

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



I was in the park, my usual spot for a warm Sunday afternoon. It was nice and clean after a long week of spring rains, everything had turned green and the sky scrubbed blue. Not a cloud in it. And I'd found a good spot near an old beech tree to put my big quilt comforter. It was old and a bit ragged, a classic patchwork of fabrics hand stitched by my own grandmother before I was even born.

I loved that comforter and sat on it happily, pulling my long skirt down my legs and finding a well worn paperback in my purse. It was a western, Zane Grey, and thin because the man just didn't waste a lot of time with a story. It wasn't the usual fare that a young woman of twenty would be expected to read, but I wasn't the usual sort of woman most people would expect either.

Oh, I'm pretty enough, I suppose. I'd even been called beautiful by some of the boys in high school, but what did they know? Blonde hair and blue eyes tends to confuse the issue and having a hard, athletic sort of body didn't hurt. Most people assumed I was a swimmer, which I didn't completely understand, but perhaps it had to do with my smallish breasts and obviously toned arms and legs. My flat tummy might have helped too, but a swimmer? Nah. I wasn't quite so industrious in my hobbies.

This particular park was my favorite of the dozen or so scattered throughout and around the city. I liked it because it wasn't overly crowded, for one thing. There weren't a lot of college guys dragging coolers behind them and trying to hit attractive girls with their Frisbees as an excuse to introduce themselves. There were few children as well, which I appreciated, and none today that I could see. The playground here was some distance away and close to the parking lot and it wasn't much but a few swings and one lonely merry-go-round. I liked children from a distance.

The gay guys didn't come here either, since the local haunt for such activities was a park near the lake. From what I understood, the old boathouse there was a happening spot after sundown...If you happened to be a gay man, which I'm obviously not. The lesbians, such as they were, liked a certain park on the hills to the west of town. It's a heavily wooded place and blessed with numerous hiking trails and I'd been there as a girl growing up. You could pick any path and find women sitting here and there, waiting for someone to come along. It had seemed strange and lonely to me at first, rather sad in a way, but I'd understood the necessity of it and made many brief friendships in that place.

Picking blueberries. That what I'd called it and such was always my excuse to my parents. I wasn't a lesbian anymore though. Much like boys had been, girls were just a passing fancy while I window shopped life. That was what I called it now, window shopping. I'd thought I needed a label when I was younger, you know, like straight, or gay, or bisexual. I was a girl. A daughter and a sister, and I was a student and smart and pretty and all of that. There were so many labels; so many names I could use to try and describe myself, but that seemed silly and finally I gave up.

At the end of the day all I really am is me, right? And so I decided to be me, which is hardly as easy as it sounds! What a paradox and not the sort of problem to be tackled on an empty stomach.

I had half a sandwich in my purse, egg salad, and I unwrapped it carefully, holding it by the paper towel I'd used. I'd eaten the other half on the bus getting here and now I was finishing my lunch and quite enjoying it while I read my skinny book and basked in the sunny day. I wish I could say it was fate, or better yet that I'd somehow planned what happened next, but the truth was that it was entirely by happy chance that a rather large puppy decided that he wanted a bite of my sandwich as well.

"Hey!" I narrowed my eyes as most of my sandwich disappeared, leaving me with a thumb sized bite

as you can imagine. "I was eating that!"

"WOOF!" He had a deep voice and I think he had some mastiff in him, but a lot of St. Bernard as well. He had a huge dopey face, grinning from ear to ear, and so it was rather difficult to be angry with him.

"Well, you can't have this!" I said, popping the last bite into my mouth and savoring it. "I'm hungry!"

"WOOF!" he agreed and he was white and brown, with thick fur and deep brown eyes, lazy eyes too. I'd thought they were oriental at first, but no, the dog just didn't want to open them properly beneath his heavy brows.

"So, who are you then?" I asked and I reached for his collar, because he did have one. "Jasper, huh?"

"WOOF!" he nodded happily as I read his name aloud. He wagged his tail too and he was a dog in all respects.

"Do you have an owner, Jasper?" I wondered. "Or have you run off to seek your fortune?"

I looked around and there he was, as he had to be. A young man about my age or a little older, I suppose, early twenties and smiling sheepishly as he walked towards us. He was tall with dark hair and friendly eyes, a handsome man probably, and not particularly boyish despite his youth. He had the presence of someone older, someone in a hurry and I wondered how he could afford a dog like Jasper. Friends like that require a lot of time and I could tell already that this man slept with his watch on, which was a habit I could never abide. I'd thrown my watch away some while before.

