

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Funny how things work out. You grow up reading books and fairy tales, watching Disney movies, and you're pretty sure you're going to have a summer romance, to fall in blissful mutual love with someone dark and handsome and live happily ever after. Nobody tells you it could turn out to be a big, brainy border collie with a weird back-door predilection. And yet here I am, sitting on a towel with a slow stream of collie cream leaking out my ass, while I type out my thoughts. I'm not at all dissatisfied with things, it just isn't what you expect, exactly, when you're growing up. You know?

My name's irrelevant, and you'll figure I'm just making it up, but I'll put it in anyway. I'm Amy. I guess I'm writing to work things out, or get them off my chest, to a certain extent, and it feels more real if I put my name on it. My fella is the unimaginatively-named Lad. It's a flexible name. Sometimes he's Laddie, or Laddie Boy, Laddie Bucko, Lad-old-Pup, or any number of other variations. He responds to all of them. He's not a large dog by any means, but he's big for his breed. He's mostly black, a deep glossy black, with a white blaze on his chest, a little more white on his forehead and behind his ears, and a couple of spotty white socks. We keep that fur nice and clean and silky despite his uncanny ability to find mud, burrs, and various farmyard byproducts. Right now, he's busily patrolling the grounds. When he decides he has a job to do, he devotes himself to it very single-mindedly.

I picked Lad out as a pup, and as he grew up, we spent hours together — many hours working on obedience and tricks, and many hours just in each other's company, walking around together as I did chores, brushing and petting him, or just sitting quietly. When you spend that much time together, working together, playing together, and touching each other, you just bond. He slid right into the role of "best friend" and I never really thought about the fact that petting and hugging him, or kissing his forehead and muzzle, were things that I wouldn't do with a normal friend, not if we meant to stay just friends. They were normal things to do with a dog, all a part of the process of bonding and growing close together. I wouldn't have ever described the process as "falling in love", but by the time a year had gone by, I certainly knew that I loved him, and I felt loved. He filled a big place in my heart. I missed him and thought of him during the day when I was at school, and looked forward to seeing him when I got home.

The timing worked out so that he was growing into his maturity just around the same time I was. I started seeing flashes of pink under his belly every once in a while, and I felt some growing curiosity about that part of him. I don't know how to account for the fact that one day, when I was petting him, curiosity boiled over and I reached down under his belly and stroked him along his sheath. First, it was a couple of light touches, just "innocently" brushing against it while I scratched his belly fur, but then I took it fully in my hand, and stroked. I felt him swell almost immediately, pulled my hand back, then reached in again and rubbed some more. He felt good and warm in my hand. His hindquarters started twitching, and the big swell at the base felt really interesting. Even though I knew a lot about dogs, I hadn't known to expect that and wasn't entirely sure what it was. I wrapped my hand around and felt the mass of it. I pushed the sheath back a bit and saw a few inches of pink, saw a little spurt of liquid, and then I got nervous about what we were doing and took my hand away. I casually scratched his neck and ears for a minute or two more and then walked away, trying not to look suspicious (although, if anyone saw me, I probably looked exactly like someone trying very hard not to look suspicious).

As I lay in bed that evening, though, the feeling replayed in my head, and I lay in the dark with my eyes closed, but my brain still agitated. I didn't get to sleep easily, and I woke up early with the thoughts still racing around. And so, the next day at around the same time, I called him over to walk with me. We walked around behind a building where we weren't visible from the house, and I didn't make much pretense about why we were there. I reached down and started stroking right away, and I felt him swell in response immediately. That big bulge started to fill my hand up, and he started thrusting emphatically. I thought he must be feeling pretty good, and I liked giving him that feeling,

so I kept stroking. The sheath slipped back, and I got my first view of his entire cock, knot and all. It looked strange to me, but it was a part of Lad, so it seemed sort of OK to look and to touch. He was jetting out spurts of liquid now. Some of it splashed his chest fur, and some of it went on the ground. I held on to him, stroked him gently, and watched him squirt for a long time. I knew I wasn't doing anything all that different than what the AI tech would do when he takes care of a bull or stallion, but deep down I also knew I was feeling more than that. I was feeling turned on.

