

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

My life changed on a Friday, just after I'd turned eighteen and recently moved into a new life. That's how I liked to think of it. After leaving the modest village where I'd grown up, I'd moved to the modest town where I'd be attending community college. I wanted to be a graphic artist or something, I wasn't really sure, but I liked art and I was kind of good at it anyway. So those were the kind of classes I took while I worked part time at Sears, dressing mannequins and putting up decorations and displays, stuff like that.

It wasn't a bad job, even if it only paid enough for my rent and just enough food to keep me from starving. My parents sent me a little every month and I'd be okay, except I was lonely. I mean, it was a new town and I didn't really know anyone except my landlady. She was an older woman, divorced, and renting out the small apartment above her garage. It wasn't much, but I could afford it and the hard part had been convincing her to let me have the place.

"You're not a hussy, are you?" she'd asked me, and I'd blinked and reddened and wondered how anyone could be that rude.

"N-No ma'am," I stammered. "I'm, uh...I've never...I don't..."

"Hmph," she snorted, looking me up and down.

I found myself wishing I'd worn something other than my ragged cut-offs and the little pink t-shirt that showed off my belly button. This had been during the summer though, the dog days of August, and just standing in the shade of her front porch had been hot enough to make me sweat. I sure wasn't going to walk around town dressed in my Sunday best and it wasn't my fault that I'd grown up to be more than a little attractive to most folks. My landlady, the Widow Perkins, was the sort of old woman who found that suspicious, like beautiful was just trouble waiting to happen.

"I'm a virgin," I'd confessed later that long afternoon, blushing all the more because a thing like that wasn't anyone's business but my own. "I don't even have a boyfriend anymore."

"What happened to him?" the Widow asked, peering down her nose with old, grey eyes like I might have buried him in my backyard.

"He joined the army," I told her truthfully. "They closed the mill and there aren't a lot of jobs back home, so..."

"You look like a hussy to me," she sniffed. "I'm not surprised the boy run off."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am." I looked down and frowned at my rather large, firm breasts and kicked myself mentally for not wearing a bra at least. "I guess I'll be going and, um...Thank you for the lemonade and everything."

"Hold on now, Missy..." The old woman had changed her mind, perhaps realizing that I really wasn't any sort of hussy at all, but only a girl fresh out of high school looking for a chance.

"Thank you so much." I smiled and signed the simple rental agreement half an hour later, giving Mrs. Perkins very nearly all the cash I'd brought with me. I wouldn't be moving in yet, I'd go back home and get my things first, but I was moving for sure and I felt pretty nervous and somewhat relieved.

"I'll be keeping an eye on you," she warned me. "And you'd best keep an eye on some of the boys

around here.”

“Ma’am?”

“You might want to cover yourself up some,” the Widow said with a cluck of her tongue, looking up and down my long legs which just as tanned and toned as the rest of me.

“Yes, Ma’am.” I nodded seriously, pulling some blonde hair out of my blue eyes.

I won’t pretend any false modesty because I know what I look like, but I’d learned to deal with boys and even full grown men. My old boyfriend, the one in the army, had tried hard and often to get into my panties, but I’d managed to fend him off. A little kissing was nice and occasionally his hands would wander to find my breasts, but that was as far as we’d gone for the two years we’d dated. My sex drive had never been much to brag about, unlike some of the girls I’d known in school. Doing more than kissing just didn’t interest me a whole lot, although I’d been sorely tempted to give my boyfriend a little more than that as he’d gotten closer to shipping off for boot camp.

I’d ended up giving him a hand job in the backseat of his daddy’s car. That had been the first and only time I’d seen an erection in my life, and certainly the only time I’d ever touched one! I hadn’t done a very good job of jerking him off probably, but he hadn’t complained and I did kiss him nice and let him play with my tits through my sweater. When he started cumming it had surprised me, just because I’d had no idea what to expect really. It had seemed kind of disgusting and I’d wiped that stuff off my fingers in a hurry.

That was the full extent of my sexual expertise as I walked home from work late one Friday evening.

“Oh!” I stopped walking as a large, shadowy figure crossed the sidewalk in front of me.

It was a dog, I realized, and a large one too, although I couldn’t say for certain what breed it might have been. I’d never owned a dog, but of course I knew people who did and I wasn’t afraid of them or anything. At least, not the nice ones, you know. This dog seemed nice enough, since he was largely ignoring me. He’d crossed the path in front of me and found an old maple tree, sniffing around it while I watched and then relieving himself the way dogs do.

I stood there for a moment and then started walking again. I’d seen several dogs around the neighborhood in the few weeks I’d been living there, but I didn’t remember seeing this one before. Not that I should have, I mean. He was just a dog. So long as he wasn’t rabid or anything, I felt pretty content to let him go his way while I walked the last couple blocks to my apartment above the Widow’s garage.

“Nice doggy,” I said, feeling suddenly nervous as he approached me. “Good boy. Uh...Go home now. Go on.”

When I’d started walking, he’d lifted his head at the clicking of my heels on the sidewalk. Even though I was just an assistant in the Sears art department, I still had to wear the uniform that all the sales girls wore in case a customer happened to see me. That wasn’t so bad anyway, being a modest blue skirt and matching blazer with a white blouse. I thought it looked kind of nice and I wore a pair of sheer pantyhose and my underwear too, of course. And close-toed shoes, cheap ones from Pay-Less in black leather with two inch heels. I had my purse and it was still early autumn, so the evenings were cool, but hardly cold.

Anyway, the dog had noticed me and then he'd come walking over as I'd stopped once again. I seemed to remember hearing that you shouldn't run from a dog for some reason, or maybe that's bears, but either way I'd stopped moving. I remained very still and when he came close enough I extended my left hand slowly, trying not to show any fear. He was a big dog though, as I said, his shoulders reached my hips and his head nearly to my breasts as he stood there. His legs were thick and he looked healthy, very strong and muscular beneath his dark fur, and his eyes seemed to glow amber beneath the streetlights.

"Nice doggy," I repeated as he bent his nose to my fingers, sniffing at them and even giving my hand a cautious lick. I swallowed hard as I saw his teeth, long and sharp as his rough, wet tongue slipped between them.

After a few seconds of that, he stepped even closer and I felt a small jolt of adrenaline, a shot of genuine fear as the dog pressed his nose to my left leg just below the knee. He sniffed me there and lifted his head, dragging his nose up my stocking until he reached the hem of my skirt.

"Stop," I said, but not forcefully. I cleared my throat as his nose went under my skirt, actually lifting it slightly as the animal continued to explore my leg.

"No!" I said, taking a step backward and then another as he stood there. "Go home!"

He ignored that and I looked over my shoulder as the animal circled me slowly. He sniffed at the back of my knees and the under my skirt again, with his snout reaching for my butt, and I swatted at him nervously. I started walking away and the dog watched me for a moment, and then turned his head as if looking around. The night was very quiet though and there was little to occupy his attention, except for me. He started following me, not quickly, but matching my pace and staying perhaps a dozen feet behind me all the way to my apartment.

Naturally, I felt pretty nervous by then. A strange dog had followed me home, a very large one, and I wasn't sure why. I'd never been the sort of girl who collected pets or anything. I'd had a cat, but she hadn't been much of a pet. Cats rarely are, in my opinion. I'd had a goldfish too, but there isn't a lot you can do with a fish, except forget to feed it once too often and then give it a tearful burial down the toilet. So this was a new experience, being followed by a dog, and I while I felt nervous and even a little frightened perhaps, I think most people would understand when I say that seeing a stray pet tugs at the heart strings.

I mean, there's a natural affinity between humans and certain animals, like dogs, for example. I suspected that he was probably lonely, and hungry too, and maybe lost. A large dog like that must belong to someone, even without a collar to prove it. He certainly looked healthy enough and didn't stink of garbage or anything like that. The dog was reasonably clean and well groomed. So I figured someone was probably missing him and he hadn't barked at me, or even growled. I wouldn't say he acted overly friendly, definitely not playful or whatever, but he wasn't being mean either.

So, I did what most people would do under the circumstances. I climbed the stairs to my apartment, unlocked my door, and looked down to see the dog sitting patiently on the paved driveway staring up at me. He even wagged his tail when he saw my face, I swear. Just a little wag, nothing too enthusiastic, but I had to smile at that. He seemed to smile back at me, but of course he didn't. That would only be my own loneliness asserting itself, because it had turned out to be a bit harder living alone in a strange, new town than I'd expected.

"Okay." I patted my thigh. "You want something to eat?"

That invitation seemed to be all the dog was waiting for and he climbed the stairs slowly, bobbing

his head up and down and wagging his tail from side to side. He seemed to be pretty well-trained, I thought, or maybe well-mannered is a better way to say it. Do dogs have manners? I guess they do, judging from the way this one was acting. He didn't run or bark, and I was glad of that because I wasn't entirely sure if I could have a dog in my apartment or not. I'd have to check my lease, but I wasn't keeping him anyway. This would be a one night deal and then I'd find his owner and get him back to where he belonged.

That was my plan anyway.

"You're going to be a good dog, right?" I asked him, closing the door after he'd walked into the apartment.

He wagged his tail and looked around, sniffing the air.

I had a small place, no doubt about it. One large room served as my living room, dining room, and bedroom all in one. The apartment had come furnished with old, but comfortable furniture. I slept on a hide-away sofa, except it had become kind of annoying to pull the bed out and put it back everyday, so mostly I slept on the sofa and left the bed folded up inside it. I had a couple end tables with lamps, a coffee table that I used for a dining table since I was using that for a desk and all my homework sat on it. A small television on a small stand and a bookcase with old, worn paperbacks and magazines from twenty years before I'd been born completed the room.

The place had a full bathroom with a real bathtub, which had surprised me, but I was glad to have it. I like taking baths more than showers. And I had a little kitchen with a refrigerator and a two burner stove, and just enough counter space for my toaster oven. It had been a present from my only brother. A toaster oven. I guess it was probably a good idea, and I did use it a lot, but that had been about the last thing I'd ever expected to get for my eighteenth birthday the previous June.

"No collar, huh?" I frowned at the dog as I kicked off my shoes. "Okay, let's see what we've got. Are you hungry?"

That was a silly question. All dogs are hungry, right? I felt a little hungry myself and I didn't have a whole lot of food in my refrigerator, but I had some pot pies in the freezer and I figured one of those would probably make him happy. They aren't really that tasty, but they are cheap, and so I turned on the oven to preheat it and that would take ten minutes or so.

"Hey! Uh...Okay, nice dog..." I blinked over my shoulder as the animal startled me, pushing his nose once more to the back of my knee.

He gave my leg a lick through the sheer panty hose I wore and then surprised me with a soft growl. I frowned and turned around to face him. He really was very large and his presence made the kitchen seem even smaller than it was. I felt my heart beating a little faster and I hitched a sharp breath as the dog's nose pushed its way between my thighs and up, under my skirt.

"Stop that!" I told him, scolding the animal and reluctantly pushing my hands against his thick neck. "Be nice! Good doggy, remember?"

I really hoped he wouldn't bite me or something. I didn't try to grab him, but only pushed the dog back. He surprised me by not resisting at all. He let me push him away, giving me his amber eyes and a curious cock of his head. He licked his lips, or whatever dogs have, and stood there while I tried to figure out what I was going to do with a dog that was nearly as big as I was. Actually, the dog was probably bigger than me, if you think about it in practical terms.

He must have weighed somewhere around 125 pounds, maybe even more than that, while I was all of 110 soaking wet. If he'd stood on his hind legs, the dog probably could have looked me in the eyes, or close to it. I'm about 5'6" barefoot and just because I stood on two feet instead of four, I didn't feel superior to the animal. Not at all.

I was rather intimidated by him actually, simply because he was large and plainly very muscular, very athletic, if you can imagine such a thing. I could see his muscles ripple beneath his short, black fur when he moved and I imagined this was the sort of dog that had been bred for hunting or something like that. He didn't seem to be the sort of pet who would be content to lie down all day at his owner's feet, put it that way. And not only because he was so strong, but the look on his face, the steady gaze of his amber eyes...He had some strange confidence, it seemed to me. The dog wasn't afraid of me, he wasn't intimidated, and I got the impression that he was just kind of observing me, you know? Like maybe he was trying to figure out what to do with me.

But that didn't make any sense and I dismissed my thoughts immediately, walking around him and out of the kitchen. I wanted to change clothes as I'd been wearing my Sears outfit for some six hours already, and my bra was annoying and my feet hurt, and I really wanted to take a bath. Once I got the pot pies in the oven I'd have forty minutes to relax in the tub and then we could eat and watch some television maybe and just go to sleep. That seemed like a good idea to me anyway.

"What's your name, boy?" I wondered, looking at the dog as he sat down on the thin carpet, content to watch me as I removed my blazer. "I have to call you something, huh?"

He just looked at me, his heavy tail thumping on the floor as I spoke. He seemed to like the attention, as anyone would, I supposed.

"How about Jack?" I wondered with a smile. "You're black anyway."

