

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter One

I was down on my luck, having just broken up with my boyfriend. It wasn't a big thing. Boyfriends aren't all that hard to come by and truthfully, I was getting tired of all the hassles anyway, but I didn't have my own place either. Finding my little brown butt on the sidewalk wasn't too good, especially since I had exactly \$18.11 to my name. I'd just spent a buck eighty-nine on a peach wine cooler, which was pretty rowdy for me. I even bummed a smoke from some guy, but choked on the first couple puffs and tossed it.

I'm not much of a troublemaker, not by a long shot. I was just 19 then, barely out of high school and bouncing from job to job while I tried to figure out what I was doing with my life. It wasn't that I didn't have dreams or ambitions, I did. I just didn't know what they were yet.

My latest job had been dancing in a strip club, which I didn't care for a whole lot. Sex really wasn't my thing in the first place. It's okay sometimes, but night after night, seeing those guys sitting around just staring like they wanted to eat me for dessert? Yikes! That wasn't for me and I'd even turned down a pretty good raise earlier that day when I'd told the manager I was quitting.

She was a nice woman, full of compliments about my body and even though she was a lez, I think she meant most of them. I'm 5'2" and about 90 pounds, with little A-cup boobs and narrow, boyish hips. I have long black hair, thick and wavy like a permanent perm, and my almond eyes are soft and brown. My ass is nice and round and my legs are great, everyone likes my legs, but I shaved my pussy so I looked like I was 12 again. Janey, the manager, put me in catholic schoolgirl uniforms and stuff like that for my routines. I even went out in a Girl Scout uniform, selling "Girl Scout Nookie" for 30 bucks a table dance and 50 for a lap dance.

I made a lot of money real fast, for the club and for me. But I'd spent it, as usual, and now I'd just broken my last twenty. I had no home, no boyfriend, no job; the sun was going down and I was in Seattle in April. You just knew it was gonna rain and there wasn't a thing I could do about it. I wasn't going back to the club, that was for sure. Nor did I want my old job back at Wendy's, selling hot 'n juicy's to stoned kids in their daddy's car. That job really sucked.

So maybe there really is a fate, or destiny, or Buddha or something, I dunno, but it couldn't have been pure chance when the little newspaper came fluttering along on the cool breeze. It wrapped itself around my calf like a hungry rodent and I ripped it away in annoyance, almost letting it go, but not quite. I caught the words "Help Wanted" in small type and I set my cooler down, spread the newspaper over my thighs, and took a look.

It was some weird newspaper, I thought, definitely not the Post-Intelligencer, because the ads in this paper were looking for weird stuff. Like Master Seeking Slave, and Baby Girl 4 Daddy, things like that. I didn't see a whole lot about prior experience, or how much these people paid, although for some of that stuff it seemed like it should be quite a bit. Like the guy looking for a woman willing to be amputated? Come on, I'd need a lot of money before I'd go that far! And a woman offering to cut off testicles for free? I laughed at that one because what guy in his right mind would ever let a girl cut off his balls for nothing? I seriously began to wonder if this newspaper wasn't some sort of joke.

It started raining and I ducked back into the 7-11, looking at the fat old clerk who gave me a frown.

"It's pouring cats and dogs, for crying out loud," I told the woman, turning my back and shaking the paper for a second, knowing it would annoy her. I'd been in that 7-11 a thousand times and she'd never smiled at me once.

Hmmm...Cats and dogs. I found an ad that sounded interesting...

*Dog Girl Wanted*

*SWM seeks Bitch 18-35 for long term live-in service. Height/weight proportional, clean and disease free a must. No experience necessary.*

It wasn't much of an ad, I admit, and calling a girl a bitch right off the top like that made me a little wary. But I like dogs and I'm one of those people that just seem to attract them. Even the meanest dog will stop barking once he sees me, or catches my scent or whatever. I don't know why or how, I just know it's the truth. Dogs are always following me around and I never really minded it, although my parents used to complain because I'd never finish my dinner. I always wanted to save a little something for my newest four-legged friend.

There was a phone number and I figured I might as well call, feeling quite sure whoever the man was, he would be able to explain more over the phone. Or so I hoped. Of course the clerk wasn't gonna let me use her phone, that might have made us friends or something, so I had to ask her for change so I could use the pay phone outside. Luckily it was a short run through the rain. I wasn't exactly dressed warm in my t-shirt, short denim skirt, and old pink cowboy boots. In fact, it was getting downright chilly and I wished my boyfriend hadn't been such an asshole. My ex-boyfriend, I mean. He'd tossed all my stuff off the fire escape before I even knew we'd broken up. Half the bums on Pike Street were wearing my clothes now. Half the whores too, probably.

"Yep?" The man's voice on the other end was deep, but I couldn't tell how young or old really.

"Uh, hi. I'm calling about the job?" I said nervously, cradling the phone against my shoulder and pressing the newspaper up against the glass in the telephone booth, just to make sure I'd dialed right.

"The job?" The man sounded confused.

"Yeah, um, in the...uh..." I had to look at the front of the paper, "...in the FM Gazette. About wanting a dog girl?"

"Ohhh, the Fetish Market. Right..." he agreed and I thought I could hear the guy nodding. "You're a dog girl?"

"Hmmm..." I wasn't sure how to answer that. I really wanted a job. "...Well, dogs like me, and I like them!" I giggled nervously.

"How old are you, honey?" he asked, not unreasonably I guess.

"I just turned 19 this past March. I had my birthday and..."

"So, barely 19, eh?" the guy cut me off. "And you love dogs? Big dogs?"

The way he said it sounded kind of funny, but I put that down to my poor nerves.

"Sure, I guess, yeah. The bigger the better, right?"

"Right, yeah. Well, I need a good dog girl, that's a fact. What do you look like?" he questioned me and I shrugged, even though he couldn't see it.

"Uh, well, I'm half-Filipina. Short and small, sort of thin, but not anorexic or anything. I used to be a dancer, a uh...Well, a stripper, so I guess I look okay..." My voice sort of trailed off because I wasn't sure what he wanted to hear.

"Ahhh...One of those LBFM's, huh?" he chuckled.

"What's that? I didn't catch what you said..." I narrowed my eyes at the phone wondering what an LBFM was.

"Oh, nothing. A little joke and a bad one too. Okay, so that sounds good so far. How about you come by and we'll see how well you fit, eh?" He was laughing again and I wondered if he was okay, or drunk or something.

"Well, see I just broke up with my boyfriend and, um, I'm sort of stuck and I don't have a lot of money, so..."

"So you couldn't get here even if you knew where here was, is that it?" he asked in a good-natured sort of way. Maybe he was okay after all.

"Yeah," I said, sounding apologetic.

"Okay. How about I come get you then. Where are you?"

I told him where I was and he said it would take about an hour since he lived down by Enumclaw, sort of out in the country a ways. I thought that sounded kind of nice though, get a break from the city and breathe some fresh air for a change. I really hoped this guy was okay though. I'd met a lot of weirdoes in the club and it could be a little scary. Of course in the club we had Big Mike, the bouncer, and Earl, the DJ, and they were pretty good at watching after the girls. But standing out in front of a 7-11 waiting for a strange man to pick me up and take me to his place? I was definitely asking for trouble, I knew, and I almost walked away.

But then I remembered that I had nowhere to go.

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## **Chapter Two**

It was closer to an hour and a half before the man I'd spoken with on the phone showed up. I didn't know it was him of course, not until the old rusty green pickup truck he was driving pulled into the parking lot with the high beams on, blinding me and anyone else who happened to be looking in the wrong direction. I covered my eyes as the truck growled to a stop right in front of me.

The guy rolled down his window. "You the dog girl?" he called out in the rain. He didn't stick anything but his nose out the window though, so I didn't get much of a look at him.

"Yeah," I nodded, biting my lip and thinking this was it. I had one last chance to change my mind.

"Well, let's get goin' then." And I saw his vague shape lean over and the passenger side door creaked open as I dashed through the heavy drops and climbed in.

"Hi," I said, trying to sound cheerful because I didn't want to sound nervous, but my heart was beating faster and I had to concentrate to slow my breathing down.

"Howdy," he said, and then we were backing up and soon on the road leading to the highway and Enumclaw.

"Uh, thanks for coming to get me. I'm sorry I don't have a car of my own..." I always felt this urge to apologize when I was nervous.

"No problem. I like getting out of the house once in awhile," he shrugged. "So tell me about yourself, girl."

"Well..." I figured I oughta start with my name, since proper introductions hadn't come up yet. "My name is Rachael and..."

"Rachael, huh?" He chuckled. "No need for any of that. I'll be calling you 'girl' or maybe 'bitch' from now on, depending on circumstances."

"Oh." I licked my lips, not really knowing how to respond to that. "I guess uh, well...okay."

I wasn't sure I was going to like being called bitch all the time, but girl was sort of acceptable, in a way. He was older than me, a lot older, maybe even older than my dad, who was 53 and pretty old, in my opinion. The man had a strong jaw and deep set eyes, but otherwise it was hard to get anything from his profile. Thin lips, not much for smiling I supposed, and short iron grey hair. He wasn't fat or skinny, but just average in build and dressed like a farmer, with a flannel shirt and jeans. He smelled like fresh cut hay too, or so I imagined, not really knowing what fresh cut hay smelled like. It could have been alfalfa for all I knew.

"You're a looker," he glanced at me in the dim light. "I'll give ya that, girl. Kinda small though, you sure you like 'em big?"

"Dogs?" I asked and he gave a little nod. "Yeah, I like all kinds of dogs. They're cute."

"Cute?" He laughed at that. "I had three girls come round applying for the job, none of 'em thought my boys were cute."

"Your boys?" I wondered at that, since we'd been talking about dogs.

"My dogs, yeah. I ain't never been much for family, so I call them my boys." He smiled to himself. "They're spoiled a bit, but good lads every one of 'em. So go on, tell me more about yourself then."

We had gotten away from his original question, so I started talking about me.

"Well, I graduated high school last January and..."

"January?" He looked at me. "I recall most folks graduate in June. What happened to you?"

I blushed a little. "I had a little trouble with math," I admitted. "I just get my numbers mixed up sometimes, especially that geometry and algebra stuff. Trigonometry too."

"That about covers most of it," he grinned.

"Yeah," I nodded, feeling a little silly. "So, anyway, I had to take some classes over...a few times." I'd actually taken trigonometry three times before I passed it with a D- and remedial algebra twice.

"Don't you fret about that stuff, girl, you won't be needing to count much more than three at my place."

"Oh, um, good." I hoped he wasn't just humoring me. "So, after I graduated I moved in with my boyfriend. He was a football player, but now he works down at the docks, unloading ships and stuff. He's really sweet..."

"Sounds like a good fella. How come you ain't with him tonight?"

"Uh, see, he sort of broke up with me." I swallowed hard, not really wanting to talk about my personal life like that, but I guessed the man wanted to know who he was hiring.

"Broke up?" He looked at me again and I pulled my short skirt down a little since my panties were showing, just a bit. "Is he stupid?"

"What?" I widened my eyes. "No, uh-uh, he um, well he gets real jealous sometimes. See, I was working as a dancer at H.R. Muff 'n Stuff, that's a little dance club by the airport? There isn't any H.R. though, Janey just said they liked the way the name sounds with the letters in front and..."

"Janey?"

"Yeah, Janey was my boss and well, see, she had a fight with Bambi, her girlfriend, because she only likes girls. So she asked if she could stay at my place, just for one night..." I tried to keep this story short, really, but it was hard, "...so we were sleeping together in bed when my boyfriend came home and he thought we were sleeping together! I mean, yeah, we were sleeping together, but not really sleeping together! Janey was asleep and I was asleep, see?"

"So you and your boss were sleeping together, but not sleeping together." The guy was laughing a little. "You don't have both oars in the water, do ya, girl?"

"Uh...I'm not even in the boat," I laughed nervously. "Am I?"

"Nope. I reckon not," the man agreed and I felt a little better. Sometimes people say stuff like that and it confuses me a little.

"When my boyfriend saw me and Janey in bed together, I guess he was drunk or something, cause he started taking off all his clothes and getting in between us. That woke me up, and Janey too, and she doesn't like boys very much anyway. I guess maybe she thought my boyfriend was gonna rape us or something, cause she kneed him in the balls really hard. And then did it again, just in case she missed the first time."

"Hmmm..." the man frowned a little at that, as I guess most men would.

"Then my boyfriend was lying on the floor, sort of white and looking like he might throw up, you know," I shrugged. "And Janey left and I didn't know what to do, but when I tried to help my boyfriend he just got mad at me, calling me a dyke and a cunt, and all sorts of stuff I didn't like. So I left, thinking maybe I'd come back when he was feeling better."

"Sounds like a good idea," the man said with a nod.

"So I went to the club and Janey was sort of mad too, telling me that when she'd said she wanted to sleep with me, she hadn't meant sleep with me and my boyfriend. Like it was my fault!" I sighed. "So I sort of quit, even though Janey apologized and offered me a raise. She said I was the best little money maker she had," I told the man proudly. "But I couldn't stay. I mean, not after she'd hurt my boyfriend like that, could I?"

"Uh, nope. I don't reckon," the man agreed.

"But when I got home, all my stuff was thrown out the window! My boyfriend wouldn't even open the door, he just said he was gonna call the police on me and Janey for being man hating dykes who'd beaten him up! And while I tried to talk to him upstairs, all the bums and whores and anybody else walking by was taking all my stuff!"

It almost made me cry thinking about all that, but it felt good to talk about it too. Like I was getting it all out of my system and I felt a lot lighter inside, which is good, because with the dark and the rain and all that it was mostly pretty depressing.

"So then you called me?" the guy asked and I nodded. "Well, I ain't gonna toss you, girl. If it don't work out with my boys, I'll drive you back, don't worry about that."

"Okay," I smiled a little and wiped at the one little tear that had started in my left eye.

"But, I gotta tell you, I had three girls and a fag come by for the job, and not one of 'em worked out." He made a little sighing sound. "My boys are pretty picky and they can be a mite rough too. Hell, that faggot couldn't get his foot out the door of his car. My boys didn't like him at all. And the girls, well, one of 'em took one look at Bandy and decided to join a convent. Found Jesus right on the spot!" he laughed.

"Oh!" I wasn't sure what a dog might have to do with finding Jesus, but he sounded serious.

"The other girls, well, one of 'em gave Barley a try and he locked her up so tight she was screamin' and scootin' and tryin' to get away." The man was smiling at the memory of it. "Said she didn't ever want to see another dick in her life after Big Barley was done with her."

"A dick?" I looked at the guy wondering what he was talking about.

"Yeah, ain't that something?" he laughed like I knew what the joke was. "Turned that woman queer as a three dollar bill right there in the backyard."

"Oh, uh, I'm not a lesbian," I promised him. "I just slept with Janey, I didn't sleep with..."

"And the third girl, well, she wasn't much to look at, sort of feisty too. Had an abrasive personality." The man looked at me. "She was untrainable."

"Oh, um...I like training," I told the man.

"That so?" He seemed to ponder that.

"Oh yeah. I was a trainee at Wendy's, a good one too, and um, at McDonald's? I was a trainee there for three weeks, until I broke the ice cream machine." I frowned, thinking maybe I shouldn't have said that. "You uh, you don't have an ice cream machine, do you?"

The man was laughing. "Nope, no ice cream."

"Good," I smiled. "Anyway, see I'm real trainable," I promised. "And I don't want to be a nun or anything like that."

"We'll see," the man chuckled. "You do seem promising, girl."

"Really?" I smiled and felt warm inside. It was nice to be promising at something besides lap dances for a change.

"So, what's the biggest dog you ever had?" the guy asked, since it was a pretty long drive and we were just maybe halfway into it.

"Well, I never really had a dog," I admitted, a little shyly. "I had a lot of dogs follow me home though and I liked to play with them a lot," I hastened to add, seeing the man's frown.

"Really?" He looked at me.

"Oh yeah! Everyday almost since I was little, all sorts of dogs would follow me around. I'd bring them home sometimes after school, give them a bath and some food, then we'd wrestle around." I was smiling as I recalled all those happy moments. "Dogs love to wrestle, you know?" Because maybe he didn't.

"Heh. If that's what you wanna call it."

"And some of those dogs were pretty big too, as big as me or even bigger sometimes. Our neighbors, three doors down, had a really big dog. I used to ride him around like a pony," I giggled. "I always wanted a pony, but we lived in a small house in Lynnwood."

"I see...and this big dog, he ever ride you?" the man grinned at me.

I laughed. "No! That's silly! But, mmmm...He thought about it maybe. A lot of those dogs liked to jump on me and stuff, especially after we were wrestling good and I was hot and sweaty, you know? Then they'd hug me and stuff, sort of like they wanted a ride."

I wasn't sure what the guy meant exactly, nor was I exactly sure what I was talking about, but that happened with me sometimes. Like I might get an idea right on the tip of my tongue, but it just wouldn't quite come into focus, you know? I know those dogs liked me though, and they liked wrestling around and hugging and licking at me too. But I wasn't going to tell the guy about how they tried to lick me down between my legs. That was sort of personal.

"But you never give one a ride?" the man asked. "Not even once?"

"Ummm..." I wasn't sure why he was asking me that; didn't I just say that I hadn't?

"After all that wrestling around, and that big dog starts hugging you..." the man suggested slowly. "Didn't you ever let him do it?"

"Ummm...Oh." My eyes widened and my cheeks got hot. "Oh!" I was finally understanding what he meant. "You mean, when the dog's thingy got hard?"

The man laughed. "Yeah. The dog's thingy," he nodded with a grin.

"Well, um, sometimes it was like they thought I was a girl dog or something," I told him, feeling a little embarrassed. "Dogs get a little confused I guess, like anybody else, and sometimes they'd try and put their thingy in me but I always kept my panties on, so...uh..." I licked my lips, "...sometimes I let them rub me. Sorta. You know, just to make them feel good."

"Rub you?" the man pursed his thin lips.

"Yeah, like between my legs, just rubbing me and um, well, it got sort of messy and stuff, but it felt good for the dog." I shrugged, hoping that would explain why I'd let a dog rub his penis against my panty covered sex.

"Felt good for you too, I bet." He was grinning at me like he knew a secret and I was blushing hard then, looking out my window at the passing darkness.

We drove a few minutes in silence and I couldn't really think of anything to say, but it was sort of uncomfortable like that too. I always feel like people are waiting for me to say something, although I



don't know why. I like to listen too.

"Anyway," I said, hopefully changing the subject. "Dogs like me a lot."

"Oh, I think my boys are gonna love you, girl," the man agreed cheerfully "I don't think they ever had a virgin to break in."

"A virgin?" I sat up a little and stared at him. "I'm not a virgin!" I said a little indignantly, like it was a bad thing to suggest or something, which seemed a little silly actually.

"You say so," the man laughed and I felt a little humiliated by it.

"I've had a lot of sex, for your information." I was pouting a little, but I couldn't help it. "I've had three boyfriends and I did it with all of them. And more than once with the last one!"