This quickly became a daily routine for us. My afternoon chores gave me a good reason to be in the barn for a while every day, and so every day Lad would get a hand job. I got used to how he liked to be touched, and was rewarded with more enthusiastic thrusting and humping. He got used to the routine and would zip over to our usual spot as soon as we went in the barn, and look at me expectantly, calling me over. Thoughts of dog cock started coming to me all through the rest of the day, most of all before bed time, waking up in the morning, and riding the school bus home, when I knew I'd be doing "chores" soon. It hit almost all my senses. I could imagine the pink length of it sliding out bright against his belly fur, the hot touch, the liquid squirting against my hand, Lad's heavy breathing in the quiet of the barn, and his warm doggy smell overpowering the background smell of hay and twine and dust. Every time it came to mind I'd get wrapped up in the fantasy and every time, more and more turned on. Frustratingly so.

Usually I just bent down and reached under, and sometimes I'd kind of curl my free arm around his chest, too, and he'd grab that and hump against it. I liked that feeling; it was more exciting when he seemed to really get into it. But one afternoon, probably an early October day, I decided to lie down and slide underneath him. With my head up under his chest, and his hind legs straddling my waist, I was looking straight up at dog dick, and when I jerked him, the first jets splashed out onto my chest (getting my shirt wet) and onto my neck. I was holding him near the base, he was starting to thrust a little bit, and when I raised my head up just a little, he was aimed right at my face. What a view! It's so weird, I don't know why I'm wired like this, but I loved how it looked, I loved the feeling of the spray against my skin, and I wanted more. I raised up a little higher, scooted forward, and held the tip right in front of my mouth. Jets of dog cum — precum, I guess — were splashing off my face and dripping off now, and as he thrust and jerked around, the stuff was flying everywhere. I was nervous but I was also absolutely determined that I wanted to swallow him. My lips parted, I guided him into my mouth, and there we were. I couldn't pretend anymore that this was anything but sex. I wasn't just jerking him off; my face was getting dog-fucked. He felt the warmth around him, and my hand still around the base, and he humped like mad, not too deep, thankfully (I could control that with my hand), but I had all I could handle just to hold my position and keep from getting jabbed the wrong way as he fucked my face. One part of my brain thought it tasted weird, but a deeper part of me wanted more, and more, and more. He felt so powerful, hammering away at me. I'm not sure how long it lasted. Probably not long. Time went kind of fuzzy for me. He slowed down and stood still, but kept filling my mouth for a long time after, and I gulped and gulped.

Eventually I slid out from under, looking like a mess, and I couldn't stand it; I unbuttoned my jeans and started rubbing myself. Even though I'd just been underneath my dog enthusiastically sucking him off, I was somehow even more nervous all of a sudden that someone would come out and stumble on me with my pants down. But I needed some relief. Lad, who had been curled around licking himself, came over and stuck his nose in where my fingers were and started licking me too. It was a swamp down there, and he got his tongue right in. I lifted up my hips and pushed against him, still rubbing myself while he stood over me. He gave me a few long, fast licks, then lay down and wedged his head between my legs and seriously went to work. Remember I said he really devotes himself to a job? I spread myself for him and squirmed around and he licked every bit of me. It was the first time I'd ever felt anything like that at all, and before long I was seeing stars. I was holding in the noises because I didn't want anyone to hear anything suspicious, but when he tongued over

my asshole a couple of times, I yelped (I was surprised, and couldn't help it). He wouldn't let up, either. Finally I had all I could stand, and I rolled away onto my side. He walked around to look at me, like he was checking that the job was done ok. Yeah, wow, thanks, boy. I scratched him a bit (which he likes, especially the chest fur) and gave him a big hug (which he doesn't like so much, but tolerates) and then just buried my face in his chest fur for a while and breathed in dog while I cooled down. Then: jeans zipped up, back to the house, straight to the bedroom, avoid eye contact with anyone else until dinner time. Also, avoid eye contact and mumble answers to any questions during dinner as well.