The dog didn't seem to care and I draped my blazer over the sofa and started unbuttoning my blouse.

"I guess it doesn't matter, does it?" I said. "We'll get you home tomorrow."

The next day, Saturday, was a day off for me. I didn't have school or work on the weekends and that would have been nice, but for the fact that I really had nothing better to do. Weekends, at least my first few in that new town, were rather boring. I guess that's obvious though, since I was spending my Friday night cooking chicken pot pies and talking to a dog. Too much of that, I thought, and I'd be ready for the funny farm.

"Don't look, okay?" I laughed lightly, getting another wag as I removed my blouse from my slender shoulders.

He did look though, and strange as it may seem, I felt somewhat self-conscious standing there in my bra. I still had my skirt on, of course, and my pantyhose, but from the waist up I wore only the thin white lace of my bra and the dog was staring at me with his curious amber eyes. Intelligent eyes, I thought for no particular reason, except he reminded me somehow of the men back home who'd stared at me as I'd walk by. I'd never been comfortable with that sort of attention. The hungry, desperate gaze of the boys in school, and even some of their fathers as I walked around town, had always made me feel small and vulnerable.

The dog reminded me of them, but I didn't know why. I tried to laugh it off. He was only a dog, an animal, and perhaps he wanted some dinner and a scratch behind the ears later, a warm place to sleep on the floor. But he was only a dog and I felt silly worrying over his watchful interest. I

reached behind me to find the clasp of my bra and undid it easily, so that the shoulder straps were immediately loose and the cups only barely covered my breasts.

He licked across his sharp teeth and cocked his head in that curious way I'd seen before, and I realized his eyes weren't on my face any longer. They had been, while I'd spoken to him, but now he was looking lower, staring at my partially exposed breasts. With my naturally thin build they look larger than they really are. My breasts are firm too, proud and topped with dark nipples that could be difficult to hide at times. My boobs had certainly earned me more attention than I'd been comfortable with back home. Even now, around college and at the store where I worked. I'd gotten some long, lingering looks from strangers and I'd ignored them, but I couldn't have expected such a thing from a dog!

He was looking at my tits, I was sure of it, and I had no idea why. I'll admit I'm no expert on dogs, but I'm no dummy either. Perhaps it was just my bra, the way it fell loose and probably looked odd to the animal. The movement probably caught his attention, I thought, but even so I felt myself warming all over. I turned my back to him without really thinking about it, except no man had ever seen my breasts naked. He wasn't a man though, I reminded myself, just a dog. All the same, I felt very shy suddenly and I didn't like his eyes on me, so I turned and considered undressing in the bathroom.

The silliness of my mood is what stopped me. It's one thing to be embarrassed, but quite another to have no reason for it. I felt kind of stupid actually and I rolled my eyes at myself. The dog was looking at me, so what? Was I some sort of male-phobe, or whatever the correct word for being afraid of males might be, did I fear men so much that it extended to dogs? No. I wasn't afraid of men. I merely had little interest in them, aside from my boyfriend, and he'd been...What?

"Expected," I sighed, trying to forget the dog behind me as I pulled my bra off my arms.

"You're the prettiest girl in school," my mom had told me more than once. "I don't know what's wrong with you."

"When are you going to get a boyfriend?" my dad wondered, having mixed feelings on the subject. He didn't want me to have one, but he wanted me to want one, you know?

He'd been happy enough that I'd shown no interest in dating, until it became peculiar. People wondered about me, being sixteen and very pretty and without so much as a single date to my name. And so I'd gotten a boyfriend, a nice one, and a boy I knew to be harmless. It had been fun and I'd enjoyed our two years together, our junior and senior years in high school, but I'd kept him at an arm's length all the while. He'd talked of marriage just before leaving for the army and I'd shaken my head at that.

Someday, sure. I wanted a husband and children, but not yet. I didn't know what I wanted. I had to figure out who I was first, that's what I was thinking, and why I'd left home and found my own place. My own job and a new school. I didn't feel like an adult, you know? I was still waiting for the lightning to strike, the big idea that would tell me who I was supposed to be and what I was supposed to do with my life. The waiting was the hard part, the frustrating part, and I shook my head as I reached for the clasp of my skirt.

Silly me.

I unzipped my blue skirt, stepping out of it and folding it carefully so I could wear it again on Monday. I only had the one outfit and I needed to buy another one, but even with my associate's discount, the skirt and blazer were sort of expensive. Sears had docked my first paycheck to cover

the clothes and I still frowned at that, as did most of the employees I'd met.

"Woof!" The dog spoke up for the first time since I'd met him and I looked over my shoulder.

"What's the matter?" I asked, standing now in pantyhose and nothing else.

He merely wagged his tail, watching me from his spot on the floor.

My pantyhose were of a cheap sort, hardly fancy, and if you've seen one pair, you've seen them all. The waistband was rather tight, but otherwise they were comfortable enough. They were sheer enough that my receding tan could easily be seen. I liked wearing shorts during the summer and so my legs were bronzed up to a point on my thighs just a few inches shy of my butt. The color gave way gradually to my normal pale skin tone and then I was brown again on my tummy and back and shoulders, except where my bikini top had covered my breasts. The bottom of my swimsuit I'd always covered with shorts, but the top was alright and I'd done most of my sunbathing in the privacy of our backyard anyway.

The pantyhose had a cotton panel, of course, and I didn't wear panties with it. There was no reason to and so my butt was completely exposed through the thin nylon with only a long, dark seam running along the center of my ass, up the crease between my cheeks to the waistband. I felt vaguely uncomfortable then, showing the dog my butt like that, and his mouth was open, his long pink tongue lolling between sharp, white teeth as he stared at me.

"Woof!"

His bark confused me and I wasn't sure what it meant.

Approval? I giggled at that idea, but that's the thought that crossed my mind for some reason. I'd removed my skirt and bent over to remove it, showing the animal my pert, round butt and he'd barked then. It seemed very strange and I honestly didn't know what to think of it. A dog couldn't possibly care about my butt, no more than he could about my breasts or anything else. He just wanted attention, I was sure. I'd been looking the other way, turned around and ignoring him, and the dog just wanted to remind me that he was still there. That he was hungry and waiting patiently for his dinner, that's all.

"Let's check that oven," I suggested, leaving my pantyhose on and just running a thumb along the inside of the waistband. I had a little ring around my waist, a pink indentation that itched the way such things inevitably do. But I wasn't going to get completely naked in front of him; silly or not, I just wasn't comfortable with that idea for some reason.

He followed me and I paid the dog little mind as I saw the tiny red light was off, the oven warmed up to 350 degrees. I got the pot pies and found an old cookie sheet, long blackened by use, but clean enough anyway. It was a simple task, not really cooking at all. I opened the oven, bending over to slide the cookie sheet inside with two pot pies on it, you know, when I suddenly felt something poking me in the butt.

"Hey!" I shoved the cookie sheet inside and closed the oven quickly before turning around. "Stop that!"

The dog had pressed his nose low between my butt cheeks, against the cotton liner that covered my sex and little else. I turned around, finding him right there, and he immediately shoved his snout between my thighs, sniffing at my crotch as I tried to push him away.

"Bad dog!" I scolded him, sidestepping and pushing at his neck with my hands. "Don't do that!"

I left the kitchen, looking over my shoulder as I moved towards the bathroom, and he followed me closely. The dog still tried to sniff my butt and I kind of slapped at him, but not hard or anything. I walked quickly to the bathroom, closing the door in the dog's face and taking a deep breath. I hadn't been frightened, not really, but just annoyed and I thought it was probably because he was hungry and I'd gotten a bit sweaty after a long day of school and work. I didn't think I smelled bad or anything, but dogs have much better noses, right? So he probably smelled the salt on my skin or something and that's what caught his attention.

"Arf!" he barked loudly, in a different way than before, I noticed. "Arf! Arf! Arf!" His claws scratched the door and I frowned.

"Shhh! Stop!" I told him through the closed door. "Be quiet!"

"Arf! Arf!" he replied, and the dog wasn't going to stop as he scratched the heck out of the bathroom door.

"Great," I sighed.

His bark seemed very loud and Mrs. Perkins would doubtless hear him soon. I didn't imagine she'd be too happy to find out I had a big dog in my apartment, not without checking with her first. Especially if he destroyed the door. How would I ever be able to afford buying a new one?

I had little choice but to open the door and as soon as I did the dog stopped barking.

"What do you want?" I asked him. "Go lay down or something. I want to take a bath."

Instead of obeying me, the animal went right back to sniffing my crotch. He pushed his nose against the panel covering my pussy so hard that I had to take a step back as I tried to deflect him with my hands.

"Grrrr..." He actually growled as I struggled to push the dog's face away and that made me blink.

"Stop! Shoo! Go away!" I said, wondering if the dog would really bite me and afraid to find out. "Hey! No!"

I felt a knot of fear growing in my tummy as the dog did bite me! Or not me, exactly, but rather he was biting my pantyhose. He grabbed the nylon in his teeth and I could feel those sharp canines as they moved across my barely covered skin. It frightened me terribly and only his deliberate and surprisingly gentle efforts kept the dog from hurting me. I didn't realize it at the time, but plainly the animal didn't mean to cause me any harm, he just didn't like my pantyhose for some reason.

He had the nylon in his teeth and he shook his head, ripping into it and yanking me forward as he pushed himself back. I gasped and nearly lost my balance. and kept telling him "No!" and "Stop!" in a loud, trembling voice, but he paid me no attention. The dog kept pulling, and while the nylon had ripped, and some of the cotton liner as well, it turned out to be amazingly strong stuff. I soon found myself being dragged out of the bathroom by my hips.

To say I felt confused and nervous would be an understatement. My heart was pounding and I could barely breathe. I had an idea to somehow fight him off, but even if I'd been brave enough to try it, and I wasn't, there was little chance of that as I struggled just to stay on my feet! Once he had us in the living room, where there was substantially more space than what he'd had in the bathroom, the

dog really gave my pantyhose a good tug!

“Ohhh!” I gasped as I lost my balance completely, the huge dog literally pulling my hips out from under me so that I fell heavily onto my butt.

At that point I started kicking at him, out of instinct more than anything else. I’d been lucky not to crack my head on something, and I was laying on my back for the moment, kicking uselessly and trying to push myself back up with my arms. The dog ignored my protests, however, and shook his head back and forth vigorously, tearing into my pantyhose so that they surrendered much more easily. Within seconds the dog had exposed my pussy completely, with the nylon and cotton hanging ragged around my exposed sex.

“No! Stop! Please!” I said loudly, scrambling backwards like a crab on my heels, but he had no intention of letting me go so easily.

The dog pressed his body between my legs even as I tried to close them. His nose went to my vulva and I clamped my thighs to his head in an effort to keep him from getting any closer to what was undoubtedly my most private and sensitive place. All I could imagine was his sharp teeth biting into my pussy and that painful vision proved quite enough to push me over the edge into a blind panic!

“Grrrr...” he growled unhappily as I squeezed his great head between my legs, and the sound terrified me.

I felt his teeth digging at me, moving against my soft skin. He wasn’t actually biting me, it felt more like fingernails scratching at the swell of my mound. The dog was telling me to relax my thighs and let him go, I dimly realized, but being frightened, that was no easy thing for me to do. I’d become afraid to hold him and afraid to let him go, but more than anything else, I was afraid of his teeth!

“Ohhhh...Please!” I whimpered, spreading my thighs and putting myself at the dog’s mercy.

I didn’t know what to expect. If he would bite me or simply smell my raw, uncovered sex and satisfy his curiosity. Whatever he would do, I knew I couldn’t stop him. I felt helpless. The entire episode had happened so quickly that I felt overwhelmed by it. Everything between opening the bathroom door for the dog and finally surrendering as I opened my legs seemed like a blur. It had only taken a few seconds, half a minute perhaps, and I found myself completely dominated by the animal somehow.

There was no reasoning with him. I couldn’t ask why or make any appeal to his better nature, just as the dog couldn’t explain what he wanted from me. Everything had become physical, even my emotions. The fear was in my blood as much as my mind. My body trembled and I fought for every breath I could muster beneath my heaving breasts. My fingers scratched at the carpet nervously and my eyes were wide, my nostrils dilated as I could smell the dog’s musk. It was an odor I hadn’t noticed before, but now the scent of him seemed to fill my nose and mouth so that I could even taste it. A strange flavor fell upon my thick tongue and I realized my mouth was dry and I licked my lips as I watched and felt the dog’s tongue slip from his terrible jaws.

“Ahhh...” I shivered as his tongue found my sex, taking a long lick from the bottom of my virgin slit to the very top.

There was no pleasure in it for me. My pussy was dry with fear and my tummy knotted up with almost painful cramps. I forgot to breathe as he licked me again and despite my dread, I pushed myself away from him.

“Grrrrr...Arf!” he growled and barked, but a different sort than before. Like when he’d been frustrated by the bathroom door? This bark, too, had a different meaning and I froze, blinking into the animal’s unwavering stare.

