

Life with Boner

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Boner's a happy dog with a special trick, which he uses to get his master laid--repeatedly.

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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Everyone likes Boner. Sure, he seems like just an ordinary friendly, affectionate, and playful black mutt, but he's unmistakably handsome too, in his own way, with a white blaze across his chest and a single white spot in the middle of his forehead. But Boner has this special thing he can do, and he helps me meet men all the time.

I adopted Boner from the animal shelter as a puppy, the day I moved into my new apartment downtown. That was three years ago and, believe me, I found plenty of men to meet in my new neighborhood. The streets here are full of them: punk rockers with tattoos and pierced tongues, college guys in tight jeans, business types in sharp suits, your everyday dudes--all sorts. That's what I like best about living here: the men come in all shapes, colors, and sizes.

Boner's the type of dog everybody stops to talk to; he's irresistible. He rarely barks and he gladly lets people pet him. He and I go for long walks along the city streets, cruising up and down the avenues, over to the warehouse district and along the old piers, up to the park to watch hot guys play basketball

or sun themselves with their shirts off. Boner doesn't pay the men any mind unless they offer him a pat on the head or something to eat. But me, I sure like to look.

I'm not gorgeous, but I'm better than average-looking. I stay in shape, and I'm a hundred and eighty-five pounds of muscle at six feet even. Meeting men on the streets has become a really easy way for me to get laid. That's where Boner comes in.

Don't get me wrong--I'd love Boner even if he didn't have his little special trick that helps me meet guys; he's my buddy. But I remember plenty of afternoons when I'd take Boner for a walk, meet some guy on the streets, and end up back at my place for a blow-job or a hot fuck.

One late winter afternoon in the park, for instance, a sexy twenty-five-year-old guy was sitting on a bench smoking a cigarette. Boner and I ambled over, and I sat a few feet away. Pretty soon, this Arab beauty was playing with Boner, rubbing the scruff of his neck.

"What's the dog's name?" the guy asked.

"Boner," I said. "What's yours?"

Before you know it, Nasim and I were shooting the shit about the neighborhood in general, his girlfriend who wanted him to move somewhere classier, and how she was withholding sex until he agreed. When he told me that he was so horny he could cum in his pants, he absently gave his crotch a little adjustment squeeze. That's when Boner gave this little half-bark--"Erf!"--that got Nasim's attention.

Boner was sitting there with his tail wagging, grinning his happy-dog grin and staring right into Nasim's eyes. "Erf!" Boner said again. Nasim was still, staring blankly into Boner's eyes, just the way guys always get when Boner does his special trick on them. Then, as if satisfied he had done his job, Boner looked over at me and gave me a little *kchew* doggy sneeze that was my cue to take it from there.

"Okay, Nasim," I told him. "Stand up and follow me."

I led him back to my place, which was just a couple of blocks away. Nasim didn't say anything or ask where we were going--they never do. He just followed like I told him, his face slack and his mind apparently empty.

As soon as I closed the door and got Boner's leash unfastened, I told Nasim to strip and stretch out on the couch. Moments after he was naked and lying back, I had his fat, uncut dick in my mouth. He was right about being so horny--he shot a load all over my face within five minutes. Nasim didn't wake up yet, so I kept going, teasing his cock and balls and asshole. All the while, Boner laid over in the corner, tongue lolling like he was laughing at the antics of us silly humans.

Nasim's dick came back to life; he got hard as a rock again. So I got down on my knees, took him down my throat, and milked another load out of him. His cock and his cum tasted really good. After that second orgasm, Nasim snapped out of it. He blinked and shook his head and seemed completely shocked to find himself naked on my couch with his softening dick in my mouth. He dressed quickly, apologizing profusely, claiming he was really straight and didn't know what came over him, and then he fled in a rush.

I didn't mind; I'd gotten what I wanted from him, and I found his flustered confusion amusing. After Nasim left, I gave Boner a chew treat, to show my appreciation for his good taste.