The next morning was a Saturday. I went out for a walk after breakfast and just a few minutes after I stepped outside, Lad came up zooming up to me, interrupting whatever he'd been up to earlier. I ruffled his head and we walked for a while quietly, and then he started pestering me — nudging me, circling around me, backing away and giving me a look, coming back in to nudge me again. He backed up and gave me a bark and all of a sudden I was pretty sure it meant "follow me" so I stepped in his direction and sure enough he turned and started leading, checking back over his shoulder to make sure I was coming along. When I realized he was leading us to the barn, I knew what was up. I said, "Hell yeah, Laddie, let's go," and we were both off at a trot. We dashed in the barn, I went over to a pile of lumber where I could sit comfortably a couple of feet off the ground, and I hiked my jeans down. I was still nervous about getting caught bare-assed with the dog, but I knew mom was in town for errands that would take a couple of hours, and dad was working on fence, which would keep him busy 'til lunchtime. I slid my hips forward and Lad was right there, muzzle in between my legs, ears back, licking... not frantically, like you might think, but very determinedly. All over. All I had to do was lean back and enjoy and let out some encouraging noises when he hit the really good spots. Good old Lad figured the game out and soon I was drifting away on waves of doggy pleasure. Everything in my body seemed to get loose and relaxed. I remembered the quick ass-lick I'd gotten the day before... that had been pretty good, and I wanted a change-up from the places he'd been licking so I pulled my knees back a little, scooted forward, and rocked my hips back to see if he'd go there again. Yep. Dog tongue ran up my crack starting almost at the small of my back. I reached down and pulled my cheeks apart a bit — I felt so lewd with my legs back in the air and my ass spread, but I was mostly past caring about it at that particular moment. Lad got the message and tongued across my asshole, then pushed his tongue right up in it. Another weird feeling, but I wanted to keep going, and it seemed like he did too. He had an astonishing ability to get that tongue right up my ass. I rubbed myself up front while he reamed my backside out and I had one more really mind-blowing moment as he went particularly deep, and I pressed myself really hard at the same time. Then I had to say "enough, Lad!" and pull myself back from him.

I hopped down and checked him out and, no surprise, his dick was out, hard and dripping. I slid under, took him in my mouth, and ran my lips right up to the knot, which meant I had really quite a lot of dog dick poking at the back of my throat for a moment. I just wanted to swallow all of it that I could. But I pulled back toward the tip and gave him a little squeeze behind the knot, propping myself up with my other hand and bracing as he dug in and got his hindquarters into it giving me another hard, fast doggy facefuck. The wild part didn't last too long, then he relaxed and just squirted into me over and over. I was a little more conscious than I'd been the last time, and at a certain point I thought I noticed a change in the taste. Didn't matter. Lad was cumming in me, and I was sucking him all down, until my belly felt full of it. At that point I wanted him in me, really in me, coupled as hard and tight as we could get, but I was starting to get nervous about getting caught. I pulled up my pants to make sure at least I wouldn't get caught literally bare-assed, then settled back into sucking. Lad, for his part, mostly just stood there happily squirting while I swallowed and swallowed. I pulled back and let a few jets squirt my face, just for the feeling of it. Things kind of slowly wound down; I gave him some pets and composed myself and we walked nonchalantly outside.

I was dreaming of getting down on all fours under him, but for quite some time, it wasn't to be. I was hungry for it, really hungry, but I was nervous, too. I wanted a good stretch of time when I could be sure of no interruptions, and there just wasn't any opportunity. I took him in my mouth any chance I could get, and lord knows how much collie sperm the horny furball hosed down my throat. It was a generous daily deposit plus a few early morning bonuses when I happened to get up in time for it. The more I had of him, the more I wanted. I loved having my face buried in the soft fur under his belly, totally surrounded by the smell of him, and when he jetted into my mouth, I felt full of him inside and covered by him outside.