“Okay,” I whispered, understanding that he’d just warned me not to move. One sort of bark, the lazy woof sound, meant he wanted my attention. The other kind meant he wanted me to open the door, or maybe just...come? And now this other kind demanded obedience. Submission? It wasn’t a request, it was a command, and I understood that plain as day.

After a long three or four seconds, I lowered my gaze. I was afraid to stare into those intelligent amber eyes and I swallowed hard, knowing instinctively that there was something submissive about it. The simple act of lowering my head, of not challenging his authority over me, is as old as nature itself and we’re all born with an understanding of it. I was giving myself to him, struggling to control the fight or flight instinct that filled me. I couldn’t fight him. I’d lose, it was as simple as that. I had no weapons, no skills at such a thing, and he’d hurt me if I tried. Likewise I had no chance of escape. I was slow and clumsy by comparison and he’d be on me in an instant.

I had to lay there and control my fear, and hope that he’d be reasonable with me. That he’d be gentle and explore my body or whatever it was he wanted to do, and then leave me alone once he’d satisfied his curiosity. What else could he possibly want with me? I was a human, a girl, and he was an animal. I had nothing he could want but food and shelter, and I was more than willing to give him those. The pot pies were cooking. I’d invited him into my apartment. If only I could explain that to him, I thought. If only he could tell me why he wanted to inspect my naked body.

“Uh-hmmm...” I whimpered and closed my eyes as the dog went back to licking my sex.

He seemed to enjoy that for some reason. That’s the only explanation my confused mind could conjure. Pure enjoyment. The animal liked to lick me, but I had no idea why. My pussy was dry. Whatever flavor my skin might have had from sweating must have been quickly removed by his long, rough tongue. But still he licked me, dragging his tongue up my slit over and over. I could feel him getting deeper, slowly and gradually splitting my labia and the tip of his tongue would curl at the top, flicking over my hidden clitoris.

What was he doing? I tried to ignore the sensations, the feel of his tongue moving across my skin like wet sandpaper. The experience was new for me, completely new as I’d never allowed anyone to touch me there. I’d never even touched myself down there for any reason except to wash myself. I’d felt pleasure before, or something like it, but not by design. Never intentionally. But this was different and despite my fear, maybe even because of it, I found myself growing warm inside.

“Mmmm...” I groaned softly as my pussy seemed to come alive, slowly but surely being awakened beneath the animal’s endless attentions.

He seemed tireless and patient and oblivious to my discomfort. The dog lapped at my sex with a measured pace born of a calculated and deliberate intent, it seemed to me. His tongue slipped between my labia easily as his saliva covered my tender flesh. My pussy lips were swollen and darker than their usual pink color. I stared at them, as if seeing my sex for the very first time, and my glistening lips seemed to cling to the dog’s tongue as he worked the tip against my hymen.

My tummy was still tight, but for a different reason altogether. My breasts ached the way they hadn’t since I’d started puberty. My nipples had grown stiff, I realized, and they seemed to burn with a cold fire. I shivered and spread my legs even wider without conscious effort. My clitoris had grown stiff as well and I could see it swollen and pink as the wrinkled hood gave way. Every touch of the

dog's tongue seemed a delicious torture and I felt an electric jolt as he'd flick across my clit, coaxing it to throbbing life.

I didn't want this! I felt confused, almost dizzy with disbelief as my body betrayed me. I couldn't possibly enjoy what the animal was doing. It wasn't right. It was unnatural to be aroused by a dog, to shiver with unmistakable pleasure beneath his instinctual attentions. It had to be instinct and nothing more, I thought. He could taste me now. The dog could smell my arousal, the tang of it had become strong enough even for my poor human senses to detect. He tasted something new, something interesting, and he was licking me for no other reason than he was a dog.

But what was my excuse? I moaned and found my breasts with my hands. I had no choice. I squeezed my tits and felt my swollen nipples against my palms. I hated myself for that, for feeling good and allowing some part of me to enjoy what was happening. This was a dog! He was licking my virgin sex, making me hot and tight and almost desperate in ways I'd never imagined possible. It was disgusting to be aroused by a dirty animal. What kind of woman would allow such a thing? Why wasn't I fighting him. Why wasn't I trying to get away from the beast?

"Ohhhh God!" I gasped loudly, arching my back as my thighs closed once more. I couldn't help it. Something was happening and I didn't know what it could be.

My first orgasm ever, the very first of my life, exploded deep in my belly with a pleasure that seemed nearly unbearable. I had no way of expecting it. The signs that I'd been getting close meant nothing to my inexperienced body, or my confused and innocent mind. My orgasm simply happened as if I'd been struck by lightning out of a clear blue sky and I very nearly sobbed beneath the glorious weight of it. My ass came off the carpet as I clamped my thighs to the dog's head. His muzzle and teeth and tongue were trapped beneath the flood of girl juice erupting from my sex.

The walls of my pussy seemed to spasm with sharp, rapid contractions. I'd never felt empty before, but it was there like a shadow deep in my belly. I wanted something inside me, something long and thick that my hungry sex could hold onto while I came. I pinched my nipples hard, heedless of the pain because it felt so wonderful. I needed to pinch and pull them, to fight the pleasure with something else, and it seemed as if I burned everywhere. My body grew flushed and damp with perspiration. I had no idea how long my orgasm lasted. A few seconds or minutes or hours, it was all the same to me. A brief eternity lost in the ecstasy of my first orgasm.

"Ohhhh no...Oh..." I blinked at the tears in my eyes and giggled stupidly.

I felt drunk and giddy as I relaxed my thighs, spreading my legs to let the dog go. He'd been growling softly, but that's all, and perhaps he somehow understood that I'd been helpless to do anything but cum. He was looking at me as I lay on the floor, licking his chops and staring at my face. I looked back at him, but I couldn't meet his eyes and I didn't even try. As my orgasm fell slowly away, I felt something like guilt taking its place.

I'd just had an orgasm. I'd had sex with a dog and I'd cum. Not real sex, I told myself, but some kind of sex. It made me blush, it really did. Even though we were alone in my apartment, I felt a deep sense of humiliation and shame. A dog had licked my pussy and made me cum, and that seemed so completely wrong. Nobody could ever know! I decided on that immediately and it wasn't a hard decision to make. I'd never speak of it, never even think of it. I had to forget it had ever happened and...I needed a bath.

The dog's saliva was on my skin. His mouth had been on my sex and I felt suddenly dirty. The worst sort of dirty too, as if I'd never be clean again. This was bad and I felt like I was going to throw up. A

wave of nausea filled me and I gagged on the bile in my throat. I coughed and rolled over, getting on my hands and knees and ready to retch on the caret if I had to. I needed the bathroom. I had to try and clean myself. I couldn't believe I'd actually cum and all those good feelings were gone as if I'd only dreamt them. I felt disgusted with myself and I prayed that nobody would see my face and somehow know that I'd had sex with a dog.

"Uggh...Wha...No!" I gasped and groaned and protested loudly as the dog suddenly mounted me.

I'd gotten on my hands and knees, wondering if I wasn't going to puke at the thought of what I'd just done with that dog, when he pushed himself up and wrapped his powerful forelegs around my waist. I felt something sharp jabbing at the back of my thighs, jabbing at my butt and finally my sex. I knew what it was, what it had to be, and I tried to get away. I groaned and started crawling, twisting my hips and shoulders as I tried to dislodge the animal. He felt impossibly heavy. My body sagged beneath his weight even as I squirmed and bucked my hips, but the animal only held me tighter.

"Get off!" I yelled. "Get off me! No! Noooo!"

But it was useless. The dog weighed more than I did, and when I was on my hands and knees like that, he really was bigger than me. His front legs were strong, too strong, and he held me in a tight hug. His claws burned into my soft skin and I felt the pain of them scratching me low on my belly. His chest lay across my back, warm and soft with his black fur, and his bony chin pressed into my shoulder as he dropped his head. I could smell his breath and feel it on my face as we were nearly cheek to cheek that way.

He growled softly and I sobbed, my eyes filling with tears as I knew what he intended. I struggled, I swear I did, but there was nothing I could do, no place to go. He was too big and too heavy; I strained with every muscle in my body just to hold myself up beneath his weight. I wanted to drop to the floor and just lay there, but then I'd have had no chance at all. At least on my hands and knees I might crawl away, but no, that was a complete lie. I screamed when I felt the animal's penis splitting the fat lips of my cum soaked pussy.

He must have felt it too because in that instant the dog lunged forward with his hips. His cock found my hymen, the thin membrane protecting the virgin channel leading to my womb, and tore through it easily. The pain was sharp and burning, but only for a second, I confess. I wanted it to hurt more than it did and I fully expected it would, but the truth is that it was rather like pricking my finger. A sharp "Ouch!" and then the much worse sensation of my pussy being stretched around a cock for the very first time.

"No! Oh No! No! No..." I cried over and over, repeating it like a mantra as the dog raped me with powerful, rapid strokes.

There was nothing gentle about the experience and it didn't last very long. I'd always imagined that sex would take a long time, at least between a man and woman, and maybe it does. But a dog isn't a man and he fucked me hard and fast for a minute, maybe even less than that, before I became aware of a growing discomfort. I was already in some pain. My pussy was being stretched around the dog's cock, being pushed and forced to open in unfamiliar ways as the dog filled my innocent pussy.

I felt the tip of his penis driving into my guts like jackhammer, over and over, stabbing into the very bottom of my sex until I could take him completely. He'd made me deeper somehow, elongated my vagina with his prick, it seemed, and now there was something else coming. My whole body jerked with the dog's violent motion, my breasts practically bouncing as they hung hot and heavy from my body. I braced myself with my arms straight and my elbows locked, pushing myself back just to keep

the dog from driving me across the floor and into the wall a few feet in front of me.

But my pussy suddenly ached as something even bigger than the dog's cock was thrust inside me and a second later yanked back out. It gave me a spasm of pleasure that I didn't understand or want. I tried to fight it. The sensation of being raped by a dog. Of being fucked by a long, thick cock. My pussy could take him now, not easily perhaps, but willingly nonetheless. My orgasm had seen to that, the earlier betrayal of my body easing the animal's efforts to plunder my clasping sex. My clit thrummed and then screamed as the dog's knot was forced inside my pussy again. At the time I'd had no idea about such things, but that's what it was. A bulb of muscle at the base of his prick, stretching my pussy as the dog shoved it inside my cunt and then pulled it out.

A half-dozen times he did that, maybe more, and finally it was too big. The knot was inside me and as the dog tried to pull it back out, I gasped and shuddered with a heady mixture of pain and pleasure. He was locked inside me. The knot was lodged just inside my pussy and it continued to grow. It became even larger as the dog whined in my ear. He tested it several times, driving into me with his hips and pulling back, but the bulb refused to come loose. Perhaps if I pushed myself forward at the same time...But no, I didn't want to hurt myself, did I?

I didn't know what I wanted because I was too busy cumming. My body had surrendered completely and the pain and discomfort of my first ever fuck had melted beneath an avalanche of pleasure. My body shook and I became too weak to hold us up. My arms collapsed and I fell onto the carpet with my ass high and my head down, whimpering and moaning, lost to the intensity of my second orgasm of the evening. My pussy spasmed with contractions and this time it was even better than before because I had something inside me. My cunt squeezed the dog's prick, massaging it like a buttery fist, and I felt it. Whatever the dog might have felt, I was feeling wonderful. My pussy seemed to ripple with pleasure, the waves of ecstasy washing through my body.

He'd raped me and now that we were locked with his knot firmly planted inside my cunt, the dog pushed himself off my back and turned around. We were butt to butt and I barely knew it. I had one orgasm after another. They didn't stop and I had no way of telling them apart. My pussy throbbed and I felt as if I had a bowling ball stuffed inside me, but there wasn't any pain. It was all fireworks and cotton candy and my skin itched all over. My hair seemed to stand on end and my toes curled.

It was insane and so was I, driven mad by the knowledge that a dog had fucked me. An animal had taken the virginity I'd so carefully saved and now I had his cum inside me. I could feel it like a warm, indistinct stain spreading through my pussy, through my belly perhaps. The dog was cumming while he stood there and his knot kept all of our juices bottled up inside me. We were mixed now, his cum and mine, and I was too lost to feel disgusted by it. Too caught up in the raw joy of multiple orgasms to understand what had happened. My mind was no longer rational and there was only what I could feel. Nothing else mattered.

"Ohhh ow! Ow! Nyuuh!" I winced and gasped, and shut my eyes tightly as the dog pulled himself free some while later.

It felt uncomfortable as the bulb was still large, but not so big as it must have been a few minutes before. Still, the dog dragged me behind him for a few steps until the knot pulled free of my pussy with an audible, wet *plop* sound and a wash of thin juices that spilled down my thighs and onto the carpet. The smell of it immediately assaulted my nose. A rich, musky smell of dog and girl cum mixed together. I shook my head as if to clear it and my pussy ached at the sudden emptiness I felt. There was pain then, the burning of my muscles as they tried to remember their original shape and place inside my well-fucked vagina.

I ignored it as best I could and just collapsed onto the floor, closing my eyes and trying to understand what had happened to me.

