

Danny Thomas-Style

By Schmuckboydlx

It was 3AM, and I still couldn't sleep. Thank God it's the summer, or I'd be dead meat in school in the morning. Screw work, I thought, It's just a McJob, wearing a stupid McUniform and a stupid McHat, serving McFood to McAssholes who treat you like McShit, working all McFucking day for measly McPennies. And to top it off my boss is a McDick.

Leaving my pleasant thoughts behind, I focused on the TV show that was on, Miami Vice. This show may have been on before I was even born, but I still think that Don's Johnson is hot. I made that joke in P.E. and all the other kids looked at me and said, "Who?". Dorks.

I realized that it was so late in the morning, and I was all alone in the basement. So I thought, why not? and slipped off my panties, leaving my skirt on just in case that asshole of a cousin of mine drifted down. I was gonna orgasm myself to sleep since nothing else worked. Besides, I was watching the episode where it looks like Don's got a hard-on all through the show. I licked my fingers and started rubbing my pussy in circles. I'd had enough of the modesty thing everyone was trying to brainwash me with. TV told me everything I needed to know in life, and I was gonna get my share.

I lightly pushed the tip of my finger into my hole and teased it just in and out, watching Don and his bulge. I took my time, slowly and gently. I wanted a good, intense orgasm and I knew the best way was to tease myself into a frenzy.

About 10 minutes into it, someone was coming down the stairs and startled me. I pulled my skirt back down, pissed since I was just getting into my session, but it turned out to be Damien, our Great Dane. Stupid dog. Lays turds the size of Volkswagens in the yard. Drinks out of the

toilet and you have to flush it just to get more water in it. About as useful as balls on a priest.

Well, the magic was gone. I'd have to start all over again, and I wasn't in the mood. I pulled up my knees and placed the heels of my feet on the edge of the couch and watched TV. After a minute or so, Damien sauntered over, sniffing. I was so engrossed in what I was doing, I didn't notice him placing his nose up to my crotch and placing a long lick on my pussy. I shook at first and almost left the room at that point, but I stayed put, letting him do what he wanted.



Damien got into it, determined to clean my pussy like he was paid to do it. I sat there, watching Don on TV, getting all horny again. I slowly spread my feet and legs apart, letting Damien have his way with me. His tongue was working furiously, from my asshole to my clit, pushing hard and relentlessly. I was trying to keep from wiggling too much, until finally I stiffened, wracked in a glorious climax that spewed forth fluid from my pussy. Damien lapped it up greedily, driving me insane until I couldn't take the incredible tickling and pushed him away.



I sat back in the couch for a long time, panting and fanning myself. If I had known he could do that, I'd have been a night owl years ago. Damien went and lay down in front of the TV, his pink dick just showing from its sheath. He bent in and licked at it. I'll bet if guys could do that, they wouldn't need girls at all. Finally, he lay back, his pink prick

bouncing with every pant he let out. I felt a bit guilty, him lying there unsatisfied. So, I stood up, took off my miniskirt and tossed it behind the couch, and crawled down where Damien lay. He rolled over onto his back, waiting for a good belly-scratch. I complied, rubbing his belly and talking softly to him. I lowered my hands to his cock, which poked out, red and glistening. I licked my fingers and gently stroked up and down on his warm, wet prick. It started stretching out and I felt myself getting horny all over again as I contemplated his fate.



Sitting in the opposite direction of Damien, I swung one leg over his head and straddled his chest. I bent down and tasted the tip of his cock with my tongue. It was a bit salty and soft, so I ran my tongue down the length of his cock and licked his hairy balls. His tail started wagging furiously, and I could feel him bending forward and lapping at my open pussy again. I took his cock into my mouth and began to suck it in, keeping my teeth well away. I began to bob my head up and down and I could feel it growing in my mouth with every stroke. His tongue, on the other hand, was plowing its way into my vagina, its tip curling to and fro inside me. It was all I could do to keep from mashing his face into my ass at that point.