We actually gave even that a rest for a couple of weeks, though, when we had an important obedience trial coming up. I was, not without reason, worried that this new twist in our relationship might mess things up when we had to compete together, even though we still practiced every day and I hadn't seen any signs that he was anything other than his usual, eager-to-please self. Less rationally, I had a fear that I would step into the ring with him and suddenly everyone would just know what we had been doing together: "Oh my god! She's absolutely full of dog cum! It's practically oozing out of her! Disqualified!" I knew this was totally ridiculous and could not actually happen, and yet it was still hard to shake the image.

Long story short: We totally aced the trial, and he earned his next title, which we'd been working on for a long time. We got many compliments, and nobody appeared to suspect how much "training time" was spent with his dick in my face. Not only that, miracle of miracles, the very same day afforded me an excellent opportunity as the rest of the family was taking a trip to an auction, but I'd arranged to stay home by myself after the obedience trial and take care of the place until everybody got back the next day. I'd love to tell you that we just went out to the barn and fucked our happy little brains out for the rest of the day, and it's not like I didn't try. We got out there, we fooled around for a while, I got down in position and got his paws up on me, and he couldn't find the target. I mean, he's a smart boy, and eager to please, and he knew he was supposed to be thrusting in that position. I just don't think he had any idea what the object really was. He thrust, poked, and jabbed everywhere. A few times, he got the tip in me, including a couple of surprise jabs in the ass. But he never drove it home, he just kept poking around randomly, and eventually hopping off. I tried to guide him, but still, no luck. I was sweaty and frustrated and decided to call it quits before I got really impatient with him for something that wasn't his fault. I let him lick me out, which he was happy to do. That was nice, but not really satisfying, and after that I just mostly lazed around for the rest of the evening, while he busied himself with his usual routine outside. We tried again the next morning. Same result.

Well, when we're trick training, I use a clicker. For complex tricks, it's the only way I've found that's precise enough to let him know exactly when he's done the right thing. He's super tuned-in to it. So, after lunch, feeling both determined and a bit ridiculous, I took the dog and the clicker to the barn. After playing, petting, and generally frisking around for a while, I slipped my pants off and got on all fours again. I figured if I gave him a click when he hit the mark, after a few times, he'd get the idea.

He was eager as ever, happy to put his paws around me and start humping. I wriggled and squirmed, trying to line things up while also keeping ready to react fast and give him a click at the right moment. God, how I wanted it in me. I was achingly frustrated. But, like I said, determined. So I kept trying to find the right angle or height or whatever would make it go.

And suddenly, it went. He hit the hole. Within a split second, three things happened: I hit the clicker reflexively, he pulled right out again, and then it registered in my mind that the hole he'd hit had been my ass. I didn't have a lot of time to process that fact because he hit it again just another fraction of a second later. In the ass again, just the tip. There wasn't any time to think things over; I gave him a click for it. And that, I decided was enough for now. For Lad, two clicks was enough to

get his brain going, and I wanted to break off on a positive note rather than getting thoroughly frustrated with him again. So I had him hop off me, and we horsed around, just playing for a while. He accompanied me as I took care of some the errands I was supposed to be doing.

No longer in the heat of the moment, I could think things over. I decided I wasn't bothered too much by the prospect of taking him in the ass. It's a pleasantly sensitive spot for me; I had occasionally fingered myself there ever since I was old enough to start figuring out what felt nice, and I had come to enjoy a thorough asslicking as a regular part of my playtime with Lad — one of the best parts, in fact. The feeling when his cock-tip went in there had been intriguing. It was easy to imagine a bit more going a bit deeper and feeling even nicer. Maybe really nice indeed. The idea started to percolate.

Lad's brain had evidently been turning things over too, and he was starting to pester me in his, "Hey, let's go do stuff together!" way. There's no way to know for sure, but I felt pretty certain that he'd been working over in his brain what the clicker had been telling him. Now he wanted to get back to "work." Well, OK.