"Jasper!" he said with mock exasperation. "What are you doing? I'm sorry; he got away from me and..."

"Yes he did," I nodded. "He ate half of my sandwich."

"Oh. Shoot, uh...He sorta does that," the man frowned and Jasper was happy to sit on my comforter and I'd found myself scratching the dog behind his left ear.

"I'll make another one when I get home," I shrugged.

"Right," he cleared his throat and he'd already looked me over several times and now he did it again, so I smiled.

"Are you looking for a date?" I asked him before he could do something silly like introduce himself.

"Uh..." that drew his eyes to mine and they were blue, like mine. "Excuse me?"

"A date?" I tilted my head invitingly and took Jasper's left ear in my hand, giving the animal a playful tug. I liked his ears a lot.

"I'm not sure, uh, are you..." he stopped there because to go much further and be wrong would be very, very bad for both of us.

"I'm a prostitute," I nodded, letting him off the hook.

"I see, well...Huh," he grinned. "I never would have guessed that."

"Yeah," I shrugged. "It's up to you anyway."

I kept playing with Jasper's ear, but let my eyes fall back to my book as I held it in my lap. I was just starting chapter six and wondering if the sheriff was going deputize his son-in-law, or just shoot the young man. It was that sort of story and I was enjoying myself quite a lot. I think I would have been very much at home in a time and place like the fictional old west and I contemplated buying a revolver and learning how to shoot it. I could even get a holster and learn to quick-draw, maybe.

"Ahem," the man was still there and he cleared his throat.

"Hi," I smiled up at him.

"How much?" he asked and then glanced around, but we were quite alone.

"Depends on what you want," I said. "Oral is fifty. Straight fucking is a hundred. Anal, hmmm..." I looked at Jasper and gave his ear another tug, just to see if he'd care, "...One fifty for that, I think. I'm sort of small back there."

"Oh," he swallowed thickly and looked at his watch. "Okay, um, sure. Yeah."

"Yeah?" I smiled at the guy. "Great. You can pay first, it's alright."

"What?" he blinked at me. "Oh, I've never done this, uh, paid for sex or anything, um..."

"So why are you doing it now?" I wondered, glancing at my paperback and memorizing the page number.

"Well, um...You're awfully pretty," he said and then laughed nervously. "But I guess you know that, huh?"

"Sure," I shrugged. "That's the only reason?"

"My wife..." he said slowly, but without looking around.

"Wife?" I was putting my book in my purse.

"Yeah, she's pregnant," he nodded. "Eight months, but it's been pretty hard on her. She hasn't been in much of a mood for a long time and..."

"Oh," I nodded too. "It's been hard on everyone, huh?"

"Exactly," he smiled, seemingly relieved that I understood him so well. "I just really need to, uh, relax. You know?"

"Sure," I agreed pleasantly.

"So, where do we go?" he wondered. "I'm Stephen by the way."

"We don't have to go anywhere," I said, patting the comforter I was laying on. "That's why I brought this."

"Here?" He seemed surprised by that.

"Oh, I think it'll be okay," I smiled, glancing around and there were a number of people, a lot of dogs too, but I was hardly bothered by that. As I said, it was that sort of park, or perhaps I didn't make that clear.

"I thought you had a room someplace, or..." The man was nervous, which made little sense to me. I'd be the one breaking the law.

"It's such a nice day," I grabbed Jasper by both of his ears and pulled hard, but the dog only grinned at me. "You don't mind, do you?"

"WOOF!" Jasper replied and he was smarter than he looked, unlike most people I've met.

"Now," I smiled at the man, this Stephen person. "What was it that you wanted me to do?"

"Well, if we have to do it here," he said slowly, making it clear that he was unhappy, "I guess, um, just a blowjob would be okay."

"Hmmm..." I nodded. "Cool. So...Fifty up front?"

"Oh, right," he agreed, taking one more look around before reaching for his wallet.

"Great!" I took the crisp fifty dollar bill, opened my purse and gave it to Zane Grey to hold onto for me. "Alright then, let's see what we have down here...You're such a big, handsome boy! I'm going to like this a lot, I think."

"Uh..." The man was still standing there.

