

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I was in college for my art degree when I met Eddie through an online community. He had a rough sense of humor and a rough style of art. I don't mean that it was bad; I mean it was brutal, wild, like beard burn on the back of your neck, and the subject matter was savagely risqué. We got on like a house fire. When I wasn't at class and he wasn't at work we'd chat for hours, sometimes in a group, sometimes privately. I learned that we were in the same state and he had a ranch a couple hours' drive from me. We talked idly about meeting up sometime but it never came to pass.

Something you could tell about Eddie just from looking at his work was he liked farm animals and BDSM. We kind of skirted around that a lot. I'd say something about being a collared sub...he'd say something questionable about his relationship with his livestock...and we'd more or less leave it at that. I always suspected he was physically intimate with them. What I never told him was that I envied him.

Life happened and we drifted apart. Five or six years after we lost touch, I found myself thinking about Eddie a lot and decided to reach back out.

Hey...it's been forever but remember me?

The email didn't bounce, but for two days I didn't get a response. I stewed in my disappointment right up until I saw his response!

Howdy, stranger. What have you been up to?

Thrilled, I emailed him back a little about the past few years. How I'd broken up with my long-time boyfriend and was living alone. How I regretted never having met up with him. I don't know what led me to be so coy. There was something about Eddie that screamed "all Dom, all the time" and made me want to please him. Maybe I just didn't want to get ahead of myself. I liked Eddie for Eddie. The fact that the thought of hearing his deep, gruff voice again made my cock swell wasn't the point. Or at least not the main point.

Another day later Eddie replied. He shared a bit about his last few years too. How his mother passed away. How he bought a couple dozen more acres adjacent his ranch to expand his plot. And he agreed that we should have met up back in the day, but...

It's not too late to do that after all. You should come up and we can shoot the shit & catch up for real. It's just me out here most of the time so if you've got a weekend free you're welcome to stay over.

He included his address. I shivered. This is playing with fire I told myself even as I was looking up driving directions. But I'd known Eddie for years. Even after all that time I trusted him.

Yeah. This was happening.

I found a three-day weekend coming up on my calendar and wrote back with condolences (I'm not a monster, come on) and to ask him if I should bring anything in particular.

He wrote back: Depends on what you want out of the weekend.

Ohhhh shit. This was DEFINITELY happening. I cranked one out right there at my desk, and started making plans.

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## SATURDAY

Before I made the drive out to Eddie's place I fasted and cleaned out my ass. I strongly considered wearing a butt plug but I didn't trust myself to drive with one in, so I settled for bringing my old leather collar & cuffs, some lube, and a case of beer.

Eddie had shared photos before but the memory of them didn't prepare me for how tall he was in person. I'm not a tall guy, barely 5'8", and Eddie could have put his chin on top of my head easily. He was in his early 40s by now, a good 15 years older than me, and built a lot like a strongman: thick fat layered over the kind of muscle you get from hard work. His beard had little trickles of gray and he smelled like dust and metal. None of this is what I usually look for in a man, but as we greeted each other in person for the first time, I found that I was into this look regardless.

He showed me around the house and a little around the ranch. The house was a nice old two-story, past its glory days but still warm with being kept up as a home. Out back he had grain fields and pastures all surrounded by woods. He showed me around his barn and introduced me to his horses, goats, and chickens. I don't really like goats except for their meat, milk, and cheese, but I love horses and chickens. Eddie seemed pleased that I knew how to approach them all respectfully.

As we headed back to the house, two huge dogs bounded out of the fields toward us, barking all the way. One looked like a Bernese mountain dog cross and the other looked like he was at least half Rottweiler. Based on the way they were barking & their body language, they were on alert because I was a stranger but also excited to see their master...and, I hoped, to meet a new friend. My face lit up. I dropped to a squat & held out a greeting hand as they charged forward. They crowded right up into my personal space, sniffing and licking and pawing at me.

"That there's Bruno and that's Jimbo," Eddie explained, patting the tricolor and the black & tan in turn. I greeted the dogs by name and they barked happily as if to say yes! That is me! "Good to see my boys approve of you."

"I'm glad too. They're beautiful. And fucking giant. Are they outside dogs?"

Eddie got a look in his eye and smirked. He led us all back to the house. "They come inside as often as I'll allow 'em."

Something in his voice made me bite my lip. His eyes fixed on my mouth for a moment, but then that moment was gone.

We grilled some steaks, drank some beer, cleaned up from dinner, and then sat on the couch passing a hash pipe back and forth, and we chatted the whole time. It was almost like we never lost touch in the first place. The dogs sat on the couch with us. Bruno let me pet his broad, glossy head. It was nice.

And that old question nagged at the back of my mind.

If I hadn't been drunk and stoned I don't know if I ever would have had the courage to ask. In retrospect I'm glad I did. But at the time I felt some trepidation as I asked "So...I've always wondered...do you ever...you know. Get intimate? With the animals?"