"More than once, eh?" He was laughing so hard I thought we might go in the ditch.

"Yeah!" I crossed my arms defensively.

"You're a sweetie, girl. I really hope my boys like you as much as I do." He reached over and patted my bare thigh. It was a friendly touch, not like the guys in the club touched me sometimes, so I ignored it.

"You like me?" I finally caught up with what he'd just said.

"Course I do. What's not to like? You're cute as hell, sweeter'n sugar, and about as complicated as a hole in the ground. If you ain't perfect, then I'm Abe Lincoln's grandpaw," he said with an exaggerated drawl, teasing me a little maybe, but I paid it little attention.

"Oh." I thought about that for a minute, not sure if being compared to a hole in the ground was a good thing or not, and finally deciding it was meant as a compliment. Country people had a strange way of talking, I realized.

"You know, if this thing does work out, you're gonna be stayin' for awhile, right?" He was looking at me again. "This isn't some weekend getaway, or a little vacation until your boyfriend comes back to his senses. We're gonna have some work to do and you need to be sure you're the right girl for the job."

"Oh, I am!" I promised. "I don't ever want to see my boyfriend again!"

"Too bad for him," the man said under his breath. "Now, seeing how you're so young and all, maybe a ten year contract might be good. What do you think of that?"

"Ten years? A contract?" I didn't know anything about business stuff. I mean, I'd filled out some job applications, and tried to do my taxes once, but the IRS had sent me a letter and returned my check along with one of theirs, saying they owed me 48 dollars and I didn't owe them \$287,210.37 at all. They seriously warned me against writing bad checks to the government in the future and suggested I hire someone to do my taxes. Someone I trusted a lot, they said.

"Well, yeah. I figured we'd get it all in writing and avoid a lot of misunderstanding later," he said reasonably and that sounded like a good idea to me.

"Ummm...How much does the job pay, anyway?" I'd really been wondering about that.

"Hmmm...Well, you'll be living in my house..." he shrugged, "...sorta, and eating my food. I'll pay for your clothing and um, jewelry..."

"Jewelry?" I asked, brightening slightly and wondering why he'd buy me jewelry, but not really caring why. I liked jewelry.

"Yeah, there's some rings and uh, window dressing I'd like to see you wearing." He was sort of vague. "We'll get to that later."

I nodded. "Okay." Rings are nice, I had a couple on my fingers and one on my big toe, but they were all pretty cheap.

"Anyway, so I think if you sign for ten years I can put your pay in a trust..."

"What's that?" I asked.

"A trust? Like a special bank account. The money sits there until a certain time and then you can get it out," he shrugged. "It earns interest while it's in there, so you end up with more money later, see?"

"Hmmm..." That sounded sort of good, I thought. More money later. My Daddy had always told me to think of the future and this sounded like a good way to do it.

"So, for ten years I put your pay in the bank, in a trust, and after that you can quit if you want. Take your money and do whatever you want, how's that sound?"

"Okay. I guess it's alright. Ten years is a long time though..." And it did seem like forever, considering I wasn't even twice ten years old yet.

"Nah, it goes by quick, believe me. You'll just be 29 then and have more money than you ever dreamed of." He gave me a reassuring smile.

"Really?"

"Oh yeah," he nodded. "Banks pay almost three percent on a good savings account these days."

I wasn't sure how much three percent was, that math stuff always confused me, but the guy seemed to know what he was talking about. Still...ten years, that was a lot.

"But um...What if you're dogs don't like me?" I asked, although I couldn't really imagine that and I didn't think he could either.

"Then I'll give you a hundred dollars and a ride home tomorrow, just for your trouble, how's that sound?"

"Great!" I nodded with a smile. It sounded good, except for the home part, since I didn't really have one of those anymore. So I figured I'd better make friends with those dogs, or I was gonna be sitting in front of the 7-11 again.

"Good. We got ourselves a deal then." He was smiling and held out his hand so I could shake on it with him.

"Yes sir," I nodded and hoped I was doing the right thing.

"I got some contracts all ready in the glove compartment there. Open her up and take a look." He reached up and turned on the dome light.

"You have contracts already? Here?" I blinked at that. Some things just feel strange, you know? Like finding yourself in an old episode of the Twilight Zone or something and I almost looked around for Rod Serling, before I remembered he was probably dead.

"Well, you just never know when you might meet the perfect girl, you know?" He smiled as I opened up the glove compartment and found some papers. "I used to be a lawyer before I took up farming. Well, I'm still a lawyer too," he chuckled. "It's like the mob; once you're in they never let you go. Anyway, I'm a hell of a lawyer." I noticed that he'd lost that country drawl all of a sudden. "Corporate law. I made a lot of friends, a lot of enemies, and a whole lot of money."

"Oh," I said, for lack of anything better. He didn't seem like much of a lawyer to me, not like the ones I saw on TV. I read the paper slowly, mostly because we were rolling down the road sort bumpily, but also because there were some words I didn't understand. Heck, I didn't even know you could put that many letters together in some of those words.

"...the undersigned also agrees to unconditional modification of physical attributes to include decorative and/or functional facilitation of employment requirements?"

"That's just fancy talk for tattoos and piercings mostly," the man shrugged. "Do you have any tattoos or piercings?"

"Ummm...no," I said, not really ever wanting any either. "Except my ears, I mean."

"Good," he was nodding. "I like a clean slate."

"Uhhh...okay." I wasn't sure what that meant. I kept reading, "...the undersigned understands fully and accepts without reservation the inherent and unavoidable physical risks that she will endure in the performance of her daily tasks?"

"I had to put that in there just because you're going to be working with animals. Dogs can get a little rough, you know," he chuckled. "That's just a standard clause."

"Oh, sure." I'd been scratched plenty of times by accident, so I guess he had a point. "Umm, how about this...the uh, undersigned confesses and discloses freely her willful desire to engage in acts of bestiality for such purposes as may be defined and required in the performance of her job?...What's bestiality?"

"Playing with dogs," the man smiled. "Well, any animal really, but the next paragraph specifies that dogs are what we're talking about."

"Oh, yeah." I read the next paragraph and it did say that this contract only covered bestiality involving dogs and that if another species of animal were to be involved in the future, we'd address that in clause number 6 of annex C, whatever that was.

"It's a lot of paper, I know," the man apologized. "You can read the whole thing later if you want, but we're almost home now. Why don't you go on and sign the last couple pages. There's some initialing to do to, everywhere you see a little red arrow."

"I guess you really are a lawyer!" I giggled and signed and initialed and signed some more. There were three copies there, one for him, one for me, and one for... "Who's this copy for?" I asked him as

we turned onto a dirt road.

“Oh, that’s for the Tribal Register,” he said, like that would mean something. “We’re on Indian land now. My great, great grandmother was part Yakima, so they leased me a few acres,” he grinned at me. “Made me part of the tribe, even though they aren’t Yakima, or even Skagit.”

“You’re an Indian?” I looked at him, thinking he looked as white as George Bush.

“Well, just a little. Mostly I’m legal counsel for the tribe’s casino. Making a donation to the reservation’s Children Education Fund helped too,” he laughed. “Anyway, being on reservation land makes it a lot easier keeping a little dog girl like you. We’ll get the contract certified and legalized and you’ll be all set and proper.”

“Uh, proper what?” I had to ask.

“Proper, um...property!” the man grinned and rubbed my knee. “But don’t you worry about that, it’s time to meet the boys.”

He was pulling up to a stop in front of an old country house that had never been built by Indians, I was pretty sure. It was old and solid and looked like one of those fancy Victorian houses, but well kept. The man told me that Teddy Roosevelt had stayed there once, but that had been a long time ago. There was a big barn, a corral with a horse, some sheds and a silo and everything. It really was a farm and I was a little excited about being there. I’d lived in the city my whole life.

I wasn’t sure about him using the word property though. That seemed kind of strange. I soon forgot about it as we stepped out of the truck, however. It had stopped raining halfway between Seattle and there, and the ground wasn’t even damp. But it would be raining soon, I thought. There were flashes of lightning on the horizon and I wrapped my arms around myself in the chill air, wondering where the dogs were.

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### **Chapter Three**

I didn’t have to wonder about the dogs for long, because they were already running towards the truck, barking excitedly and wagging their tails. They were big too, although I’m not sure if they were any specific breed or not, but they must have had some St. Bernard or Great Dane in them someplace. They were all brown and white generally, more streaked than spotted, with some black around their handsome heads. Long haired as well, although not shaggy, just comfortably long, especially for a place like Washington. They had collars, all thick brown leather and well worn, with tags hanging from them. So I guessed that meant they’d all had their shots.

They came to a stop when they saw me standing by the truck, hugging myself and feeling just a little nervous, but not much. Even though they bared their teeth and bristled a little as they barked and growled, I didn’t feel any real danger from them. They just didn’t know me yet.

The man was calling them, but they weren’t paying a whole lot of attention to him, which seemed a little rude, even for dogs. They really did need a trainer, I thought, and although I had no practical experience as such, I figured it would be fun to try. Ten years was a long time to train a dog though, even three of them, and that was still making me wonder a bit.

“Come here, boy. Come on.” I bent my knees, squatting down and held out my hand, looking at the biggest one, who really wasn’t that much bigger than the other two. They were all huge.

He approached me slowly, sniffing the air and barking, but not quite so loudly, and the other two dogs were following. They seemed a little confused at my happiness to see them, maybe because most people would have gotten back in the truck and locked the doors, I supposed.

“Come on, that’s it. Good boy. Oh! You’re a nice doggy, huh...” I was smiling as he got closer and the man was just watching me, although I couldn’t really see him. I kept my eyes on the dogs, just holding out my hand until the leader took a sniff of my fingers and then a tentative lick across the back of my hand.

The others were soon with me as well, all three of them no longer upset or confused, but wagging their tails happily and nudging me with their noses and paws for attention. I was giggling and stroking all of them, feeling their warmth and strength, and enjoying the way dogs can be so comfortable.

“Well...Shit,” the man was laughing a little. “I’ve never seen that before.”

“They’re just big puppies!” I grinned as one of them licked my face and another shoved his great head in between my thigh and my tummy as I finally just sat on the hard gravel. “Ohhh, you sweeties! Yes, you are...”

I played with the dogs for maybe 15 minutes before I finally followed the man into his house. It was warm inside and I was grateful for it. The dogs followed us in as well, which surprised me a little. They were big, the largest, who was named Bandy, came up to my shoulders and he probably weighed almost twice as much as me. The others were a little shorter perhaps, but a good hundred and fifty pounds maybe. These were serious dogs, bred large and intended for real work, I thought.

I guess we weren’t really in the house though, or at least not the ‘home’ part of it that you might expect. The door we’d come through didn’t latch, it just swung in either direction and had springs to keep it closed. I thought that was odd, but as it turned out it wasn’t really odd at all, since doorknobs are kinda tough for dogs.

“Used to be two bedrooms and a sewing room in here,” the man was telling me. We were on the east side of the house, or so he said. My sense of direction was never the best, except maybe at sunrise and sunset. “I knocked down some walls, put some new wood down. This is where the dogs sleep. It’ll be where you sleep too.”

“Oh.” I thought that was sort of weird.

I mean there wasn’t any furniture, not even a bed. Just a big thin mattress, like one of those funny Japanese beds, with some old quilts and blankets around it. A futon, that’s the word, and I’d never slept on one of those before. The floor was bare, just hard oak planking it looked like, stained to a nice shade of brown, but scratched up from the dogs’ toenails. I thought maybe I should give the dogs a pedicure sometime. There were heavy curtains on the windows, and the overhead lights were old, maybe even antiques, but they gave a pleasant warm and yellow light. Still, for being such a big room it seemed like it should have more in it than just that futon thing.

On the opposite side there was a tiled area, with a little lip around it. I guessed that was for washing the dogs. There was a deep sink, but mounted on the floor with a single faucet and a two or three foot long hose attached. A drain sat in the floor and little else. A few feet from that was an old wooden rack, like a shoe rack maybe, except it had dog shampoo and powders for fleas and ticks, a scrub brush and a few other things a person might need to groom a dog. Nothing fancy there, just practical stuff.

There were a few big old leather chew toys scattered around too, mostly half hidden under the blankets. I guess this guy really loved his dogs and the dogs liked it too, chasing each other around with their feet skittering across the floor. They were showing off, like teenage boys, barking at me to join in and making me laugh. There was one other door and the man pointed at it.

"Dogs aren't allowed in the house proper," he told me seriously. "The boys know that and I expect you to remember it too."

"Uh, sure," I shrugged. So the dogs weren't allowed in the house, I could remember that.

"Now, maybe you want to get comfortable in your new home." He stood there looking at me expectantly.

"Umm...What about the rest of the house?" I asked, just since I expected him to show me stuff like the bathroom maybe, since I had to go sorta. And the kitchen, since it was a little past dinnertime.

"Off limits to you, bitch," he smiled. "Go on now and get undressed. I want to see what you look like all collared up."

I guess my face must have looked pretty funny because he chuckled and shook his head while I stared at him.

"You're a dog girl now," he explained patiently. "A female dog. A bitch. Understand? So don't be shy. You don't need clothes, believe me. I keep this room plenty warm and if you still get cold, you've got your three new friends to snuggle with."

"I...I...I thought I was going to, um...train them...or something..." I was stammering my words slowly, trying to understand if he was serious or just pulling my leg.

"Train them?" the man laughed. "They're as trained as I need 'em, bitch. You're the one needs training and we're starting right now. Clothes off. Now."

It was a command and I swallowed hard, wondering how I'd ended up in this mess, pretending I was some wacko's dog. But what was I going to do? I couldn't say no, or walk away, or argue with the guy. I didn't even know his name! I was all alone in his house, with no money, no nothing except a contract I'd signed saying I'd be his girl dog. Now, I'll admit I'm not the smartest person. And doubtless some people are going to wonder why I did what I did, but all I can say is until you've been in that situation, you just have no idea what you're going to do. Some people might fight, some girls might run. Me? I started taking off my clothes.

I pulled my t-shirt over my head and the man held his hand out for it, so I gave it to him. I felt embarrassed that I was undressing, but only because I didn't really know why. Being naked didn't bother me. It was warm and comfortable in there, and I'd been a professional stripper anyway, so it wasn't like I was shy. I pulled my skirt down and then my panties, handing those over as well and I smiled a little as the guy eyed my shaved little slit.

"How old did you say you are?" he asked as I sat down to take off my boots. This was made harder as the dogs had taken an interest in what I was doing and came over to sniff at me.

"I'm nineteen," I said with a little grunt, getting one boot off and working at the other. He was looking right between my splayed legs and I guess I was giving the guy quite a show, but that couldn't be helped.

He whistled appreciatively and nodded. "If you say so." He took my other boot and told me he'd be right back, opening the door I couldn't go through and closing it behind him.

I sat on the floor totally naked now, with three huge dogs around me, sniffing and licking and making me giggle as I pushed them away. I guess part of me didn't really believe the guy was serious. I mean, it had to be some weird sex thing, you know? One of those roleplaying game things and after he got tired of it, he'd let me in the house and we'd laugh about it or something. I just couldn't see how he could keep me in here with the dogs all the time. Who'd ever heard of such a thing?

Bandy was the leader, definitely, and he was the most aggressive, although not in a dangerous way. But he loved shoving his snout down between my legs, smelling my sex and trying to give me a good lick down there. I kept pushing him away, but he was big, a lot bigger than me, and it was doing little good. Another one, Bush, which seemed like a funny name for a dog, but I liked it, was around behind me, sniffing at my butt and licking me just at the top of my ass. That was ticklish as heck and it made me jump a little everytime he did it, turning around and swatting at his big head. The other one, Barley, was the most calm of the three, just laying down and watching me with his long pink tongue hanging out of his mouth. It looked like he was smiling at me and it was so cute! They were all cute.

"Bandy! Come on! Stop, you big dummy!" I laughed as Bandy got his tongue down across my slit, teasing me with it like it was damp rough sandpaper. It felt kind good, actually, but I really wanted to pee and a few more licks like that and I'd make a puddle on the floor.

Luckily, the man came back and gave a sharp little whistle so the dogs would leave me alone for a second, wondering what he wanted. But he didn't have anything for them, and when I started getting up, a little red faced and breathless from all the giggling, the man just pushed me back down.

"Stay," he said, just like I was a dog. So I sat down and looked up at him. "Good girl," he stroked my hair for a second and you're gonna think I'm crazy, but I sorta liked it. "Here we go now..." he was saying, fitting a collar around my neck and buckling it into place. "I'll get you some tags in a day or two, after I think of a good name for you."

"Name?" I blinked with surprise. "My name's..."

"Shhh..." he shook his head. "Dogs don't talk. That means you don't talk. When I want you to speak, you'll know it because I'll ask you a question directly. Otherwise you can smile, frown, shake your head, bark, whine, moan, or whatever...but no talking."

I sat there silently trying to absorb all that. I wondered if I could talk to the dogs. I mean, when the guy wasn't around. They wouldn't care, would they? In the meantime though, I decided I'd better play along with him and I just nodded and even gave him a little bark, just for fun, but it wasn't a good one.

He laughed though and put his hand in front of my mouth and I got the impression I was supposed to lick it, so I did. "That's a good little bitch. Now make yourself at home. I'll fix some dinner for you guys." And with that he was leaving once more and I wondered if I was supposed to go outside and pee in the bushes, or what.

I ended up peeing down the drain and using that hose from the faucet to wash my pussy and clean the tiles. That wasn't so bad, at least the dogs didn't mind, but I sorta wondered what I was gonna do when I had to make number two, you know? Well, hopefully the guy would be done playing by

then, I thought.

I was shaking out the quilts and blankets, satisfied that there weren't any fleas or lice or anything. The dogs were clean enough, and the bedding was fresh, so the guy was serious about taking care of his pets. I appreciated that, especially since I guessed I was one of them, at least for awhile. I was making the bed nice, with some unwanted help from Bandy and Bush who decided they wanted to play tug-o-war with me and it was fun fighting for the quilt, but I didn't stand a chance against the two of them. They jerked me right off my feet a couple times and that made me giggle.

The man came in about then carrying a couple big bowls, like really big bowls, with some kind of food in them. It was like a beef stew it smelled like, and looked like it too, complete with vegetables and some wild rice mixed in. He put one of the bowls down and the dogs were over there quick, growling the way dogs do, but it was plain they were used to sharing with each other.

Bandy and Bush had their noses in it deep, leaving Barley standing there until the guy put the other bowl down for him. I sat on the mattress wondering about my dinner and the guy looked at me.

"You better get some before Barley eats it all. You and him share from now on." And then he was walking out.

Now, I was pretty hungry and whatever the guy had cooked up smelled really yummy, but sharing a bowl with a dog? And where was my fork, or at least a spoon? I might have sat there feeling sorry and confused for the rest of the night, but it wasn't gonna fill my tummy, so I hurried over and soon found myself on hands and knees with my face next to Barley's, lapping up the stew eagerly and when he growled at me, I growled right back, just to be friendly and keeping in the spirit of our little game. That seemed to satisfy the dog anyway, and he even moved, just a little, happily sharing with his new mate.