"Come on," I giggled, "Let's make out for awhile first. You're not in a hurry, are you?"

"Excuse me, but..." The man, Stephen, scratched his head.

"Jasper! Don't be shy," I sang softly and I was already laying down on the comforter and I grabbed fistfuls of Jasper's fur, pulling the dog down to join me. "See? Oh! This is nice, isn't it? Kiss me...Come on...Kiss me, now."

Jasper was on his side, his left side, while I was on my right side facing him. He was such a big dog too! About my size, but much heavier than I was. I put my left leg over him, sliding my calf and foot over his thigh and shaggy flank. He was so soft and warm and my arm was around his neck as I brought my mouth close to his. I could smell egg salad on his breath and I giggled, sticking out my tongue to touch his. The dog's mouth was open and he was panting and I licked his rough tongue slowly, lapping at the saliva pooling on it.

"What are you doing?" the man asked me, somewhat shocked, I believe.

I couldn't answer him immediately though, Jasper had decided to find out what my tonsils tasted like, or something. What a huge tongue! It was long and wide and strong as well. It filled my mouth completely and the dog didn't seem to mind at all when I closed my lips around it. Some dogs don't like that so much, but Jasper was of a playful mind and his tongue wriggled inside my mouth and it was giving me goosebumps.

"Wow!" I breathed after a long minute or so, catching my breath and almost giggling with the experience. "What a great kisser you are, Jasper!"

"That's my dog!" the man said.

"Yeah," I licked my lips and I was reaching down to find Jasper's cock, not surprised to find it had grown out of its sheath already. He liked kissing just as much as I did. Most whores don't for some reason, but I wasn't like them.

"But...What are you doing?" Stephen demanded.

"I'm going to give Jasper a blowjob," I said. "That's what you wanted, right? Or did you change your mind? I bet he'd love to fuck me."

"I was...It was for me!" he said. "Not the dog!"

I giggled at that, wondering how on earth the man had ever gotten that idea! Jasper's cock was growing too and I was sliding down his body slowly, keeping him still and quiet with one hand, jerking him off slowly with the other. Jasper was quickly becoming one of my favorite customers, he was so well behaved. A lot of dogs are impatient or just confused perhaps by human mating customs. Oh, they enjoy it well enough, there's no doubt about that, but unless they're trained or like Jasper, possessed of a calm disposition, most dogs get a little anxious.

"You can't suck off a dog!" the man decided, but luckily for Jasper it wasn't up to Stephen. It was up to me.

"Oh, yes I can," I sang softly and by then I was face to face with Jasper's very handsome cock. "I'm a dog whore."

If I had to guess, I'd say Jasper's cock was about nine inches long and incredibly thick. The dog was well hung indeed and while I don't really have a fetish for such things, I won't deny that the sight of such a large and obviously aroused cock was enough to get my pussy juiced. It was narrow at the base, but quickly ballooned for much of Jasper's impressive length, and of course the head was wonderfully shaped for penetration. I could well imagine that dog cock driving between the soft walls of my pussy, spearing inside me to find the pillow of my cervix.

Oh! That would be a dread pleasure, as old Zane might say. I wasn't that deep and I knew a dog like Jasper wouldn't settle for anything less than complete domination of a horny little bitch like me. He wouldn't care if he had to knock the wind out of my sails with his turgid prick. He'd batter my cunt until I was begging for relief, desperate for the animal's creamy spend and its soothing balm. Jasper's big balls were full of cum and he'd unload inside me for a good long while once we were locked up. A lot of dogs aren't that big, to be completely truthful. The knot gets large, but contrary to popular belief a woman isn't built like a dog and the vagina does stretch quite a lot. It takes a very large dog indeed to lock even a petite woman up so tight that she can't get loose.

A dog like Jasper, for instance. I imagined he could probably lock my pussy up for a good ten or fifteen minutes and that deliciously wicked thought made my tummy tumble! We were in the park after all and who knows what could happen in such a place, if I were helpless? There were a lot of dogs around.

"I'm gonna fuck you, Jasper," I said, making up my mind on the spot. It wasn't very professional of me, I know, but the day was beautiful and Jasper was so handsome, and I'd always been that sort of whore. I fell in love much too easily for my own good.

"Look, uh, maybe we should just forget the whole thing," Stephen was saying.

