms of the chair a little tighter but he kept his eyes down as the big dog walked out of his house again.

He turned, expecting to see Michelle gone, but she laid splayed out on the bed again, her tongue still hanging out as she panted, her face rosy and glowing. Her spread legs glistened at the thighs. The retriever gulped. Godsdamn, she looked so beautiful, so peaceful, so content. She stretched again. He started to ask her how it went, when she didn't glance at him, climbing up from the bed and into the bathroom. The shower came on with a fwoosh.

Friday

The week continued as normal. The kangal wasn't spoken of, Michelle was still tired from her session, but otherwise they went to work, they did their errands, they cooked and ate dinner together. The end of the week saw them waiting again. Michelle at the door with her little nub wiggling like mad. Hunter sat quietly but anxiously. His face was already flush. He kept his paws in his lap. Again, the door swung open without a knock. They kissed. They kissed hungrily. The dog's tongue was down her throat and both paws stroked along her slim body. He stroked her possessively, wandering down her back and grabbing her ass. The kangal's big cock stirred to life right there in the living room and Hunter only watched quietly. His heart beat in his throat and he found it hard to swallow but he watched them.

They broke the kiss with a loud smack and the big dog growled lowly as the rottweiler practically hung off of his cock. The fat, flaccid monster now stood out from between his legs like a medieval battering ram, long, hard, solid. Hunter stared. He closed his legs. He watched his wife close her paw around it and tug it along, like a perverse leash, as she led the big dog into their bedroom. She smiled serenely, like it was the most normal thing in the world now.

They didn't bother to close the door this time. She sat on the edge of the bed with a loud creak. His paws cupped her shoulders and he bent down to stuff his tongue down his throat again. Slurp. Creak. She set her paws to the edge of the bed and spread her legs, holding still as they kissed again. They broke the kiss and Hunter saw the dog's long, pink ribbon of a tongue slip free of his wife's mouth and lick his lips. He laid her back, neither them even glancing his way, and she stretched out. His big paws roved over her body and, like the first day, he gently took her and posed her, stretching her arms and legs one way, then another. Creak. He raised both of her legs over her head, carefully setting them to each side.

Then he stuck his tongue in her again. She gasped loudly, her hind end exposed and raised up, the big dog's mouth plunging against her mound. Slurp. He pressed her into the bed like that and it creaked again. She gasped as his lips sealed against her pussy lips and her eyes went wide, her fingers tightening against her ankles, and that long ribbon was deep inside her. He pressed his head in, grinding her into the bed. Creak. He pulled out with a wet slurp, smacking his lips. Creak. He let her lower her legs, then he stood up. With his hands set to his hips, the kangal simply stood there before her, his cock jutting up over the edge of the bed.

Michelle sat up, stretching her arms once, then closed one paw around that fat knob and she leaned in to plant a wet kiss on the tip. Her tongue tickled the fat tip and she suckled at it, kissing just the slit, turning her head one way, then another, kissing it like she had kissed Hunter, what felt like a long time ago. Hunter managed to swallow. His lips felt dry. His throat felt tight. His ears pulsed with the steady rhythm of his heart. His cock surged, harder than diamond, but he didn't touch it. He watched.

She stared up at the big dog as she leaned off the edge of the bed and slid more of that monster into her petite muzzle. It was like she was trying to eat a summer sausage whole. Hunter sat, amazed, when she didn't gag. Her mouth opened wide and slid up and down the big tool. One big paw reached down and pulled her off with a wet slurp. The bed creaked again as she sat back.

Suddenly the kangal was climbing on top of her. She laid back all the way, raising her legs up again and resting them against his solid body. The bed creaked. His tongue went inside her mouth again and her eyes rolled up in her head as he rocked his hips, creaking the bed. He ground against her and her paws slid up to wrap his shoulders, clutching at his back.

Hunter hadn't moved. Not this time. He didn't need to. With his head turned, one elbow propped on the arm of the chair, he watched, transfixed. He couldn't see the kangal's cock, only his toned ass and his big balls as they flopped against the dog's thighs and his wife's upturned rump. He wasn't inside her yet. Those firm hips rolled and they dry humped.

Michelle whined. A needy, wanting whine. Hunter's ears perked. His eyes widened. He watched the big dog's hips go back, there was a hard shove, and Michelle let out a breathy gasp. Creak. She didn't scream. She didn't moan. She breathed in. She breathed out. Her breath quavered. And the kangal was inside her. Creak. His hips moved. Creak. There was a fleshy slurp, quiet, but just underneath every creak. And the loud, unmistakeable slap of the big dog's balls against his wife's taint.

They slid further up the bed until the kangal was leaning over it with just the tips of his paws touching the floor. Those hips rolled. Creak. Creakcreakcreak. There was no casual intimacy this time. The dog was fucking her. He was in complete control. Hunter wasn't a thought for either of them as he watched the big dog start to pound her with earnest. The rottweiler's tongue hung out and her head laid up, free of the dog tongue, as their bodies collided again and again, the loud wet slurp of the kangal's cock getting louder as he held back less and less, thrusting his hips almost violently. Creakcreakcreak.

Hunter's paw found his cock again but he could only squeeze it. He watched. He stared. His face was as red as Michelle's, but she was working for it. Her muzzle was frozen in a perfect 'o', no sound now, her paws gripped tight to the big dog's shoulders as he rode her hard and fast.

The kangal let out a loud growl and a snort. The pounding stopped. His hips thrust forward, his paws pulled the rottweiler against him. Hunter stared as the big, tan orbs of the kangal's balls pressed

flush to Michelle's upturned rump, then tightened up. Another pulse. The two bodies held together, entangled, still except for the churning of those big balls.

The big dog was the first to move. He slowly unentangled the rottweiler's arms and legs from his body, then stood up. His dick was the last thing to come free and it slid out of Hunter's wife with a loud, sloppy slurp like the rottie's pussy didn't want to let it go. It glistened, strands of fluid drooling off of it freely onto their carpet and bedspread. Hunter couldn't see it easily, but he could see the gape of Michelle's pussy. His pussy. His wife's pussy. Cum flowed freely out of the abused hole and ran down the bed spread onto the floor.

The kangel turned, his dick swinging and flicking their juices through the air, and stepped into the living room. His eyes met Hunter's the whole time. He stepped up to the smaller dog and bent down close until their muzzles were mere inches apart. A soft snort made the retriever wince.

"You're paying for this," the dog's deep voice rumbled up from his throat. A smirk perked one side of his muzzle and the big dog stepped past the retriever. Hunter didn't turn to watch but heard his front door shut. He stared off into space, the words echoing in his mind. His cock throbbed.

And the shower came on with a soft fwoosh.

(And that's it for now. Thanks for reading!)

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