Perhaps fifteen minutes later the timer on the stove went off and I'd completely forgotten all about the pot pies. All of that had happened in less than forty minutes? Not even thirty, really, because I'd been laying there for quite a while. I'd been licked to orgasm and then had my cherry popped by a dog in less time than it takes to cook a pot pie. There was something wrong with that and I giggled as if I'd gone crazy and who knows, maybe I had. I stood up weakly, feeling sore between my thighs, and made my way on rubbery legs into the kitchen to turn off the oven and get the pot pies out.

My pantyhose were torn, shredded as they barely covered my legs and hung like rags around my waist. I took them off, leaving dinner to cool on the stove and not feeling very hungry anyway. I threw my pantyhose away and looked at the dog. He sat on the floor looking at me, not the least bit shy or embarrassed or guilty about what he'd done. I frowned at him and dropped my eyes. He'd fucked me. Raped me. And his cum was still leaking from my pussy. I touched myself there gently, feeling my sex swollen and bruised. I thought he must have hurt me inside, torn something, and there was some blood, but only from my broken hymen, that's all. The rest of me seemed relatively fine as far as I could tell, but I was afraid to push a finger inside my sex and make sure.

"I'm going to take a bath," I said to him, and the dog stared at me. "Okay?"

Don't ask me why I asked, but I did. It was silly and he couldn't possibly understand what I was saying. I did it though and I walked slowly, knowing he was following me as I went to the bathroom. I started closing the door, but he growled softly and I nodded. He wanted me to leave the door open and I did. I ran water in the tub and looked at my reflection in the mirror above the sink. That's what a girl looks like after she's lost her virginity, I thought, looking into my clear blue eyes. That's what a girl who's been raped looks like. A girl who's been fucked by a dog and had an orgasm on his cock. A lot of orgasms, I reminded myself, because I knew there'd been more than just a few.

I couldn't look into my eyes very long and opened the medicine cabinet to find some Tylenol. I sat in the bathtub before it was full, letting the hot water run over my feet as I leaned back against the cool porcelain. The dog watched me, sitting nearby as I soaked, and every now and then I'd glance at him, but that was all. I washed myself slowly, my body first and finally my sex. I did it without looking, exploring my vagina beneath the soothing water and finding that I was soft inside and full of cum. The stuff flowed out of me in pale globs that didn't float or sink, but only drifted lazily in the clear water.

When my bath ended, the water grown tepid, I stood up and stepped out, reaching for a towel. Before I could dry myself off, however, the dog pushed his face against my pussy and this time I just stood there and let him do it. I burned with humiliation, but I can't say why. He was a dog, an animal, but he'd fucked me. He'd put his cock inside me and then his cum. He'd taken my virginity and I was still afraid of him. Not that he'd hurt me, but something else. He made me nervous and I didn't want to anger him.

He took three or four licks and then sat back down, keeping his amber eyes on my face while I dried my body. When I started to tie the towel around my breasts so that it covered my body down to my thighs, he barked sharply. I slowly removed it again and his tail slapped the floor. He didn't want me to cover my body at all and I walked out of the bathroom naked with the dog following me.

I thought perhaps he'd let me wear something else and I opened the closet near the door, the only closet I had, and found a folded t-shirt and a pair of panties. He looked at me, cocking his head, but as soon as I started to put a foot in the panties, he barked sharply once more. No panties. Same with

the t-shirt. The dog wanted me naked and I nodded my head, putting my clothes back where I'd gotten them.

"Woof!" he barked, standing between me and the kitchen and I thought that meant he was hungry.

"I know," I said. "I'll get it."

"Woof!" The dog moved to cut me off. He didn't want me to go into the kitchen and I swallowed hard.

"What?" I asked him.

"Woof!" he barked again, and I looked around, wondering what he could possibly want. Maybe he needed to go outside and that idea excited me. I'd let him out and lock the door behind him. I'd call the dog catcher in the morning and...

"Okay, um..." I closed the door again. He didn't want to go out.

I got the idea soon enough when the dog finally lost his patience. He moved behind me as I stood in the middle of the living room and pushed himself up, wrapping his paws around my waist and using his considerable weight to pull me down to the floor.

"No! Please...Not again!" I begged him, but he wasn't listening and I shut my eyes as the dog mounted me once more.

Woof meant fuck.

I groaned beneath him, forced to support the animal as he stabbed blindly at my sex and quickly found it with the tapered head of his penis. The breath I'd been holding exploded from my lungs with a sharp gasp and my already tender sex burned as the dog slammed the full length of his prick inside me. I hadn't seen his unsheathed penis yet, but I knew it had to be very large. The head found the bottom of my sex, just as it had before, and pain jerked my head upward as I arched my back against the sensation. I moaned loudly and tried to jerk away from it, to free myself from the canine cock upon which I was impaled.

"Grrrrr..." he warned, tightening his grip around my waist. When I continued to struggle, the dog nipped me on the shoulder with his sharp teeth.

I sobbed then, feeling the flash of pain and the thin rivulet of blood running down my pale skin. He'd actually bitten me and that realization ended whatever resistance I might have had. He was going to fuck me and I had to let him or he'd hurt me. I bowed my head submissively and the dog rewarded me with a quick lick of his tongue along my neck and cheek before pressing his hard jaw against my wounded shoulder.

The animal's cock pistoned in and out of my sex and I might have been surprised by how quickly I became wet for him. Of course, his cock must have spilled precum steadily as he fucked me, easing the passage of his thick penis, but my cunt was becoming moist as well. I could feel the euphoria starting once more, despite my fear and loathing, my disgust at being used like a bitch and raped for an animal's pleasure. My body was eager no matter what I thought or felt in my heart. My pussy couldn't help but respond and the familiar contractions began, the supple spasms of my vagina grappling with the cock that stretched it.

The pain was soon lost, within a minute or two at the most, leaving behind only the misery of

knowing I had to surrender. I couldn't resist the pressure building in my gut for release. The adrenaline and endorphins that polluted my blood with the energy I needed to accept the dog's swollen cock and push myself backward to meet it. I was fucking him this time, I dimly realized, grabbing the carpet with my fists and thrusting with my hips to take even more of the animal's rigid penis.

The knot was there. I took it inside me and as before, the bulbous muscle quickly growing until it was too large to be pulled from my pussy. My entire body seemed to be wrapped around it and my cunt fell swollen and throbbed the way a finger will after being hit with a hammer. I was too small for the beast, and yet I wasn't. I had him inside me and I was cumming. I wept with shame and humiliation and gave myself to the dog with my orgasm raging in my belly. I rolled my hips and worked my ass to feel his cock touching every part of me inside and I knew he was cumming as well.

I had several cums while we were locked together, much like before, and every now and again the dog would tug at our union, testing it to see if he could pull out. I would groan then, and gasp, and reach back blindly to keep him from moving. His cock felt so good inside me, like a steel rod stretching my trembling cunt. And just inside the mouth of my quivering sex, the knot dammed our fluids completely. It was the best. Even more than being fucked, the afterwards when we were joined and unmoving was the part I found myself enjoying most.

I reached between my thighs to feel my vulva stretched around the bulb hidden inside. I was hot and wet, and my pussy felt alien beneath my fingers. My clit had grown stiff and throbbing. I rubbed it with my fingertips, biting my lip to keep from screaming with raw ecstasy. I came again and dropped my face to the floor, drinking cool air and rubbing my burning nipples across the carpet. I was helpless that way. The dog dominated me physically and then sexually, and finally emotionally as I brought myself off with selfish lust.

He was changing me.

When the dog pulled out of my sex after some ten minutes of waiting, a fresh flood of pungent fuck juice stained the carpet. It seemed to pour out of me, as much of our mixed cum as I'd spilled before, and this time I saw his cock when it came free. It was huge! Wet and light in color, but marbled with red and blue veins. It must have been ten inches long, I thought, and at the widest point I imagined it was as thick as my wrist. I couldn't believe I'd taken it inside me, but I had. Every last inch of it, plus the knot which had shrunk down to something roughly the size of a lemon. That's after it had been pulled free with a sharp, uncomfortable tug. How much larger had it been inside me? I'd be afraid to guess.

We ate then, as the dog didn't want me to clean myself up. I'd tried to walk unsteadily to the bathroom, but he'd bared his teeth and growled at me. The kitchen was where he wanted me and we ate our pot pies in silence. I sat on the floor and used a fork, eating off a plate, while he ate his out of the tin foil it had baked in. By the time I'd finished my dinner, I had a pool of thin, milky cum on the linoleum between my thighs.

"Woof!"

"Ohhh...Again?" I frowned, but there was no fight left in me.

"Woof!"

He took me there, in the kitchen as soon as I'd finished eating. At least he'd been that considerate, having finished his dinner before me. I knew now what that particular bark meant and I slowly got on my hands and knees, presenting the dog with my vulnerable sex, and he mounted me easily. His

cock found my hole immediately and beyond the tenderness of being recently deflowered, there was no pain at all this time. He pushed all of his penis inside me and pumped me for a long while, at least compared to our previous fucks. It took almost five minutes this time before he locked me up with the knot, and I'd already cum twice by then.

He rewarded me afterwards, as I lay exhausted in a puddle of our cum. The dog nudged me with his nose, giving me a bark different from the others, and I spread my legs for him. Evidently that was exactly what he wanted and I was soon lost to the unimaginable pleasure of having my bruised sex licked clean by the animal's long tongue. The sensations were even better than the first time he'd done that for me and I had one orgasm after another until exhaustion overtook pleasure and I could stand no more.

I came one last time on his tongue and then I fell asleep, naked and flushed and stained inside and out with the hot semen of the dog who owned me.

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## Chapter Two

"Grrr..." Master cocked his head with a low growl and I swallowed hard, replacing the hanger in my closet.

"Not that one," I agreed. "Okay. Um...How about this?"

I pulled out a yellow sundress with white lace trim and a dozen buttons down the front.

"Do you like this one?" I asked with a glance at the wall clock. I'd woken up late, sore and sticky after an entire weekend spent on the carpeted floor of my small apartment.

"Woof," Master replied, giving me the gentle bark that meant yes.

"Alright." I smiled. "Good...I need some panties, and..."

"Arf!" the dog said, not moving from the place where he sat on his haunches, but I knew what that sharp sound meant.

"No?" I paused with the top drawer of my small bureau half-opened. Like all my furniture, it had come with the apartment and I kept my underwear, socks, shorts and t-shirts, all that stuff in there.

"But I need panties," I said with a smile, removing a plain white pair.

"Arf!" He stood up, this very large dog, and ripped the panties from my fingers with his sharp teeth.

"Okay." I nodded slowly. "No underwear."

I closed the drawer as he sat back on his haunches, rewarding me with a thump of his tail on the floor. That, I'd learned, meant that Master was pleased with me.

He watched as I stepped into my dress, pulling the cotton up my naked body and getting my arms through the short sleeves. I felt only slightly self-conscious beneath his intense amber eyes, but mostly I'd overcome my shyness. Not the humiliation though, not the guilt of knowing what we'd done together, although I could almost imagine a day when I'd lose that burden as well. After an entire weekend of being used like his personal sex toy, learning how to please my canine Master, something fundamental inside me had changed.

I buttoned the dress over my bare flesh, covering the near flawless body I'd kept so carefully my own as a high school girl. No boy had ever seen me this way. No man had ever kissed my breasts or caressed my sex. I'd saved my virginity against all odds, being blonde and blue and decidedly beautiful. Until I'd met him, my Master, the dog who owned me. The animal that had taken his pleasure against my will. I couldn't say that anymore, could I?

"Oh!" I stopped abruptly half-way down the stairs. "Mrs. Perkins. Good morning."

The old woman ignored my pleasant smile as she stood on the porch with her arms crossed. She owned the apartment above her garage, the one I was renting, and I hadn't told her about the dog yet. Now I didn't need to, she could see him for herself as Master had followed me outside.

"I, uh..." I licked my lips nervously, "...I hope you don't mind, but..."

"I expect he'll be staying with you?" she asked, and I glanced over my shoulder to see the dog sitting patiently on the landing above me.

"Kind of," I admitted slowly. "He sort of...followed me home and..."

"Long as he minds his manners," she said, speaking more to the dog than me it seemed, but perhaps I only imagined that.

"Yes Ma'am," I said quickly, anxious to be on my way to college and my first class of the day. If I hurried, I'd only be five minutes late.

Thankfully, the Widow Perkins didn't keep me any longer than that, and Master was content to remain behind. I hadn't been entirely sure what I'd do if he'd decided to come along with me. Once out of sight, after turning the corner, I realized I was free. Maybe. I mean, the dog wasn't staring at me, barking or growling or thumping his tail at every move I made. After a full weekend of struggling for Master's approval, I suddenly found myself alone.

Thoughts and ideas filled my head. I could call the dog catcher and have him taken away. I could leave. I could move back home and never return to this town. Nobody would ever know what had happened. Some people might wonder, but not really. I was just an eighteen-year-old girl and they come and go all the time for any number of good reasons. My parents would be glad to have me back, not to mention the men who would doubtless welcome me with their eager flirtations and silly proposals. Nobody would ever know I'd let a dog fuck me.