"Mmphhh..." I shrugged as I started taking the flanged head of Jasper's cock into my mouth.

He was wet with precum, very thin and watery, and I swallowed it eagerly. Jasper kicked his legs a bit at the new sensation of having a woman's mouth wrapped around his cock, but he didn't seem to mind. If anything the dog relaxed even more, dropping his head to the quilt and giving a soft growl of pleasure. His cock grew to its full size quickly as I slid my lips down the pale shaft. It was heavily

marbled with thin red and purple veins, and so soft! It would darken with his excitement, but for the moment it really was white as snow and I thought that very interesting.

I love dog cock because it feels like silk almost, except less porous perhaps. If you pay attention, you can feel the texture in raw silk, faintly to be sure, but it's there. With a dog's raw cock though, it's just smooth and surprisingly dry at first. It always looks like it should be wet all over, even slimy if you're of a juvenile mind, but it isn't. Not until I make it so with my lips and tongue. I was working on that, believe me. Jasper was going to be nice and ready for my pussy and I was so ready for a hard, loving fuck. It was the perfect sort of day for it!

"I'm not going to pay you to give my dog a blowjob," the man said.

I was bobbing my head up and down, working my tightly stretched lips along the length of Jasper's cock until I felt his cock touching the entrance to my throat. I'd pull back then, all the way to the end and flick my tongue across the tapering head and washing around it. I'd swallow thickly and catch some cool air in my lungs and then go back down for more. It was good for both of us, I think, and hardly work at all. I've always been good at sucking cock anyway though and it wasn't long before I'd moved my body the right way, angled my head and neck just right, and took Jasper into my throat easily.

It isn't much of a trick, once you know how to do it, but for the uninitiated deep throating seems almost magical somehow. Of course Jasper's was a very large cock and for all my admitted skill, he did stretch my delicate throat a bit more than I was expecting. It was a little uncomfortable at first and I thought I might lose my voice for a day or two afterwards, but how could I not want every inch of that monster doggy dick inside me? I had to do it just so I'd have bragging rights, you know? I wished I'd brought a camera with me.

Three or four times all the way down was pretty good. I'd get that swollen cock of Jasper's lodged inside my throat, drawing the dog's dopey grin as he'd lift his head off the quilt and look at me. My lips closed around the base where his knot was getting noticeable and I'd try and swallow, just so the good boy could feel my muscles butterfly around his fat cock. Jasper seemed to like that a lot and he'd whine softly, giving me those surprisingly high pitched noises that made my nipples pop with lust. His legs would kick a bit and I'd hold him there, as long as I could before lifting away to show Stephen those nine inches all wet and glistening with my spit.

It was pretty hot but like I said, four times was enough of that, I decided, and I pulled my mouth off Jasper's cock with a flood of precum and saliva that I hadn't been able to swallow. I just grinned at the astonished look on Stephen's face while I panted for air. I'd been wondering why he'd been so quiet. After telling me he wasn't going to pay, I expected him to elaborate on the point. Perhaps he'd demand a refund, or just grab Jasper by the collar and try and lead the dog away.

But Stephen hadn't done any of that and now I could see why. He was kneeling on the grass, just off my comforter, with his pants undone and his cock in his hand. The man was jerking off while he watched me suck his dog's cock. Most men did, I'd long noticed, and I just gave him a sardonic smile which he mistook for something else. Invitation, maybe, as Stephen sort of shuffled closer to us on his knees and I think he was hoping I'd give his cock the same loving treatment I'd shown his dog.

"Come on, Jasper...Here boy, come here..." I'd gotten on my hands and knees, pulling my skirt up my long legs to expose my thighs and then my ass.

I wasn't wearing panties and I hadn't for a long time, not since high school probably. Maybe junior high school, it was sometimes difficult to remember small things like that. Oh, sometimes I wore

underwear, of course, but I mean on a normal day to the park when I was planning on getting adventurous, I left my panties at home. They'd just get in the way more often than not and it was so much easier just to pull up my skirt and offer Jasper my freshly shaven pussy. I liked to keep it neat and clean, spoiled with baby lotion to keep my vulva soft and smelling faintly of peaches. I pampered my pussy, I'll admit, and right then all Jasper could smell was the musky aroma of my arousal.