I could tell you lots more stories about how Boner got me laid, including the tale about two muscular college boys on in-line skates who stopped to talk one summer at dusk. I was sitting on my front stoop throwing a ball to Boner. They came skating up the sidewalk, two dark-haired beauties, one in blue shorts, the other in red and a baseball cap, both of them shirtless and sweating from exertion. While the one in the blue shorts knelt down and tightened his skate laces, the other in red started playing with the dog.

Boner of course loved the attention, cocking his head, licking his slobbery tongue at Red Short's face.

"What's his name?" Red Shorts asked, as they inevitably do. "He's so cute."

"Erf!" Boner yipped happily at Red Shorts.

"Hey, dude--you okay?" By now, Blue Shorts had finished with his laces. He'd stood up and noticed his friend's expression had gone blank as he stared transfixed into Boner's laughing-dog eyes. Blue Shorts looked at Boner. "What's with the dog?" Blue Shorts asked. Boner turned his happy attention to Blue Shorts. "What's ... hea ..." Blue Short's voice faded away as his face went slack.

"Boner, you're gonna wear me out someday," I laughed, giving the dog a scratch behind his ears.

Soon I was upstairs with the boys, all of us stripped naked on my living room floor, with one guy's cock stuffed down my throat and the other buried deep up my butt. They were all fresh-faced inexperience and puppyish enthusiasm--and completely cooperative, thanks to Boner's special trick. We changed positions, and I had my cock first in one guy's throat and then in the other guy's ass. They enjoyed themselves, if the geysers of cum were any indication, even if they were confused and shocked by what they'd done once they snapped out of it. They got dressed, babbling the whole time about how they'd never done anything like that before, and ran out of there like the hordes of hell were after them, which I thought was funny as shit!

Boner got two chew-treats that day.

Meeting other guys walking their dogs is even easier. Like the time I met that hot black man who walks his Doberman around the neighborhood. He was an older guy, probably in his mid-forties, but in great shape. He always paraded around in sleeveless shirts when the weather's warm, his sinewy arms glistening in the evening streetlights. His ass was perfect, round and full. I'd been trying to bump into him for months when one night, just before midnight, I spotted him from my bedroom window. Boner and I headed out the door, and as we rounded the corner, we ran smack into him. The two dogs started their get-acquainted routine, sniffing each other all over, sniffing each other's asses. *That's what I'd like to do to you*, I thought to myself about the black guy.

"Male or female?" he asked.

"Male. His name's Boner. What's yours?" I said.

"Mine or the dog's?" he laughed.

Boner was distracted by making friends with Brutus the Doberman, so I was on my own. Fortunately I'm no slouch at making friends myself. As Keenan and I walked along the street, we exchanged the

usual dog information--ages, quirks, funny stories, and so on--though I didn't mention Boner's special trick.

Boner and Brutus seemed to get along well. We humans were having a good time too, laughing a bit. Keenan told me he was a professional musician, a trumpet player, and looking at him made me want to blow some horn myself.

Eventually we got to Keenan's apartment building. "Well, this is me," he said, pulling his door keys out of his pocket as he prepared to say good night.

Boner perked up his ears, and pulled his head back, as if saying he wasn't ready to say goodbye to his new canine friend. "Errrruf!"

"What is it ..." Keenan blinked at Boner. "What is he ..." His voice trailed off.

I took the keys from Keenan's limp fingers just before he would have dropped them. "C'mon, buddy," I said to him. "Take me to your place."