I wasn't experienced in these things at all; Lad was the only partner I'd ever had, so far as that went. But I wasn't dumb enough to give him a shot at my ass without lubing up first. We happened to have some good lube around for perfectly legitimate veterinary reasons, and I surreptitiously carried some in the house and got my — well, there's no delicate way to say "I got my ass all slippery," but that's what I did. Reaching around and getting a finger in there is just awkward and unsatisfying; it's not enough, I wanted more, I wanted Lad, I wanted to get pounded, not fingered.

I stepped outside. Lad was waiting, somewhat impatiently, right outside the door. I ruffled his head-fur and we took off at a jog. He was dancing around my heels and barking officiously. As we entered the barn, I was aware of the warm, dusty, hay-scented air, and the surprising golden color of the late afternoon sunbeams coming through the slats. It was, honestly, about as magical as you could hope. Lad was not interested in the magic. He was still bouncing around my heels in anticipation. I remember saying, "Let's do it, buddy," as I shimmied my jeans off and got down on all fours, hoping mightily that it wouldn't be yet another disappointing session of tries and misses.

There wasn't going to be any waiting around to find out, because Lad was up on me like a shot, and those front paws grabbed tight around my hips. If there had been any little thoughts in my head about backing out, that grasp would have done away with them. God, it's such a great feeling, being held tight and just absolutely owned like that. His hind feet scrabbled around on the floor between my legs, and I felt the usual, searching jabs. One struck my cheek, too far to the left. Then off to the right. Number three hit me square in the ass, but it went in only maybe a fraction of an inch. I grunted in disappointment as he pulled back, and then number four slammed it straight home hard, and I screamed. No pain at all; I was weirdly relaxed (not to mention lubed up), and it went right in. The scream was a mix of surprise and, mainly, all the pent up tension and frustration pouring out in one big release as he finally nailed it perfectly. In a few more strokes, most of Lad's generous length had slid right up into me and I might have made a sound a lot like "woof" myself as he hit me so hard it knocked some wind out of me. Having found the target, there was no looking back for Laddie Boy. I had thought he was squeezing me tight already, but now those paws cinched around my waist like iron, and he got his hindquarters closer. His back end was hammering away at an unbelievable rate while his brain worked out the necessary angles to get as much dick in me as possible. I shifted myself a little to help him out, and he shoved up a little farther. He wasn't making long strokes, just really fast ones, deep up in me. God, I'd been waiting for it so long. There was no way I could match his pace, but I pushed back against him hard and steady, taking it deep. I felt wetness inside and I thought about those long spurts that would jet out whenever I would jerk him off, or suck him — that was all going up inside me now, filling me up.

I knew Lad's anatomy well enough to know exactly what was happening when his knot first bumped up against me. I didn't have any chance to think about whether I wanted it or not; he had the force to make the decision himself. Somehow, too, I was just totally open to him, so when he gave a massive shove, my ass flexed and he popped in easily. No mistake, there was a whole fucking lot of dog stuck in me now. Lad isn't ridiculously huge like you read about in dumb stories, but his knot's about the size of a lemon, and added to the length he'd already buried, that was plenty enough to make me feel stretched, stuffed, and locked tight to my boy. I felt pressure, fullness, wetness and heat; also, victory. We did it. Lad and me. We did it. He had me totally and completely. I was full of dog, covered with dog, held tight by dog, and I held and squeezed him tight inside me too. He wasn't thrusting anymore. Things had gotten pretty still, at least externally. His feet were still shifting a bit, and he may have been a little nervous about the tie, but in any case he didn't panic. I felt him steadily tensing and releasing, twitching and pumping me full. I leaned forward and let my weight down on my forearms. His hind legs left the floor and he rested his full weight on me. I could imagine his tail twitching as he kept jetting into me. I took a deep breath and the smell of the two of us had saturated the air. Everything smelled like dog and girl and sex. We were both breathing heavily, but otherwise there was hardly a sound to be heard.