My face was wet and dirty, covered with gravy and I was giggling as we licked the bowl clean. I didn't care, it was like being a kid again. I could be as messy as I wanted and nobody would care. Barley licked my face clean anyway and while he was doing that I got a real surprise.

I was on my hands and knees and all of a sudden I felt a wet hot tongue sliding up along my slit. I practically jumped out of my skin and I turned around to see Bandy, probing my sex with interest and I tried scooting away, but he just followed me. I turned around to face the dog only to have Barley give me a lick of his own. I dropped my butt to the floor and it was just like before, all three dogs nudging me with their noses, licking and pushing at me, trying to get at my sex.

I don't know why it happened. Maybe it's only natural when a girl gets so much male attraction, even from another species, but I was getting turned on. I've never really been a big one for sex though. I like it, sure, but I'm not crazy for it. I had sex when it suited my boyfriend, which was a couple times a week usually, but if it had been up to me then, I dunno, maybe a couple times a month would have been fine. I always liked kissing and hugging and just cuddling a lot more than sex and if my boyfriend had been smart he would have used those to warm me up, you know?

Like the dogs were. They were giving me all that attention and it was nice. Pretty soon my whole body was warm all over and everywhere they happened to lick me it felt good. Not ticklish anymore, just really good, like candy electricity melting in my tummy. My pussy was getting wet too and Bandy could smell it and taste it. I was holding onto Bush, sort of resting my head against his shoulder while he nuzzled my neck, hugging him, feeling his strong hard muscles under his soft warm fur.

My legs were spread, although I don't really remember spreading them, and Bandy had full access



to my pussy. It was so good too, like you wouldn't believe. He was digging between my greasy labia and into my love tunnel with his tongue, getting deeper and deeper, and all I could do was moan and sort of thrust my hips a little while I clutched at Bush.

Barley was nearby too, licking at my thighs and ribs and back, wherever he could reach with his tongue. They could all smell my pussy and probably the little invisible chemicals that radiated out of my pores as my body announced it's readiness to mate with someone. I found myself closing my eyes and shaking as Bandy brought me to orgasm finally, catching me so good that I forgot where I was and who I was with for a second, closing my legs tightly around the poor dog's neck and head so that he gave a little whine.

I smiled weakly, feeling my heart thumping and the air caught deep in my lungs. I was almost seeing stars and I don't think anyone had ever given me an orgasm like that. None of my boyfriends had, that was for sure! I'd never even had an orgasm with them, although I'd faked a few just to make them feel good. I'd read an article in Cosmo that said it was important to make a guy feel like he was a good lover, and even more important if he wasn't a good lover, since then he'd take advice for readily, or something. I hadn't been able to finish the whole article before my dentist was ready for me.

Anyway, it was pretty obvious that me being aroused was getting to the dogs as well, because everywhere I looked I could see their red dripping cocks pushing from their furry sheaths. I wouldn't say I'd ever wanted to have sex with a dog before, but I'd never consciously rejected the idea either. It was one of those taboo subjects you hear about, usually in a bad joke, and you think hmmm...that's not such a big deal one way or the other. But it was a big deal for me now, especially since I felt feverish and super excited. I imagined I could smell them, my three new mates, and their cocks jutting beneath their bellies. I felt possessed and almost out of control...

But imagine it. You're all alone and naked in a room with three big, strong, and definitely sexy dogs and nobody is ever gonna know what you're doing. I mean no one that you wouldn't want to know. My dad, my best friends, the people I might work with someday, none of them were going to know. It was a new sort of freedom that I'd never experienced, never even dreamed of. I felt like a dog, like what a bitch must feel like surrounded by cock and oblivious to world around her. I'd seen dogs having sex in the middle of the street and they didn't care. But people couldn't do that, it was unthinkable, even with another person. But I was a dog, or as close as a person could get, so long as I stayed in that room.

I moved slowly to get on my hands and knees, knowing instinctively that I was as ready as I was ever going to be. I was scared, yeah, as much or more than I'd ever been before in my young life. Even more than when I'd lost my cherry two years before. This was new and unexplored territory for me. I didn't know if it would hurt or feel good, or break something inside me or what, but I figured if a female dog could do it, so could I. Nature, I decided, would just have to be trusted and I lifted my butt and offered myself to the dogs, giving them a low deep throated growl so they'd know I was impatient. I was too, my body was screaming for sex!

Of course Bandy was first, being the biggest. He didn't really have to mount me, he could just stand over me and do it, but he did it anyway, wrapping his front legs around my waist and letting most of his weight rest on my back as he stabbed his penis at my sex. He was heavy too! I'm not kidding, but the soft warmth of his chest against my back felt so good. His cock was jabbing and finally, with no help from me, he found my tight little hole and just slammed like four or five inches of hot dog cock inside my juicy vagina.

"Owwwwwww...Fuck!" I groaned and winced a little too because it was uncomfortable for a moment.

My boyfriend's cock had been about five inches long and kind of thin, but I had thought it was good sized, at least for me. I knew some guys were bigger than that, and some guys were even smaller, but I hadn't realized how big a dog could get! Bandy was huge down there! I swear, he was just half in me and I was as full as I'd ever been with my boyfriend. Probably more, because dog cock is fat!

Bandy was pushing more and more inside me with every stroke too. He fucked me hard and fast, and I felt like I had a cramp at first, sort of a sharp pain that gave way to something dull and throbbing, and then eventually to no pain at all really. Just a very, very good feeling as my vagina stretched around the animal. It was nice after about two minutes, maybe three, when Bandy really hit his stride. He had all of his cock inside me, maybe nine inches, if I had to guess, and thick too. He was ramming himself in and out and growling at the other two as they walked impatiently around us, sniffing at us occasionally, and giving short excited barks once in awhile.

"Uh...Uh...Ahhh...Oh...Oh...Ah..." I was grunting with every thrust of Bandy's swollen cock. It felt huge in my pussy, pushing against the walls of my sex and reaching deep inside to brush against the sensitive pillow of my cervix. I could feel our combined juices running down my thighs and I could barely hold myself up anymore. I folded my arms under my cheek, lowering my head to the floor under the animal's ever insistent efforts to plant his sperm in my womb.

"Well, I see you're making yourself right at home," the man's voice roused me to open my eyes and I stared up at him, unashamed as I pushed my ass back to meet Bandy's cock. He'd brought a simple wooden chair with him and he just sat in it, watching with evident approval on his face.

I could feel something else now, a hardness pressing against my sex, pounding my sensitive flesh and demanding entrance. I knew only a little about the mating habits of dogs, and I thought nothing of it at first. But Bandy was growling and giving small yelps of frustration as he pushed harder and harder, desperate to get the large knot of flesh that had grown near the base of his cock inside me.

"He's gonna lock you up, bitch," the man was telling me. He'd unzipped his pants and I could see his cock in his hand as he jerked off a few feet in front of me. Bush took a sniff and then a lick at the guy's penis and I watched as the man allowed the dog to lap at his cock.

"Ohhh...owwww...fuuuuck!" I suddenly felt my pussy being stretched beyond reason, filling me with a sharp burning ache that seemed to reach from my thighs to my belly. Bandy had finally forced the knot inside me and it went slowly at first, but then just seemed to pop inside, so that my cunt was stretched to its limits.

I was bucking my hips like crazy as another orgasm swept through me. I couldn't do anything but take it as the huge dog thrust his hips faster, with shorter strokes that could do little but tease me. The swollen bulge in my pussy was lodged tight and could move only a fraction of inch in either direction. It didn't matter anyway; Bandy's tapered cockhead was speared into my womb, thrust against my cervix so that when he came a minute later it was so incredibly intense I was literally screaming with pleasure.

Hot dog cum sprayed inside me, flooding the deepest parts of my sex with a wondrous stain of warmth. It spread around and through me and my body jerked with pleasure, the walls of my sex trembling around Bandy's great prick as his balls emptied themselves inside me. I saw stars and my mouth hung open as I panted for air. I felt as if I'd just run a marathon, excited and exhausted and floating on a high of adrenaline and endorphins. It was the single best experience of my young life and if I'd had the wits and the energy, I would have thanked the man for giving it to me.

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## Chapter Four

I woke up slowly, my mind refusing to give up whatever dreams I'd been having, and my body resisting the desire to move. I was laying on the mattress and blankets, between two of the dogs. I was hugging Bush while Bandy was against my back and Barley slept between my legs. It was warm and soft and I kept my eyes closed, just listening to my mates sleep, smelling them so close to me. It was nice, really nice.

I'd fucked all three of them the night before. It had taken some 15 minutes or so before Bandy's knot had shrunk enough so that he could pull out, and that had been nice too, the waiting. My vagina had clasped the knot eagerly and I'd lain there, regaining my senses slowly while our Master had watched. As soon as Bandy pulled out with a heavy wash of sperm and fuck juice, which was a new and completely different sort of aching pleasure, Bush had mounted me, finding my stretched and well lubricated cunt easily. And after he'd added his copious load of dog semen to Bandy's, it was another relaxing wait before Barley finally took his long awaited turn.

"Un-fucking-believable..." the man had said while he watched the dogs taking me. He actually said that quite a lot, like he really couldn't believe what he was seeing and it did sort of embarrass me a little, but mostly I was sorta busy.

"Where's all that cock going, bitch?" he'd asked me at one point, after Bush had locked up with me and I was just coming down from what seemed like my hundredth orgasm of the night.

"I don't know..." I sighed and then giggled a little. "I guess I stretch."

He laughed at that, rubbing his penis slowly. "I guess you do stretch. Like you were made for big ol' dog cock. Damn! Never saw anything like it!"

Only after the dogs had finished and Barley had pulled free of me did our Master kneel behind me and push his cock inside my sore and tender hole, but truthfully, I barely felt him at all. He was of average size, I supposed, for a human, perhaps even a little bigger than average, but the dogs had been huge, especially once I'd taken their swollen knots. He fucked me rapidly for a minute, maybe two before he came inside me.

One of the dogs, Bush, I think, licked our Master's penis clean and then went to work on me, lapping at my sex and digging his gentle tongue into my hole as the juices leaked out of me. It was rather like a sexy massage of some strange sort, soothing and bringing me small orgasms that rocked my exhausted body until I was finally able to crawl to our bed and fall asleep. It had been intense and weird, like the one time I'd tried ecstasy at a club in Olympia, and found myself floating from guy to guy on the dance floor. Except I hadn't been thoroughly fucked that night, just fondled and kissed and brought to orgasm repeatedly without understanding how or why.

So I was waking slowly, clutching my mates and smiling despite my soreness. I felt as if I'd been kicked between my legs, sort of, but there was something else there too, a fiery pleasantness that I couldn't deny. The cramp-like ache was annoying, but proof that I'd lost my virginity finally, which was a strange way of thinking about it, but that was how it seemed. Until I'd taken Bandy, I thought, I'd been a virgin. No man had ever fucked me so deeply or so hard, and I doubted any man could. When our Master had fucked me, I hadn't even noticed really. I'd been so loose and wet with dog sperm and the spend of my orgasms, it was more like he was fingering me than fucking me.

And Master...That was new term and I wasn't sure why I was thinking of him that way, except that it seemed most correct somehow. Had he suggested it? I tried to remember if he'd spoken to me while we'd coupled, or afterwards perhaps, and I couldn't. I'd been so tired, so dazed by my overwhelmed

senses. He might have spoken with me for an hour for all I knew, but I doubted it. All I could remember was that little bit about taking big dog cock, and that seemed like a dream. And besides, what would a man have to say to a bitch? Probably nothing except 'Good doggy' I thought with a smile as I lay there.

Part of me wanted to get up, the part of me that was still a girl, which was probably most of me. It had been a life changing experience, but not completely, and I felt the usual desire to pee, wash my face and brush my teeth, and have a cup of coffee, in that order. I was used to that and old habits are hard to break. I was sure our Master, the man, I corrected myself, not really wanting to continue with that mindset; I was sure he'd had his fun and this morning he'd be letting me go, or at least welcoming me into his home as a girl.

But time passed and I finally had to get up. I'd been waiting for the door to open and the man to arrive, but he hadn't. I'd heard no sound but the breathing of the dogs and some birds whistling happily in the bright spring morning. There was none of the usual traffic outside, or the television from the apartment next door, or heavy footsteps of people on their way to work that I was used to. I was fifty miles from all of that and I sort of missed it, but I kind of didn't too. I wondered what my ex-boyfriend was doing and whether he was waking up alone or if he'd replaced me already. I stroked the dogs, smiling as I realized I missed my ex much less than I missed his kitchen radio.

I used the bath area to urinate and then washed myself quickly, since the water was rather cold. I washed my body, rubbing myself vigorously and making loud complaining noises that woke the dogs. They lifted their heads and looked at me lazily. I used a bar of soap I found, a half-cake of Ivory, I thought from the smell of it. I was glad for that since I wasn't sure I wanted to use the dog soap, only because I wasn't sure how strong it might be and I'd learned to avoid strong soaps in the past. Ivory was mild however and I washed myself quickly, all but my vagina, which I had to take my time with, exploring my sex carefully.

It was pink and tender, and my labia were still swollen and somewhat distended, pulled out a little so they looked strange. Inside too I was red and a little swollen maybe, although it was hard to tell. But as I pushed two fingers inside me I didn't feel anything really bad, just that I was a bit more sensitive. I was also still wet with juices, sticky and squishy. I pushed the end of the hose inside me, just a little and let the cold water flood my sex like some sort of super-sized douche, shivering as I sat on the tiles, but wanting to be as clean as possible too.

I was almost finished when the door opened and the man entered. He was carrying a towel, I was glad to see, and I wondered if I dared speak with him. He had told me not to speak unless he gave me permission, but this was a new day, I thought, and he was bringing me a towel. That meant something. He wouldn't bring a dog a towel would he? But of course a real bitch wouldn't take a bath on her own either. I decided I wasn't a dog, not any more, and surely he had to realize that this strange game couldn't go on.

Just as I was taking the towel gratefully, however, he began speaking to me, solving my little dilemma. "That was quite a night for you," he smiled. "How did you like it?"

"I liked it," I said slowly, nodding my head and drying my body briskly, enjoying the rough terry cloth as it warmed my skin. "I need some things though. I mean, if I'm going to stay here." I was sort of hoping he'd correct me and tell me I wasn't really staying in that room all the time, but he didn't.

"I suppose you do." He pushed me back down, as I'd risen to my feet. Not in a mean way, but insistent, like I was forgetting my place, and I was soon kneeling as he took the towel back.

I gave him a little list of what I wanted and he was nodding and agreeing to most of it. "No coffee, I'm afraid. It's not really good for dogs," he chuckled. "And hot water, hmmm...I'll see what I can do. The tank for this faucet is outside, so the sun heats it up during the day. Might be best if you bathed after supper every night, but I think you'll get used to cold in the morning. It isn't that bad, is it?"

"It's pretty cold," I laughed a little, but it wasn't that bad I guessed. "Um, is there a bathroom I can use? I mean, when I have to go...you know...number two?" I asked, feeling a little embarrassed that I had to bring that up.

"Hmm...number two, eh?" he raised an eyebrow. "There's ten acres right outside that door. A smart bitch like you oughta be able to figure it out," he laughed and scratched my head a little. "Just watch the boys, they'll teach you just fine."

That wasn't exactly the answer I wanted to hear, but it was the only one I was getting apparently. He left me shortly after that and I had little else to do but climb back into bed and curl up with the dogs. It was warm and comfortable, but I wasn't going back to sleep, and I wasn't used to having so much time alone with my thoughts. It was almost uncomfortable and I sort of wondered at myself, thinking maybe I'd never really tried to think before. I mean, I'd grown up with television and radio and the internet and a hundred other devices to occupy my mind, just so I wouldn't have to think...But that seemed too deep for me and I was afraid to think about it too much.

The man came back a short while later, carrying two big bowls with our breakfast, and a third dish which he filled with water. The dogs were up immediately and I realized I was hungry as well. So I followed along, on my hands and knees for our Master's benefit, although it was rather uncomfortable crawling on the hard wooden floor all the time.

"Here, you'll need to take these every morning." He was handing me a few pills, vitamins and dietary supplements. I swallowed them down after sipping water into my mouth from the bowl. "I'll bring the other stuff you need later, after I run into town." He glanced at Barley who was eating by himself while the other two dogs shared their breakfast. "Better get some before it's all gone," he chuckled and I nodded, scurrying over to push my face in the dish.

I didn't know what it was, but it was like chunks of moist sausage or something, mixed with hard crunchy bits that had a strange taste to it. It wasn't nearly as good as dinner had been, but I ate it anyway, filling my tummy rather quickly and leaving most of it for Barley. I drank deep from the bowl and grimaced a little at the aftertaste. I wondered what the stuff was that I'd eaten and it occurred to me that it was probably real dog food. Successful lawyer or not, it would be rather expensive feeding three huge dogs and me nothing but beef stew all the time. The idea of eating dog food made me a little queasy though and so I tried to pretend it was something else, veal maybe, since I didn't really like veal anyway.

After eating, the dogs went outside, but I just relaxed on the bed, touching my sex and wondering if it would ever go back to normal. It just felt puffy and strange. I slept for a little bit and woke up when Bush returned, sitting next to me and sniffing at my pussy, giving me small licks until I was moving to hug him. I was in that sort of half-asleep, half-awake place you get with little naps and it felt good, except Bush kept licking at my skin and it was ticklish.

I moved more, turning and curling my body, and Bush moved with me as well, although I kept my eyes closed and had no idea how we were facing really. I was hugging him though, and pressing my face against the warm softness of his tummy. He was lying down beside me and I'd crooked my bottom leg, the right one, so his chin rested on my thigh and his nose was close to my pussy. It was comfortable like that and I didn't mind the slow lazy licks he was giving my pussy. In fact, it was

going from ticklish to nice rather quickly and I lifted my left leg slightly, bending my knee and resting my foot on the bed.

This was better as Bush had complete access to my sex and he licked my labia and across my clit as she began to swell. I moaned softly, shifting my hips against the little pangs of pleasure I was feeling and opened my eyes, surprised to find Bush's furry sheath against my face. I hadn't even noticed it until I saw it, almost crossing my eyes as I tried to focus on it. Then I could feel the heaviness inside, the dog's penis which was always firm, even when he wasn't aroused. I could smell the animal too, a pungent musky scent that I hadn't really noticed before.

I was enjoying Bush's attentions and I could feel the fluttering in my sex and deeper, in the pit of my stomach that told me I was feeling real good. So it was without any real thought or plan that I took my first tentative lick along Bush's penis. Along the short haired sheath that covered it, I should say. It tasted like nothing really, much like licking a sweater, I supposed, and he didn't seem to be shedding or anything, so I licked him some more, wondering if he'd enjoy it.