I followed him to his door, figured out which key opened it. Inside his small studio apartment, I found a box of dog treats on the counter and gave Boner and Brutus one apiece. They went off to one corner to munch. I undressed Keenan slowly, licking every inch of his tight, muscular body. His cock swelled in my palm until it grew to a good eight or nine inches, nice and fat. I guided him over to his bed in another corner and pushed him down onto his mattress. I stripped my own clothes off and told him to take my seven hard inches into his mouth, which he did. In the bed alongside him, my crotch in his face and his crotch in mine, I marveled at his big, strong cock, squeezing it hard, making it bulge in my fist. He licked the head of my cock and washed my balls with his tongue while I swallowed his cock whole. I started to get close, but I wasn't ready to cum yet. I turned over on my back, told him to kneel between my uplifted legs, and ordered him to shove his fat dick into me. He rode me like a madman, grunting and grinding, as the bed rocked beneath us, the mattress springs squeaking in protest. I thought we'd bring the building down. With a jerk, he started cumming inside me, spurting shot after shot deep into my ass. I let out a sharp cry as I shot all over his chest and my belly. We lay in a heap, panting and sweating, and I think he dozed off for real after his exertion.

After about ten minutes, I eased out from under Keenan's limp arm. I crawled out of bed and started gathering my clothes.

As I pulled on my boxer shorts, Boner pranced over to the counter and looked at the box of treats, then at me, grinning eagerly.

"Oh, all right," I grinned. "But just one more." I opened the half-full box and pulled out a treat for Boner and one for Brutus.

"Rurf!" Boner yipped.

"What is it, boy--?" was the last thing I remembered.

When I snapped out of it a few minutes later, I was still standing in my boxers in Keenan's apartment, and Keenan himself was still slumbering away over on his bed. At some point I'd dropped the box of treats, which I retrieved. Only a handful of treats were left in the box--which explained why Boner and Brutus were licking their chops with big satisfied doggy grins on their mugs.

"Naughty dog!" I laughed--but how could I stay mad at a scamp like Boner? He just has that kind of face!

The hottest time, though, was the night Boner got me into the doorman's pants.

This happened late last summer, when the city turned unbearably hot and steamy under heavy clouds. A storm was coming. I was hanging out at my place, watching TV, when I decided to go for a slow jog to relieve my boredom. I slipped on my jock, running shorts, a loose wifebeater, and a new pair of running shoes, then put Boner on his leash. We went bounding down the stairs, out into the downtown night, and headed over toward the river where the air was a bit cooler. We stayed along the river for a while, passed under the freeway overpass and turned onto one of the main streets. Then we shot across town, dodging traffic and pedestrians as we ran onto the bikeway along the upscale district. A few young queer-boys whistled at me as we went by. "You go, girls," one cried out after us. I laughed in spite of the heat and humidity. Even Boner seemed to be enjoying himself; he let out a happy little yip as he bounded along beside me.

As we turned into the warehouse district, I saw the first bright flash of lightning; the summer storm was starting: a low thunder-rumble and the first few drops of rain. By the time we reached the big intersection, the clouds opened and rain came down in buckets; Boner and I were drenched. We kept up our pace and headed left on the next street on a shortcut toward home. That's when I remembered the doorman. He worked at a fancy apartment building just a few blocks ahead, and I'd been eyeing him for weeks.

I wasn't sure whether he'd be working tonight, but I had nothing else to do; the apartment building was on our way home. The rain was coming down hard. Boner and I took shelter under the awning outside his building. I stopped to take a breather and see who was on duty. Sure enough, inside the open front doors sat the Puerto Rican doorman at the desk in the lobby.

Boner tugged on his leash, wanting to continue our dash for home. He glanced up at me with a questioning look, as if asking, *Why the hell are we stopping here?* Then he gave one of those head-to-tail shakes that sent droplets of water flying all over the place. Even though it was after ten p.m. the air was still almost eighty degrees, so I knew he couldn't be cold. I held my ground.

The streets were practically deserted, with only a straggler here and there hurrying past under an umbrella. I waited for a few minutes out of the rain, bouncing up and down on the balls of my feet. Soon, the doorman came out to say hello to Boner. This early-twenties guy was absolutely beautiful. About five-foot-ten, a hundred and sixty-five pounds or so, and olive-skinned. His face was flawless: even features, a perfectly straight nose, big brown eyes and gleaming white teeth. *This guy could be a movie star*, I thought. He was wearing a sharp gray uniform, with cheesy epaulets on the shoulders, though he'd left his hat behind on the desk.