I reached between my legs and felt where we were coupled together. He tugged a little bit when I touched him, surprised, I guess, and that got a small yelp out of me. I felt really, really sensitive and even the tiniest moves from him were startlingly intense. I felt myself leak a bit when he pulled, and it ran over my hand, but it was clear he wasn't coming all the way out any time soon. A little rivulet ran up to my navel. I looked back under my chest but I still had my t-shirt on and couldn't see anything. A couple of drops fell off my belly, and I saw where they hit the dusty floor. I really wanted to taste him, and my hand was still wet, but... I couldn't, not after it'd been in my ass. I reached back again and massaged myself slowly from back near my asshole, and the little shaft of dog cock that was still exposed there, all the way forward, and back and forth, back and forth. Like I said, everything was super sensitive, and it only took a light touch to get me whimpering and shuddering and twitching around Lad's cock... then I could relax a minute and do it again. I don't know what Lad was feeling, exactly. I hope it was good. I'd like to believe I really blew his little doggy mind, actually, but I'm not sure he experiences it anything like the same way I do. I wished I had a mirror so I could see the two of us tied together.

I'm not sure how long that tie lasted. Probably not as long as it seemed, but it wasn't just a minute or two either. Eventually he started shifting around and tugging more frequently, though he was still resting his weight on my lower back, and hadn't put his feet back on the ground yet. He'd tug, and I'd feel a little stream of his cum leak out of me, and then another. Each tug was a small shock, not really painful, but on the borderline of being just a little bit scary, because he felt so huge as he pulled back. My hole suddenly seemed impossibly tiny again, and some stupid little part of my brain started imagining us stuck forever. But of course not. There was one more pull that didn't quite make it out, but sent a long spurt of high pressure puppy seed flying out of me as the seal broke for a moment. The pressure in me went down perceptibly, then with one more pull from Lad, he slid right out with an unceremonious plop. His feet hit the ground, his dick bounced and bobbed against the inside of my thighs, leaving a couple of messy streaks, and he ambled a few feet away and began rather noisily cleaning himself up.

I rocked back to a squatting position and my ass let out a stream of Laddie-juice like a wide open spigot. If I'd put a towel under us, it would have gotten soaked clear through. I didn't, though, so it was the floorboards that got soaked, and I would not have liked to have to explain that wet mess on the floor if anyone had been around to stumble across it. With no dog covering me, I found I was suddenly chilly, so I hurried to get all my clothes back on and get inside for a hot shower, leaving Lad in the barn, still evidently preoccupied with his grooming. It turns out that that's typical for him.

He always takes a long time to clean himself afterwards and won't get up and go anywhere until he's cleaned up to his satisfaction. I enjoyed winding down quietly in the hot shower and replaying the scene in my imagination again and again as I worked up a soapy lather and scrubbed all over. I'd gotten what I'd wished for, and it had been more than I ever could have anticipated. More intense, more satisfying, and all-around better. I already couldn't wait for the next time. Much later, I came to realize how lucky we had been to have things turn out so well as they did, but at the time it just seemed natural that Lad and I would connect in the best possible way.

You can guess that wasn't the last time for us. Not by a long shot. In fact, I'm pretty sure we've coupled up just about every way a bright horny dog and a flexible girl can get their bodies together, and if I had the right sort of chromosomes, we'd have a lot of puppies to explain. Kinda glad I don't. He doesn't go for the pussy all that often in any case, though. Maybe it's just because of how things happened to go the first few times, or maybe the angle's better for him... I don't know. I think he's fundamentally just a furry little ass-lover who likes getting his dick stuck up some tight hot shithole. He's got enough brains to aim for what he wants, and no reason to settle for anything other than what he likes best. I'm happy to give it to him; actually, for me, the best feeling in the world is getting down, spreading wide, and letting him take whatever he wants. I've never gotten tired of feeling those paws wrap around me, knowing we'll soon be locked tight.