Eddie smirked over his beer. "You a cop?" he joked.

I laughed but said "I'm serious! I feel like you were always dancing around it back in the day. I never knew if you were for real or pulling my leg."

Eddie watched me pet his dog before he gave me an answer. That answer came in the form of stroking his way down Jimbo's flank to his sheath. My breath caught. I licked my lips without even thinking about it.

"You wanna know what it's like?"

I nodded. My tongue didn't want to work at first. "I've always...but I never told anyone or did anything about it."

"There's a first time for everything. Come over here, boy."

The sub in me snapped to attention. I scrambled to obey him but then made myself slow down so as not to startle the dog. Eddie grabbed my hand and put it on Jimbo's sheath. It was hot to the touch, and the fur was thin. He made me stroke it slowly, from the tip back to the swell of the dog's unformed knot and onto the huge, furry globes of his balls, back up to the tip. Jimbo lifted his leg to give us access. As Eddie made me speed up, the bright, wet, pink tip of Jimbo's pointed cock slipped out and his hips began to buck. Together we jacked Jimbo until he was completely unsheathed. It was big, but not terrifyingly so, hot and tacky in my hand. I watched in awe as it started to swell and lengthen in my hand. My own cock gave an answering throb.

Then Eddie pulled my hand away. Before I could ask why, he resituated himself to hold Jimbo's still-growing prick up towards my face with one hand...and with the other, he grabbed me by the hair and pulled me down towards it! I gasped in pleasure: if I wasn't hard before I sure was now.

"Taste it."

I opened wide and let Eddie push me down to take the dog cock into my waiting mouth. I sealed my mouth around the shaft and got right to sucking. Eddie was still in control of my head, so I let him force me to bob up and down on it. Musk filled my nose. A few moments later, I grunted in surprise: a hard shot of salty, almost metallic jizz fired off into my mouth! Eddie told me to swallow so I did. He kept fucking my mouth on Jimbo's now-huge cock and I kept swallowing load after load of hot, thin semen. Since my hands were free I thumbed open my fly and pulled out my own dick to stroke. It was puny by comparison. I moaned around the rod filling my mouth. Beyond the pure sensations was a deep satisfaction of being used by a bigger, stronger male's sexual gratification, and another thrill just as deep that we were breaking a taboo.

Eventually Jimbo decided he'd had his fill. When he pulled away, Eddie let him go, and pushed my head up out of the way. He didn't let go of my hair though.

"Lookit you," he said, "first chance you get you're sucking dog cock like an old pro. What a fucking slut you are." I beamed dreamily - he said it like it pleased him.

"You wanna be their bitch? Want me to train you to be a proper dogslut?"

"Yes Sir," I groaned. God yes I wanted it more than anything I'd wanted in my life.

He patted my head. "Good boy. First thing you're gonna do is get your paws off your clit. Bitches only cum from taking cock."

This time my groan was a frustrated one but I obeyed instantly. My dick bounced accusingly.

"Now come back down off that cloud and let's lay down some ground rules."

We hashed out our goals, our limits, and our rules. He wanted to use my ass and mouth and watch his animals use my ass and mouth, which was great because that's exactly what I wanted too. I wanted to get knotted as long and as often as possible. We agreed on no piss or scat, but verbal humiliation would be a huge plus. We chose a safeword. Just because you're jumping into a wild interspecies fuckfest in the middle of nowhere doesn't mean you don't set down rules!

Once we had an accord he told me I'd need a collar. I told him I had that covered. Eddie let me leave long enough to go get my stuff from my bag. I sat up tall as he put the collar and cuffs on me.

"When this is on, you're our bitch until we're done playing or you safeword." I agreed. I was so excited, both to sub for Eddie and to service real live dogs, that I was shivering all over. As soon as the leather straps were belted into place he grabbed me by the hair again and shoved my face into his crotch. "Suck me, slut."

He had a very nice cock. Eddie was uncut like me, and like most things about him he was a lot bigger than me too. I eagerly slurped him down and once again let him control my head to fuck my face on a good hard cock. I gagged a few times when it started to slide down my throat. Despite this, Eddie took me by the sides of my head and pushed me down so I had no choice but to take him to the hilt. My eyes watered and I tried to cough but couldn't around his thick meat, which made me gag, and I heard him hiss in pleasure. My spasming throat must have felt great around his glans.

Soon he took mercy on me and pulled me back to breathe, but not for long. This time he held my head still and bucked up off the couch. My own cock dribbled precum. I hadn't been facefucked in so long and it was such a turn-on to be helpless, just reduced to a hot wet fuck-hole.

"Yeah, eat it, bitch" was my only warning before he shot a huge load of thick semen into my mouth. I drank it down greedily and chased the head of his cock with my tongue to try to lick up more. Eddie let me suck him clean but as soon as I was done he shoved me down onto the floor.