Jasper caught a good whiff of my urgency and I giggled and then gasped with pleasure when the animal took his first tentative lick. He was up by then, back on his feet, and I was down like a bitch in heat, rocking my butt from side to side and spreading my legs for his attentions. Jasper's tongue was amazing, like most dogs' are, and he was lapping noisily at my pussy like I was a bowl of water. My juices had already been flowing for some time and now the dog was getting the full flavor of my cunt, the bitter-sweet tang of my oily sex as he split my labia and found the pink interior.

"Ohhhh..." I breathed out. "Uhhhh..." I breathed in. I was digging at the quilt with my fingers, nodding my head and arching my back. Jasper was really working my pussy nicely, a devoted pussy licker, I could tell. Some dogs are incredibly oral, as most people would expect, while others aren't. Jasper, it seems, had an oral fixation! Or maybe he just really loved the taste of my cunt, that could be too. Whatever it was, I was giving serious consideration to marrying the dog's eager tongue!

"Jesus!" Stephan breathed and his cock had grown swollen dark by then, dripping precum as his fist squeezed the fluid out. He wasn't so large as his dog, a few inches shorter and much less in the thickness department, but the man had obviously had much practice with masturbation and I suppose that explained his willingness to pay for a young woman's services in the first place. I wondered what was wrong with his wife and reminded myself once again not to get pregnant.

It was nice watching Stephen, if only because it added another element to our small drama that would have been noticeably lacking otherwise, so I was grateful. Enough that I lifted a trembling hand and crooked my finger at him, inviting the man to take advantage of my unusually generous mood. He quickly brought his rigid manhood to my mouth and I opened with a breathless sigh. I took him easily and Stephen wasted little time, putting his fingers in my blonde mane and holding my head still as he pumped the length of his prick between my lips. After the rush of his boyish enthusiasm, the man realized I wasn't going to reject him and he slowed his pace, which doubtless made it better for both of us.

And all the while Jasper was driving my orgasm closer, drawing it from the depths of my quivering belly towards his lashing tongue. I was shivering despite the warmth. Spasms of pleasure were playing through my body so that every nerve became electric and I tingled beneath the sensation. My hair seemed to stand on end and my nipples ached for relief beneath the too soft cotton of my blouse. I was on my hands and knees, being taken from both ends and that was a genuine thrill that I'd almost forgotten. Jasper was going to bring me off quickly and my wet mouth wrapped around Stephen's cock was everything the man could want. I didn't need to hold his cock in my hand, he was able to fuck me easily, and the odd sensation of his swollen cockhead slipping into my throat was more than just pleasant.

"GRRRR...WOOF!" Jasper caught sight of the other dog before I did, since Stephen was my only view of the world just then.

"ARF! ARF! ARF!" I heard him then, a sharp and higher pitched yelping of male excitability.

"Dobie! Come on!" a man's voice said, but the amusement in his voice was unmistakable and I was happy to realize he had his dog on a leash.



"Hey there," Stephen greeted our visitor and that seems a strange thing to say, but nonetheless true and I suppose there was little else he could have done under the circumstances.

"Uh, hi," the man replied, grunting slightly as he held his dog in check.

I turned my head so much as I could, keeping Stephen's cock between my lips, and saw a beautiful Doberman, black and tan and frisky with youth. His cock was growing already as he understood Jasper's intentions to mate with me and it spurred his own eager desires. I'm sure Dobie thought I was a very strange dog, but a bitch is a bitch and though my musk was unfamiliar, my willingness to breed was never in question. That dog wanted me badly and Jasper knew it.

"Mmpphh!" I was suddenly driven forward, my nose pressed rudely to Stephen's lower stomach and his soft scrotum tight against my chin, enough so that I could feel his sperm filled balls through his sack!

"Oh shit, dude!" the new guy laughed. "Your girlfriend's fucking him!"

That wasn't completely true, but close enough I suppose. The reality was that Jasper was fucking me! The competition had arrived, in the form of a Doberman named Dobie of all things, demonstrating admirably the lack of imagination his owner possessed, and Jasper was suddenly impatient to assert his claim upon my womb. Dogs are like that and it's a brutal, efficient honesty that I heartily approve of. Unlike a man, or even a woman, whose decisions are anchored by emotion and cerebral rationale, a dog merely follows his instincts. He won't ask or apologize, but take what he can and let nature worry over the consequences. As much as the physical pleasure that being well and truly fucked by a dog gives me, it's that knowledge, that freedom of action which makes the experience sublime!