"Cool dog," he said, with the trace of an accent. "What's his name?"

He squatted down to play with the dog and we talked for a few minutes. His name was Juan. The wind started to pick up, blowing his thick black hair into his eyes, and he tossed his head to clear it away. Suddenly the phone on his desk started to ring and he stood to go inside. I thought I noticed him cast a quick look at my legs--two of my better features. "You wanna come inside and dry off a bit?" he said as he headed for the phone. "We aren't supposed to allow pets, but ..."

I followed him into the lobby, with Boner bringing up the rear.

He answered the phone, listened for a moment, and started replying in rapid Spanish. He gestured to a small office/storage room combo behind his desk. The door stood open so I went in. Juan reached up on a shelf just inside the doorway, grabbed a couple of towels, and handed them to me. I scrubbed one of the towels over my wet head and face, as Juan continued his phone conversation.

I reached into my jock and arranged my dick so the head was lying on my thigh, poking just a little past the hem of my shorts-leg, and left it there. In a few minutes, Juan came in. He looked at my dick right away but tried to turn away before I noticed his interest.

"That was my cousin," he said. "He comes at eleven to take my place."

"Still raining?" I asked as I ran the other towel over Boner's head and back.

"Pouring," he said.

I noticed he took another look at my dick, and it started getting hard, stretching, poking its head out farther along the inside of my leg.

Juan cleared his throat. "Uh, looks like you're horny, man," he said.

"Oh, Jeez--I guess I am," I answered, running my tongue along my upper lip. I rubbed the leg-hole of my shorts, pulled on my dick so it stretched out all the way and continued to get hard in my hand. Like I said, I'm no slouch at making friends myself.

"I don't know about this," he said, but he licked his lips, wanting it. "We can't do it here." He glanced around nervously, went over to the door, looked out into the lobby. He pushed the door shut.

"No one's around but us," I said.

Juan couldn't keep his eyes off my cock for long. I flicked my thumb across my cock-head, and he whistled. "That's a nice one you got there."

"It's all yours," I said.

"No, man ... We can't. Not here."

Boner gave a little frustrated sneeze as if to say, *Oh, get on with it*, and made a big production of shaking himself to get Juan's attention.

"Shit!--Your dog," Juan complained, "is getting water all over ... ohv ... rrr ..." He never got around to finishing his sentence as his face relaxed and went blank.

"Never mind the dog," I told him. "Come here." I sat down in the creaky old chair, pushed the front of my shorts and jockstrap down, and freed my erection. "Touch it. Stroke my cock."

Juan reached down now and took my cock in his hand. "Yeah, that's right. That feels good," I said. "Now get on your knees and lick it." He obediently squatted, lifted my cock up with one hand and started licking the head as I lifted my hips and worked my shorts down past my knees. I leaned back in the chair and moaned with pleasure. "My balls--play with my balls," I sighed. His free hand massaged my balls. I could feel his hot breath on my shaft as he licked it up and down.

"Take out your cock," I instructed him, "and jack yourself." Compliant, Juan fumbled his own fly open and pulled out a beautiful brown half-erect cock, the head already peeping out of the foreskin, and he started stroking it on it. "That's the way. Slowly. Make it last." His cock grew to about seven inches, fat and formidable.

"Suck me," I whispered. He bent forward, took my cock in his mouth, and started sucking me gently. Yeah, this guy definitely knew how to suck a dick. I watched his handsome face fill with my cock, his thick black hair glistening with a few lingering raindrops. "Help me get my shorts off," I told him and lifted my ass off the chair. He started pulling my shorts the rest of the way off and with one motion he had me naked from the waist down to my sneakers, my jock and shorts in a heap on the floor. This guy was a pro. "Get your mouth back on my cock. Play with my ass while you suck me." As he resumed sucking me greedily, he moistened his fingers, pushed his hand under my ass, found my hole, and shoved a finger inside me. I squirmed. "Oh, yeah, baby. Finger-fuck me," I sighed happily.