He packed and lit the pipe while catching his breath. "Good job, cumslut. A bitch always eats his Master's load. Come here, I'll give you a treat."

I started to climb up on the couch but he shoved me off again. The pain of banging my elbow on the hardwood floor was fuzzy and dull thanks to the pot. I looked up at my Master and waited.

"No bitches on the furniture, except when you're getting bred," he explained. So I crawled to him on hands and knees, and he rewarded me with a pat. Eddie took a long drag off the pipe and bent down to kiss me. For some values of "kiss." I opened my mouth against his and inhaled as he blew pot smoke out of his lungs into mine.

"Thank you, Sir." I was on cloud (ca)nine.

After two more hits he grabbed the lube I'd brought, got onto his knees behind me, and had me stay on all fours while he fingered my ass. He muttered delicious insults and encouragements to me as I relaxed for him. But it wasn't Eddie I was getting ready for.

"You and Bruno have already gotten acquainted. Time for him to show you who's boss. You better hold still for this, cockslut. He's gonna take your pussy hard."

I couldn't help but whimper. That wasn't a threat, it was a promise. I inched my knees open wider and braced my forearms on the floor.

"Bruno! Breed it!"

That seemed to be the command word. In an instant I felt hot breath on my ass. Oh god, this was really happening. I was about to get fucked by a dog, a real dog. I hoped I wasn't dreaming. Eddie pulled my asscheeks open in offering. Bruno licked my lube-wet hole and it was all I could do to stay still. It felt incredible! That huge, flat tongue was paradoxically soft and rough on my loosened cunt. He licked me there a few times and then down to my balls. My cock had softened from lack of attention but now he started perking back up.

"Breed it, boy!" Eddie commanded.

The massive dog reared up and slotted himself against my back. His claws caught my skin when he wrapped his forelegs around me, but I didn't care. Already his hips were pumping forward to try to find a hole to fuck. Eddie reached under us to make sure he found his mark.

There was a sharp stab, and I yelped in both pain and pleasure. Bruno pounded his entire cock into me all at once, even before my yelp could taper off into a moan. I couldn't believe how fast he got it all in! It was a lot smaller than I'd expected, but I remembered - just as it started happening - that it would grow inside me. Bruno held on tight and pounded my ass like a jackhammer. It was wetter than any fuck I'd ever had from all the precum he was spurting into me. I moaned louder when I felt the knot popping in and out of my hole as it inflated. My hole clenched around it, and finally it was too big to pull out. Suddenly I cried out again: Bruno was cumming in me so hard I could feel it!

Bruno scabbled to make the turn and bring us ass-to-ass. I was worried that he would try to pull out immediately, but it seemed Eddie had this big boy well-trained on how to breed a bitch, because he stood there quietly and unloaded his big heavy balls into my boypussy. I was so full of cock, just filled to the brim, especially right between my anus and prostate. I pushed back, hoping to drive that knot right on top of my p-spot. My skin felt like it was on fire. My hair felt like it was standing on end from head to toe. I was lit up with pleasure like nothing I'd ever known, all from being a dog's breeding-bitch.

There were hands on me, petting me like I really was a dog. I whimpered my pleasure. "Feels good in your little cunt, don't it, bitch?" Eddie growled.

I nodded and moaned, "Yes Sir!"

"Tell me what it feels like, little bitch."

I grasped for words. "It's so big, Sir. It's stretching my pussy wide open and filling it with dog jizz. It's hotter than any human cock I've ever had up my ass, and harder too. His cum shots are so strong I can feel him seed me. My pussy's so wet for him, but...but I don't think his cum can escape right now, Sir, so it's going up in my guts!"

"Good boy, that's where dog cum belongs, deep inside you. I'm gonna get you something to help you keep it inside until we breed you again. Bruno, stay. Bitch, stay."

I couldn't have left if I tried!

I lost track of time. The hardwood floor was hell on my arms and knees but that was worth it for how breathtaking it was to be full to bursting with steely-hard dog dick and to feel my guts getting wetter and wetter with every blast of semen Bruno gave me. I was dizzy with pleasure when Eddie reappeared with a cute little dog-tail butt plug.

"He still breeding you?"

"Yes Sir."

"You taking every drop?"

"Every last one, Sir, it's all inside of me. He's breeding me so full, Sir. Sir please may I cum on his knot?"

Eddie made a show of thinking about it, then knelt in front of me and unzipped his pants again. "You can cum this time, slut, as long as you keep that knot in your cunt. If it falls out of your hole you're not getting off until you're knotted again. Now make that maw useful." And he fed me his cock again.

It had been years since I'd been double-teamed. I always loved getting pounded on both ends. But this was a whole new ballgame. My eyes rolled back as Eddie started fucking my face. Now that I had permission, I grabbed my cock and jacked hard and fast. It only took a few strokes before my toes curled, my ass clenched, and I came harder than I could ever remember cumming before. I must have squeezed Bruno's cock pretty hard while I was making a mess of the floor because he got fidgety. His shuffling slid his dick around in my pussy and I crested the top of orgasm again before I had a chance to come down from the first wave.