I guess he did, or perhaps he was enjoying the fact that I was getting more than a little excited myself. My pussy was beginning to moisten and I felt that warm glow beginning inside me. I moved my hips slightly, wanting the dog's long and sensitive tongue inside me, while I continued to lick and kiss his cock, finally tonguing the small opening at the tip. I was urging his penis, hidden inside, to come out for me and it soon did with Bush giving me a soft friendly growl from deep in his chest. An inch of red, glistening dog cock emerged and I licked it carefully, unsure how the animal would react, and quite unsure of what it would taste like, but it wasn't bad at all.

He was leaking precum and that was nearly tasteless really, maybe a hint of something sour, but not much at all. His cock was odd shaped and I enjoyed the way it felt under my tongue, tapered at an angle with a sharp, and well defined ridge around the end of it. I could see veins, very thin and close to surface, marbling his reddish flesh in blue and purple. It looked very pretty, I thought, and when I took the dog's cock fully in my mouth, wrapping my lips around the exposed shaft, it was pleasant for both of us. The shaft wasn't really wet at all, not like it looked, but I was working hard to fix that.

I washed Bush's cock with my tongue, even as I slid my lips back and forth along his ever growing length. The dog was getting longer and more aroused with every beat of his heart, and so was I. Bush never paused in his efforts to please me, digging his tongue finally between my swollen labes and into my hole. He found my juices running and that seemed to make him even happier, his cock swelling so quickly it filled my mouth completely before I even realized what was going on. It was like some sort of magic trick and I had to back off him quickly as the tip of Bush's penis tickled the back of my mouth, making me gag in reflex.

It was a lot different than giving head to my boyfriend that was for sure. Well, maybe not that much different, I mean the principle was the same, but Bush's cock tasted and felt and looked so much different. Plus he was bigger, at least nine inches long and so thick in the middle that my mouth was stretched wide to accommodate him. And half of the dog's cock was all I could take, and even then I had to fight to resist the urge to cough and gag. I used my hand to stroke that part of his cock I couldn't take in my mouth, feeling him hot and heavy and wet as precum gave way to watery semen and it was running from the tip like a leaky faucet. I couldn't swallow all of it, although I tried my best, and finally gave up, not really minding the way it ran out of my mouth and down my neck and cheek anyway.

I was feeling good too. My body moving as Bush tongue fucked my hot sex, curling the tip of his tongue inside me so that every now and then it would find my g-spot, that secret little bundle of nerves that sent me like a rocket straight up to heaven. And when his tongue would complete its

long deliberate circuit, he invariable finished across my clit, which was throbbing and fiery and growing almost too sensitive for the rough texture of the dog's tongue. It was intense, like nothing else in the world, and I was going to cum any second, in a delicious 69 with that huge dog beside me.

I could barely concentrate on what I was doing and when Bush finally did push me over the edge of reason, all I could do was suckle his long fat prick like a baby, moaning and writhing and hugging the animal so tightly I think it made him nervous, but perhaps the dogs were used to their strange new bitch already, because he didn't complain or try to move. He just kept tonguing me, which was maybe a thousand times better and worse too, because I just wasn't coming down. I was cumming over and over until I finally had to push him away and roll over, hugging my knees to my chest as I quivered uncontrollably. My whole body seemed entirely too sensitive and the slightest touch of Bush's tongue made me yelp and tense up.

But there was no stopping the animal either. Bush was excited now and as I lay curled up on my left side he found my exposed ass, his tongue suddenly digging into my tight virgin anus and as my body seemed to contract and expand with every orgasmic spasm, Bush's tongue slipped into my rectum. It was another new and wildly exciting sensation, the dog's tongue wriggling perhaps half an inch deep in my ass. It was good, bringing me another round of orgasms to steal my senses and leave me panting for more. I was torn between almost painful over-stimulation and the overpowering desire to continue that glorious experience. I felt like I was dying, and yet so alive that it seemed like I'd just been reborn.

I finally rolled onto my stomach, offering Bush what he needed and wanted. I was laughing, I think, giggling crazily and slapping my butt, urging the dog to mount me as I lifted my ass for him. Bush took little convincing after our long foreplay and I soon felt his paws around my waist, pulling at my hips as his cock thrust and then found my hungry sex. He pushed inside me all at once, making me gasp and arch my back as I came immediately, despite the pain of my bruised cunt being stretched once more.

The others must have heard us, or smelled us maybe, because a moment later Bandy and then Barley were pushing through the swinging door, barking excitedly as Bush growled and told them to wait for their turns. He was fucking the bitch now and not even big Bandy could make him stop. I just lay there, my knees bent and tucked under my tummy so my ass was elevated while Bush pumped me fast and furious. He'd been excited for awhile now, even before entering my cunt, and it wasn't long before the swell of his knot was pounding against my sex, demanding entry so as to trap the dog's sperm in my womb long enough to give me a litter of pups.

It was deja vu all over again as my pussy walls were stretched beyond reason to take the baseball sized muscle which would expand even more once it was in me. But that was becoming my favorite part, being locked tight with my mate while he short stroked my pussy, stabbing at the super-sensitive pillow of my cervix and bringing me the most intense orgasm of them all. There was no other thought in my head, none possible, except that I needed to be filled with hot thick dog cum. I wanted it desperately, to soak my womb in the stuff, to bathe in it as Bush ejaculated with a throaty growl of pleasure. I could feel his body on top of mine, hot and heaving and soft with fur. His breath was warm across my shoulders and neck, and his paws held me tight, the claws scratching me with pain I'd never feel. I was a bitch, totally and completely, a dog by any other name, and mated happily with the canine prick locked inside me.

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## Chapter Five

It's strange to be naked all the time after spending some 18 years being clothed for most of it. Not that I was ashamed of my body, I wasn't and never had been. I wasn't even particularly shy. I mean the physical part of being exposed to every little thing you can think of was strange. It was nice and warm in my room. The floor was smooth and the water cold, of course, but after a few days I was becoming used to it. I even began looking forward to the bracing chill that brought me wide awake every morning. That was actually better than a cup of coffee because I didn't have to pee 20 minutes later.

Outside was different though. It was springtime in Washington and so the wind was cool and the sun still distant. It rained often and the ground was soft and spongy and cold. I had no shoes, no raincoat or anything, I was a bitch, a female dog, and I had come to enjoy that role even as I wondered how long it could possibly last. But I didn't really like going outside yet. There were rocks, and weeds with sharp sticklers, and twigs and insects. I had to go out though, not leastwise because it would get awfully boring in my room all the time. Besides, my three companions loved it outside and I knew they wanted me to join them on their daily expeditions around the property.

So it was a slow but deliberate process for me, going out and becoming used to the ever changing environment. Some days were cold and wet, other days warm and sunny, and gradually I came to enjoy the difference. It took a few months, perhaps longer than that before my feet became calloused enough that I didn't mind running wild with my mates, even across the gravel of the driveway. Where once I'd almost tip-toed gingerly, ohhing and ahhing over every uncomfortable step, now I felt little if any discomfort.

I'd also learned to avoid certain plants and bushes, learning to recognize the best paths and routes as I ran with the dogs. And I did run, although I'd hardly been athletic before. Now I had muscles and my lungs were free and clear and my heart seemed larger somehow. I could run for an hour easily, up and down the gently sloping hills, through the fields and grasslands, chasing my brothers and being chased happily. I put on weight, but I was not fat at all. I was lean and strong, the way a dog should be, and I knew my Master was proud of the way I was changing, growing even, for that's what it felt like. I'd been a puppy until I'd come here, lost and confused and full of mischief, but no more.

The summer was best. The world greeted me warmly beneath a bright blue sky very nearly everyday as the end of June approached. I had little use for time though. I had no idea what the date was or even what day of the week it was. There was daytime and nighttime and that was all. Every few days my Master would shave my sex and underarms, simply because he enjoyed grooming me, I think. I might have preferred it otherwise, but I enjoyed his attentions and I would lick his hand eagerly on those mornings. Occasionally he would mount me, but only after one or more of the other dogs had done so. He was most interested in watching us copulate, and Master had taken to spending most of his evenings in an old rocking chair, reading a book or magazine while we sported for his attention and pleasure.

I hadn't spoken to a human in a long time and I felt little need for it any longer, although I spoke occasionally to the other dogs. But that was rare because it seemed strange. I'd come to understand the sounds of the other dogs, their growls and barks and whines, and I'd come to emulate them after a fashion, although doubtless it would sound funny to a person. I'd never thought of dogs as talkative. I mean, when I was a pup and trying to be human, I figured they just made noise to mean a few things, like hunger or pain, or anger maybe. But in truth, the language of dogs is a lot more complex than that and we communicated thoughts and feelings, and even ideas which would have seemed quite normal between humans. So why would it be less so for dogs?

The memories of my ignorance made me giggle sometimes, and I tried not to laugh too much,



because it was the one sound I still made that was utterly human and I felt almost ashamed of it. But my mates didn't mind, in fact I think they rather enjoyed the sound and would often tease me with their mouths and tongues, tickling me along my ribs just to hear me laugh.

I bathed them, of course, which was one great advantage my biology gave me. I was able to care for myself and the other dogs much more easily than they could themselves in some ways. I kept the fleas and ticks away, kept our bedding clean, airing out the mattress every few days, and of course our Master was diligent in all things as well, such as washing our blankets and quilts. He didn't require me to crawl on my hands and knees outside; as such a thing would have been silly. It was a good life, a dog's life, and so far as I could remember, I was happy for the very first time.

There were other changes as well. I'd long since removed my human jewelry, my rings and earrings, finding them rather useless and unappealing. My Master agreed also and I think it pleased him that I'd removed those things about a month after I'd arrived, without being asked or told, and simply left them near our empty dinner bowls one evening for Master to find. Perhaps that was the sign he'd been waiting for, or maybe just a coincidence of timing, although since that night outside the 7-11 in Seattle I'd stopped believing in coincidence and luck.

Master entered the room an hour after he'd found my jewelry, bringing his chair as usual. All of us hurried over to greet him, of course, and we jostled and climbed over each other, licking at his hands and growling happily as he stroked us each in turn. I always became aroused when he was near, which may seem strange as it was not for him that I grew excited, but for my companions. I cannot say why, perhaps it was simply that I enjoyed the way our Master seemed content and pleased as he watched me mate with the other dogs. I always enjoyed our unions, but it was even better with Master watching us.

"Go on. Shoo now..." Master smiled as he pushed Bandy and then Bush away, and finally Barley as well, wanting to speak to me as I knelt in front of him. "I have your tags, girl," he said, reaching into the breast pocket of his flannel shirt. There were three of them, heart shaped and shiny, although one was red.

I leaned forward eagerly as I'd been waiting a long time for this. The other dogs had their tags and my collar felt light without them. It's a small thing, perhaps, but it was important to me. To my Master as well and I appreciated that he'd taken his time to observe me and decide carefully upon a name. He'd called me girl and bitch for the better part of a month and while I had grown fond of those terms and knew he wouldn't stop addressing me as such completely, I also knew that once he'd named me I was that much further from my previous life.

"I'm going to call you Dare." He smiled and held up one silvery pendant for me to see and it was stamped with the four simple letters.

I might have spoken then, for the first time in two weeks, and said my name; but I didn't want to. It was better to hear it from my Master's lips as he said it again and again, clipping the tag to my collar as I lifted my chin.

"That's a good girl, Dare. That's my beautiful girl. Good Dare..."

And he was stroking my neck gently while I tilted my head and nuzzled him with a soft growl of pleasure that I'd been practicing.

"I've filed the paperwork to change your name legally. Have to go through a federal court for that, since we're on reservation land, so that will take awhile, but it won't be a problem," Master spoke softly while I rested my head against his thigh. I think he was saying it for both of us, really, since I

didn't have to know any of that stuff.

"So, anyhow...This one..." he held up the reddish tag. "This is to let people know you're sensitive to penicillin. You didn't know that, did you?"

I licked my lips and gave my head the barest shake. I hadn't known I had any allergies, but my Master had brought a man to examine me a week after I'd arrived. It was the last time I'd been human, or pretended to be, and I'd dressed and acted the part while the doctor checked my body, drew blood and took urine. He created a medical record and it had been a tedious process as I'd never been sick or in a hospital that I could recall, except for chicken pox when I was very small, and the occasional cold, but everyone gets those. If the doctor had wondered what I was doing living with my Master, he didn't ask or comment on it, and I didn't know what my Master had told him.

The only part of the experience that was vaguely uncomfortable had been my pelvic exam, when the man had gotten between my thighs and checked my vagina. It was obvious to him that I'd been enjoying a rather stressful sex life. My pussy was tender and red, and swollen from taking each of the dogs several times every day and night for a week. I had felt it, believe me, but I hadn't complained or anything. I'd hoped that my body would become used to it and the soreness simply go away, but the doctor clucked his tongue and asked me what I'd been doing.

"I mate with the dogs," I told him, feeling a little uneasy, but my Master had told me to answer every question truthfully.

"I see." He didn't seem terribly surprised at that, since he was a country doctor maybe. I expected he'd seen and heard his fair share of strange stories and really, coupling with dogs couldn't be all that uncommon, could it?

"You're a very small girl and those dogs are..." he glanced at Bandy, Barley, and Bush who were outside and looking rather testy. They didn't care for strangers at all and they liked strangers in their room, poking at their bitch even less. "They're rather large. Are you well lubricated? I mean, are you willing and, um, wet when you do it?" He seemed more embarrassed than me actually, which seemed strange since he was a doctor and a rather old one at that.

"Oh yes," I nodded. "I'm really wet by the time we start mating."

"Okay. Uh, good. But you have some lesions, a little tearing, probably from the first time and you haven't given them time to heal. You need to rest your body, alright?" I nodded as he continued. "No vaginal sex for at least two weeks, maybe three. I'll give you a prescription for some antibiotic ointment. You need to keep yourself clean and apply it twice every day, after bathing, okay? After a few weeks, once you've healed, you can continue with your um, fun...But I suggest you take them one at a time from now on. One session a day and see how that goes, alright?"

"Okay," I said, thinking it was going to be hard to refuse the other two dogs after one had taken me.

"When was your last period?" he asked.

"Um, three weeks ago." I had to think about that, because I'd already started losing track of time. "Maybe a little longer."

"Well good, so you'll have your next one soon." He gave me a look. "Hopefully. Any reason to suspect you might be pregnant?"

"No!" I laughed at that. "I haven't had very much sex with men lately." And I hadn't. My Master had

only fucked me twice and both times immediately after all three of the dogs had had me and I doubted his sperm could have made it past the seeming gallons of dog cum that I'd been filled with.

"Okay, we'll run the test anyway." He seemed to think any girl who would mate with dogs was bound to be pregnant for some reason, like that alone made me a slut and I resented it a little. "Make sure you stay clean during your period and use the ointment. You don't have any infection, but that doesn't mean it couldn't happen and that's a bad spot for it, missy."

"Yes sir," I said dutifully, wishing this man would leave. The best treatment I'd found for my tender vagina was Barley's tongue. All the dogs were good, but for some reason Barley was an exceptional pussy licker and he always made me feel so much better.

"Okay, turn around and we'll take a look at the other side." He gave me a wry smile and pulled on a fresh pair of rubber gloves.

"Any pain or discomfort here?" he asked me with his finger as deep in my butt as he could get it. Even with the cold lubricant he'd used it had still hurt a little.

"Uh, a little," I said, wondering at the stupidity of his question. He had his finger in my ass, how did he think that would feel?

"Good," he shrugged as I stared at him over my left shoulder. "You're fine then, but I wouldn't recommend trying anal sex with those dogs, or even a man. You're a small girl and not very deep, okay?"

That didn't sound like a medical term I'd ever heard before and I wondered exactly what it meant, but I'd already figured out a long time ago that my rectum was way too small for fucking. My boyfriend had wanted me to try it once and after a few too many wine coolers I'd finally agreed, until he'd started pushing into my ass. It had hurt a lot, just getting the head of his penis inside me and I'd scrambled out from under him quick! Grabbing one of my shoes off the floor just in case he thought I was playing hard to get.

So my medical exam had ended with that sage advice and I was glad it was over. Now, a month or so later I was reaping the rewards of my patience that day. I'd been given a clean bill of health. I wasn't pregnant obviously, my menses had come and gone with some discomfort as I had no pads or tampons or anything. But the dogs had certainly enjoyed the five days of my period, working diligently to keep me clean. Of course they were incredibly horny as well, even more than usual, smelling my blood and tasting it. But I followed the doctor's orders and did my best to satisfy my mates with my hands and mouth. I became quite adept at giving them head and once I'd learned how to deep throat their oversized and oddly shaped pricks it was much better for all of us.

My Master thoroughly enjoyed watching me take Bandy, the largest, all the way down my throat until the swollen form of his knot was pressing against my lips. It had been uncomfortable at first, I admit, and I'd had a sore throat and could barely bark for a few days after the first time Barley had really fucked my mouth. We didn't do that often, throat fucking, just for that reason; having nine inches of rock hard cock slamming in and out of my throat was uncomfortable at best. Even after I'd grown used to it, I only did it once in awhile to give our Master a special treat. It is much better for me to take it slow and easy, and a blowjob can last over an hour easily as it is much harder to bring the dogs to climax that way.

The reward is worth it though and I quickly grew to appreciate the flavor and texture of dog semen as being far better than what I remembered of a man's. The precum is dull and nearly tasteless for the most part, and there's a lot of it. Dogs leak precum like crazy and I had to learn to swallow fast.

Their sperm is thin and bitter and salty, however, with a distinctive aftertaste like burnt Oreo cookies, if you can imagine such a thing. It isn't unpleasant at all though, it just took a little getting used to, especially since there is so much of it and it comes out in a big hurry.

They actually start cumming after just a few minutes of being aroused, but it doesn't really spurt so much as leak from the tip until later. There's much more of it than a man can make too. Dogs are full of sperm and when they really start to ejaculate, it's a genuine flood. I've found myself bathing in dog sperm on many occasions as I wasn't able to swallow it all down fast enough. It's not very thick at all, and not that much different than a man's except a little more watery in my opinion, creamy almost, and mixed with my saliva, semen just pours out of my mouth and down my body.

But I'd had two solid weeks of practice while I couldn't fuck, and I did it several times a day with three very horny dogs, so I became very good at swallowing. My Master enjoyed it also, seeing me swallow, I mean, and he even allowed me to mouth his penis along with the other dogs once in awhile. He surprised me with his reserved manner though. I figured he'd want me often, but he didn't. Not any more than a man might normally want a bitch, because I honestly think that was how he thought of me. As his pet, a favored animal that he would play with when the mood struck him, but it was obvious I was mainly there for the benefit of the other dogs. That was confusing at first and a little frustrating, but only because I'd been thinking like a girl and not a dog. But I was learning.

"And this one..." My master had finished clipping the medical tag to my collar and now he held up another. "This is your license."

He smiled as I read the words 'Licensed Canine' and below that a number 'wa06-11031' which meant nothing to me at all really, but it was nice anyway.