I could get away!

But I didn't do any of that. I only went to school, sat down for my first class and tried to pay attention. My thoughts weren't filled with escape. I wanted the day to be over so I could return to him. My Master was waiting for me and I felt my body warming beneath the thin cotton, my nipples hardening until they became obvious as I sat there. I hadn't worn a bra, or even panties, and my sex grew moist as I recalled the things that dog had done to me. How he'd lapped at my pussy with his long, rough tongue. How he'd mounted me despite my best efforts to resist, raped my virgin pussy, and filled me with his bestial seed. He'd fucked me so many times and so well...

"Oh!" I gasped softly, wincing as I felt my cunt spasm with the tiniest possible orgasm. I hadn't even touched myself!

And they were staring at me, some of my classmates. The boys especially as they drank in my slender body and the heaving of my large, firm breasts. The dark protrusion of my swollen nipples

through the yellow cotton, the fabric straining to contain my excited flesh. I rubbed my thighs together, helpless as I felt the wetness spilling from my plump sex. I could smell my arousal wafting through the classroom while our professor spoke. The sharp tang assaulted my nose and I hitched a breath and shut my blue eyes tightly against the discomfort of being watched.

"Are you okay?" a boy asked me, a young man leaning close enough to whisper, and I could hear his smile.

I ignored him, feeling my cheeks flushing pink and my skin burning with embarrassment. It wasn't only arousal that I suffered, but panic as well. I couldn't stay there all day, away from my Master and trapped in classrooms which seemed somehow cold and barren. I had to go home! I had to see him again and I suffered the terrible fear that he'd be gone. What if Master left me? What if the dog ran away or returned to his rightful owner or...

No, Master didn't have an owner, I told myself. He owned me. He couldn't leave me, but what if he did? The idea of returning home to find the dog missing filled me with unreasonable dread. I needed him!

After my first class, which I'd barely managed to finish, I left the campus and practically ran home. How or why I felt that way, I couldn't know. I understood none of it and in truth I didn't even try to figure it out. There was only the certainty that I needed to be with him and the awful doubt that I might somehow lose my new Master. So I ran. I kicked off my heels and carried them, going barefoot with my long, blonde hair flying off my shoulders.

I must have made quite a sight and a car honked at me, slowing for a moment as the driver stared. An old man raking his lawn paused with his mouth agape. A young woman pushing a stroller blinked at me as I passed and she might have said something, but I couldn't be sure. I wasn't going to stop for any of them and I didn't.

"Master," I breathed, filled with a warm sense of relief. I nodded my head and drank cool air into my burning lungs. He was still there, waiting for me, and as I said that one word the dog thumped his tail with satisfaction.

He took me from behind almost before the door had shut behind us. Master pushed himself up and wrapped his powerful forelegs around my waist and used his weight to put me on my hands and knees.

I struggled briefly to get my dress out of the way and then gasped with the sudden, violent pleasure of his entry. My pussy welcomed his thick cock with a spasm of joy and I could actually feel the walls of my sex flutter as Master forced himself deeper with every rapid thrust of his hips. He always fucked me hard and fast, ignoring completely whatever protests I might make, and by then I had very little to complain about. My cunt took him easily, swallowing all of his magnificent prick, and the familiar hammering of the knot against my raging clit drove me to a shuddering climax.

The dress afforded me some protection from his toenails, but I was ever mindful of the ache in my sides, the scratches along my ribs and the marks on my shoulders where he'd nipped me during our previous love making. He'd trained me by tooth and claw and the relentless presence of his oversized cock plundering my helpless womb. Master pressed his muzzle across my shoulder, his panting snout riding against my flushed cheek while we fucked. His tongue would caress my face and I turned my head to return his almost human affection.

I took the knot with barely a whimper, enjoying that peculiar sensation as the swollen muscle stretched my pussy even further. Once inside, it continued to grow until we were locked together in

that obscene, loving embrace. His cum filled me and the feeling was unmistakable. A steady stream of canine semen poured into my cunt to mix with my own copious juices. None of it could escape with the knot lodged so completely within the mouth of my pussy.

How many times I came for my Master, I had no clue. I collapsed onto my elbows, keeping my ass raised as he let me go. He liked to turn around and wait patiently for the knot to shrink, testing our bondage every now and again with small cramp-like tugs. After five or maybe ten minutes, his cock would pull free with a wash of creamy spend spilling down my thighs and onto the carpet, leaving me satisfied, but empty and aching for more.

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Later that morning, after I'd cleaned both myself and the stained carpet, Master taught me something new: Follow. I'd opened the door, thinking he wanted to go outside and take care of his business, but instead he'd used his handsome head to push and prod me down the stairs.

He'd walk a short distance away and pause, turning his head to stare at me. A short, sharp bark issued from his throat. If I didn't come to him, he'd return and push me a few steps, then repeat the entire lesson. I learned quickly, I'm pleased to say, but I had no idea where my Master was taking me.

"The pet store?" I asked, and almost laughed as we stood on the sidewalk. He wagged his tail at that and I could only believe that he'd been there before.

Dog food maybe, that's what I thought. Or one of those rubber bones they like to chew. A dog doesn't live on sex alone, after all, and I'll admit I felt a little silly. Almost childish in a way, giddy and excited to be walking around with him. I don't know. I still wore that same dress. I'd washed myself and brushed my hair, even put on a little lipstick which Master hadn't seemed to mind, and I'd followed him downtown.

"Okay," I said, glancing at my thin reflection in the glass. "Ummm...After you, Master."

I opened the door with a nervous giggle, suddenly wondering if the nature of our strange relationship wouldn't be obvious to whoever worked there. I couldn't define that relationship yet, although it must seem obvious by now. Perhaps I was just unwilling to admit I'd become the willing pet of a beast, the sexual plaything for a creature which should never possess such power over a human.

A girl about my age, or a few years older perhaps, smiled and turned her head at the sound of the bell above the door. She stood on a short ladder, holding a feather duster and cleaning the shelves apparently. The pet shop wasn't a large one, being long and narrow the way most of the stores downtown were. It seemed much like any other pet shop, I suppose, with puppies in the window, assorted fish tanks to the right, and some birds to the left.

"Hi!" She smiled at me and then looked at my Master, giving her dark hair a toss to clear her sapphire eyes. "Hmmm...Now what are you doing here, I wonder?" She laughed lightly as if she already knew the answer.

Uh...Hi," I replied slowly, taking in her long legs and pert, round butt.

I mean, I didn't really have a choice as the girl wore only a pair of denim shorts and an over-sized sweatshirt that gave her kind of a shapeless, vaguely feminine form above the waist. And a dog collar? A thin band of black leather encircled her throat and I felt my tummy tighten. She looked

attractive though, no doubt about that, and I almost felt something like jealousy when Master approached the ladder without hesitation and turned his face upward with his bright eyes clearly focused on her ass.

“Hey!” I blinked as the dog used the ladder to stand on his hind legs, sniffing the back of the girl’s legs and then pressing his snout against her crotch from behind.

“It’s alright,” she said, which only confused me all the more. “Smell something you like, big boy?”

“Woof,” Master agreed, giving his tail a wag.

I stared at his tongue as he took a lick of her shorts first of all and then her bare thighs a second later. I could see his cock beginning to slip from its furry sheath, the tapered head already dripping precum, and I had to remember to breathe. My insides were confused, my heart and mind, as I felt naturally possessive of the animal, but not in a way most people would understand. It seemed very much like watching my boyfriend hit on another woman.

“That tickles!” she said with a soft laugh, spreading her legs as far as the ladder would allow. “You want some? Let me get down first.”

As if he understood, the dog made way for the girl so she could step off the ladder. As soon as she turned around, Master pressed his nose into her shorts, biting the denim and tugging so that she had to twist her hips and grab fistfuls of his thick fur to keep her balance.

“Do you mind?” she asked, and it took a full second or two before I realized she’d spoken to me.

“What?” I stared at her fingers as she started unsnapping her shorts, giggling happily as Master tried to help her.

“The door,” she breathed. “Just turn the bolt.”

“But...You can’t...” I protested dumbly, understanding none of this.

“Arf!” Master barked sharply, demanding my obedience. I caught his gaze for a moment and then dropped my head submissively.

By the time I’d locked the door and turned around again, the girl was already on her hands and knees with Master’s cock drilling her hungry cunt.

“Oh God! Ow! Yeah...Fuck me!” she gasped and groaned, arching her back as she tried to meet his eager thrusts.

I only stood there, watching helplessly as my dog fucked this strange woman right there in front of me. She turned her open mouth to his, accepting the animal’s tongue and closing her lips around it. They were kissing, I realized, and better than my inexperienced attempts earlier. Fucking and kissing, and her skin had become flushed, glistening with a sudden outpouring of sweat. She was cumming on my Master’s cock, moaning into his jaws while she rode the swollen shaft.

“Ahhhhh...” She jerked with a long, high pitched sigh and shut her eyes against the intense pleasure of taking the knot, a pleasure I knew only too well and right then desperately desired.

I’d pulled up the front of my dress without realizing it and my fingers were digging frantically against the pink folds of my sex. I thumbed my throbbing clitoris and shoved two fingers inside my

wanton hole, fucking myself quickly as the urge to orgasm filled me. My breasts felt heavy and I took the right in my other hand, massaging the pliant flesh and feeling my nipples burn with a cold fire.

I started cumming just as Master dismounted the girl's back, turning on his hinged cock so that they were butt to butt on the floor. Through the haze of ecstasy I could see her face as a mask of pure joy and I'm sure it mirrored my own. She smiled like she'd never stop, panting for air and nodding her head. She lifted a hand weakly and crooked her finger at me, drawing me close. I knew what she wanted. The girl didn't have to tell me, I just knew, and my Master gazed over his shoulder at me as I sat on the thin carpet and spread my legs.

"Like this..." the girl whispered, dropping her mouth to my pussy as she knelt on her knees and elbows, holding my hips as I sat there.

"I never, um...Oh yessss..." I hissed, shivering at the touch of her delicate tongue upon my clitoris.

Being licked by a girl was so much different than by a dog. Better in some ways and not so good in others, but at the moment I couldn't really appreciate the difference. She took my clit between pursed lips and pinched it, washing the tiny tip with her tongue at the same time. I grabbed her head with both hands, tangling my fingers in her black hair and lifting my ass off the floor. I was going to cum again, and better this time. She suckled my clitoris hard, almost too much, and I felt something like pain, but not that. Just too much pleasure as my arousal became acute. And then I exploded with the sudden rush of my orgasm.

She let me have that first one, but after I'd calmed somewhat, the girl pushed and pulled me until I could lay beneath her. I had no experience with this, none whatsoever, and I'd never imagined myself a lesbian. I didn't hesitate though, not at all as I found myself on my back with my head between her spread knees. Directly above my face I could see their union, the girl's pink vulva distended almost grotesquely around the huge cock and swollen knot of muscle buried inside her cunt. Her pussy lips had been pushed inward and even the girl's clit was hidden, crouched beneath the animal's prick.

She'd gone quickly back to licking my pussy and I lifted my head to kiss her own amazingly soft flesh. Her pubic hair was thin and dark and damp. It tickled my nose and cheeks as I licked around her protruding sex. I had my Master's low hanging balls across the bridge of my nose, across my eyes, and I imagined I could feel them pumping his sperm into the girl while we made love to each other with our mouths. If I'd truly felt jealous of her once, I'd forgotten all about it. Master had wanted to fuck her and I found her submission enjoyable, much like I admired the animal's great strength and confidence. The power he held not only over me, but this other young woman as well, was attractive on some level. I'd share him, if that's what he demanded, and share his bitch as well.

I held her tightly, wrapping my arms around the girl's slim waist as Master strained briefly to pull his cock free of her pussy. I saw her cunt being pulled outward, her thick, greasy labia becoming visible as they were wrapped snugly around the very base of his cock. Her thin, coral clitoris popped free, no larger than the nail of my pinky finger, but I knew how sensitive that bit of flesh must be and I kissed her there. I nursed on that tiny bud while the girl shivered and moaned above me.

Master relaxed and the tension eased for a minute or two and then he pulled again, repeating this several times while we brought the woman off together. She was cumming over and over, barely able to give my own burning sex any attention at all, but I didn't mind. I was happy to explore another woman for the first time in my life, to taste her salty skin and the smell the pungent aroma of her desire. I could even taste her now, the briny flavor of girl cum mixed with the thin, salty spend

of Master's balls. I swallowed eagerly and lapped at their union, anticipating the moment when her cunt would finally let him go completely.

When it happened, I received a warm baptism of raw sex. My Master's immense cock pulled free with a gush of fuck juice that soaked my face and hair. His unsheathed penis fell heavily across my open mouth before he stepped away from us and I might have sought more of the animal, except the girl immediately dropped her gaping pussy to my face and covered my mouth completely.