It's only ever been me and Lad with the exception of one time when a stray showed up at our place. He was much bigger than Lad, more like a German Shepherd build, with mostly black hair, and a really cute face topped with sharp ears, standing up tall. He had a red collar, but no nametag. I didn't recognize him, and I was pretty sure I knew all the dogs nearby. If he'd strayed, he'd come a long way. He was friendly and easy-going and got along OK with Lad and the other animals around the place, so we figured we'd keep him around for a couple of days in case anyone came looking for him, then try to find him a home or get him to the shelter. We get stray or abandoned cats and dogs at our place often enough, but he was the only large, attractive, and intact male dog that I can remember. After getting to know him for the first day, I... well, I was really curious about him, I'll tell you. He was a big fellow, he had a magnetic personality, and there was a lot there to think about. It was going to be warm that night, and I asked if I could take a couple of blankets and have a sleep-out overnight in the barn (nothing unusual, I do it often enough, especially on hot summer nights). What I had in mind seemed a little risky, but I knew I wasn't likely to be bothered or checked on during the night unless I turned on a lot of lights, or made enough racket to wake somebody.

Lad naturally joined me when I carried my stuff out that night (including some books and a flashlight), and New Dog — I was expressly forbidden from giving him a name, lest I get too attached — just as naturally came along too. I made a comfy little nest atop a layer of hay bales, and read one of my books, switching on the flashlight once it got dark. By that time, both dogs were bedded down nearby. I read another chapter. Was it late enough yet? Probably. I didn't want to wait any more. I called Lad over to me; New Dog trotted over with him, and I gave them both some pets and scratches for a while, just to get us all comfortable together. Eventually, my hand strayed to more interesting territory. First Lad got a nice stroke, then I gave New Dog a little rub along his sheath. He didn't object. I rubbed a little more vigorously, and got my first real glimpse of New Dog's dick, which was, put flatly, big. Dauntingly big. I'd gotten in a routine with Lad, which was great, but didn't have quite the same sense of adventure anymore after the first few times. This, once again, felt like exploring new territory, with a little edge of uncertainty to it, and I was really turned on. I'm sure both dogs were well aware of the smell of me. I ducked in to give New Dog an experimental little suck. He stood still and didn't respond much, other than releasing a few copious squirts that splashed against the back of my mouth.

Lad seemed genuinely annoyed by this, and shoved in between us. I was briefly worried about getting caught in the middle of a dog fight, but New Dog was too mellow for that kind of thing and



just stepped aside when Lad pushed in and started to lick my face and neck. "Jealous, boy?" I laughed a little, very quietly. I slid under him and gave him a few strokes and a suck just to be fair. I knew what he wanted, though, and I wasn't in a mood to make him wait too long. I killed the flashlight and got my pants off. There was enough starlight that it wasn't totally dark in the barn, and I could see silhouettes, at least. I got on all fours, Lad got himself in position, and he sank it in me on the third try. That got about half his length up my ass — of course it was the ass, that's Laddie for you — then he pulled back, and slammed forward again with exceptional force, even for him. I can only assume that the presence of the other dog had him riled up, because he put a steel grip on me and pounded me absolutely relentlessly. Maybe due to the sheer ferocity, this didn't last very long. His knot bumped up against me and he simply found an extra little bit of strength somewhere in him and shoved it straight in. I always like the feeling of being taken by Lad, really being owned by him, but this was rough stuff even by his standards. Once he was knotted up in me, though, he seemed to relax significantly. I leaned forward and felt him shift his weight with me, as the familiar wet pressure began building deep inside me.

I was just about to reach back and give myself a rub, but I got a shock when New Dog beat me to it. That is, he had come over to inspect the situation, and he inspected it by running his tongue all over me. Lad was still firmly anchored and happily flooding my ass, and for a moment I was once again worried that he'd freak out and try to turn around and start a squabble with the other dog. I couldn't quite picture what would happen to me in that scenario exactly, but it would almost certainly be bad news for my asshole. Thankfully, Lad seemed to be blissed out, and wasn't at all bothered about anything else that might be going on around my back end. New Dog licked some more, and I shivered. He was getting me really good — that tongue was really something, and it swiped all the way up to where Laddie was tied into me. I imagine that Lad's balls must have been resting on his nose as he licked up my wetness and the trails of Laddie-cum leaking out of my hole. He almost surely must have given Lad's balls and the root of his dick a few licks in the process, but if so, Lad didn't react, he just kept pumping me full, as he so reliably does.