"But before we can put this one on, I need you to sign this..." He reached behind him and pulled out some papers from his back pocket, folded and a little wrinkled, with a pen clipped to them.

I didn't say anything and I might have thought about reading the papers, but not really. The way they'd been folded mostly hid everything but the lines for my signature, and for my Master's as well. He'd scrawled his name but I couldn't really read it and not for the first time I thought about how strange it was that I didn't know his name at all. He was just Master to me now, so I suppose I didn't need to know his name. I didn't need to know what I was signing either. I knew he loved me and I trusted him.

I signed awkwardly, putting the papers on the floor and trying to recall the way my hand was supposed to move to make my old name. Master waited patiently until I gave them back, then he stroked my head gently, calling me Dare and his good girl. It was a good feeling and a reward that I enjoyed immensely.

I had three tags jingling softly from my collar and I felt a warm sense of pride filling me. I smiled and licked my lips, putting my face in Master's lap so that I could nuzzle his hidden penis. I felt excited and I wanted to share that with him. I mouthed the bulge of his cock through his trousers and growled softly, lifting my head and turning around on my hands and knees so that I could rub my bare sex against his leg while he sat there. I was flagging him without shame, wiggling my ass and arching my back, inviting him to take me as he wanted.

The other dogs were lying on the bed and of course they couldn't help but notice and doubtless scented my arousal. Bandy was first as usual and I pushed him away gently, giving him the short low pitched bark that meant I wasn't interested in him. It was like a 'No!' in human speech and one of

the first things I'd learned, along with the equally short, but higher pitched bark that meant yes.

Bandy, being our leader, sometimes ignored my protests and attempted to mount me anyway, which meant we'd have a little fight. Harmless mostly, with a lot of growling and soft nips with our teeth, but today he accepted my reluctance, probably because our Master was there. The other two had remained where they were, with heads raised and ears high, watching with interest. If Bandy mounted me then they would have their turns as well, or so they'd assume. With Bandy turned away however, Bush and Barley dropped their heads back to the quilt and lost interest.

"Mmmm...Tough girl, huh Dare?" Master was stroking my back gently as I watched Bandy walk away. "Here girl, up Dare!" He was pulling his cock free and inviting me to suck him as he sat there.

It was nice, kneeling with my arms across Master's legs, licking and sucking his cock carefully. I wanted it to be good for him, of course, and so I took my time, licking along the shaft first and then tickling his balls with my tongue until he lifted my chin so I could take him into my mouth. He was long enough, for a man, and thick, but not so large as the dogs. The shape was different also, and I must say I much prefer dog cock in shape, size, and taste, but this was my Master and it was always my pleasure to make him happy.

I took him completely into my mouth and then my throat, feeling little discomfort at all. It was easier than taking one of my mates, that was for sure, and Master seemed to enjoy it a great deal. I mouth fucked him for perhaps ten minutes before he held my head and thrust his hips, cumming hard and shooting his cum straight into my stomach. I didn't even have to swallow, I just held him in my tight throat until he was finished, leaving me red-faced and smiling and panting for air.

"Ohhh...Dare, you're a good little bitch...Such a good girl, Dare..." Master breathed, rubbing my face with his thumb.

After Master left I returned to the bed, lying down between Barley and Bush and stroking their sheathed cocks while they slept. I was hot and I hadn't cum or anything, but that was okay. I could feel Master's sperm in my tummy and I was content with that. I fell asleep, hugging Bush and rubbing my pussy against his warm fur, dreaming of puppies.

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## **Chapter Six**

July was a good month for me, the best yet by far. It was hot outside and I turned dark all over, coffee colored, with just a bit of cream and a lot of sugar. My hair was longer than it had been in a long time, since I'd been a child really, and it was a thick black mass falling over my shoulders. I had muscles under my skin, hard and lean muscles that worked effortlessly as I ran with my mates. I had small scratches, the occasional scrape and bruise, but largely I was as comfortable naked and outdoors as I'd ever been clothed in my old apartment. I spent most of my time outside and careless of everything but the fun I could have with my mates and our Master on those occasions when he would walk the fields with us.

Usually though it was just us dogs, running loose and chasing rabbits, or wrestling around in the warm sunshine. I was completely comfortable being naked by then, as I said, and I hadn't even thought about myself in such terms for a month or more. I never spoke except as a dog and I'd grown accustomed to it, not feeling the loneliness that I'd suffered during the first few weeks. It had been hard at first, the lack of communication with another person, much harder than you might appreciate. It made for a strange sense of isolation, although I was never truly alone. My three companions were with me always, but I hadn't learned their tongue yet, so it was difficult. But by the

time July began to heat up I'd long since forgotten any suffering I'd had.

"Heeeeey...Nice dog...Here boy..."

"Careful, dude. That's a big dog, man!"

"He's cool...Come on boy. Come here..."

I could hear voices, two boys it sounded like, which was strangely out of place. I was lying in the tall grass with Barley and Bandy, all three of us relaxing and I guessed that whoever those guys were they'd spotted Bush, who always enjoyed flushing the bushes. We were on the edge of our Master's property, and it was fenced, but only with a single strand of wire. He kept only a few animals, a horse that he rode occasionally, and some chickens, so there was no real need of fences.

Bush was barking then, loud and not so much angry as annoyed. He knew that no one should be out there and it confused him a little, I think. Bandy and Barley were already up, having lifted their heads as soon as we'd heard the voices and I was getting up too, because Bandy especially could be a little too aggressive.

"Whoa! Oh shit, man...There's three of 'em!"

"I told you, dude. This guy's got some mean dogs!"

"Let's get out of here!"

They were nervous now and a little frightened, confronted with three huge dogs. Bush, the smallest, was probably a hundred and fifty pounds of muscle, and as I found out from Master shortly after arriving, they were all bred from a Mastiff father and a mother who was half St Bernard and half something else, Great Dane maybe, which gave them their size and handsome features. They had great personality too, gentle and caring, but of course they didn't show that to anyone but our Master, and to me.

"Don't..." I said, and my voice cracked a little since I hadn't tried to speak, let alone yell in some time. "Don't run."

I was walking quickly and growling at Bandy and Barley to stay close, but I doubted they'd listen to me. Bandy was the leader and I knew he'd do whatever he wanted to, and if the boys tried to run that would only excite him more. But he cocked his head to look at me when he'd heard me speaking human, which I suppose reminded him that I was something more than just his bitch. Dogs tend to think a little different than people do and sometimes that's good, other times confusing, even to me. Whatever Bandy was thinking, he at least decided to stay close to me, and so Barley did the same. Bush was still a ways off, barking loudly and his ears were flat, head down and teeth bared.

The two boys, who were Native Americans and maybe 15 or 16 years old, had stopped moving and now they stood there nervously, watching me and the other two dogs as we waded through the high grass. I guess it must have been something strange for them, seeing a girl like me, naked and walking around like a petite Mother Nature or something, maybe one of those nymphs that used to live in Greece and turn people into trees.

That thought made me smile and it was just luck, but my reaction helped the boys relax a little maybe. They had long black hair and handsome features, dressed in jeans and t-shirts. They still glanced nervously at Bush, but mostly followed me with their brown eyes wide open.

"Who are you?" one of them asked when I was maybe a dozen feet away. He tried to look at my face, but mostly he was looking at my breasts and lower, down at my clean shaven sex which was swollen and dripping dog sperm, since I'd mated with Barley not half an hour before.

"Dare," I said slowly and my tongue felt thick in my mouth. "I'm Dare. You, uh...You should leave."

"Yeah. Come on, dude!" The other one liked looking at my pussy too, but he was watching Bush closely. "Let's get out of here."

His friend was ignoring him though. "Dare? What kind of name is that?" the boy asked, smiling just a little and Bush took a step closer so that he stopped smiling. "You live around here?"

"Over there." I didn't point or anything. "You better go, okay? We don't like you. You're not supposed to be here."

I hadn't really meant to say we didn't like them, but we didn't really. They were strangers and they smelled funny. I could sense them on the wind now that I was closer. I'd found that my hearing and sense of smell were improving, or maybe not really getting better, just less cluttered maybe so they were working as good as a girl's could. I didn't like the smell of those two boys, not because it was a bad smell, it wasn't, but it was a different smell. One that didn't belong.

"Yeah, we know," the other guy was saying, tugging his friend's sleeve until they were both leaving finally with long backward looks over their shoulder at us.

I walked over to Bush, who was satisfied and happy with himself for running the trespassers off. I sat down next to him, wrapping my arms around him and pulling him down with a laugh. He was so big he could have refused me, but they rarely did. I was pretty strong anyway though, so it would have been a good wrestle.

The other two dogs sat down and watched as I urged Bush to mount me. I'd become so horny suddenly, it was strange. Being seen by those two boys, speaking with them, even to tell them to leave, had been exciting. My heart had been pumping hard and I'd gotten a good shot of adrenaline confronting strangers and wondering if there might be a fight, but reasonably certain there wouldn't be. It was more an instinctive thing, I think, the way confrontation excites any good dog. And it made me horny as hell too.

"Uhhh...Mmmm..." I moaned, wiggling my ass and pushing back as Bush pushed his extended cock into my sex easily. He went all the way in, although his penis was still growing so that with each thrust he reached deeper and deeper until he was nudging my cervix with the oddly pointed tip. That was always good, but a little uncomfortable too, like a mixed blessing of pleasure and pain. It was unavoidable though, because I was so small compared to the others, and I'd long since learned that the discomfort was okay because it was going to be washed away in a moment or two.

I came a lot when we mated, especially outside where I could dig my fingers into the rich brown earth and rest my head on cool soft grass. I could smell the dogs, especially Bush who was holding me tight, his rough paws along my waist and hips as he hunched over me. He liked to fuck me for a few minutes and then slip off, leaving me with a teasing empty feeling while he sniffed and took a lick of my quivering cunt, pulled loose and dripping. Then he'd mount me again, fucking me hard until he pulled out again. It could be agonizingly good like that, but frustrating too, and especially if I was in the middle of an orgasm. He could make me cry sometimes when he suddenly stopped fucking me.

"Ah! Ahhmmmm..." And then I'd gasp and sigh and lose myself in his thick hard cock when he

mounted me again. Only when I felt the knot banging against my sex, or sometimes slipping inside me only to be rudely yanked back out a second later, only then did I know Bush was going all the way. He'd reach the point when the knot was too large to pull out, the muscle continuing to swell so that it just seemed to inflate inside my vagina, that was good for me. And once we were locked, he'd fuck me hard and fast with short, rapid strokes that always left me breathless and shaking beneath him.

When he came I always came too, it was inevitable. My womb, now flooded with hot dog sperm, would quiver and the spasms would start, like little earthquakes inside me, radiating out until my whole body was on fire. I had the best cums when that happened. Like all my other orgasms were just for practice and when we were cumming together, that was the real deal.

We stayed out until after sunset, sleeping mostly, me curled up with Barley who had been nice enough to give me a thorough cleaning after Bush had finished with me. It was easy enough going back home, even in the dark of a night barely tempered with a crescent moon and a billion stars. My feet knew the way and so did my mates and we ran home as we'd awoken rather hungry.

In our room we found food waiting for us and it was good, still warm and rich and meaty. Breakfast was always rather bland, just dog food from the bag and some of that other kind, like raw hamburger. It wasn't bad, but never as good as dinner which was usually a stew of beef, or sometimes chicken or pork, always cooked and I don't think that was especially for my benefit. I think Master liked cooking a real meal for us and had been doing it since long before I'd arrived. He watched us eat sometimes, sitting in his chair and nodding, enjoying his kids as he called us on occasion.

"Dare. Come here, girl."

I was licking the bowl clean, competing with Barley's much bigger and quicker tongue, both of us growling playfully when I heard my Master's voice. I turned to look at him, kneeling with my face wet and covered with gravy, and I was surprised to see someone else coming in behind him. Bandy and the others were surprised too and it took a minute before they'd stop barking and listen to our Master. They sat down, rather unhappily at the intrusion, and I felt a little strange myself.

I suppose it was embarrassment, since I was kneeling there naked except for my collar with the remains of my dinner all over my cheeks and chin, and even the tip of my nose. Master seeing me like that bothered me not at all, since I was his dog anyway, but someone else...It brought some confusion to me, forgotten and unwelcome feelings that made me frown.

"Come here..." Master walked over, grabbing me by the collar and dragging me gently, but insistently to the hose so he could wash my face for me. That was vaguely humiliating too, but only because it felt like a punishment almost, as though I'd done something wrong and I didn't understand what it was. He washed my face quickly while the other man watched and I flushed slightly, keeping my eyes closed for the most part until Master dried my face with a towel.

"There, that's better." He let go of my collar and walked back towards the man, patting his thigh so I would follow. "She just had dinner..." Master was explaining to the man, who only laughed a little.

"Well, they scared the hell out of my boys this afternoon. Couldn't figure out what they were talking about. Naked girls and big dogs. Shit, ain't this something then." The man was smiling. He was big too, a large Indian man with long black hair dressed in jeans and a corduroy shirt. He had a big stomach and a friendly round face and I approached him, smelling him and the places he'd come from recently.



"Show her your hand," my Master suggested and the man was grinning as he looked from me to him and back, finally holding out his hand so I could sniff and then lick it.

"She's acting like a dog!" he laughed and stroked my head. "Prettiest damn dog I ever saw, but damn! How the hell..." The man was clearly amused and confused by what he was seeing, but he was accepting it too. "Redwing know about this?"

"He knows," my Master nodded. "Took some doing, but everything's legal. She's a bitch now, took to it like a fish to water too. Damndest thing I ever saw." There was a sense of pride in my Master's voice and I looked at him, smiling a little without really understanding any of it.

"Well, I guess this is something," the man was saying. "You should get Whitey out here to look at her. He knows about...strange things." The man shrugged a little.

"Whitecloud? The medicine man?" My Master seemed to think that over.

"Yeah, some call him a medicine man. I'm Baptist myself." The Indian ran his hand along my back slowly. "Jesus, she's nice."

"Yeah, maybe I'll look him up. I wanted to get some piercing done too. I heard your tribe..." Master was watching, not saying anything to stop the man as he ran his big calloused hand over my butt and down so that his fingers were parting my labia.

"Oh yeah, Whitecloud's definitely the one to talk to about that. Our tribe used to do a lot of bone piercing, mostly for some of the old ceremonies, some rituals. Not so much anymore though. Kind of a lost art..."

I licked my lips and rocked my hips slightly as one of the man's thick fingers slipped inside me easily.

"...She uh, don't mind if I, uh..." the man glanced at my Master, but his fingers were playing at my humid sex.

I wondered what was going on since it didn't really bother me to have this stranger touching me, but at the same time I didn't think he'd have touched a real bitch the same way either. I had no idea what my Master had told him before bringing him into my room, or how far he was willing to let the man go with his gentle explorations. I gave a little growl, just a reflex I think, as the man's chubby fingers split my labia and entered me slowly. He wiggled them around, like he'd lost something, and it didn't make me feel particularly good, just confused.

"She's just a dog," Master shrugged. "I've tried her a few times, but since the boys have had her, I doubt she even notices me." My Master was chuckling. "Got a hell of a tongue on her though, I'll tell you that much."

"Damn." The Indian pulled his hand away finally and brought his fingers to my face so I could lick them. "I thought I'd seen everything."

A few minutes later they left, closing the door behind them and I crawled onto the bed where Bandy and Bush joined me, pressing their soft warm bodies against mine. Barley slipped outside, feeling restless, I suppose, and I didn't worry about it as I lay there, trying to remember all the things I'd heard and felt, and then trying to understand what they meant.

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## Chapter Seven

I was lying on the bed chewing a piece of old yellowish rawhide, long and round and super tough until my teeth could work my saliva into it. Then it was just really tough and I could almost dent it. My mates chewed the stuff all the time to keep their teeth clean, but that didn't work for me. I still brushed my teeth twice a day, although I sort of resented it and wished it wasn't necessary. It was September maybe, and it was raining, but it wasn't the start of the long wet winter yet. Just a rainy day like everyplace gets sometimes. The boys were with me, nearby on our blankets. Bush was sleeping, Bandy chewing his own much larger piece of leather, and Barley grooming himself lazily.

We all lifted our heads when we heard the truck pulling up to the house. It didn't have a muffler, or more likely it had a big rusty hole in the one it had, so it growled and sputtered until whoever was driving shut it off. The boys were outside quickly and I followed them into the drizzling rain, stepping onto the cold gravel and combing my fingers through my long black hair just to get it out of my face. I sat down on the narrow strip of grass that grew alongside the house, sheltered somewhat from the rain, but not minding it either. We'd enjoyed a long hot summer and this was the first visitor we'd had in over a month, probably two, since all I had to keep track of time was my cycle and the moon's.

A thin man stepped out of the truck, old and stiff and red as a sunset. A real Native American, dressed in Levi's and a button down western shirt of blue and yellow. He had a wide brimmed hat, dust colored with some dark eagle feathers stuck in the leather band, two of them sticking up and a half dozen hanging down, all in the back so that they seemed woven into his long, milk-white hair.

He had no fear of the dogs either. I could sense his approach like a great calm and even Bandy stopped barking as the old man stood there in the rain, just looking at them like he knew a secret. He glanced at me and then looked again, hard with narrow eyes, and I looked back, curious and unafraid. He had thin compressed lips and a strong jaw to go with his big straight nose. Big ears too, like old people get because everything else stops growing but the ears, the nails, and the hair.

My mates padded back towards me and we all went back into our room. The old man had gone around to the front porch and our Master would deal with him. The boys were damp and their feet dirty, but so were mine and we didn't really care. We lay back down and gave each other little growls as each of us sought our most comfortable spot. I was on my stomach, with my arms folded under my chin, my face a few inches from Bush's and I smiled, watching him watching me until his eyelids drooped and finally closed. Bandy had his head on the small of my back, lying between my spread legs with his soft neck along the rounded crack of my ass. That had become their preferred position and my mates fought over it sometimes, much to my own amusement.

I'd fallen asleep by the time our Master entered our room with the old man and we all woke up, but didn't move except to look at them. My brothers were satisfied that the old man was neither a threat nor a friend, but something else, like a part of the world. Like a tree or a rock, or a cloud perhaps. It's a difficult concept to put in human words, but enough so you'll understand that we were in harmony with him.

My Master whistled sharply and called me, "Dare. Come here, girl..." and I roused myself, slipping out from under and between my mates so that I could crawl eagerly across the floor to lick my Master's hand.

The old man smelled like smoke, which I found a little irritating at first, but his hands were warm and gentle, although hard so I could feel the bones of each finger as he touched me. He felt like he was carved out of wood. They didn't speak, my Master and the Indian, and I knelt there, rather

enjoying the way the old man was touching my face and hair.

"She's Onijwa," the man finally said in a solemn voice, surprisingly deep and soft. "A spirit guardian," he decided, as if passing some sort of judgement on me and the old man sounded a little satisfied, perhaps even smug about it and I wondered what that meant.