I drank from her, thrusting my stiff tongue inside her loose cunt and being rewarded with more cum than I could possibly hope to swallow. I bathed in their combined fluids, swallowing quickly and begging wordlessly for more. Her labia were long and ruddy, swollen with excitement and I took them into my mouth, chewing and sucking noisily. She pushed herself up and rode my face, grinding her sex against my tongue and her sweaty asshole against my nose. The girl had another orgasm and a fresh flood of tongue curling girl cum assaulted my palate as I struggled to drink and breathe and control the adrenaline that had me shaking beneath her.

"That was good," she whispered, kissing me as we lay side-by-side some while later. "I'm Marie."

"I'm Lisa," I replied, looking into her eyes. They were so dark and blue that they might have been black, but somehow warm and generous as well. I accepted her tongue once more between my lips and imagined I'd never been kissed before in my life.

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"Oh!" I gasped as I sat up and Marie followed my gaze to see a man standing on the sidewalk outside.

He was staring at us through the plate glass window, ignoring the capering puppies below, and not only him. A woman stood there as well, holding the hands of two children, a boy and a girl. Another man was passing by and he paused even I sat there, glancing through the window, smiling briefly, and then continuing on his way.

"They saw us!" I said, stating the obvious. "They see us! Oh God!"

I had my dress bunched up around my hips, plainly exposing my excited sex. Marie lay on the carpet naked from the waist down and we were both a mess. I'd been drenched with cum and my hair clung to my face and neck, my dress stained and wet enough that my dark nipples were obvious. We were flushed and damp and sticky, and there could be little doubt as to what we'd been doing. I mean, Master was right there too! Licking his cock and balls lazily, ignoring everything else. Had those people watched as he'd fucked the girl?

"So what?" Marie giggled with a wave of her hand. "The door's locked."

"But..." I blinked at her.

"I set my own hours anyway," she said. "And that was sooooo good. Thank you."

"Uh..." I couldn't find the words to express my confusion.

"You want something to drink?" Marie asked, rising slowly and looking around for her shorts. "I've got a little refrigerator. Coke? Seven-Up?"

"I should go," I said, feeling nervous and frightened, trying to ignore the people in the window,



especially those children, and failing completely. The little boy, perhaps six years old, waved at me and I turned away before he could see the humiliation coloring my cheeks.

"What? Why?" Marie seemed genuinely confused. "You just got here. Come on. There's a bathroom in the back."

"But..."

"You need to ask him?" she asked, and I felt drunk.

"Ask him..." I looked at the dog and Master stared back at me until I lowered my eyes.

"It's okay," she said. "I understand, believe me. Prince likes to keep a close eye on me too."

"Prince?" I felt dizzy and hesitated before taking Marie's hand and letting the girl pull me to my feet.

"My owner," she nodded. "You'll meet him. If you haven't already?"

"I, uh...No...I don't think so," I said, answering her strange question, if that's what it had been.

"He likes blondes," she said with a laugh. "I keep thinking I'll dye my hair, but what if he doesn't like it, you know?"

"I don't understand," I said, practically begging for some bit of reasonable information I could hold onto.

"Sorry. It's kinda hard at first," Marie offered, holding my hand and leading me towards the back of her store. "Sometimes I forget what it was like being new here."

"You're not from here?" I asked, and she smiled at that.

"None of us are from here," she told me. "Except maybe the dogs."

"But..." I sighed. "What does that mean?"

"This is their town." She shrugged and opened a door marked Private. "You can use the bathroom first. I'll dig up some Cokes. Is diet okay?"

"I guess, uh..." I nodded weakly.

"Great!" Marie smiled and kissed my lips, giving me her tongue for several long heartbeats. "Mmmmm...You taste pretty good, Lisa."

"Okay," I breathed, and she laughed, enjoying my confusion, I thought.

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Marie let me use the bathroom first. It wasn't much more than a toilet and a sink, but it was clean anyway. I washed my face, trying not to think too much about being a lesbian. I wasn't gay all of a sudden, was I? Licking and kissing another woman, swallowing her cum and letting her do the same with me...How had that happened, I wondered, but the answer was simple. Master had wanted me to do it, but he hadn't exactly commanded me either. He hadn't forced me and neither had Marie and...I'd enjoyed it, but that didn't make me a lesbian. I hoped.

"He brought you here for a collar, huh?" Marie asked between sips of her soda. She didn't seem too worried about what we'd done and that made me feel better for some reason.

"I don't know," I said, eyeing the collar she wore around her neck. I'd been trying to explain how my Master had sort of led me to the store.

"That's good," she said with an enthusiastic smile, reaching for my hand and squeezing it. "You're lucky. It means he's keeping you."

"It does?" I giggled nervously, glancing at Master as he sat nearby, seemingly content to watch and listen while we spoke.

"They'll fuck any girl they come across," Marie said with a roll of her eyes. "They're a lot like boys that way."

"What?"

"Not every girl. Okay," she admitted, giggling. "They like pretty as much as anyone else, right?"

"I guess so." I took a drink from my can to hide my blush. Lisa wasn't just pretty, she was gorgeous, and the way she looked at me...

"But they only keep the best ones," she continued, leaning close like we were sharing a secret. "The girls with collars are special to them."

"Like you?" I asked.

"Like us, Lisa." Marie giggled and stuck out her tongue. "But yeah, I'm pretty good," she agreed. "At least none of them ever complain and Prince...Hmmm..." She sighed happily and teased me with a playful expression. "He treats me nice."

"Your owner," I said slowly, and Marie nodded. "But what about everyone else?" I wondered. "I mean, the whole town..."

"Knows," she said. "Everybody knows, Lisa. It's kind of hard to keep it a secret."

"I don't even know what 'it' is!" I said with a frustrated laugh.

"It isn't anything," she shrugged. "You'll see. The dogs like girls and we like them and..."

"Why?" I asked. "I was a virgin before I came here. I didn't even want sex, but now..."

"You're thinking about it all the time?" She grinned at me and I blushed. "All you want to do is fuck, right? You want his cock right now, don't you?"

"Yeah," I whispered, looking down at my Diet-Coke. I'd been thinking about fucking my Master ever since I'd come out of the bathroom after washing my face.

"Your bonding with him."

"Bonding?"

"Well, that's what I call it," she said. "The more he fucks you, the more you'll want it, believe me."

"Oh."

"You didn't like it at first, did you" she asked, and the look on my face was enough. "Prince raped me too. I think he fucked me ten times that first night. Just over and over, I couldn't make him stop."

Her eyes had a faraway look, but they were shining at the memory. Marie wasn't angry about what had happened to her, not even a little sad. She was smiling.

"I was nineteen and I'd just gotten off the bus, like the next day." She looked at me and shrugged. "I used to have a boyfriend. A serious one and I always thought he'd be the first. On our wedding night, you know?"

"You were a virgin?"

"I was," she said. "Prince didn't care. He fucked the cherry out of me all night long."

"Like me," I breathed.

"Yeah," Marie said, smiling into my eyes. "He owns you now, Lisa. You can't help it, and you know what?"

"What?"

"You don't want to," she said. "You wouldn't change the way you feel for anything."

"No," I admitted after a moment's reflection. "I probably wouldn't."

"I know you wouldn't. So go ahead," she jerked her head towards Master. "Fuck him. Get it out of your system for a little bit."

"Out of my system?" I laughed and as much as I wanted to get on my hands and knees right then, I wasn't sure I could. That would have been really strange, except then I remembered everything we'd already done and strange is all relative.

"Don't worry," Marie said, reaching up to stroke my cheek. "I know what it's like in the beginning. It gets easier though, you'll see."

"I don't know," I sighed, thinking she was only talking about the sex, but she wasn't. Or at least not only that.

"I couldn't go anywhere without Prince for the first week or so," she explained. "If I didn't see him I'd get frightened, like I wouldn't see him again."

"Exactly," I agreed.

"I needed to be with him and I wanted to make him happy. I wanted him to teach me, you know?"

"I know."

"It's like being addicted, isn't it?" she asked, and I smiled at that.

"You think it is?" I wondered. "I mean, like in their, um...sperm or whatever?"

"Their cum?" Marie laughed at me. "I guess it could be, but it's a lot more than just sex."

"What is it then?" I felt kind of embarrassed, but I knew she wasn't being mean. She wasn't teasing me or being deliberately obtuse.

"I dunno." She shrugged and looked at my Master. "Mind control maybe."

"Mind control?" I smiled at that idea, but...

"Or maybe they can just pick out the girls who need them," Marie suggested. "Like they can smell what we really are."

"Ummm..." I giggled. "Okay. What are we?"

"Bitches," Marie said with a grin, like it was obvious. "Come on. Let's see what kind of collar he wants you to wear."

"You really think that's why he brought me here?"

"Pretty sure," she said. "Don't believe me? Ask him."

"What?" I laughed. "Like...bark?"

"No, silly! Just ask. He knows what we're saying."

"How?"

"I dunno," she said. "Who cares how? Ask him."

"Uhhh..." I made a face, feeling kind of foolish talking to the dog in front of her, but I'd talked to him a lot over the weekend. "Do you want me to get a collar, Master?"

"Master?" Marie smiled at me. "Cool name."

"Woof!" The dog stood up and started walking towards a metal rack, one of those circular kind with an assortment of collars hanging from it.

"Still don't believe me?" Marie teased.

"I didn't say I don't believe you," I said. "I just...This is really weird."

"No doubt!" She giggled happily.

I did get a collar, going through the rack one by one, holding each of them up for my Master's inspection until he barked and wagged his tail.

"This one?" I asked, holding a thin, leather collar and he barked again.

"That'll go nice with your eyes," Marie decided.

"I thought dogs are color blind?"

"Maybe they are," she said. "So it's just the same sort of grey for him or something."

"Hmmm..." I guessed that sorta made sense, but it still made me uneasy that he'd happened to pick a collar the same shade of blue as my eyes.

"Here...Let me have it," Marie said. "I'll put it on for you."

"Okaaaaay! Oof!" I grunted with surprise as Master tackled me around the waist, pushing me down from behind.

"Whoops! I think he wants to fuck you first," my new friend said, and I looked up at her with a grimace.

"You...Ugh! Ow! Think?" I asked kinda sarcastically, and Marie just laughed, yanking my dress up my back and out of the way.

"Better get used to that, Lisa."

"Whaaaaah! What?" I winced as the dog's rock hard prick stabbed at my sex blindly, seeking the entrance to my womb.

"Getting fucked out of the blue," she said. "It's pretty fun though."

"Ye ah ehhhh ah!" I sorta groaned in agreement as my Master's cock found my pussy and about eight inches of dog prick suddenly stretched my cunt in every imaginable direction.

"Here...Let's get this collar on while he's fucking you, huh?" Marie suggested. "It's kinda romantic that way."

"Ohhh..." I nodded, but mostly I just pushed myself backwards to meet the dog, rolling my hips and wanting to grind my quivering cunt on his cock forever.

I'd been dying for it, to tell the truth, much like Marie had said earlier. I needed to be fucked and if Master hadn't taken me right then, I'd have had to find some way to entice him into giving me the sex I craved. I just couldn't believe the animal's stamina, or mine for that matter. We'd fucked all weekend, a dozen times easily, even more than that, and now we were doing it again. Didn't he ever run out of steam? I hoped not!

Marie fitted the collar to my neck, threading the leather through the buckle so that it felt comfortably snug. I tried to stay still for her, but having something like 120 pounds of dog slamming a huge cock deep inside my pussy didn't make that easy. My Master could drive me across the store if he wanted, clawing into the carpet with his rear paws and cinching my waist tightly with his forelegs. I already had some rug burns on my knees and elbows and I really had to brace myself against the constant pounding...especially when that wonderful knot started popping in and out of my pussy. All he wanted to do was lock me up tight and that experience always made me cum hard.

"You look so beautiful when he fucks you," Marie whispered, stroking my blonde hair and kissing my face.

"Mmmm..." I sighed into her mouth, returning her kiss awkwardly with the dog's bony chin on my shoulder, his chest covering my back. He still pumped his cock inside me, and the knot as well because it hadn't quite grown real big yet. Soon though, any second, and then...I gasped as my Master's powerful haunches yanked me away from Marie's lips with a sharp tug of my over-stuffed pussy. The knot was inside me and wouldn't come out, at least not easily, and just like that we were locked together once more.

"That's it, Lisa," the girl soothed me with her voice and hands, reaching beneath to cup my full breasts and squeeze them through my dress. "Let him cum. Let him fill you up now. You're going to

give him lots of puppies, aren't you? Just let him cum inside you."

"Wha-What?" I blinked at her, feeling dazed and delirious as multiple orgasms rocked my body.

I had no idea what Marie was talking about and trying to understand her right then would have been pointless. So, I just closed my eyes and let her make out with me while Master's cock spilled his hot seed deep inside my belly. The knot would ensure that it stayed there for a good ten minutes or more and that was always the best part.

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"Uh...Hello," I said as I emerged from the small restroom in Marie's pet shop.

"Hi," the girl replied, and that's exactly what she was.