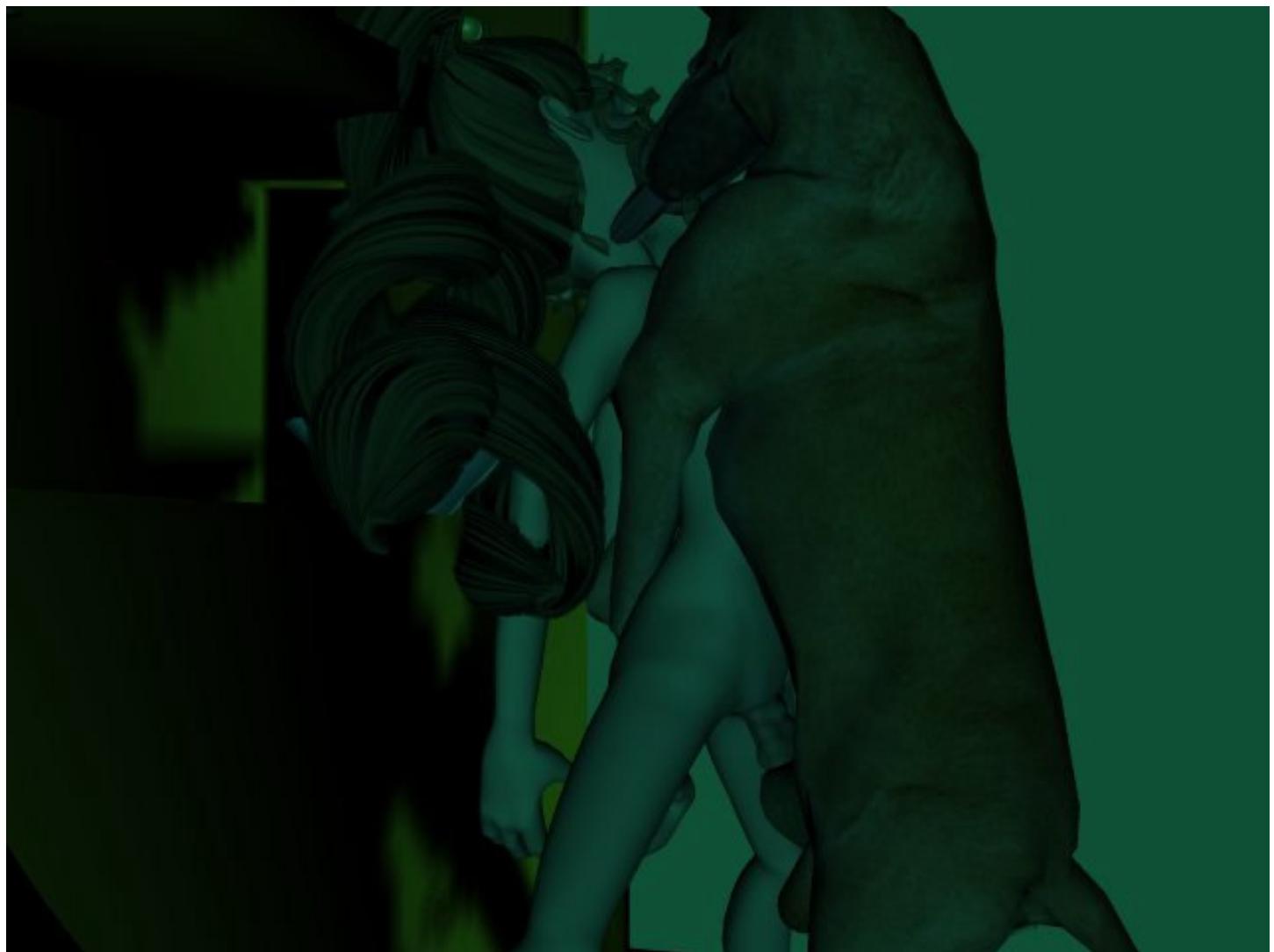


At that point, he hooked his paws into my armpits and started pushing down while pushing his hips up at me. I couldn't believe that he was fucking my face while his tongue was firmly embedded in my cunt.



I didn't care right then if anyone in the house did catch me, I had to have that cock! I remembered watching him mate with the neighbor's dog and watching her let him mount her and then run away for a short distance and letting him do it again. It seemed to excite him more, and I wanted his full attention. So I got off and stood up backing away from Damien. He responded by getting up himself and circling around me, tail wagging, tongue panting, trying to decide how to approach this hot piece of ass, canine or not. I took off my top, not wanting to feel any clothing between him and me.

Finally, he came up in front of me, rose up and pushed me into the shelf behind me. He put his paws around my hips and proceeded to hump up at me, his weight pressed on me. I spread my legs, determined to let him get a sample, but not the full deal. He kept humping up, trying to find something warm and wet surrounding his cock, driving him mad. I squatted a bit and his tip started poking all around, but not quite finding the mark. Suddenly he found home and drove it in, pushing with all his might. I could feel him enter me, hot, slippery and a lot firmer than before. As he pushed, his cock started growing, filling me up and it felt amazing. His paws dropped to my asscheeks, and it felt great being ravaged like this.





I was well on my way to another orgasm, when I remembered what I was doing and dropped down and past Damien. I circled the coffee table once, him hot on my heels. He kept rising up and trying to push me down onto the floor, but I scampered away before I felt his full weight. I came around once more and jumped up onto the couch, grabbing the back with both hands and waited for him.



I didn't have to wait long. I felt him jump up, trying to fuck me from behind. His dick, fully thickened and extended by this time, was poking me all around, hit my leg and nearly my asshole as his fought to find his prize. I maneuvered my ass around, trying to help, when he found it, and pushed and humped like crazy. I could feel him even more this time with Damien in his element, dog-fucking his mistress into submission.



I almost stayed there the entire time, when I rushed forward, pulling Damien's cock out of me with a slurp. I ran around the coffee table two more times, him madly trying to knock me down. Then I reached the far end of the table and laid myself across its glass surface, breathing hard myself and wanting to cum so bad. He mounted me from behind again and pushed me down onto the glass top hard. His prick found its mark quickly, and he shoved it in as far as it would go. He wasn't going to be teased any longer and that was that.



He started fucking me to teach me a lesson in obedience, and I wanted to learn. I pushed back, meeting every stroke as quick as I could, trying to get as much of that hard cock as possible. His paws found their way around my chest, locking me down and taking me for all he was worth. I wanted this and I let him fuck me as hard as he wanted. Suddenly, I was there, screaming out in ecstasy while his prick continued to plow me thoroughly. Then he pushed hard, holding his place as his cum slammed into me. I could feel it, warm and gushy in my sloppy cunt.







After a few minutes he pulled out, his cum flowing out of me and running down my legs. I lay there, exhausted, savoring the experience. Suddenly I heard a click and a whirring, and I looked up to find my cousin, standing there with a big shit-eating grin on his face, a boner in his shorts and a video camera in his hand. “Well, that’s one for the web”, he said, lowering the camera, “but I didn’t get it all. Could you do one more take for safety?”