"A spirit guardian, eh?" My Master seemed to consider that.

"It will happen among the people when a spirit is born into a child. She has the spirit of the dog within her." The old man didn't leave a lot of room for argument, he sounded certain. "It is a blessing that she has discovered her true self. In these times Onijwa are locked up..." he spit out the words, "...given poisoned medicines to kill the spirit."

"There is precious little wisdom left in the world, Whitecloud," my Master said seriously. "That's why I'm here. Maybe that's why she found me."

"Perhaps," the Indian was nodding. "The Great Spirits do not rest easily. She is welcome here, this Onijwa. She will be one of ours."

"Thank you." My Master did not smile, but he sounded a little relieved. I didn't understand what the old man meant, but it seemed like I didn't really need to either. "Do we need to do anything else, or..."

"There is the Welcoming. The Onijwa must be received into the tribe and the spirit will reveal itself to my people," the old man smiled tightly and stroked my head. "Wisdom will return with the next full moon. Bring her to the Table Rock when the sun retires, then she will be welcomed."

And that was all the old man had to say. He turned and left through the house, my Master walking with him. I yawned and stretched and lapped some water from the big bowl we shared and a few minutes after the noisy truck started and drove away, my Master returned alone.

"That was Whitecloud, the tribal medicine man," he told me quietly, sitting in his chair while I knelt at his feet. "There's been some talk, ever since those two boys saw you, that maybe...well, maybe you're not here because you want to be."

I thought about that, trying to remember what I'd read on those papers I'd signed so long ago. I was pretty sure I'd agreed to all of this and I was glad that I had. I didn't know why or how I'd come to enjoy my new life, but it was obvious that I did. I couldn't imagine myself any other way.

"So I've been talking to Whitecloud and he seems to think you're special," Master smiled warmly at me, knowing I was special. "Like a dog born in a girl's body, he says, or something like that."

I nodded with urgent agreement, my face lighting up happily. I am a dog, I wanted to tell him, the old man was right. But of course I wouldn't speak unless my Master wanted me to, and he plainly didn't. He understood me just fine.

"So, we'll go to this welcoming ceremony, get the official blessing of the council and there won't be anyone anywhere who can stop you from being yourself," he chuckled softly. "All I was looking for was a girl who liked dogs and didn't mind having a little fun with it. How the world turns, eh Dare?"

I smiled and felt my tummy tightening the way it does when I was close to my Master. He hadn't been so attractive to me when we'd first met, and I found him even less appealing physically everyday I stayed there, just as I found my attraction for my mates increasing. But the physical part

had little to do with the feelings I had for him and having my Master nearby, his presence filling my senses, often filled me with a great desire.

Master smiled and stroked my hair and shoulders as I buried my face in his lap. I knew he enjoyed it when I licked and sucked his penis and that day was no exception. As I took his rigid member in my mouth Master called Bandy and the dog soon mounted me, so that our Master could enjoy the sight of us coupling. It was nice for me as well, and I had to fight through my orgasms to bring my Master the pleasure he deserved. When Bandy drove the thick swell of his knot into my pussy, stretching the well-taught walls of my cunt easily, my mouth was filled with Master's hot sperm.

He held my head so that I would suck and swallow quickly, drinking his seed the way our Master liked and licking him slowly clean, my body jerking wildly under Bandy's short but powerful strokes. Then the dog was cumming as well, and a fresh flood of warmth filled my womb, trapped inside me by the swollen muscle lodged tightly in my sex. I was cumming too, one long final orgasm as I savored the remains of my Master's satisfaction and he held my head in his gentle hands while we waited patiently for Bandy's cock to release me.

This was the essence of my life and the moment when I was most happy.

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## **Chapter Eight**

I'd nearly forgotten the old man and my appointment with the tribe, as dogs tend to focus on the more immediate prospects in life. But of course when Master reminded me, calling me to his side and wrapping a blanket around me as I stood slowly, stretching and smiling, I remembered well enough. It was nearly sunset and the full moon was not yet rising, but it would come, large and yellow over the mountains and trees.

The Table Rock was a place near what passed as the only town on the reservation. We traveled a mile or two up a narrow path, winding between great pines that had stood for hundreds of years, leading upward to a clearing where a natural formation of rock had created a large, odd shaped platform on the red mountain soil. It was a natural place for meetings, away from the village and the trappings of even a simple people like the tribe had been in ages past.

There was a large fire burning in the center and some fifty people, perhaps more, were gathered around it loosely. Near the fire was a half circle of men, mostly old, but one or two younger faces as well. They dressed in the traditional clothing of their tribe: deer skin and animal hides, tanned and decorated and looking primal. There were a couple totems, big old tree trunks stretching into the night sky, carved with faces of animals and men, or maybe just half-men, half-beast faces staring down at us. It was sort of scary, but exciting as well as my senses were assaulted in every direction.

This was the Council, or so my Master told me, the elders of the tribe and the persons who would decide for themselves if Whitecloud was correct.

They were serious men, and silent and their skin had a reddish glow, like auras created from the fire in front of them. Children danced and sang and threw branches of dried pine needles onto the blaze so that it would cackle loudly and great clouds of sparks would fly into the dark sky. Shadows moved on the rocks and trees and it was confusing and beautiful and I felt my heart racing. It was a primal setting and every aspect seemed to call me to join. My ears were ringing and I licked my lips, sniffing the air and wishing my brothers were with me to enjoy it.

I howled without considering it, only hoping Bandy and the others could hear my voice. I slipped

myself from under the blanket, letting it fall to the ground and I'll confess that I had little thought of my Master, which was strange, but forgivable I think. There were voices inside me, sensations and desires and yearnings. I howled again, moving towards the fire, walking like a human woman, but behind me my shadow moved like a dog.

I danced with the children, growling and tilting my head towards the moan, voicing my great joy. The men chanted and women moved silently around us, bringing wood and water and meat for a feast. There were no speeches, no incantations or magical spells. No prayers but those we all sang together across the rhythmic beating of thin doeskin stretched tight upon the great and ancient hollow logs that ranged around us.

My voice was answered as a wolf heard my sound and answered. He was coming, he said, he would find me, and I continued my passionate cries until he was there, a large and wild animal from the uplands. His eyes glowed yellow and red and he lurked in the shadows, regarding the Indians with suspicion and fear. He gave sharp barks and his back bristled, the long silver and black hair around his shoulders and spine standing stiff as he bared his sharp fangs.

He could smell me, just as I could scent him as well. My sex was running wild at his approach, my arousal streaming down my thighs, glistening damp and cool in the evening air. I was close to the fire, moving slowly now, languid and cautious, upright at times and hunched over at others, and finally on my hands and knees. I arched my back, barking and calling him, the animal's musk cutting through the smoke like a knife, filling my nostrils and bringing my blood to boil in my veins.

When he came at me, the wolf was quick, a dark and grey shape darting into the light of the fire. His body seemed much larger than mine, heavy with muscle and thick fur. His eyes were narrow and brightly glowing, and his jaws fell open so I could see his red tongue just before his shoulder hit me in the ribs, sending me sprawled onto my back. His jaws were at my throat, closing around my delicate neck as I lay there, defenseless and unmoving. I could feel the needle points of his teeth, the humidity in his breath. He straddled my body, growling softly as he held me, deciding if I was beast or human. Alive or dead.

The wolf's mouth pulled away and his tongue raked across my left shoulder. I let out the breath I was holding, turning away my eyes and then my body, rolling over and getting on my hands and knees. He mounted me quickly then, wrapping his paws around my waist, pushing himself upright so that I groaned with the effort to support his weight. I felt his long sharp claws digging into my flesh and the smell of blood hit me, distinct and natural. I'd been cut deep on both sides and there was pain, but it was lost to the sudden penetration of the wolf's penis as it slipped its sheath and stabbed inside me quickly.

He was large and thick and his cock felt like a knife drawn fresh from the forge, spearing into my belly through my sex. My body shook with the force of the animal's thrusting, the tip of his cock driving up and in, over and over while the tribe around us went unheeded. I was lost to everything but the cock inside me, the heavy body of my new mate above me, and the brilliance of the fire before us. I stared into the flames, seeing the spirits dance and celebrate this union. I was Onijwa.

We mated for a long while, the wolf fucking me with long, deep and rapid strokes while I did my best to hold us up. I was cumming often and hard, and my arms and legs quivered with excitement and the strain of our exertions. Where my brothers were most often content to keep their front legs down when we joined, sharing the burden, my new companion was dominant and superior. He nipped at my shoulder, when I began to sag under his weight, drawing fresh blood and a spasm of raw pleasure from deep in my belly. He kept his forelegs locked tightly around me, squeezing my ribs while his hips moved, ramming the bone-like structure of his penis into the deepest parts of me.

I was blind, like staring into the sun, and the brilliance of the fire brought all manner of shapes and shadows into my mind. I pushed back, growling and grunting and howling as another orgasm took me. The wolf's knot was large and the pain of its entrance seemed a birthing to my fevered sex. The swollen muscle pushed inside me finally and I felt hot tears on my cheeks and my mate's breath was in my ear, his tongue lolling across my cheek. He was in me now and my cunt grew heavy and fat around him. The fucking was frantic, with short strokes coming so quickly that I found it impossible to breathe. I felt dizzy and ecstatic and desperate to feel his seed.

When the animal came it was with a deep, guttural howl of satisfaction and I joined him, our voices filling the night and telling all the world that we'd mated forever. There was little doubt in my mind that he was my Master now and I was his as surely as the moon would set and the sun rise. His sperm was hot, like a fire spreading in my belly and I savored it, my vagina contracting around him like a fist, pumping him with instinctive spasms of pleasure to draw as much of his seed into my womb as possible. None of it would escape, it was held safe and secure by the bulbous knot that locked us together.

We stayed like that for some time, until the wolf released me with his forelegs, turning so that he could stand facing away from me, guarding us as his cock continued to leak semen into my pussy. I kept my ass in the air, but lowered my head to cool stone beneath me, lying on my arms and breathing heavily. I'd grown wet with perspiration and my flushed body bore a dozen deep wounds from tooth and claw. There was no pain however, no sense of discomfort, even from the pressure of the animal's bulging muscle in my sex. I felt only warmth and happiness and some small sense of satisfaction as well.

The wolf pulled free of me a while later, rousing me from my rest with a slight and uncomfortable ache as he tested our union and finally tugged himself loose. That empty feeling after one of the dogs pulled out was always strange and I instantly missed being stuffed with the wolf's cock. There was a heavy flow of juices, his and mine, that poured from my gaping sex and washed down my thighs. The animal sniffed me for a moment, gave me a couple long and deep licks across my distended labia, and then glanced about nervously, as if suddenly remembering that he was out of place in the midst of all those people.

I sighed and reached between my legs, feeling my pussy plump and loose. I fingered myself slowly while new songs and new chants started. The wolf had disappeared, slipping back into the shadows from where he'd come and I felt slightly alone, a little out of place myself. My Master was there, my human Master, sitting with the council and talking, drinking something and smiling. Whatever any of them had expected, it seemed they were not disappointed with me and I was grateful for that much at least.

A young man spoke to me, his face dressed with blood red paint and feathers adorned his black hair. I didn't understand his words at first and he handed me a smooth wooden cup, holding it to my lips. The liquid inside was dark and there were soft pieces of something floating in it, like meat I thought at first, but after I took one of the spongy chunks into my mouth, I spit it into my hand and looked at it. It was a mushroom and the boy spoke again, urging me to eat it, and to swallow the remainder of the cup as well.

"I'm Red Crow," he told me, perhaps in his own language, or possibly in English, I do not know.

I felt light and surrounded by a warm wind, as if I were flying all of a sudden.

"I'll show you the way," he said and with that I blinked and nodded and my head felt too heavy for my neck, so I looked down and closed my eyes, dreaming.

Sometime later an old woman, assisted by two younger girls, teenagers, led me to a place where they'd gathered water in plastic five gallon jugs. They washed me thoroughly, without speaking a word and I endured it easily. The water was warm enough, although the air was cold and made me shiver a little. They washed my body, my sex and feet, my face and hair, scrubbing me with woven cloth and handmade soap that smelled of apple blossoms. I was tired and I felt almost drunk, or like I was high on that ecstasy stuff I'd tried in Olympia. I was floating it seemed and when they wrapped me in a blanket and led me so I could lay near the fire, I was certain this was all a dream.

But it wasn't. I woke up in a hut of some kind, perhaps a lodge or something, I wasn't sure. It was still dark outside and I wanted to sleep more, but the old man, Whitecloud, was speaking to me in some language I didn't understand. He was rubbing his thumbs across my face and down my neck and shoulders, leaving a trail of black ash. I sat there, not moving, ignoring the stares from the other men and the sounds of chants and drums from outside.

I watched as he pierced me finally, with a long thin bone needle, making me wince and whine like a frightened dog. It hurt, passing that needle through my hard nipples, which were swollen and dark. Some few drops of blood ran down my flesh and I had to fight the urge to jerk away from the man. In each of my nipples, just as the needle passed through, Whitecloud followed it with a small ring of bone, washed white and scrubbed clean. They'd been filed down to something resembling ivory earrings, perhaps an inch in diameter and no thicker than any normal hoop earrings I'd ever owned. Even so, my nipples screamed in protest and the small weight seemed heavy, although in truth it was hardly noticeable.

When he had finished I wore two rings through my nipples and the pain faded quickly, especially as a young Indian girl of 12 or 13 was right there to dab some sort of creamy ointment around the fresh holes in my body. I dimly remembered that she'd put the same stuff on the scratches and bites the wolf had given me after my bath. I felt nothing of those any more and I thanked the child with my eyes, but she wouldn't smile and seemed to be afraid of me for some reason.

There was more body painting, this time in blood, although I didn't know where or what it had come from. I could smell it though, the distinctive odor of a fresh kill and I suspected it was from a lamb probably, one of the animals they were preparing for the coming meal. I watched as the old man painted on my stomach and thighs, not using the pad of his finger, but rather the edge of his long fingernail, rather like the nib of a calligraphy pen. It was intricate and interesting, and if I had a thought to ask what it meant, I couldn't bring myself to speak. I felt as if any sound I might make would be that of an animal.

When I finally did speak, it was as I expected. "Where is Red Crow?" I asked the medicine man, but he didn't understand my slow bark, or soft growl. "He will show me the way..." I fell asleep then, dreaming of flying and crows flying crimson in the deep blue sky, and wherever they flew blood would fall to the earth like rain.

And I was a wolf, in my dream, sleek and hungry and unafraid, running after the blood, following the trail, sniffing the ground and howling in the night. I was running, always running, and silent like a shadow and urgent, feeling pain suddenly. In my belly, in my womb, I wasn't sure. It hurt and I ran, trying to escape it, trying to follow Red Crow, who would show me the way. But I was tired, so tired, and it hurt to run, it hurt to breathe.

I was dying.

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## Chapter Nine

I awoke in my room, on my bed with my mates. My head felt numb and my body ached and I was afraid to open my eyes, although I couldn't say why. I just felt safer in the dark. I hugged one of the dogs to my body, burying my face in his fur.

I remembered some things from the night before, or I supposed it could have been the week before, since I felt like I'd been sleeping forever and my memories seemed distant and remote. They were surreal and disjointed, and I lay there trying to put them in some order, but that was pointless. It just made the numbness turn into a little throbbing pain and I tried to shut it all out of me.

Eventually though I did have to move, mostly because I really needed to pee. That was when I got a real surprise. The dreams and memories and confusion were foggy at best, but seeing my breasts, my nipples swollen and dark and freshly pierced with gleaming white bone rings, brought some of it back. The hut or lodge, or whatever it had been, and the old medicine man piercing me. They were smaller than I remembered, more delicate seeming, and it was hard to believe they were formed of bone and not something like white gold made dull with passing years.

And below them was another piercing, one that took me completely by surprise because I truly had no memory of it at all. A much larger, more sturdy ring of bone was sticking through the swell of my sex, the fatty mound of tissue just a few inches above the cleft of my vagina. I stared at it, swallowing hard because as soon as I'd seen it I could feel the pain, like it had been there all along unnoticed, just waiting for me to catch up. There were bruises, dull and yellowish blue, and the holes in my flesh, one perhaps an inch above the other where the ring penetrated and exited, were red and sore.

It was in me deep, I realized, this thick circle of bone, and it was frightening. It was a couple inches in diameter and so neatly crafted that I couldn't see the joint where it must have been separated, but that part of it could have been inside me too, for all I knew. I wasn't going to try and rotate the thing and find out, that was for certain. It was all I could do to give the ring a small tug, just a tiny one as if to assure myself that it was real and in me. The pain, which had been a dull ache, became something sharp as I pulled on the ring gently, making me gasp and I let go, promising myself that I'd never do that again!

The lines and decorations and symbols drawn in blood were still on my body as well and after I peed in the drain I washed myself slowly, being extra careful around my three rings. Most of the blood and the ashes and paint on my face washed away, but not all. My tummy still had a large round shaped symbol of some sort, resembling a yin-yang thing, but not quite, with odd shaped lines radiating around it. It wasn't large, and centered on my belly button the way it was, I suppose it looked rather interesting. A real tribal tattoo that wouldn't go away no matter how much soap I used and I'd known a girl with a similar one, a dancer whose name I've forgotten. She'd had a sun around her belly button, but I sensed that my tattoo meant something more than hers. I just didn't know what it might be.

There were claw marks around my ribs and waist, and tooth marks on my shoulders and the back of my neck. Seeing them and touching the wounds filled me with confused memories of the wolf and our union. I'd been sure that had been a dream. Mating with a wolf? In front of all those people, even women and children? It seemed impossible and I actually blushed a little, all by myself there at my bath, realizing it might not have been so impossible after all, but that did little in the way of explaining anything. There was a conflict inside me. Fear and nervous anxiety, perhaps even anger filled me, but without direction or even a cause that I could understand.



I felt more confused than I'd ever been in my life and for just a moment I think my humanity returned, full force, and I rose to my feet, taking two steps towards the door and determined to bang my fist against it, to demand explanations and answers...

But that was fleeting and I dropped to my hands and knees, my resolve failing, and crept back to the bedding submissively, yielding to something unseen and unknown within me. I crawled back into my place, between Bandy and Bush, moving slowly and careful of the deep rooted pain in my lower belly. The ring, that one thing, was the most difficult to understand and accept; the most frightening thing too and I worried over it. My nipples I could understand, the tattoo I could appreciate and find something familiar to grasp, but my pubis pierced me so completely. It made me wonder of what possible use such a thing could be.

I received no answers, nor did I ask, and over time my body healed itself. I forgot most of my dreams, but not completely as they revisited me occasionally in my sleep. But they weren't nightmares or anything, they resembled more the sexual dreams everyone has once in awhile. Sometimes I'd dream of Whitecloud touching me, making his art on my body, piercing my flesh without pain, but rather with pleasure. Other times it was the wolf, my shadowy lover who would creep into my bed and take me, growling and thrusting with his jaws tight around my neck. But mostly I would dream of the Indian called Red Crow, who would give me something to drink and whisper secrets in my ear. But I could never remember what he was telling me when I woke up, and that was mildly frustrating.