Jasper's thick cock struck home on the first try, splitting the tender walls of my sex like a hot spike through butter. What resistance my innocent vagina may have mustered was spent uselessly and I'll admit that it hurt, but only in the very best of ways. I loved that pain and I almost felt virginal beneath the onslaught of Jasper's initial thrust. It was relentless and determined and the dog didn't stop until the head of his cock slammed into my cervix like a battering ram! Needless to say, I orgasmed immediately!

"She's not my girlfriend," Stephen admitted and I was only vaguely aware of anything but the violent clasp of my sex around Jasper's swollen cock.

Whatever else the two men might have said will forever be lost to the brilliant fog of carnal delight that enveloped my mind completely. I was struggling to hold myself up, though luckily for me Jasper had only briefly given me his considerable weight. Only for that first penetration had he lifted himself and wrapped his powerful forelimbs around my hips, and then only to ensure I wouldn't attempt a futile escape from his rampant instinctual need to breed me. Once inside my cunt, my newest lover was content to embrace me with his paws angled inward, hunched well over, but happily standing on his own four feet. That was very good for me, especially as I felt that warm body covering my ass and back like a heavy blanket, his hips driving wildly in pursuit of his orgasm. I very much wished I was naked just then.

Stephen's orgasm arrived abruptly, without warning or fanfare, and my mouth was suddenly filled with the rich salty flavor of his cum. I was swallowing rapidly, coughing slightly as well, when he pulled out so that he could stroke much of his sperm onto my flushed cheeks and chin and neck. He seemed to enjoy that quite a lot and I was in no condition to refuse the man his desires. I'd had a facial before and while I didn't understand the pleasure it gave men to paint me with their seed, it

was undeniable that it did.

The chuckles and indecipherable comments that accompanied Stephen's orgasm surprised me though and I realized that there were other men there, with other dogs straining at their leashes. Perhaps five or six men all told and they talked amongst themselves while Stephen's cock was quickly replaced by the second man, the one who'd arrived soon after we'd started our little tryst. His cock was thicker, but certainly no longer, and he pushed insistently between my spermy lips until I had all of him on my tongue. He was a little rougher with me as well, holding my head tightly and pulling my face to meet his thrusts, but I didn't complain.

The knot was slapping against my well-stretched labia by then. Jasper's cock striving to subdue the riot of my orgasms and achieving only the opposite, of course. I was dizzy and breathless and floating on adrenalin and endorphins, my heart threatening to burst as it pumped hot blood through my body. And the swollen bulb of muscle growing at the base of Jasper's cock was demanding entry, and in fact it had been inside me already, numerous times. The knot seemed to pop in and out, dragging at the soft walls of my cunt as they were turned inward, and then suddenly pulled inside out it seemed. The pleasure was acute and the discomfort unrealized in my fever to be fucked. I was immune to all but joy by that time, which is a curious situation and one to be envied, believe me.

With a long growl and satisfied yelp, Jasper locked me up. He couldn't pull his cock free any longer. The muscle had grown larger than my pussy was able to easily stretch and I shuddered beneath the animal as he tested our bond with increased fervor. His cockhead was lodged tight against the bottom of my sex, embedded within the delicate folds of my pussy where the thin neck of my cervix waited to feed his potent sperm to my fertile eggs. He was still fucking me, but with only the shortest possible strokes, and it took less than a minute before the fullness of his canine orgasm flooded my cunt.

I felt him then, a soothing bath to spoil the strained muscles that cradled lovingly my sweet Jasper's cock. I was cumming again and quite unable to give the man in my mouth any sort of pleasure but that which he found himself. I was panting around his manhood as it slid back and forth over my languid tongue and slack jaw. Sperm and precum and saliva spilled out of me, adding to the ever growing stain on my comforter. I was only barely aware of anything but the cock in my pussy, the warmth of Jasper's seed as it seemed stretch me even further, spreading between my quivering muscles and clasping walls until there was no part of my sex which wasn't soaking in sperm.

The man came on my face and in my hair and he rubbed his cockhead across my cheeks even as it spewed his creamy spend. When he was finished another took me, shoving his cock into my mouth and fucking my face while the others cheered him on. Jasper had turned around, his cock pointed behind him now and fully buried inside me, of course. He kept a watchful eye on the other dogs, who were thankfully kept well enough away. Like anyone, dogs can be rather jealous in their eagerness to love and even more so in their imperative to procreate, for a dog's love is fickle and most often reliant upon the whims of appetite.