"Good bitch, that's a good little dogslut," Eddie praised. "Don't worry, boy, we'll have you cumming just from the knot in no time. But you're gonna clean that up after I feed you."

I made a nod of assent. I wasn't just expecting that, I was looking forward to it.

Around the same time that Eddie came in my mouth and held me there until I swallowed it all, Bruno's cock started shrinking again. The dog leaned forward, tugging his still-huge knot against my hole. I whimpered because I didn't want to let him go. But he got his way when my asshole opened wide to let that delicious, 8-inch ramrod slide out of my well-bred body. I made a worried noise and pushed my ass up in the air to try to keep the jizz from drooling out of my pussy. Eddie was quick to plug me right back up, so I relaxed, stretched my aching limbs (how long was I tied, anyway?), and shuffled around to lap up my own cum from the floor. It was kind of nasty because it had been allowed to cool but that was part of the point: debasing myself to Eddie and becoming subservient to these powerful dogs in every way.

We shared another hit off the pipe. At this point we were just riding the high and keeping it going. Eddie let me lie in his lap while he petted and praised me for a minute or two and I felt like I was back in the clouds. He told me what a good cum dumpster I was, how hot I looked when I was getting fucked by a great big dog, and how proud of me he was that I kept the knot in my dog-cunt. I was Eddie's good bitch, and I was Bruno's good bitch too.

"Something you probably know about bitches already," Eddie said eventually while making me stand on all fours again, "is a bitch can have a litter from more than one sire. If you're gonna get bred, both my boys are gonna get a turn with you."

"A turn, Sir?"

Eddie slapped me for my cheek. I tried not to grin about it. "You know damn well I mean they're gonna fuck your ass morning, noon, and night if they want to. You're their hole to fuck now. They get you whenever they want, unless I'm busy with you."

"Yes Sir!"

I had relinquished my consent to a pair of creatures who didn't understand consent in the first place. I shivered with the thrill of it.

Eddie called for Jimbo. The big Rottie took one good whiff of me and already knew what he wanted me for. He started licking around the plug. My dick twitched lazily as if it didn't really want to wake up just yet. No sooner did Eddie pull the plug out of my butt than Jimbo jumped up on my back. He didn't need orders to know what to do with my hole! He already knows I'm his bitch, I thought ecstatically.

The first few jabs of Jimbo's prick missed the mark. It felt like being poked with a wet stick - not really pleasant. Although having a big black dog on top of me desperately thrusting to try to fuck me was hotter than the Fourth of July. Eddie walked me though how to reach behind me and grab Jimbo's sheath to lead the tip of his dick to my asshole, as he had done for me in my first breeding. The Rottie's pointy cock kissed my cum-soaked, stretched-out anal ring a few times before he hunched close enough to hammer his dick inside. Just as Bruno had done before, Jimbo fucked me in rabbit-fast, bone-shaking thrusts as his cock swelled to fill me up. His powerful, muscular thighs shoved him forward into my sopping pussy while his forelegs squeezed me and jerked me back onto his cock. He was in control of me. I let go of my worries and let him dominate and use me like I was meant to be used.

I almost lost the knot, but was just barely able to reach back and shove it past my hole just before it got too big to go anywhere. It was a close call. My Master would have been angry with me if I didn't get tied!

Once again my ass was blasted with hard jets of semen painting my insides white. Jimbo stayed on my back for a while, shuffling his feet while his balls unloaded in me. He didn't want me going anywhere until he was sure I was gonna be full of his puppies. I didn't want to go anywhere anyway. Once the knot was at its full, excruciating size, it started rocking against my prostate again every time Jimbo squirmed. My cock drooled and grew. I hung my lead to look at my hard-on. It wasn't nearly as wide or long as my Master's and studs' tools. It seemed right to me that their dicks dwarfed mine. A bitch doesn't need a big prick of his own - he just needs to take them.

I had hoped that Eddie would take my mouth again but I guess he was sitting this one out. He was watching avidly, though, and commenting here and there. He helped Jimbo turn when the Rottie decided he'd rested on top of me long enough, then reached under me to tease my cock.

"Nice wet little clit my bitch's got," he said. He played with it a little. His callused fingers sent lightning up my spine. "Is my dogslut ready to cum again?"

"Please, Sir," I begged.

Eddie let go of my dick. I had to keep myself from whining out loud. (Jimbo shot another load of cum into me just then, so I moaned instead.) "Okay, pup, you can cum, but only if you can do it without touching yourself."

Now I did make a frustrated noise. "Sir, I can't..."

"That's the only way you get to cum. You're a bitch now. What did I tell you?"

I sniffled. "Bitches only cum from getting fucked, Sir."

He patted my head. "That's right. Jimbo here is gonna help you get a nice prostate massage with his knot. You want that, little slut?"