I mean, she couldn't have been more than sixteen, I thought, but she stood there with a dog as large as my Master and a collar around her neck. A pink collar to go with her lip gloss and fingernails, and tiny toenails as it turned out when I noticed her feet. She wore sandals and a short pleated skirt and a cardigan sweater buttoned only enough to keep her braless breasts from falling completely free. She was obscenely cute and very sexy the way a girl her age probably shouldn't be.

If I'm to be honest, she reminded me of myself at that age, and that hadn't been so long ago at all. We could have been sisters, but for the color of her eyes and the tiny cleft in her chin.

"That's her, huh?" the girl asked Marie, who was busy handling one of the puppies in the window.

"That's Lisa." Marie looked up at me with a smile. "This is Kristal."

"With a K," she said. "This is Mover."

"Mover?" I looked at her dog and he could have been Master's twin. He had the same black fur, intelligent amber eyes, and must have weighed twice as much as Kristal. The dogs were sniffing each other and I hoped they wouldn't fight, that would have been a disaster! But they didn't seem to be growling or anything.

"Earth Mover." She giggled and her green eyes softened beneath her blonde bangs. For a moment there I'd gotten the impression that she didn't like me all that much.

"That's cool," I said, wanting to be friends.

Like it or not, and as ludicrous as it seemed, I'd obviously joined some sort of club or intimate circle of girls owned by dogs. I decided I had to make the best of it until I could figure out what was really going on. Marie seemed to know a lot and perhaps this Kristal with a K did as well. Either way, it wasn't like I had too many friends in that odd little town, was it?

"What's your owner's name?" she asked.

"I just call him Master," I shrugged, finding it strange how we could both accept that word 'owner' so casually.

"That's awesome," Kristal smiled. "He's fucked me before."

"He did?" I blinked at her, but she ignored my surprise.

"I saw you before at the Sears, right?"

"I work there, yeah."

"Yeah," she agreed. "I figured you were a bitch."

"Ummm..." I narrowed my eyes and she laughed.

"I mean the good kind," she said quickly. "I know you're not bitchy or whatever."

"Oh."

"You're really pretty though," she decided. "Shelly's gonna hate you."

"Who?" I narrowed my eyes at the girl, but she ignored my question.

"Marie said you're cool."

"She is cool," Marie insisted, holding two squirming puppies up for a couple girls on the other side of the window to admire.

"Fucking hot too." Kristal grinned, looking me up and down. "You know we all do it, right?"

"Ummm...Do what?"

"Do each other," she said with a lick of her lips. "Do you like me?"

"Uh..."

"Give her a break already." Marie rolled her eyes and pushed a puppy into Kristal's hands. "You sound like a slut."

"I do not!" She frowned and looked at me. "Do I?"

"I wouldn't even know," I said, not wanting to get in trouble with either of them.

"Ha! See?" Kristal stuck her tongue out at Marie and the older girl kissed it quickly. "We're gonna fuck anyway, you know."

All of this seemed kind of insane to me.

"Who's puppies are these anyway?" Kristal wondered, lifting the one she held up to her nose and tickling his tummy.

"They're mine!" Marie said, kind of indignantly or something. She gave a puppy to me and they were definitely very cute. Black all over and feisty, with sharp new teeth and tiny claws.

"I thought maybe they were Wendy's," Kristal said. "They kinda look like her."

"Shut-up!" Marie laughed. "Wendy just had hers, like a week ago."

"Who's Wendy?" I wondered, looking for a real explanation because nothing they were saying made a lot of sense.

"You'll meet her," Kristal promised. "She's a cheerleader."

"Oh," I nodded, wondering what that had to do with anything.

"I'm gonna be one," the girl continued. "Next year. I'm just in ninth grade right now."

"Kristal's fifteen," Marie told me. "But she acts a lot younger."

"Okay." I nodded, giving the girl another look up and down. I wasn't sure about her personality, but Kristal's body seemed awfully grown up for a fifteen-year-old. She wasn't very tall, perhaps, but she had some serious tits, real hips, and a sweet round ass.

"What? Fuck you!" She made a face. "I'm normal. Wendy acts like she's eight."

"Wendy's another bitch," Marie said. "Like us. Windsor owns her."

"Wendy and Windsor!" Kristal giggled. "She's kind of an airhead."

"I think your mom's looking for you," Marie said with a teasing smile.

The girl rolled her eyes. They pale green and flecked with gold. Cat eyes, I thought, and rather striking with her high cheeks and pretty mouth. Kristal should have been a model or something, but I could have said the same about Marie. What were the odds of two girls looking like that, three girls, if you counted me, living in a small town in the middle of nowhere?

"Are all these puppies male?" I asked. There were five of them, counting the two that Kristal and Marie were holding.

"Of course," Marie nodded. "That's all we can have."

"Huh?" I smiled at her, not getting it at all. "Why? What happens to girl puppies?"

"You sound like Wendy now." Kristal grinned at me.

"There are no girl puppies," Marie said. "There's no female dogs anywhere in town."

"But..." I stared at the puppies for a second. "Then where did these come from?"

"They're mine," the woman said, and Kristal giggled.

"What did you think we were talking about?" she asked.

"I don't know what we're talking about," I confessed, but I had an idea and I swallowed hard as Marie nodded her head.

"They're my babies," she told me. "I'll have to start giving them away soon, but I don't want to yet."

"Yours?" I swallowed hard.

"Me and Prince," she said. "My second litter."

"A nice one too," Kristal sighed. "Five puppies. Can you believe that? I only had three."

"That's not bad," Marie told her. "Wendy only had two."

"The first litter is always small anyway." Kristal shrugged and looked at me. "Are you in heat yet?"



"Me? What?" I looked between the two girls, thinking they must be playing some sort of joke on me. Teasing me or something. Girls don't have puppies.

"No, she's not in heat," Marie said, retrieving her puppy from my hands. He'd fallen asleep.

"How do you know?" Kristal asked and then snorted. "You checked, huh? And you're calling me a slut? Yeah right!"

"I didn't have to check. Lisa just got here, remember?"

"But you did anyway," Kristal insisted. "I know you."

"Well..." Marie grinned. "She is pretty fuckable, Kris."

"Ha! Now we gotta do it," Kristal decided with a giggle, giving me her eyes and smallish dimples.

The girl was extremely cute, as I said, and well developed, no doubt about that. I still couldn't imagine her fucking that huge dog though. I mean, Kristal must have stood six inches shorter than me and I doubted she weighed more than 90 pounds soaking wet. But Mover was every bit as large as my Master, and she'd fucked him as well?

The idea stirred up something in me, I'll admit that. Seeing my owner fucking her horny little pussy? Why did that perverse idea turn me on? Why would I ever want to see it? I wanted to kiss her too, I realized with something like shock. Kristal's pouting pink mouth and her obviously swollen nipples, her soft tummy and the sexy swell of her teenage cunt hidden beneath her skirt. I felt suddenly overwhelmed with desire and nearby I could see my Master's tail wagging, thumping the floor as he stared at me.

"My Master wants to watch me fuck you," I whispered, scarcely believing I could say such a thing.

"I know," Kristal agreed, staring into my eyes. "Mover wants to watch us too."

"You guys take it someplace else," Marie interrupted us. "I need to close up before my owner comes looking for me."

"You wanna go to my house?" Kristal asked me, and I nodded.

"What about, um...your parents?" I asked, feeling my tummy tingle with excited butterflies.

"It's not up to them," she said. "Come on. I really wanna do it now."

"Me too," I agreed, unable to focus my mind on anything but the idea of fucking and seeing fucked this fifteen year old girl. I wasn't the only one who would be having sex with Kristal, I knew Master wanted her as well, just as her dog probably wanted me.

"Come by the store tomorrow, Lisa," Marie told me. "Prince will want to meet you too."

"Okay," I said, blinking at her as the woman smiled. I could barely concentrate on what she was saying.

"You'll be okay," she promised. "You just have to get used to it, that's all."

Marie kissed me deeply, filling my mouth with her tongue for a long moment before Kristal demanded a goodbye kiss of her own. Marie gave it to her and I watched the dark haired woman

making out with the blonde haired girl while my heart ached with lust.

It couldn't be mine though, I thought. The desire that burned like a fire in my belly had to come from someplace else. Someone else. I'd been hypnotized, it seemed to me. My dog, my Master, had somehow put me under some sort of spell, but that seemed ridiculous. Maybe the woman, Marie, had done it. Or Kristal? I'd been fine until she'd shown up, or if not fine, at least not quite so...horny. God! What was wrong with me? I couldn't focus on anything except the desperate ache to have sex.

"They can make you feel anything they want," Kristal said, as if reading my mind. "Your owner especially, but the other ones too."

"Really?" I held her hand as we walked down the street following our two dogs. Every now and then one of the animals would glance back at us and I felt something like impatience. Kristal too perhaps as we both started walking a little faster.

"The more you're around them, the stronger it gets," she whispered. "You'll see."

Just as she was saying that we were walking past the only Seven-Eleven in town and three guys were hanging out in front, smoking and eyeing us with interest.

They were probably in high school and one of them said, "Hey, Kris. What's up?"

"Who's your friend?" another asked, and I ignored them. They weren't being jerks about it at least, not treating us to some of the juvenile come-ons I'd gotten back home.

Kristal just sorta waved, but didn't say anything until we'd crossed the street. "That's the one nice thing about being owned," she told me. "The guys pretty much leave us alone."

"They do?"

"Oh yeah." She grinned at me. "Everybody knows what a collar means."

"Ummm...What's it mean?" I wondered with a nervous giggle.

"They can't fuck with you," she shrugged.

"Oh. Like teasing or whatever?"

"Noooo..." she laughed. "Like they can't fuck with you."

"Why?"

"Why?" Kristal rolled her eyes. "Because you're a bitch. Your owner fucks you now, and the other dogs sometimes, but no boys."

"You don't have a boyfriend?"

"Why would I want one?" she asked with a snort, and then got serious. "Your owner's not going to let you have a boyfriend. They get really jealous of that, so don't even talk to a guy unless you have to."

"What, um..." I glanced at my Master and he turned his head, like he knew we were talking about him, giving me a long stare until I looked down.

"What if you do?" Kristal asked. "You'll probably get punished and that sucks."

"Punished?" I almost smiled. "By a dog?"

"By your owner," she said, emphasizing the word.

"Punished how?" I asked. "Is he gonna spank me or something?"

"Don't laugh," she warned me, shaking her head. "I told you, they can make you feel anything they want, and not only the nice stuff, you know?"

"Hmmm..." I didn't know, but I didn't think I was going to get any real answers from the girl and my head was swimming anyway.

Being outside helped. The fresh air and sunshine and all that, but my excitement hadn't diminished at all. I found myself looking at Kristal from the corner of my eye, admiring her pretty face and especially her body, and trying to imagine what she'd look like with my Master's cock stuffed inside her little cunt. That's what my thoughts were like too. I mean, they were graphic and vulgar the way they'd never been before. I wanted to see this girl dripping cum from her well-fucked hole, panting and flushed and sucking a swollen dog cock while I tongue fucked her asshole. I wanted to eat her out while Kristal's owner slammed his prick so far into my pussy I could taste it when he started cumming.

Those were the sorts of images that flashed through my brain and I knew they weren't mine. They couldn't be mine. I'd never imagined such things in my life until today and I wondered if Kristal had the same thoughts.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked her after a minute of walking in silence.

"We're almost there," she told me. "I live just around the corner."

"Okay, but...What are you thinking?" I asked again, really wanting to know if it was just me.

"You mean, am I thinking about sex?"

"Yeah," I said, clearing my throat. "Are you?"

"Oh yeah." She nodded and then smiled at me. "I want to suck Mover's cum out of your pussy."

"Me too," I breathed. "I want to fuck your tongue."

"Yeah." She squeezed my hand in hers. "See? That's what they can do to us. Walk faster."

"Let's run," I suggested, and we must have been going crazy.

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"Mom? This is Lisa," Kristal said, introducing me as we walked through the kitchen, red faced and slightly out of breath.

"Oh. Hi, Lisa." The woman smiled at me, but mostly she watched the two large dogs padding into the house like they owned it.

"Hi," I said, feeling suddenly self-conscious and wanting to touch my collar for some reason.

"We're gonna go fuck," Kristal said, pulling me along behind her. "We'll be down in a little bit."

"Okay, um..." Her mother nodded. "I'll fix you guys a little snack or something. Are you staying for dinner, Lisa?"

"Ummm..." I just looked at her over my shoulder, still trying to understand that this ninth grader had just told her mom we were going to have sex. She'd even used the F word.

"Her owner's gonna stay too, Mom," Kristal yelled, as we were already in the next room and headed up the stairs.

"Alright, dear," the woman answered.

"Don't worry about her," Kristal told me with a grin. "Mom's totally devoted."

"Devoted?" I laughed and bobbed my head on my shoulders. "This is too weird."

"Our owners rule this town," she said. "And you know what?"

"What?"

"That means we rule it too!" Kristal laughed, pushing me into her bedroom and the dogs were already waiting for us.