My Master took to leashing me, which was interesting because he'd never leashed any of us before. I hadn't even considered that he might own a leash, let alone use one. But he did and the reason for my nipple piercings became clear the first time he attached the leash to them. It was a long leather leash, like anyone might buy at a pet store, except that it ended with two lengths of metal chain and clips; one for each of my breasts.

He didn't need to leash me, of course, but it was clear that he found some pleasure in it and so then did I. He would take me for walks, tugging the leash and pulling my nipples taut. They were always hard and swollen it seemed, one of the pleasant side effects of being pierced, I guess. They felt more sensitive than they'd been before and sometimes I would lag and caper so that Master would have good reason to pull my leash hard, stretching my nipples and the firm swell of my breasts. It was almost painful at times, but always pleasurable and I could cum sometimes just from that, walking behind my Master, or crawling in the deep soft grass and earth of the fields.

I also found out about the ring in my pubis, which had taken many months to heal fully. It was nearly winter in fact, late autumn, with each day shrouded with grey clouds and cold rain, that my Master fastened a large eye-bolt into the floor of our room. We watched curiously, my three mates and I, as Master drilled a deep hole as big around as my index finger and then inserted the bolt deeply into the floor and through one of the heavy oak beams that supported it. It was anchored firmly, that was obvious, and as our Master explained later, the bolt was embedded completely through the wood and fixed tightly into place with a nut. That eye-bolt, perhaps two inches across, wasn't ever going to come loose.

An hour later I was attached to it, on my hands and knees with just enough chain between the bolt and the piercing in my pubic mound so that I was able to kneel comfortably on all fours, with my arms and thighs straight. But I couldn't move much. I couldn't stand up at all. The best I could do was to squat over it, or lay down on my side little more than a foot or two away from it. I was in a cage it seemed, with no walls or bars, just a few dozen links of steel and a couple padlocks to secure me completely.

I resented my loss of freedom at first, as any pet might, especially once Master had satisfied himself that I couldn't get loose of it somehow and he left me there. That seemed unfair since I was sure he'd done it for his pleasure, so why would he leave? It didn't make sense to me and I barked and whined and pulled at the chain until I felt the pain growing too much. My piercing would rip out of my flesh before the bolt splintered the wood or the chain would break.

My mates took me of course, since I was in the perfect position for them and I found it exciting somehow that I was helpless like that. I wouldn't have resisted them anyway. I mated very nearly every day with at least one of them, but it was just the idea that now I had little choice in the matter. I could have lain down and tried to curl up, I suppose, but you'd be surprised how little freedom you really have with a short heavy chain attached to your sex. So while I wasn't completely taken against my will, there was always the knowledge that my denial would be useless. I had no choice and on the whole it made the sex even better for me. The first time felt new and exciting. and halfway through it, with Bush pumping my stretched pussy eagerly, our Master joined us, smiling and rocking in his chair. This was what he'd been waiting for, I thought, and that made it really good.

Once all three dogs had taken me, Master took his place behind me, shoving his penis into my stretched and sperm filled hole without a word. He fucked me hard and it was nice, the way he pushed and pulled at my body so that my piercing was tight inside my flesh. He pulled at my nipples as well, twisting the rings and giving them little tugs that sent shivers of pleasure spiked with pain through my feverish body. I came hard and often, panting and gazing over my shoulder at my Master's face. The satisfaction in his eyes made me proud and happy that I could serve him this way.

It was a new experience and one that we delighted in often. Master rarely kept me chained for more than a few hours, just long enough so that the dogs could have me and then, occasionally, himself. For their part, my three mates thought it was a wonderful game and they always got excited when they heard the rattle of my chains and saw our Master locking me into position over the bolt. It meant they could do whatever they wanted, since there were times when I did refuse them, just as there were times when I couldn't arouse them. Once on the chain though, I could refuse them nothing, nor could I refuse anyone else as became apparent when Master locked me to the bolt for his friend, the round faced Indian who'd spoken to Master previously that summer about Whitecloud.

He'd come around many times over the months, especially after my ceremony with the tribe. Often enough that my three mates had become used to him, just as I had. He and our Master had become friends, I thought, which was good because Master seldom spent time with anyone that I could tell and I worried over that a little. It seemed as if he should have a wife and sometimes I would daydream a little, wondering what it would be like to be a woman again and have the man for a partner, instead of a Master. But I always found myself smiling at the thought and even blushing a little because it seemed so foolish when he whistled for me, or stroked my head after a meal or a long tiring session with one of the other dogs. I was exactly what I was meant to be, I was sure, and anything else would have left me empty somehow, the way I'd been before.

The Indian man was large and round with a belly that hung over his belt, and he had one of those pleasant moon-like faces that seemed made for smiling. I felt comfortable around him, which means I wasn't afraid or intimidated. I'd felt only slight pangs of nervousness the first few times he'd watched me with my mates, a little flush of embarrassment, but probably more for him than myself. That passed quickly though as it became obvious that he enjoyed watching me a great deal and my Master didn't seem to mind. They would sit and drink beer and talk about the weather or sports or business, anything except me, which seemed strange because I was only a few feet away being fucked by one of the dogs. Or sucking one of them, or sometimes both at once. I assumed it was a man thing, to watch something exciting and pretend like it was nothing at all.

But I could see them shifting in their chairs. I heard the odd grunt or sigh and sensed the hardening of their cock's hidden safely away. I could even smell them, sometimes, the scent of their human arousal spilling from their pores and carried on the damp autumn air. It made me happy, excited even, and often filled me with even greater desire to please the two men.

But my Master never took me when his friend was there and when Master offered me to his Indian guest one night, the other man declined and I was able to hide my disappointment only because I had Barley's thick cock halfway down my throat at the time. I wondered if the man was shy for some reason, or perhaps he found the idea of having sex with a dog repulsive. Even a dog who looked like a girl, the way I did. Maybe he just wasn't in the mood, although from the way his eyes stayed on me all night, I knew he wanted me almost desperately.

It was only late in the year, after the first few snows had come and then melted and come again, did the Indian finally listen to his desires. I was locked to the bolt in the middle of the room, mating happily with Barley and just getting ready for the explosion of pleasure his knot was going to give me, when I heard my Master urging his friend to use me.

"Go ahead, looks like Barley's gonna lock her up in a second. She won't mind," my Master said with a chuckle and a swallow of his beer.

"Well, uh..."

I watched the Indian through hooded eyes, my face a mask of joy as Barley thrust into me hard and fast, whining the way he does when he's trying to get his knot inside my pussy.

"Shit. You know you want her, Joe."

"But she's your..."

"She's just my dog, man," Master cut the Indian off. "Anyway, it's up to you." He was trying to sound indifferent but I could sense Master's excitement and it was the equal of his friend's.

The Indian wanted me and my Master wanted to see him take me. I wanted to take him as well, mostly because it would make my Master happy, but also because I was a little curious. So I did everything I could to coax the man into deciding. I fucked myself back onto Barley's cock eagerly, surprising the dog a little, I think, and he growled at me softly. I was having small orgasms over and over, but nothing earth shattering. It just felt really, really nice. I was full of cock and I rolled my hips, whining like a bitch in rapturous heat, dropping my head at times, and then lifting my eyes, licking my lips and staring at the Indian as if daring him to take me.

Barley was cumming hard, the way he always does, and like always his tapered cockhead was nestled up close to my cervix so that his sperm seemed to shoot right through me, like a hot buttery bullet into my womb. I always came good with Barley when he climaxed and this time was no exception. I dropped my head to the floor, shaking and clawing at the hard wood beneath my hands. Butterflies danced in my belly and sparklers were glowing behind my tightly shut eyes.

I felt someone's hand under my chin, lifting my face carefully and I dimly realized it wasn't my Master's touch. I opened my eyes, gasping for air with my mouth open and my tongue resting on my bottom lip. It was the Indian and he'd unzipped his jeans, kneeling in front of me so that his large dark penis hung free in front of my face. He was a big man, as I've said, probably three times my weight, and so his penis was suitably large too. As large as Barley's I thought, and thick from the base to the bulbous head, unlike a dog's which is tapered and more oblong. It was stiff, but heavy enough that it didn't stick out straight, but seemed to curve away from his body and downwards.

I could smell him, the man's sweat and piss and the musk of his excitement. He had been leaking precum for awhile and his cockhead was shiny with it. He was uncircumcised also and the skin had been pulled back to expose most of the head, but not all. I tilted my head up so that I could take him in my mouth, coming up from underneath and he was hot and strange tasting, so similar yet unlike my Master who watched us with a smile.

"Ohhhh, good Lordy!" the Indian sighed, turning to glance at my Master and then reaching down to stroke my hair as I sucked him slowly, careful not to bite him or anything. He was thicker than the dogs and it was quite nice for me, sort of a challenge if you like, to take all of him. He uttered soft words of praise, like he was complimenting a favored pet, saying things like "Good girl, Dare...Good doggy..."

I was burning up inside from the pleasure of Barley's hot cum filling me and trapped by his knot. His cock was still hard and long, not moving very much, but occasionally throbbing just enough so I could feel it. He'd leak sperm into my womb until he pulled out some 15 or 20 minutes later. It always took longer for the swelling to go down than our actual sex lasted and there had been times when the dogs lost patience, pulling away from me painfully, so that my cunt seemed to be turning inside out. Any of them were large enough to drag me around the room, and that had happened once or twice, but now they were more used to me and their patience had grown considerably.

So I had a good long time to work on the man's cock with my mouth, licking it first, from the tip to the base, sliding it between my lips like a long wet kiss along the shaft. He pulled his balls free for me, large heavy, plum sized orbs within a soft wrinkled sack that smelled strongly of the man's sweat. His skin was salty and I enjoyed the taste as I licked and sucked his balls. He seemed to like that quite a lot and he laughed at the way his huge penis covered my face. He just let it lay there, over my nose and eyes, curling up over my smooth forehead and into my thick shaggy hair. I didn't mind, it was warm and wet and I could feel the rapid beating of his heart through the veins that ran close under the skin.

When I returned to his cock, taking him into my mouth, I had to stretch my jaws wide, and still my teeth grazed his tender flesh, but the man didn't seem to mind. I tried to be careful, but my mouth was full of his cock and there was little I could do but wriggle my tongue beneath it and fight to take him deeper, wondering if he'd fit inside my too small throat. My mouth quickly filled with spit and precum and that helped so that I was swallowing constantly and it was just a matter of time and timing.

When I finally did take the man into my throat, pushing my face forward and groaning with the effort, the Indian lost any reservations he might have had left. He held my head in his hands, pushing forward to help me and I soon had my face pressed against his clothing, my chin tight to his heavy balls. His thickness was stretching my throat beyond all reason as I tried my best to swallow him entirely. I couldn't breathe, of course, and while he held me there I could feel my lungs aching and the blood seemed trapped behind my eyes. It wasn't exactly fun, that part of it, but very satisfying all the same. When he released me and I pulled my mouth away with a small flood of wetness that fell to the floor beneath me, I gasped for air, drinking it as I stared at the cock I'd just swallowed, feeling a little proud of myself and determined to do it again.

It was a good long blowjob and I deep throated the Indian a dozen times probably, until my throat ached from the abuse of being stretched so rudely around the man's cock. The man, and even my Master, was surprised and a little awed, I think, and listening to them talk about how good I was doing made it even better for me.

"Christ almighty..." the Indian was saying, "...feel her throat. You can feel it in there!" His fingers

were rubbing along my neck, stroking my skin as his cock seemed to make my flesh swell around it.

“Bet your wife never did that.” My Master had moved closer, standing there above us.

“Hell no!” The man chuckled as I pulled my mouth back slowly until I could drink cool air into my lungs once more. “She won’t even give it a kiss!” He stroked my head, digging his fingers into my black hair so he could scratch my scalp gently. “You wanna sell her?”

My Master shook his head. “Heh...Dog like that’s one a million, buddy,” he said, much to my relief. I didn’t really believe he’d ever want to sell me anyway, but it was rewarding to hear my Master say so aloud.

“You got that right. Shit...there she goes again...”

It was strange, I suppose, being talked about that way. Being used and treated like little more than an object, but that’s the way of men and dogs, and I didn’t mind it at all. They admired me, I understood that much, perhaps even loved me, or at least there was a deep affection for me on the part of my Master. My feelings were less complicated I think. I loved my Master, and felt nothing but dedication and devotion. He was incapable of making a mistake, of being unfair or even selfish. I was his, the same way the other three dogs were, and it made us happy to be owned.

I sucked the man until Barley had finished, his knot shrinking enough so that he could pull away, but he didn’t move very far. He cleaned me first, which was something they usually did last, after they’d cleaned themselves, but I think he wanted to make the point that I was his bitch, no matter what the Indian might have been doing with my face. The other two, Bandy and Bush, had stayed on our bed, watching us closely and especially the stranger in our midst. The Indian could watch, he could fuck my mouth and joke with our Master, but none of us trusted him. We were owned, yes, but inside every dog there’s something wild and untamed. Hidden deep in some, but always there and people tend to forget that.

Our Master never did and while his friend was visiting, and now using his bitch, Master continually reminded all of us that he was there and it was alright. He would shush my brothers, or call them by name, like when the Indian had taken my head in his hands so he could feed me his penis. Bush had started to rise, growling because he didn’t understand. Our Master had called to him, telling him to get back down, and so the animal had, but Bush didn’t like it. This business of sharing me with a stranger was new to them and the Indian himself was oblivious to it, concentrating on the pleasure I was giving him, which was probably a good thing. He didn’t need to know how close he was to being challenged for the right to mate with me.

“Can I, uh...” the man spoke to my Master, licking his lips a few moments after Barley had finished licking me.

“You wanna fuck her?” my Master asked. “Be my guest, just don’t give her puppies,” he grinned.

“I’ll pull out,” the Indian promised and I was just coming down from a glorious orgasm that Barley had given me with his tongue.

My Master took his friend’s place, presenting his smaller, more normal sized penis to my face and I took him inside my mouth quickly, enjoying the familiar size and shape of him. But I did miss the Indian’s large cock, it had been interesting while it lasted, although my jaw ached and my throat felt bruised and sore.

The Indian moved behind me and Bandy jumped to his feet, growling and lowering his head and

shoulders. Barley and Bush were also up suddenly, sensing that the stranger was going to try and fuck me. Their bodies tensed and I pulled my mouth away, growling weakly even as our Master spoke to them in a stern voice, but they weren't going to listen. It was one thing to play with me, which was what oral sex was, just playing really, but quite another to see their bitch mated with the man.

"Uhhh...Maybe I'll try it another time," the Indian decided. I guess he also figured he'd better put away his big penis before Bandy decided to take a bite out of it.

It was disappointing to me because I'd been looking forward to feeling the man inside me, wondering how it would feel. I think it disappointed our Master a little as well, or maybe even embarrassed him a bit, since it seemed he couldn't control his dogs. I felt a little bad about it, especially since I didn't even get to finish sucking my Master's penis. He and his friend left our room soon after that, leaving me chained in place and the dogs barking proudly to let the world know they'd run the stranger off. I was a little mad at them and it was almost a week before I let any of them mate with me again.

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## **Chapter Ten**

It was deep into winter, late January or maybe even February, I didn't know, when I was out for my early morning toilet. My body was working perfectly and I was as healthy as I'd ever been in my life, despite spending many hours every day outside in the cold and damp of a Washington winter. It rained a lot, and snowed often too, but only rarely did the snow last more than a few days. Above us, in the hills and mountains, I could see the permanent snowline and the wind coming down from the northeast was always freezing.

I would run though, pumping hot blood through my veins and enjoying the sensations being outside always brought. I was strong and tough, with lean muscles and calloused feet. It was cold, of course, and some days I couldn't stay out as long as I'd have liked, mostly because my Master would keep a sharp eye on me and call me reluctantly inside. And then I'd warm myself in the fur of my brothers, pressing my feet and hands against their bellies, pressing my red nose and cheeks between their thighs. They didn't complain over this rough treatment, but welcomed me and they'd lick and nuzzle my body until we were wrestling and that was always fun.

When I'd first arrived I'd been weak and soft, little more than a puppy, but now I could hold my own and our playing was often rough. I used my hands, of course, which was the only real advantage I had, but I was quick as well. My reflexes had improved and I learned to read my brothers well, anticipating their movements. And while I got my fair share of scratches and bites, more often than not I could force any one of them down, wrapping my legs around him as I pushed his heads up and back, baring the dog's throat to my teeth and I'd bite him hard, but only barely able to break the skin at all.

It was fun and exhausting and utterly exciting as we always ended up mating soon after. I found that I enjoyed getting Bush on his back the most because he always became excited when we wrestled. His long red cock would slip from its sheath and stay hard more often than not, so that I could straddle him and press his cock into my sex that way. He would lay there patiently, while I rode his penis and he would even let me kiss him, which had become a new thing for us. I would lick his mouth and slip my tongue over his sharp teeth, teasing him until he would chase it into mine. His long tongue would lick and explore my mouth then, or I would suck it until he jerked his head trying to free himself and then come back for more. And all the while I would be fucking myself silly on his

penis.

Our Master enjoyed these games quite a lot and he'd taken to coming into our room with his morning coffee and the paper, just relaxing while we wrestled for his amusement. The room was well insulated and warm and if there was a heaven on earth for dogs, I think my brothers and I would have agreed that we were living in it.

The one morning it was early when I went out, still very dark and it had snowed during the night. I left my brothers sleeping, slipping outside and sniffing the crisp air, feeling that little shock as I stepped ankle deep through the hard, crispy surface of the snow. The air was warm though, or at least there wasn't much of a wind, which I appreciated.

I stretched briefly and it felt good like that, so I ran, which made it even better. I'd grown to love exercising, as all dogs do, and running across the uneven fields towards the stream was just enough to speed up my heart and warm the blood in my veins. My breath left small clouds of fog behind me and I only wished that I had real legs instead of arms, so that I wouldn't have to run upright all the time, which seemed awkward and alien to me.

I was washing myself in the stream, which had just a little ice forming along the banks where the water moved slowly. It was bitterly cold, of course, and I rubbed my hands over my body briskly, spending most of my attention on my sex and lower, washing my ass thoroughly. It was stimulating and refreshing, not so much sexually as just naturally, like I might have been the only person on the earth during those moments, and not really a person at all, but a part of nature.

Then I caught his scent, just barely on a small breeze that came and went so quickly I might have imagined it. He'd been careful, I knew, trying to stay downwind, but the air was fickle and I'd found him. My heart seemed to expand as it pumped hot blood through my veins and I felt my stomach tighten, my legs grew tense, the muscles taut like springs. My hands had become like claws without me realizing it. I was crouched there, in the water, staring at a dense thicket of leafless brush behind my right shoulder.