“Yes Sir!” I love me a good prostate massage. And with a dog knot? Sign me up!

Eddie wrapped his arms around Jimbo to steady the dog, and told me to brace myself and push back. I obeyed and was instantly rewarded with a wave of pleasure! There was just enough of Jimbo’s dick not buried in my cunt that I could push back and he’d slide deeper into my cum-filled channel...grinding the knot right up against my prostate gland. This was brilliant. Genius. My Master and studs were the best ever!

I rocked back carefully, back and forth, back and forth. Pleasure zipped through my nerves and built to a crescendo. The need to cum was unbearable. A glance down told me my cock-head was flushed purple and weeping precum in a steady stream. I wanted to touch it so bad. Just one stroke, if I could just get one finger on it, I’d pop off like a bottle rocket.

I stayed on that edge long enough that I felt like I was going mad. My breath grew short. I panted out “I can’t, I can’t, I can’t-“

But then I did.

The orgasm started inside me, clutched my balls tight, and made me fire off like a hose. I cried out loud and went cross-eyed for just a second there. When I came back to my senses Eddie was laughing and petting both me and his dog. I could feel the knot start to go down, so I wanted Master that I was going to need the plug again soon. I let Jimbo’s cock slip out of my hole. A trickle of dog jizz leaked out down my balls before Eddie could plug me up. Jimbo was kind enough to lick it up for me, but soon I was squirming away because my own orgasm had left me sensitive.

Eddie stood with his hands on his hips and looked at me. I must have been a wreck: ass all stretched around a plug and wet with spunk and lube; sides and thighs scratched up; face slack; limbs shaking. I felt used up and it was glorious.

“Look at this little fag boy. So desperate for a deep dicking he’ll take it from anyone or anything. You sure do make a good bitch. You like your dogslut training so far, little whore? You enjoy taking dog dick and staying full of their cum?”

“Yes Sir” I groaned. “Thank you Sir.”

“Good,” he nodded. “I think you’ve had enough for tonight. Get some sleep and we’ll do some more training tomorrow.”

I started to go to the guest bedroom where my bag was, but Eddie grabbed me by the collar to stop me. I relaxed completely in his hand. He showed me to his bedroom instead. Bruno and Jimbo were already curled up on a set of plush, oversized dog beds on the floor. didn’t want to sleep next to each other, but I had an inkling that wasn’t the only reason for it. The beds looked soft, if chewed-on. I crawled in between them and tried to fold myself up in the space between their bodies. It was summer and I was surrounded by fur, so I didn’t worry about being cold. Both dogs looked confused about their space being invaded, but after they sniffed around on me a bit, they decided I could stay. I was their bitch, after all.

“Goodnight, Master,” I called when Eddie turned out the light.

“Goodnight, boys.”

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SUNDAY

I didn't get to sleep in much that weekend. The morning after the first night I spent with Eddie I woke up to the biggest surprise of my life.

At some point when I was asleep, the plug had been removed from me, I'd been repositioned with my head down and ass up, and Bruno had started fucking me. I was literally being raped by a dog in my sleep!! I woke up in a hurry but by the time I was fully conscious Bruno had already pounded his entire cock into my ass and knotted me! I was in an absolute panic at first but then Eddie's voice penetrated the fog of my confusion. My Dom talked me down and held me steady. I took a deep breath, recalibrating myself, and tuned into the pleasure singing in my veins.

Getting fucked awake was a lesson: I belonged to Bruno and Jimbo, and they could have me whenever they wanted me. If that meant they woke up randy and wanted to pound my ass first thing in the morning before I was even awake, then my hole was theirs to use. I had been told this before but sometimes a lesson doesn't really sink in until you've experienced it.

The night before had been a haze of booze, drugs, and sex. It could just as well have been a dream had I not woken up getting pumped full of cum by a Bernese mix in a dog bed on the floor! I was fully sober at that point and everything felt much more real.

The knot, for example, hurt more when it first went in and inflated than it had when I was high. But once the pain subsided to a dull ache, the pleasure of how thick, long, and wet the cock was that Bruno was banging into my guts was far sharper too. I'm pretty sure my intestines absorbed a lot of the semen I'd had inside me Saturday night, but my pussy was still wet, and Bruno was giving it his all to make it wetter! I loved that feeling and focused on it when my dog master turned and stood to fill me up with cum.