I pulled my dress over my head, not bothering with the buttons, and of course, I still wore nothing beneath it. My nipples were fat and dark, itching like my pussy as I rubbed myself slowly. Kristal pulled her skirt down and kicked it away, then her baby blue panties which were damp with excitement. I stared at her hairless pussy, the swell of her prominent mound and the smallish lips that lined her thin slit. She had nice legs and a small, soft tummy, but her tits were nearly as large as mine, firm and round and blessed with fat, pink nipples.

We openly admired each other for a few seconds, licking our lips and smiling. For being just fifteen, Kristal looked gorgeous to me and apparently my Master thought so too. He pressed his nose against the girl's sex, licking at her skin and growling softly until she knelt for him on the carpet of her bedroom. I did the same thing as Mover gave me his attentions, licking my pussy from behind as I got on my hands and knees beside Kristal.

The dogs seemed content to lap at our cunts and I spread my legs for Mover as his tongue split my labia and tickled my thrumming clit. I kept my head turned to the left, staring at Kristal as she looked at me and soon we were kissing, making out passionately while our owners enjoyed the flavor of our arousal.

Everything seemed slow and deliberate then, and nothing like I'd been expecting during the long walk to Kristal's house. I'd imagined a frenzy of fucking, but we only kissed, shoulder-to-shoulder as we knelt there. Her tongue would tease mine and I'd suck on it before chasing it inside the girl's sweet mouth. We giggled and moaned, smiled and gasped, rocking our hips and moving beneath the wonderful sensations of being eaten to orgasm by two large dogs.

I know I came several times, just the small ones that teased me more than satisfied my desires. I thought Kristal had cum as well, but I didn't know her well enough yet to be sure. She knew how to kiss though! God! I wondered if I was turning lesbian. I'd had sex with Marie earlier and now I was necking with Kristal. Two girls in one day. What did that mean? Nothing probably, except our owners seemed to like seeing us together like that. If what she'd said about not being allowed

boyfriends was true, I decided I could live with that rule. So long as I could fuck canine cock everyday and make out with girls like Marie and Kristal every now and then...Why would I ever need a boyfriend?

"Ahhhhmmmm..." My sharp gasp at the sensation of Mover's cock stabbing into my cunt turned into a long sigh of pleasure.

"Yesssss..." Kristal hissed beside me, and I giggled weakly, watching her face contort with pleasure.

Master had mounted her at the same time Mover had mounted me, and now were being fucked together. The cock inside me felt a little different than my Master's, but I honestly wouldn't have been able to tell the difference if I'd been blindfolded. At least not from what I felt in my pussy. They were very different in other ways though. Master liked to drop his head next to mine and I missed the feeling of his bony chin digging into my shoulder. Mover kept his head up the whole time and his forelegs gripped me lower around my hips. It felt pretty good and I wasn't complaining, but the experience was definitely different.

Beside me, I could see my Master's face next to Kristal's, her dirty blonde hair falling over his dark fur while he thrust his cock inside her cunt hard and fast. She gasped loudly every time too, like a little steam engine chugging along about a hundred miles an hour. She looked so small like that, much too small for the huge dog that held her around the waist. Like he did with me, Master forced the poor girl to support his considerable weight. I could see her arms shaking with the effort as Kristal refused to give in to the pressure and collapse completely onto the floor.

I felt much the same way. I'd locked my elbows and arched my back, pushing myself against the dog inside me as I felt the bulge growing at the base of his prick. Mover pushed the knot inside me and a second later he yanked it back out, over and over he did that, teasing me and making me cum with a delicious rush of heat. He took a little longer than my Master usually did, or perhaps Mover's knot was simply a bit smaller than the other dog's, but either way it was almost torturous how good that felt. The distinctive, endless popping sensation threatened to destroy what little sanity I had left. I wanted him locked inside me and every time the animal jammed his prick deep, I'd push myself backwards in an effort to keep him there.

It happened eventually, although I had no concept of time by then. Had we been fucking for minutes or hours? I couldn't tell. My pussy throbbed with a dull ache, something like a cramp except much better. The dog's penis was trapped inside me, the full length of him stretching my tender vagina with the tip of his cock jammed into the very bottom of my sex. I could feel him, stiff and hard like a bone, unyielding even as my cunt seemed to coil around him like a snake, squeezing the hot juices from the animal's balls, pulling his sperm into my womb. I fell onto my face, feeling my tits flattened beneath our combined weight, as I came again and again.

My orgasms seemed endless and I'd forgotten all about Kristal until she kissed me weakly on the lips. She'd given up trying to support my Master and I smiled at the dreamy look on her flushed face. I knew she'd taken his knot and my owner had already turned himself around the way he liked after locking up his bitch. Mover seemed to be happy right where he was though, but at least he'd let me go and now stood on his own four feet, straddling me with his cock buried in my pussy. That felt pretty comfortable for me and I wiggled my butt just to feel the soft fur of his belly against my skin.

"Your owner's got a big dick," Kristal whispered. "God! It feels good."

"So does yours," I replied breathlessly. "He fucked me nice."

"Hmmm..." The girl smiled at that and soon we were kissing again, making out lazily while we

waited for the dogs to pull themselves free of our pussies.

Mover's knot shrank a little quicker than Master's, or maybe it only seemed that way since I was three years older and somewhat more fully grown than Kristal. She must have been truly stuffed with my Master's huge cock and swollen knot. I could hear and see the jolt of discomfort she felt when the dog tested their union, but I'm sure it wasn't that painful. The girl, like me, was floating on a cloud of endorphins and adrenaline after a good fifteen or twenty minutes of being royally sucked and fucked.

Anyway, when Mover pulled his cock free of my pussy with a long, deliberate tug that seemed to turn my vulva inside out for a moment, I knew what I wanted to do...What the dogs wanted me to do. I gasped and winced and held my breath against the sensation. When I felt that weird pop of the knot squeezing past the mouth of my cunt, I covered myself with my hand, trying to hold all of our fuck juices inside me.

I moved as quickly as I could, feeling stiff and sore as my muscles complained after being stuck in one position for too long. I ignored all that and Kristal was waiting for me, hungry to drink the heady mix of dog and girl cum from my splayed sex. I brought my pussy to her face as she still knelt on the floor, still impaled on Master's prick, and took her cheeks in my hands. The dogs watched us, Mover sitting nearby and occasionally licking at his still exposed cock, and my Master twisting his head to look over his shoulder. They both wanted this, I somehow knew, and their tails wagged and their eyes seemed filled with an alien intelligence I didn't understand.

"Lick me," I breathed. "Suck the cum out of me, Kristal."

"Mmmph!" she agreed quickly, and I didn't have to make the girl do anything. Kristal pressed her open mouth to my cunt, stabbing her tongue into the soggy cum-filled mess eagerly. The wet noises of her sucking and swallowing filled the bedroom and were punctuated by the occasional gasp and groan when Master would try and pull free of her sex.

"Does it taste good?" I asked her, panting the words as my own excitement threatened to peak once again.

The girl was too busy French kissing my pussy to answer, pushing her pink tongue as far inside my cunt as she could get it and nursing on the ripe flavor of my recent fuck with her owner. I hunched my hips and played with Kristal's dirty blonde hair, keeping it out of her face so I could watch those sexy green eyes shine with lust.

Soon enough, my Master was able to pull his shrinking knot loose and the rest of his generous prick with it. We turned quickly then, knowing what our owners wanted - What we wanted, because there couldn't possibly be any difference. Kristal covered my face with her gaping pussy, dropping her body atop mine as I hugged her tightly. We grappled in a desperate sixty-nine, sucking each other off and only barely conscious of the watchful eyes of the dogs. Why they enjoyed seeing two girls do such a thing, I couldn't have guessed, but it seemed obvious that they did.

They would bark softly, giving us their approval, and occasionally bending their heads to lick our skin. Mover pressed his nose against Kristal's asshole as I pulled her firm butt cheeks apart, giving the animal access to her dainty hole. He was thinking about fucking her there, I thought, and I sucked her clitoris while the dog's rough tongue lapped at her tight sphincter.

Kristal played with my ass too, pulling at my legs to get my butt rolled upward and I moaned into her pussy when I felt the girl's tongue playing with my virgin anus. Soon enough my Master had joined her and his tongue replaced hers, teasing my asshole and trying to worm its way inside while I tried

to curl myself into a ball beneath Kristal's trembling body. She'd gone back to licking my pussy and I'd started pushing a finger into her tight little ass. I nibbled her labia, sucking and chewing gently while I fucked my middle finger into her silky soft rectum, enjoying the sensation of her butt clasped tightly around my wriggling digit.

She was amazingly tight in there, as I'm sure my own innocent hole must have felt for her. I couldn't imagine the dogs trying to fuck either of us in the ass, but I had the unmistakable desire to try it. Someday, the voice in my head whispered, my owner was going to drive his prick inside my asshole and that insane thought was enough to make me cum again.

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"Aren't you going to take a shower or anything?" I asked Kristal, watching as she pulled a fresh t-shirt out of her dresser.

"Nah." She scrunched up her nose. "I like being messy after I fuck."

"Oh." I nodded and she grinned at me.

"Don't you think sex oughta be messy?"

"I guess, yeah, but..." I glanced at her bedroom door. "What about your mom?"

"I never asked," Kristal replied. "She probably likes it messy too."

"Huh! Shut-up!" I rolled my eyes. "You know what I mean."

"You just gotta relax," she sighed. "Get dressed too. We're hungry."

Mover thumped his tail when his bitch said that and Master had picked up my yellow summer dress with his mouth. He dropped it at my feet with an impatient growl and I could almost hear him urging me to hurry up. Kristal's mom had been busy while her daughter and I had been fucking and the scent of something warm and delicious seemed to fill the entire house. I found my mouth watering and my stomach growled, but I hadn't been that hungry a second ago.

The dog was doing it, I realized. He could make me feel hungry just as easily as he could make me feel horny. Kristal had told me that before, but now I finally believed her. I mean, I accepted it, you know? I didn't have a choice and as I dressed quickly, my desire for food only grew. I found it sort of annoying actually and I'd never been so hungry in my life.

"Stop it," I said to my Master. "Please? I get it. You're hungry."

"He just wants to make a point," Kristal giggled. "Ready? Come on. I think Mom made some soup for us."

It turned out to be some sort of stew, actually, and it tasted wonderful! I ate like a pig; we all did as Kristal's mother had even prepared a couple large bowls for the dogs. What she might have thought of us sitting down at her kitchen table reeking of sex, I had no idea. I still had Mover's cum inside me, mixed with my own, and it leaked steadily from my pussy while I stuffed my face. My dress was hopeless, my body felt sticky all over, and the new scratches on my hips burned and itched. My hair felt thick and dirty, clinging to my neck and shoulders. I was a genuine mess, no doubt about it, and Kristal looked just as bad.

Her mom didn't seem to care though. She didn't do anything but stand there and smile, asking us if we wanted more, pouring glasses of milk for us, fussing over the smallest thing. She acted more like a maid or something and I wasn't very comfortable with any of it, but I didn't say anything. I didn't want to be rude and Kristal acted like everything was perfectly normal, and who knows? Maybe it was.

"Shoot." I frowned at the clock above the stove. "I have to go to work."

"You do?" Kristal frowned as well. "Skip out. You can hang out here tonight."

"I skipped out on school today," I sighed, and then looked at Master, knowing whose fault that had been.

"Me too!" Kristal giggled and her mom didn't say a word. My parents would have killed me if I'd skipped school in ninth grade, or any grade for that matter.

"Can I go to work, Master?" I asked, feeling only slightly silly talking to a dog. Nobody else seemed to notice anything out of the ordinary, however. Kristal's mom was washing dishes while Mover licked a bit of stew from the corners of her daughter's mouth.

Master tilted his head as if thinking about it and finally gave me a soft "Woof," in reply. That meant yes. I'd have to run home first and clean myself up. I had a puddle of cum between my thighs and beneath my butt. I hoped the woman wouldn't mind too much and under normal circumstances, I would have died of embarrassment, but not now. I didn't even know what normal was anymore.

"Okay." I nodded, sitting up a little straighter and offering Kristal's mom a cautious smile. "Thank you for, uh...lunch? Dinner? It was really good."

"Oh! You're welcome," she practically gushed. "Come by anytime, Lisa. You don't have to be shy around here."

"Mom's so devoted." Kristal giggled and I still hadn't figured out what that word meant.

Being kissed goodbye in front of Kristal's mom was a little strange, especially when the girl reached between us to squeeze my left breast while I sucked her tongue.

"Come over after work," she suggested. "Ask Master if it's okay with him. We can fuck all night if you want."

"Alright, uh..." I glanced at her mom and she smiled at me, nodding her head enthusiastically. "I'll ask him."

"Cool," Kristal breathed and then kissed me again. I thought Mover might have been teasing the girl a little, but my Master hadn't given me any strange ideas...yet.

"I'll see you later," I promised, and gave her mom a little wave as I followed my owner outside. This had definitely been the strangest day of my life.

**The End**