My cock slid all the way down his throat as he pounded his own cock with fury, groaning with pleasure. He slipped in another finger, and I thought I was getting dangerously close to shooting in his mouth.

Just then I heard the front door close and wet footsteps out in the lobby.

"Juan," someone cried out. "*¿Dónde estás?*"

Juan came off my cock and blinked, snapping out of his trance. "What the shit--?"

"Juan, where you at? You in there?" The voice came from near the front desk, right outside the storeroom door. The door that Juan had shut but hadn't locked.

Juan jumped to his feet and started trying to tuck away his stiff cock, rearrange his clothes. "Shit, it's my cousin," he said, breathing hard. I grabbed my shorts--but I wasn't quick enough. In the doorway stood Juan's cousin, shaking raindrops from an umbrella.

"Well, lookee here," he said with a big evil smile. "What's going on in here?" He eyed my naked legs and dick, and he pulled the door closed behind him. The three of us stood looking at one another. "I didn't know you liked dick, Juan," the cousin laughed. He was a little older--late twenties, maybe thirty tops--more manly, but just as handsome as Juan. Very sexy, dressed in a uniform that matched Juan's.

Poor Juan was terrified. "Uh--Miguel--it's not what you think!"

"Don't stop on account of me," he said. He set the umbrella by the wall. He rubbed his crotch. "Does your momma know you like dick, Juan? I can't wait to tell her."

I looked over at Boner, who was curled up in the corner and licking his balls, not paying us humans any heed. I whispered, "Boner? Hey, Boner."

Miguel gloated, "But I already caught you, so you might as well finish your friend off. And ... maybe I want to watch. Maybe after you're done, I'll tell the manager what I saw, too. Do you think he'll fire you?"

Juan gasped. "Shit, he'll fire us both, Miguel, when I tell him you wanted to watch."

"Screw you," said Miguel. "There's no one around, so it's your word against mine. Nobody's likely to come in or out either. It's pourin' outside."

Boner kept licking his balls. I hissed, "Uh, Boner? A little help here, please? Boner?"

"Now get back to sucking your friend off," Miguel ordered maliciously. "He keeps talking about his boner so you must be pretty good at it."

Boner huffed and rolled his head as if to say, *Oh, all right*. He stood up and shook himself.

"You got a dog in here too?" Miguel gloated. "You know this building don't allow pets. Oh, yeah, Juan, you are so fucked, cousin, so very, very--"

Boner's little happy half-yip--"Erf!"--got Miguel's attention while Juan still fumbled half-panicked with his uniform.

Miguel's voice trailed, "... fuh ... fuh ..."

"Uh ... Miguel?" Juan asked, since Miguel was just staring blank-faced at Boner. "What the fuck is goin' ...?" Juan mumbled as he glanced toward Boner too.

See, when Miguel caught us, I could have just grabbed Boner's leash and gotten the fuck out of there. But Juan was a nice guy, and he needed my help to get out of that situation. After all, it was my fault we'd been doing what Miguel caught us doing in the first place. "Thanks, Boner," I grinned at my dog as I tossed my shorts back on the floor.

Boner's little sneeze as he curled himself and lay down again was his way of saying, *You're welcome*.

Looking at Miguel and Juan standing there, expressions empty, I said, "Now, where were we? Oh, yeah. Miguel, show me your cock. Get it hard."

Miguel unzipped his fly and unbuttoned his pants and pulled his uncut meat out of his white boxer shorts. He started to pull on his cock, making it grow hard in his hand. It was long and brown, and he had a thick bush of pubes, dark and black against the white of his boxers.

I didn't need any more encouragement. I threw my shorts back on the floor, knelt down in front of Miguel, and took his dick in my mouth.

"Urg ...," Miguel moaned unconsciously.

I pulled his shirt out from his pants, reached up underneath it, and rubbed my hand along his smooth hard belly. I came off his cock to ask, "You like having your dick sucked by a guy, Miguel?"