Jimbo seemed to get impatient about getting his turn on top of me. He shoved his big blocky head right between our asses and licked where Bruno's dick protruded from my hole. I swear I could have come from that but Master didn't give me permission yet. This time there was no pause between breedings to need the plug: the instant Bruno's knot popped back out of my cunt, Jimbo jumped up on me. He was trying to fuck me even before Bruno's dick was all the way out! I groaned out loud as the sheer eroticism of these muscular males trading their dicks out, and wondered briefly if it was possible to get DPed by dogs. Probably not a great idea because of the knots, I decided. But soon Jimbo was banging away at my ass like a screen door in a hurricane and I couldn't think of anything beyond how fucking huge his cock was getting. I could swear I was gonna feel it in my throat if he humped even a little bit harder. He kept humping me for a few minutes even after he tied me, and that was exquisite. Especially considering he was cumming up my ass at the same time! He fucked me hard enough to stimulate my prostate so I begged Eddie to let me cum too. He took his dick out and made me suck it before ordering me to cum. I couldn't do it at once - it was very frustrating to not be able to obey Master instantly - but eventually I got there. In the back of my head I felt bad about shooting my load all over the dog bed, but Bruno cleaned that up before anyone else could make a decision about it.

The Rottie gave me every drop of spunk his handsome balls could pump out. We were tied for a nice long time...I never found out how long exactly, but it was long enough to be satisfying. Eddie, on the other hand, did not come in my mouth this time. He was biding his time. When Jimbo pulled out of me I found out what for. Eddie took the dog's place behind me, put his nice broad cock into my boypussy, and treated me to a good hard fuck.

The contrast between a dog's brief humping and then holding your cunt hostage through the tie and

a human's long, constant drilling ending with a relatively small amount of jizz is pretty stark when you experience one after the other. I don't know that I liked one more than the other; getting both was very, very nice. Eddie made me howl like a madman with how long and hard he fucked my ass. For a guy creeping up on middle age, he had excellent stamina and strength. He slapped my ass and pulled my hair and called me his little cum-filled faggy dog-whore and I agreed as loud as I could. I wanted to cum again but it was too soon, even though the prostate stimulation sent shockwaves through me that were almost like orgasm. I spent a pleasant while sweating and whimpering under Eddie's fast-paced anal assault before he, too, blew his load inside me, adding his thick cum to what felt like (but couldn't possibly be) quarts of dog semen already stuffed up there.

Then at last he plugged me and told me to shower and come down for breakfast.

After our meal I was helping clean up (because I was a guest, not a deadbeat!) when my dishwashing was interrupted by a cold nose between my cheeks, followed by a hot wet tongue exploring around the plug. I was still wearing nothing but my collar and cuffs, after all. Eddie chuckled & told me bitch duty came before dish duty, so I took the plug out and let Jimbo have his way with me right there on the kitchen floor. I swear I reached some form of altered consciousness. In those long moments I was being bred while Eddie scraped eggs off a pan I felt more like an animal than a human. (Yeah, I know, humans ARE animals...you know what I mean.) My lust for these dogs stopped feeling kinky and started feeling...natural. I was where I was always meant to be.

The only time Eddie took the collar off me and let me put on clothes was when he took me out to help him with some errands around the ranch. A Dom/sub relationship is no reason to get stickerburrs in your feet. I helped feed livestock, haul hay, collect eggs, various other chores. It was work, but it was peaceful. It felt like we were the only two humans around for miles in any direction, and I was only that with the collar off.

I also got some time to play with the dogs in the more traditional sense. At first I worried that they would try to knock me over and breed me right out in the pasture, but they wanted to run around and play, not fuck. Eddie explained that part of training a stud to breed right is to make sure he only does it where it's allowed. In other words, they knew they could only fuck me inside the house. They were both sweet, good-natured dogs (though I didn't doubt they took their duties as guardians seriously) it felt great to get to bond with them this way.

After lunch we cleaned up again. I hated to do it but the human body being what it is, I had to wash my ass out again. Such is life! But I didn't have to wait long to get loaded back up. I brought Eddie my collar, he put it back on me, and over the next several hours I got mounted and knotted over and over again. I was only permitted to get around by crawling on all fours, so Jimbo & Bruno had the upper hand. There were times when I couldn't even go three feet after ending a tie before I was pounced on and pounded again! Eddie took my mouth and ass a few times too, and I made sure it was good for him. By evening I was exhausted, sore, and feeling bloated from all the cum inside me. It was pretty awesome.

Eddie introduced me to a piece of furniture which he hauled into the living room: a breeding stand. It looked a lot like a kneeling massage table. He helped me get situated on it (it was angled so I could see the TV). This one had places for him to latch my cuffs and collar down so I couldn't go anywhere. I bucked and tugged to test the restrained. They held fast. My heart hammered in my chest.

"Sometimes a bitch gets too rowdy so he has to get restrained," Eddie explained. The dogs were already sniffing around me. "Can't help but notice you squirm around an awful lot. This'll help you learn to stay still."

And with that, he sat down on the couch with a beer, put on a movie, and almost completely ignore me for the next two hours while I was bred nonstop! The dogs had me right where they wanted me so they took turns fucking me and pumping my pussy full of their puppy batter. There was so much in me that cum gushed out a little every time one of them pulled his knot back out. I knew I was probably supposed to pay attention to the movie, but to tell you the truth I can't even remember which one it was. I was too distracted by being traded back and forth from one massive, spurting cock to the other. It was truly ludicrous how many times these boys could go in a day!!