It took a second or two before I could discern him in the dim light. It was very dark and the moon was but half-full and low in the western sky, but there he was a shadow hiding in the shadows. It was his eyes that gave him away, narrow slits of yellow, and then the breeze picked up again and I shivered from either the cold or more likely his musky scent, the invisible stain that brought a flood of adrenaline and urged me to move.

I didn't turn quite towards him, but moved at an angle, keeping my body low and my head down. I splashed softly across the stream and then stepped onto the bank, moving slowly to be sure of my footing. My feet were getting a little numb and any other morning I would have been on my way back home by now, but I couldn't run, not yet, that would have been bad for many reasons.

He moved with me and I heard more than saw the rustling branches, the shadows melting together so that I lost sight of him in the confusion. But he was there, I could sense him now and I knew what he wanted. I growled softly, not so much a warning as it was an invitation, rather like teasing him for being so timid with me. It was a challenge as well, telling him that if he wanted me, he'd have to take me. He'd have to prove his worth. And when I heard his soft voice reply, I took off, laughing silently with my mouth open wide, grinning at this new and unexpected game.

My nipples were hard and burning against the cold morning, and steam rose from my body as I became flushed with excitement. I ran along the edge of the fields, jumping and skipping on occasion, ducking quickly as my reflexes worked to avoid branches and stones and fallen, half-

hidden logs from years long past. It was exhilarating and I no longer noticed the morning chill or the snow under my feet. He was chasing me and I wasn't running to safety.

The sound of his footsteps grew heavy, the steady panting of his breath seemed to lick at my heels as I ran. He was close upon me and when he leapt into the still morning air, I sensed it. The rhythm of his gait suddenly changed and I dodged left, side stepping and bending my body so that the wolf seemed to fly past me, his head turning and jaws snapping at the air where my right shoulder had been a split second before.

And then I was on him, springing before the animal even landed, so that as he tried to turn I was falling onto his thickly furred back, grabbing deep handfuls of coarse hair and skin. My legs spread over his hindquarters so that I scissored them instinctively, trying to lock my ankles beneath his belly, pressing my heels between his powerful thighs.

The wolf had been turning to his left, trying to stop himself, and my momentum took us to his right so that he lost his balance completely and I pulled him over. I was on my right side in the snow, and so was the wolf now, with my legs around him and my hands digging into his shoulders. The wolf's head turned left, his eyes red and furious and filled with lust. I could feel his cock hard and expanding from its sheath beneath my feet. I brought my right hand up quickly, sliding it under the animal's chin and pressing with my palm, fingers wide and spread to avoid his razor teeth. I pushed his head up as I brought my own head down, finding the wolf's throat and I bite him there, finding the thinnest part of his skin, tasting his hair and feeling his flesh under my teeth.

He shook his head wildly, but I held him with all of my strength using my position and weight for leverage, keeping the wolf on his side. His legs scrambled for purchase in the snow and against the frozen earth beneath. I held his head so that his long snout was pointed upward, his jaws closed under the strain of my arm and hand. And I had his throat in my mouth, for perhaps 20 seconds, long enough for the animal to know that I had him. I could have killed him right then if I'd wanted, ripped into his jugular and bathed in his blood.

It had been a a short and quiet fight, with little more than grunts and soft growls, but now the wolf gave a guttural whine, low and gravelly, but distinctive and yielding. I let go of him with my teeth and then relaxed my grip enough so that he could scramble away if he wanted to. Of course the wolf didn't move, not right away, he just lay there, looking at me as we both panted for air.

He was the same animal that had taken me during the ceremony and he'd tracked me down, probably some time ago, but with my three brothers about everyday, he'd been unable to do little more than observe carefully from a distance. Now we were together once more, and we'd run and fought, and now I was feeling the need for more, the need to give him what he'd come for. I stroked the animal gently, putting my face next to his so that I could share his breath. I licked along his muzzle, the tip of my tongue slipping along his teeth and a second later his own long wet tongue found my cheeks and lips and nose.

I pushed him up and away, making room so that I could kneel in the snow we'd disturbed, taking my position and eager for the animal to mount me. I was hot inside and out and no part of me was numb or cold any longer. The wolf looked around for a moment, sniffing the air and whining softly until he was certain we were alone and then he was on me, his hips moving as he stabbed his penis against me, searching for the furnace of my cunt.

When he found it finally, I gave a soft cry of pleasure as my lover pushed himself inside me entirely and began pumping his cock along the slick channel of my ready sex. He was large, perhaps as large as my brothers, but not nearly so fat as them. He was lean and hungry and smelled of a fresh kill,



perhaps a rabbit from the night before.

He was scratching me, fucking me much as he had before and unwilling to take his own weight, but rather gripping my hips with his paws, gouging my flesh as he struggled to keep his balance. I was shivering and shaking, and pushing myself back to meet him. I'd grown so excited by our chase and quick, violent contest that I was cumming very nearly as soon as the wolf had entered me. My arms felt weak as I braced myself upright, arching my back and pushing to keep my thighs vertical under the animal's weight.

As he fucked me, the wolf's knot was already inside and it began swelling quickly, expanding to stretch and fill my cunt without the usual pressure of being forced between my wet and swollen labia. That was good for me and another sensation designed to push me headlong into orgasm. The wolf growled as I sagged briefly, changing the angle of his attack on my sensitive womb and the long tapered head of his prick pressed against the tenderness of my cervix, making me gasp and roll my hips instinctively, wanting more of that painful pleasure.

He was close to cumming, the animal's strokes becoming shorter and more rapid as the knot had grown large enough to lock us completely together. It could move only a small bit either way and the feeling was every bit as intense as I remembered from the dreamlike ceremony so many months before. He dropped his head onto my shoulder, licking at my hair and my burning skin beneath, and then he was cumming, his hot sperm shooting deep inside me and bringing another climax that made me whine loudly in the pre-dawn gloom.

An owl suddenly flew into life a few dozen yards away and I was only barely able to realize that I'd been making a lot of noise, more noise than I should have been. The wolf was still cumming when he pushed himself off my back, turning awkwardly on his hinged cock so that we were butt to butt with his penis still deep inside me. We could hear my brothers barking, calling for me in the distance and the wolf growled softly, the fur on his shoulders rising.

It would be bad, I knew, if we were discovered like this. The other dogs would attack and the wolf would be hard pressed to defend himself even if he weren't locked up with me. I might be able to stop them, but I doubted it, and all I could do was hope that the swelling of the wolf's knotted muscle would go down quickly.

The good news was that we were away from where I usually bathed, and on the opposite side of the stream, making it harder for my brothers to track me. There was little wind and the brush was thick as well, and we were low in the shadows. The sun had not yet risen, and wouldn't for some time. It was still dark enough that the wolf and I were invisible from any reasonable distance. A human would have had to step on us before he'd know we were there, and a dog's eyesight is really not that much better; scent and sound was what would give us away. Especially the smell of our mating which would carry a long ways should even a small breeze pick us up.

They were near the stream now, all three of the dogs, barking excitedly and wondering why I wasn't answering. The wolf and I were barely a hundred yards away, probably less than that on a direct line, and my mate was looking around nervously, tugging at the knot lodged in my cunt so hard that I had to bite my lip to keep from crying out. I said nothing though, not even a small growl of protest, I merely endured his impatience as he tested our predicament every few seconds until with a distinct and very uncomfortable pressure, the knot squeezed out of me with a heavy wash of juice.

He was free finally and the wolf, my mate, gave me a brief look before moving quickly into the darkness and back up into the hills surrounding us. I let out my breath slowly, not quite realizing that I'd been holding it against the pain, and reached down to feel my pussy. I was sore and my flesh

seemed swollen and misshapen somehow. Semen and other juices from our mating ran hot and thin from my sex and I rose to my feet slowly, making my way back to my brothers who were circling the opposite bank.

They were unhappy, I could tell, because they could smell the wolf on me and as they sniffed my cunt they growled and yelped, taking only brief licks to satisfy themselves that I'd mated with a stranger. I was getting cold again and by the time I'd reached the house my feet were very cold, so that it hurt when I tried to warm them with my hands. I was uncomfortable for several hours like that, wrapped in the quilts, still unwashed as I wanted to savor the feeling of the wolf's sperm inside me. The smell of him in my hair. My brothers ignored me, however, and so I was ignoring them as well, although I desperately wanted to feel them close beside me.

I wanted to tell them also about my experience, how I'd fought the wolf and beaten him. I felt a great sense of pride in that, but there are no sounds so specific in the tongue of dogs, only the sharp barking of victory that could mean almost anything really. But it was inside my heart, that victory, and when our Master arrived with our breakfast I dared speak with him for the first time in six months without being first addressed by him.

"I fought him..." I said weakly from my bed, my voice cracking slightly and my heart pounding, excited at the thought of speaking and fearful that my Master would be angered by it.

He glanced at me, perhaps unsure that he'd heard me.

"The wolf..." I licked my lips and cleared my throat. "He was..." I had to search for the right words, "...waiting for me, by the stream."

"The wolf?" My Master sounded puzzled and he walked over while my brothers ate quickly, filling the room with the sounds of it.

"From the...thing, the place before..." I couldn't think of the word ceremony and I frowned. "The wolf who mated with me, he was here."

My Master squatted down next to me and he opened the quilt I was wrapped in slowly until he could see the scratches on my body. Several of them were deep and caked with dried blood, and I ached there. My sex too was tender and I spread my legs slightly, as if offering proof, showing my Master that I'd been recently fucked and treated roughly when the wolf had pulled out of me.

"Shit. What happened to you, Dare?" he asked, touching my face and pressing his palm to my forehead. "You're burning up."

"The wolf, I fought him. He chased me and we fought and I beat him." I smiled and I know my eyes were shining as I relived the experience. "He chased me," I repeated, "and I had his throat. I took him. I beat him and then he took me."

I felt like I was talking nonsense and none of the words I wanted to say were coming from my lips. I just kept saying the same things over and over, hoping my Master would understand how I felt. I'd proven myself, I thought, I'd done something special, fighting a wolf in the dead of winter, in the dark and distant wood. Any one of my brothers would have lost that fight, I thought, they could not have taken the wolf, not like that, not alone. But I had and I was trying to explain that when I fell asleep.

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## Chapter Eleven

I'd come down with a pneumonia, or so I was told, and I was distinctly uncomfortable lying in my Master's bed. I had little choice though, my Master made all my decisions and I lived with them. The doctor visited me often, every two or three days for very nearly two weeks and I think he wanted to remove me to a hospital, but reluctantly agreed that I would recover well enough in my Master's bedroom if we were careful and attentive.

I felt weak and I had fevers coming and going, violent coughing spells at night, and I was unhappy and lonely, missing my brothers terribly. Master was good company though, and he spoiled me, worrying over the weight I was losing and spoon feeding me soup and warm milk, or hot chocolate and toast occasionally.

We had little to do except sleep and talk. Master would read to me, which I enjoyed because I'd never been much of a girl for books and it was strange to find that I enjoyed the stories Master would read each afternoon. I especially found Hemingway to be stimulating for some reason, listening with rapt attention while I imagined the scenes and characters in 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' and while I didn't really understand the story, I understood well enough the feelings behind it and I would cry sometimes, so that Master would put his book down and lie down beside me, holding me until I stopped.

The talks we had were simple ones really, nothing more than everyday conversations that anyone might have. He would tell me about my brothers, or about his work being a lawyer for the Indians. I would tell him how much I missed being outside and I tried to persuade him to take me for walks, but of course he wouldn't. Master barely let me out of bed for the first week, and I really was pretty sick then anyway.

It seemed a long time before the doctor finally pronounced me healthy again, although he seemed somewhat doubtful. Not about my body, which he said was remarkable, but more over my mind, I suppose. He also found that remarkable, but not in an admirable way, not like he appreciated my body. He didn't understand why I would want to live the way I did, nor did he appreciate my piercings, especially the ring in my pubis, although he could find no flaw with it. All my piercings had healed perfectly, the way my body was recovering quickly and almost effortlessly from the infection in my lungs and the deep cuts along my sides.

I was even regaining weight as my appetite had returned with a vengeance. I felt fat and lazy by the time the doctor paid his final visit and I was anxious to get back to my own room and exercise with my brothers. The days were growing warmer and I missed the sun and my morning baths. But my Master didn't let me go right away, he kept me in his room even after the doctor had agreed I was fine.

"No. Lie back down, Dare," my Master told me after he'd shown the doctor out.

I was on my feet; shrugging out of the nightgown I'd been forced to wear for the doctor's visits. I didn't like the way it felt, the way it seemed to cling to me. And the panties as well; they felt constricting and unwelcome. The tightness of the waistband around my body chafed my skin. Master had bought them for me soon after he'd moved me to his bedroom, but I hadn't really understood the reason. He'd removed my collar as well and I wanted it back more than anything else. When he told me to lie down and didn't retrieve my collar immediately, I was confused and slightly annoyed. I did as I was told though, wondering what this was about.

Master removed his clothes as well then, undressing while I watched and I thought I understood

finally. He desired me, that was all, perhaps as a woman, even though it seemed to me that I was much more attractive as a dog. Still, the idea of my Master wanting me was a tonic to my nerves and I relaxed, smiling just a little as I waited for him.

He did make love to me then and it was much as I remembered it to be from my previous life. Master was quiet and gentle, touching me all over and spending his kisses on my body as if I were a real woman. He kissed my breasts, sucking and teasing my nipples while I writhed and cradled his head. It was good like that, the sucking part especially, but I missed the rough tongue of my brothers and the way their sharp teeth grazed my flesh when they kissed my breasts.

Master fingered my sex and kissed his way down there as well, using his mouth on me and it was pleasurable, but I confess I made more noises than I needed to. It was so unlike my brothers, it seemed Master's tongue was too small for me, barely able to slip between my labia, and it was impossible for him to delve deeply between my folds the way I liked. So I pretended it was good, imagining myself with Bandy or Bush, and remembering the way they would lap at my sex until I was quivering with orgasmic pleasure.

When my Master made love to me, it was enjoyable only because I held so much devotion for him. I felt very little really, although I was tight enough for him I think, having not been fucked for several weeks. I moved with him, lifting my hips and wrapping my legs around Master's waist, moaning and gasping at the right moments and clutching him to me when he came, wishing I might have cum as well, but I didn't. I wanted too much to return to my room and I felt uneasy about that, guilty for being so selfish.

"You don't have to go back..." Master said.

We were laying side by side, him on his back and me on my right side, facing him with my arm over his chest and my leg on his thighs. I could feel his sperm leaking out of me and it seemed there was very little there.

"I don't want to go back," I answered, wondering why I would ever want to leave him or my brothers.

"I mean to the other room." He was looking at me. "You could stay here, in the house with me. If you want to."

I frowned at that, unable to hide my instant frustration at misunderstanding what he'd said. And now I didn't know exactly what he meant. Did he mean to say I could stay with him as a woman? Living in his house, wearing clothes, talking all the time, watching television, and all the things I'd never missed? Or did he mean I'd be his house pet, a dog who could lay on the furniture and sleep at the foot of his bed every night? Would he let me out every morning to run with my brothers? Or would I be trapped inside, looking out the window and barking uselessly at every car that passed by?

"What do you mean?" I asked, swallowing hard and fearing the answer.

"I...I don't know..." Master shook his head and that too made me frown.

I didn't need a Master who was unsure of himself, who couldn't command me, and that was an unhappy thought. One that had never occurred to me before.

"I was married before," he said quietly. "She...died, a long time ago. She was sick and it was...hard. I didn't..." He was searching for words and talking more to himself than to me, I thought. "...I was young and I had to work and seeing her like that, getting worse everyday..."

I hugged him, pressing my body to his and my face against his neck, kissing him softly.

"I couldn't do it. Go there to the hospital every day. So I worked, I just...worked." He was moving his hands while he talked, but not looking at me. "She was dying and I was waiting, wanting it to be over."

"It's okay," I whispered, not knowing what to say, but wanting to comfort him somehow.

I thought I understood then, just a little. He'd been trying to make up for that other woman, caring for me while I'd lain there sick in his bed. He'd been almost obsessive in his attention, always with me, sleeping in the chair beside me so that whenever I opened my eyes I'd seen him. I hadn't appreciated that sort of attention, that level of devotion. I'd just expected it, I suppose, and I imagined his dead wife had expected it as well. My Master seemed to think so and there was little I could do to comfort his guilt except listen.

He told me about her, remembering some of the details and forgetting others, so that he'd purse his lips and grow angry with himself until he recalled something else. It was good for him, I think, to say those things, to release the feelings he'd bottled up inside for nearly 20 years. They needed to come out and when he'd finished speaking, we made love again and it was better then, for both of us. And I did have a small orgasm right at the end when his sperm filled me once more.

But I couldn't stay, not like he was thinking, and I don't think he really wanted me to. He'd grown attached to me, as people sometimes do with pets, or anything else they've cared overly much for. He'd invested a lot of emotion in my recovery, transferring the unfulfilled obligation to his dead wife upon me, and it had been confusing for him, that's all. He'd forgotten that I wasn't her. I wasn't his wife. I was his dog, his Dare. That was all. He could love me and care for me, and do with me as he wished, but only in that way. If he tried to change me back into a girl, we'd lose everything. I could sense it clearly and so could he, once I explained myself.

"How did you get so smart all of a sudden?" He was smiling, teasing me.

"I guess my boat fell in the water, or something," I giggled.

"Is that right?" He stroked my hair and sighed a little.

"It's not very deep though," I shrugged, "I think my oar's scraping the bottom."

"Or more like you've been playing with everyone." He made a little face, as if he could finally see the real me.

"I really am a dog, you know," I said, running my tongue over my upper lip. "Like a wolf, I think. Wild."

"I know," Master nodded slightly. "The Indians think so, Whitecloud and the others."

"Can I have my collar back?" I asked a little nervously, because I was really asking him if I could go back to the way I was before I got sick.

"Soon," he smiled and kissed me on the lips. "I sort of like having you in my bed."

"You're my Master," I smiled back. "You can have me sleep wherever you want." I paused. "Just don't make me wear that underwear again, okay?"

Master laughed softly. "Then don't get sick again. I'll build a little bathroom just for you..." he looked at me carefully, "...but you won't use it, will you?"

"I have to be outside," I shrugged. "That's the way of it." And really there was no other explanation I could make. I'd risk getting sick again. I'd risk frostbite and rattlesnakes and poison ivy, simply because that was who I was.

"I love you, Dare," he told me and it surprised me to hear him say that. I knew he did, it had been obvious for a long time, just as I was sure my own affection was plain as the sunrise.

A dog didn't have to say it though, perhaps couldn't say it, but it was absolutely necessary to show it. That was the difference between dogs and men, I thought. A man could love someone and rarely demonstrate it, feeling more deeply the need to say to say it aloud, as if that was enough. But a dog would show his love at every opportunity, expressing himself through action, rather than words. I much preferred that, but of course I understood that even my Master had limitations, being only human as he was.

"I love you too, Master," I said softly, reluctantly acceding to the fact that he needed to hear the words repeated. I could only hope that they would be the last I'd ever speak.