"Urrr ...," he moaned again. His body on auto-pilot started fucking my face, swaying his hips back and forth, forcing his dick deeper and deeper into my mouth. I swallowed him hungrily, my own cock bobbing up and down from the motion.

After about a minute of that, I pulled away from Miguel's meat and wrestled my way out of my wifebeater. "Get naked, guys. Both of you: strip."

Juan began to unzip his fly while Miguel unbuttoned his uniform tunic. They slowly revealed athletic, gym-toned bodies, muscular in all the right places without being over-built. Juan dropped his pants on top of my shorts. Miguel's tunic and t-shirt hit the floor. His chest was amazing, full pecs with a patch of black hair between them and dark, hard nipples. Juan's underwear was discarded next. Miguel's shoes. Juan's tunic. Miguel's pants. Juan's t-shirt. Miguel's socks. Juan's briefs. Miguel's boxers. Their cocks were almost identical: same length and really thick. I guided their naked bodies to stand shoulder to shoulder, and I knelt before them. I sucked Juan for a couple of head-bobs, then Miguel, then back to Juan. Finally I managed to stretch my lips around both dicks at once. After a few moments, Miguel's cock popped out of my mouth, but I didn't let go of Juan's.

"How about it, guys--you up for fucking my ass?" I asked as I reached down and dug a condom from the pocket of my shorts. I reached back and kneaded my cheeks. "Wanna fuck my pretty, tight ass?"

They made low sounds which I took to mean, *Hell, yeah!*

I leaned over the chair, offering them my asshole. "Go ahead, guys. Juan, come here. Miguel, get around behind me." I pulled Juan in front of me and wolfed down his erection as Miguel shuffled around toward my butt. "Miguel, I want you to lick my ass first. Kneel down and lick my ass."

I felt his hands on my ass, pushing the cheeks apart. Suddenly, Miguel's cool face was pressed against my butt and his tongue lapped at my hole. "Mmmm," I moaned as his tongue darted around my asshole. For all his bluster earlier, Miguel apparently knew his way around a guy's ass too.

I licked Juan's belly, nuzzled my face in his crotch, inhaling his strong male scent. I wanted Miguel's cock in my ass, so the time had come to hand him the condom and instruct him: "Suit up your dick, Miguel. Put on that condom and fuck my ass."

As Miguel pressed the head of his cock against my hole, I took Juan's throbbing dick all the way down my throat. I wanted to have them both deep inside me at once. Miguel pounded away at my ass while Juan fucked my face, and I beat my meat enthusiastically.

In less than two minutes Juan's legs started trembling. He was close. I pulled my mouth off his meat, wrapped my hand around it, and jacked his spit-soaked erection. In a moment, a tremor through his body sent his cum shooting high into the air as he climaxed. His load spewed into my face and dripped from my hair onto my nose.

My own cock was surging for release as Miguel's fat dick massaged my prostate.

"You ready to cum, Miguel?" I asked, and he gasped. "Cum, Miguel. Give me that load. Cum for me," I said, feeling my orgasm rising. "Cum for me, Miguel!" I yelped, and with a gush I shot my sperm all over the chair and the floor. "Jack that cock, Miguel. Get the condom off and stroke it! Spray me with your cum!"

Miguel's dick popped out of my ass. He tugged off the condom and started stroking. "Ahhhhyeee," Miguel cried as his spunk went flying, landing across my back and on Juan's chest and arm.

I grabbed the towel I'd used earlier and wiped the cum from my body. I started laughing because I knew that neither cousin would be getting the other in trouble now. I could only imagine what they'd have to say to each other once they woke up.

"Thanks, guys. That was great," I said as I reached for my clothes. Boner looked up with anticipation from the corner where he'd been napping.

"Come on, Boner," I called to him as I finished dressing. "Let's get going."

We passed an older gentleman entering the building as we were walking out the front door. "Nice dog," he said.

"Thanks. Everybody likes Boner," I replied as we headed out into the rain.