Jimbo was tied to me when the movie ended. Eddie said it was time for my next dogslut lesson. He guided Bruno over to the front of the breeding bench and encouraged him to mount...my head??

"A good bitch makes all his holes available to his studs and Master. You know how to service a human with your mouth, and you know one way to service a dog with it, but now it's time for you to learn how he wants you to do it. Open wide."

I did as I was told. Eddie guided Bruno's cock-tip to my lips the same way he'd guided it to my cunt before. Bruno recognized a fuckable hole and started ramming his cock down my throat!

"This is one time you don't wanna take the knot," Eddie warned me while I choked on dog dick. The knot did get shoved into my mouth a few times, but Eddie was on the lookout, and he held Bruno tight behind the knot so it wouldn't get locked behind my teeth and suffocate me. Bad enough the dog was still fucking my face and his huge cock was swelling up in my mouth and throat! But as soon as he stopped humping I knew what to do. I sucked that cock for all I was worth, tonguing and slurping it, swallowing the mouthfuls of cum I collected from it. This late in the day after so many breedings the studs weren't lasting as long, but at least I got to spend a few minutes sucking that beautiful red and gray rocket.

"Good slut." Eddie rubbed Bruno's cock all over my face before letting him go. I made a mental note to ask for a facial at some point. "You think you learned your lesson about staying still?"

"Yes Sir," I panted, "I'll be good." At this point I was so worn out from being fucked and bred for hours on end that rowdiness would NOT be an issue. Not from me!

Eddie stuck two fingers in my asshole and pulled it open wider. I could feel that I had a pretty nice gape going on if I moved my muscles right. He unlatched me from the bench and made me stand up. "Good. I've got something extra-special in mind and I think you're ready for it."

He got a flashlight and led me to the barn. It wasn't full dark yet, but the sun was setting so the inside of the barn wasn't exactly well-lit. What were we doing in here? Eddie brought me into one of the stalls with a horse I'd met the day before, Friedrich. He was a handsome tobiano quarter horse who didn't make the cut in barrel racing, but was strong enough for Eddie to ride. He was also ungelded.

The moment I started to worry was when Eddie took my hand and put it on Friedrich's sheath. He guided me in stroking it and the stallion's balls the same way I did Jimbo that first night. I kept giving Eddie worried glances but he kept making me stroke the horse's sheath, and then once it dropped out, his cock.

I had to admit, it felt lovely. Thick and a little rubbery. It was very pleasant to touch. That didn't mean I wasn't still extremely worried about the size.

"Go on, get under him. Face his head."

I also have to admit that I squeaked. "Sir it's too big!" Immediately I flinched - I shouldn't have talked back - but I was scared of it!

But Eddie just rolled his eyes and grabbed Friedrich's cock. It was still floppy but now completely out of the sheath, hanging in a fat, pendulous arc towards the earth. "Look at it, slut. It's no bigger around than Jimbo's knot and you've taken that plenty of times just since lunch. You wanna be a good bitch or not?"

I bit my lip & frowned at the horsecock. I nodded & said quietly, maybe a little petulantly, "Yes sir, I wanna be a good bitch."

"You think you're still not loose enough for it?"

I swallowed and shook my head. "No Sir, I...I wanna be a good bitch but I'm not ready for that yet."

Eddie nodded. "All right. Then let's make you ready." He shoved me up against the wall, knocked my feet apart, took his cock out, and stuffed it up inside me. Even as sore as I was it felt good and I was moaning in seconds. I felt an extra stretch probing at my cunt as Eddie fucked me. Looking back I saw he was putting a finger in alongside his dick. When he got one in, he pulled back and added another. He used those fingers to stretch and pull my puffy rim while his thick cock slammed into the squelching wetness of my hole. I begged him to let me cum, but he said I wasn't allowed unless I took it from Friedrich. What a cruel Master! He knew I needed it! But thinking back, when we were setting our rules, he said he wanted to have my mouth and ass used by his animals...now I knew that didn't just mean his dogs! And I'd agreed to it!

I could still safeword out. I could say one word and he'd take the collar off me inside, and wrap me up in a blanket and it would be over. Did I really want it to be over?

Eddie had always made sure the dogs didn't hurt me. Surely he'd make sure Friedrich didn't hurt me either.

And... yeah, I was curious.

Okay. This was happening.

I relaxed into Eddie's powerful thrusts, sighing in bliss as he drilled my hole and finally gave me his load. He held me flat against the wall. Oh god, he really was strong enough to do that for real. If I had really wanted to get away he could force me to stay easily. But with Eddie, it was always my choice. I trusted him.

"Now you're ready," he declared, and I agreed with a pleasant, "Yes Master."