It took some time before Jasper's knot began to shrink and he tried to pull free of me. That was awkward and only slightly uncomfortable, being dragged several feet by my cunt like that.

"Owww! Jas-per! Ah!" I hadn't expected it and I lost my balance, my arms collapsing so that I fell face first into the rich cum soaked puddle my quilt had become just there.

"Hey!" the man I'd been sucking, number four, I think, or perhaps number five, frowned as he looked down at his now lonely manhood.

"Sorry," I breathed and I was trying to find some way to get comfortable and reach Jasper's cock with my hand.

It's never so easy getting untangled from a dog larger than I am, or at least one that outweighs me by fifty pounds. Especially when the animal in question is determined to pull his cock out of me whether I'm ready or not! His owner wasn't helping much either, that Stephen character, and I regarded the man with a rather unhappy scowl. I think he misunderstood me though and assumed that I was mad about being covered with clinging strands of cooling semen on my pretty face. That was hardly anything to be upset about though; I just wanted him to keep Jasper in one place! It would have been best and easiest to wait for the knot to shrink until it could slip out by itself, but I didn't think Jasper was going to be that patient. A bucket of cold water would have been handy perhaps, although that doesn't always work, and it tends to annoy me somewhat. We were going to have to do this the old fashioned way, just like when I was thirteen and mom and dad would come home unexpectedly...

"Jasper...Wait!...Here, stop, there! Good boy..." I said, reaching beneath and between my legs and it was a very tight fit, though Jasper's knot was probably not as large as you might imagine.

Most people think of something the size of a softball perhaps, but it was more like a tennis ball really, about ten inches around and hard...So maybe a baseball would be a better comparison, but one attached to nine inches of solid dog cock buried halfway to my belly button! That's another consideration altogether and unless you've been in that situation, you really have no idea how even the smallest movement can be magnified a thousand times! I was sore and tender and coming down from my high, and surrounded by selfish men with hard cocks, while their equally selfish dogs strained at their collars to get their share of my well-fucked cunt. Imagine that!

"Ummm...Ahh! Ow! Fuuuck!" SHPLOP!! "Ohhh...Hmmm...Whew!" I sighed with a contented smile on my cum stained face. "Good!"

It was a shplop too! A friendly sound and welcome, and very wet and loud. Jasper whined and jerked away from the strange sensation of his knot being squeezed out of my sex, but once loosed from his hopefully impregnated bitch, the dog was happy to ignore me. For myself, I imagine it was something like giving birth, the way it felt, but I'm sure it was nothing so dramatic or intense as that! My pussy stretched uncomfortably for a second and then it felt curiously empty. Almost painfully empty as my vagina had nothing inside it to grip and the muscles tried to regain their natural form and place in the universe. I rather enjoyed that sensation though, just as I enjoyed pressing a hand to the incredibly gaping blossom that my pussy had become. My distended labia refused to close and the soft pink channel leading to my womb was loose and open enough for three and even four of my fingers, easily. I'd been seriously fucked!

A flood poured out of me, literally. All the dog sperm and my own cum juices, Jasper's copious precum; it was all combined into a frothy mix of potent, musky fuck fluid. The stuff was thin and oily and the smell was immediate and overpowering, making me shiver as I brought my hand to my face. I loved that stuff and this was the best part, pouring our combined cum into my mouth, lapping at it with my tongue and swallowing it down. Like Jasper cleaning himself lazily with his tongue, I was trying to do the same. I massaged my cunt in front of all those men, ignoring their suggested desires to take their own turn between my legs, or once more fuck my mouth with their selfish cocks.

I was more than content to bring myself off with my ritual bath, supping the juices from my fingers until I had as much nectar from my pussy as I could easily get. I wasn't clean, but I was satisfied and I suckled my fingers one by one, smiling at the men as they watched me, anxious for some signal that I was hungry for more. But in the end, I cleaned myself as best I could; carefully folded my

comforter and straightened my skirt and blouse. I picked up my purse and groaned softly as I took the first tentative steps across the immense green lawns towards the bus stop. I was very stiff and sore and, as you can no doubt judge from my story, not a very good dog whore at all.

But happiness truly is its own reward, don't you think?

end