New Dog tried to hop up and mount me, which obviously wasn't going to work. He just managed to hump against my thigh a few times and get me a little wetter than I already was. I was a sloppy, sticky doggy mess, with one dog hosing my insides, and one spritzing my legs and any other bit of me he could jab his cock at. He gave up at least temporarily on getting his dick in anywhere, and went back to licking. I felt a big rippling shudder pass through my body, and then I felt Lad's first tugs as he tried to free himself. A healthy stream of Laddie-cum leaked out right onto New Dog's muzzle. He licked upward to the source of it just as Lad gave another hard tug and pulled himself straight out. The old familiar "plop!" sounded as the suction broke, and the whole mess came pouring out right onto New Dog as Lad, who had really outdone himself for sheer quantity, went and lay down.

New Dog had either been around the block once or twice before or he was a good observer and a fast learner, because he had his paws up on me the exact second that Lad was out of the way, and he got in without any assistance from me — not my ass, thankfully, which had really taking a beating from Laddie. New Dog had a naturally good angle and had little trouble sliding into my wet hole. He was way bigger than Laddie, and however mellow he may have been in general, once he got himself buried in me, he went crazy. I couldn't do anything, really. His hips must have been a blur, and what was really surprising was the length of the strokes he managed. He wasn't just fast, but unlike Lad, he pulled way back before slamming in again. The wet slapping sound was probably not all that loud in reality, but at the time, it seemed unbelievably loud in my ears, and I felt as certain as I ever had that someone was going to hear the noise, come out, and discover me. New Dog had no such concerns, and any thoughts I had of breaking off were abruptly dismissed as a big ball of New Dog knot slid in and grew tight inside me.

I don't know if you've ever had that feeling where you're getting filled with dog cum in one hole while different dog's cum is still dripping out of another hole, but it's pretty awesome, in a dog-slutty way. I definitely felt "slutty," this time. With Lad, there was always a component of love, and friendship; we'd grown up together, after all. By comparison, this was about nothing other than getting dog-fucked, and I couldn't kid myself. New Dog can't possibly have known how much Lad had shot into me, but it was still easy to imagine that he was trying not to be outdone, and given the size of him, each throb and squirt made itself felt.

Unlike Lad, New Dog was not in a rush when he pulled out. I wish I could have seen the gush coming out of me, but as soon as it came, he had his nose up against me again, licking and cleaning until I was too sensitive to take even a single lick more, and I pushed him gently away. Lad, having spotted the opening, was coming over to have a second go at my ass, but I just couldn't. No way. I got dressed, and I cuddled with both dogs for quite some time in the quiet starlight. I don't remember falling asleep, but I remember waking up at about 3:00 to the sound of Lad whining in my ear. His cock was peeking out. He definitely wanted some more ass, but I still wasn't ready for that again yet. I sucked him off, then rolled over and dozed off again with a happy belly full of dog, and eventually got up as usual about half an hour before sunrise.

Later that morning, a car with out-of-state plates pulled into our driveway, and within a few minutes, New Dog was gone from my life forever. I never did learn his name.

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Life's going to get weird soon, as if it weren't already. Lad and I have had a lot of playtime together, and we've both gotten older. I've got choices ahead of me. I want to stay and keep working the farm. My dad wants me to go off to college. He's probably right that there's not a lot of future in a small farm these days, but he also thinks that a girl can't run a place like this anyway, and I want to prove him wrong. I don't know. Maybe I'll go away and study Ag, but would Laddie come with me? I can't see that working. He only knows one home. If I go away, will he still be here for me when I come home? Who would care for him? I don't know how to face the big empty space that'd he'd leave in me. I mean, I know eventually he won't be around anymore... but until then, I want all the time I can have.

Hey, you know, right now it's a warm breezy day and even though we just did it a little while ago, I know he's outside ready for me again. I can think about the big questions later. I'm going to go get my fill of Lad while I can.