"That's more like it. God damn you're such a fucking slut. All it takes to give you an attitude adjustment is a good hard fuck. Remind you of who's boss. Now get under there, boy, you're gonna get a treat."

I had seen a few beastly videos of men and women getting fucked by stallions but at the moment I couldn't think of how the logistics of this were going to work. Lucky me, I had Eddie there to get me into position underneath Friedrich. I listened to Eddie jack Friedrich's cock again. The horse snorted. Something heavy swung up and smacked the back of my thigh...that was a foot and a half of erect horse dick! Friedrich surged forward. I nearly stumbled but planted my feet apart. The stallion gave me a few long thrusts to try to find a hole to fuck. I couldn't see but I'm pretty sure Eddie helped guide him to the right place. My cunt must have been looser than I thought because once

Friedrich found it he humped forward and fucked his way right in! I'd never been so full in my life! I wailed, he whinnied, he kept surging forward to force more and more of his great thick meat into my passage. Vast amounts of dog cum made it easier on us both. Two more deep, hard thrusts that jerked me around like a puppet, and he reached a part of my ass no one and no object had ever touched before. I cried out again and came, impaled on a solid foot of cock!!

"Here comes your treat," I heard Eddie say just as my cock was firing off. Just as I spurting, so did Friedrich...and it was like someone put a fire hose up my ass!! It was only a couple of bursts, but each of those blasts was immense. Just an unthinkable amount of cum all at once! I could feel the tip of his cock get bigger the way the dogs' cocks inflate, too. It hurt, but who cared when I'd just taken the biggest, most ridiculously huge load of my life?!

Friedrich kept his monster dick inside me just long enough for me to catch my breath. It softened quickly and fell out of my ass along with a little gush of dog, human, and horse sperm. It was deeply gratifying to know that I had been loaded up with the DNA of three different species in one evening. I had half a mind to offer my cunt to Master's goats just to round it out.

Eddie patted my shoulder & head. "See? You should trust your Master. He knows what's good for cock-hungry cumsluts like you. Let's go back in and lock up."

As it turned out, the smell of horse cum apparently excited the dogs, and they squabbled a little over who would get to put his dick back up in me first. Bruno won out. I petted his fur while he took me. His balls didn't have much left to give after the day's fuckfest so he didn't stay tied to me long; in fact he didn't even turn. It was the same with Jimbo. He gave me a good hard humping but his knot went down after only a few minutes. Just as well; I was exhausted. Eddie made me eat dinner sitting on the floor, but he also let me sit on a pillow to spare my poor used-up ass. We cleaned up dishes and then ourselves, and bedded down - him in his actual bed, me curled up with the dogs.

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## **MONDAY**

The third day I woke up brutally sore which was made worse by the fact that Eddie was fingering my ass in my sleep. I didn't say anything, just hummed and tried to find it pleasurable. It felt like he'd lubed me up, that or a bunch of semen from Sunday had dripped down to slick my entrance, and either one of those was exciting. He climbed on top of me and fucked me slow and hard. My cock got on board with it pretty quickly. Bruno came by to investigate so Eddie jacked him to get him unsheathed and made me hold & suck it while he fucked me. I got another few mouthfuls of cum before my stud pulled away, then I settled back down and let my Master use my body for his pleasure. I didn't get to cum this time, but I did get to collect his load deep in my ass.

Jimbo wanted my boypussy immediately after breakfast so of course I let him have it. He humped me so hard I could barely stay upright, stayed on top of me for the first few minutes of the tie, and then once he pulled his deflating knot back out...he jumped right back onto me and shoved his cock back inside! That was kind of a shock because it was still much bigger than when it usually went inside. It was a pleasant kind of shock though.

Once again we took the collar off for me to help with ranch chores, but afterward it went back on again. I almost wanted to visit Friedrich again but I needed to give my ass time to recover. Instead I spent three hours bound to the breeding bench getting pounded, tied, and seeded. The dogs had me for the most part, but as before Eddie used me whenever he felt like it too. He used a dildo shaped like a horse cock on me while the dogs were taking a break. There was something meditative about

the whole thing. I didn't have to worry about making decisions or choices. All I had to do was kneel there and take what I was given - to let them have what they wanted to take. I think at one point I actually nodded off while stuffed to the brim with dog cock!

As much as I might like to just move right in and be their full-time sex toy, I had to get going. We set up another weekend stay later that same month before I left. It's been a regular thing ever since. I don't think I'd call any of them my boyfriends. We care a lot about each other but it's a very specific kind of relationship: Eddie is my Master, Bruno, Jimbo, & Friedrich are my studs, and I am their dogslut bitch.

It was strange coming back to my life in the city after my weekend on the ranch. The pace was different, the demands were different, even the exhaustion was different. I hadn't even realized just how much stress I was under on a given day. But now that Eddie and his studs were in my life, I knew I only had to carry that burden as long as the next trip to the country, when I could lay all that down on the door, take off my mask of civility, and put on my collar instead.

**End**