

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



"You never heard the story?" Marcia smiled as Sadie shook her head. "Tell her Wendy, it's a good one."

I shrugged, eating my salad in the hospital cafeteria with my two friends. It was a good story and I didn't mind telling it.

"It's one of those stories that are too weird not to be true," Marcia chuckled. She was a light colonel in her mid-forties, and chief pharmacist there at Tripler Army Medical Center in Hawaii. I was younger at 27 and Sadie might have been a bit older than me, but not by much.

"Really?" Sadie smiled politely, because that's what captains do when a superior officer talks, friends or not. She worked in Ob/Gyn and more to the point, Sadie was my Obstetrician.

I was a captain as well, one of the ophthalmologists at the big hospital, and very close to having my first baby. I'd just passed the eighth month mark and very much looking forward to delivering, believe me. The first three months I'd been sick, the middle three had been wonderful, but these last three were killing me.

"I have to get going." Marcia stood up. "Department head meeting." She rolled her eyes and we smiled sympathetically.

"So?" Sadie grinned at me after the colonel had left. "What's the story with you and Greg?"

"Okay, okay..." I sighed. "The short version, cause I'll have to pee in about five minutes."

It seemed like I always needed to pee then and it was probably the thing I hated most about being pregnant, even more than the backaches I got sometimes.

"Well, Greg and I knew each other in high school. I mean, he was my boyfriend. We'd known each other since, I don't know 5th grade probably. But we were never friends really, it was just a small town. So we'd noticed each other as we got older, but he had his girlfriends and I had my boyfriends. But finally our senior year in high school we were both free, if you like, and he asked me out. We went to our prom together and everything..."

"Did you guys...You know..." She wiggled her eyebrows with a grin.

"Yeah," I giggled. "Just once though, and yeah, we did it on our Prom night. I was a total virgin and I don't know how or why I let him...Anyway, we weren't really serious or anything. I knew I wanted to be a doctor, so I was going to take off for college and Greg...He didn't know what he wanted to do."

"So you weren't going to marry him or anything," Sadie said, keeping up with me.

"Yeah, exactly. We liked each other a lot, but it wasn't like we were crazy in love." I smiled at the thought.

"After I left for college we lost touch, really. I was studying my butt off and neither of us were much for phones or letters, so..." I shrugged. "Anyway, I was going to Hopkins and racking up a hundred grand in student loans every year, you know..."

"Oh yeah." Sadie made a face.

"I needed help and got the Army to cover me. You know the deal, sign up for Uncle Sam and they pay for it. So I got through medical school and got my funky greens, and ended up at Bragg. Brand

new to everything, completely lost, but it was fun.”

I shook my head remembering what it had been like as a brand new lieutenant, walking around a big army base in my bright new uniform. All those soldiers, young and old, big strong men training for war, and there they were saluting this small blonde woman. Little petite me, with breasts that seemed a fraction too big for my body, which made them perfect somehow, and a tight round butt wiggling above my smooth, toned legs. I'd been entirely too pretty for that place and I'd felt it, every salute was delivered with an inviting smile, like every guy there just wanted to get my panties off.

“Too hot there,” she said.

“What? Oh...Yeah,” I agreed. “The humidity is the worst. Um, where was I? Oh...About a year into it, I'd just put on captain, thanks to the needs of the army, which was nice.”

“Uh-huh.” Sadie smiled. Doctors got promoted to captain quick as incentive, but we stayed there forever because our time in service was weak compared to the regular army. It was still a nice payday though.

“Anyway, so I'm doing my residency, looking at eyes and fixing aneurisms and clots, mostly from all the jumps. I swear, most of those guys landed on their heads instead of their feet. Some retinals from time to time, plus I had a lot of nights in the ER, they always tapped me for weekends too, like someone hated me.”

I gave my friend a wry smile and she chuckled.

“And one day, in walks this staff sergeant and it's him...I swear, I mean I just stood there, you know, and Greg's got like a big bag of ice taped across his face, because he took a tumble off his bike. Hit his eye on the handlebar. Didn't hurt him much, just some burst blood vessels, but it scared the heck out of him anyway.”

Sadie smiled and I giggled at the memory.

“And it was like those eight years never happened. I mean, it was weird. You know how you see someone you were close to after a long time and after you talk for ten minutes there's just nothing left?”

“Yeah.”

“Uh-uh.” I bit my bottom lip. “We started talking and didn't stop until, oh God, about midnight.”

“He was in your office til midnight?” she teased me.

“No, no...I mean, we went out, we had to, and I brought him home and...” I sighed. “He kissed me and that was it. It was my second time, that night. I mean, my second time ever and with the same guy, but nine years later. The only thing that changed, besides being older, was that we were both ready, you know? I mean, we weren't kids, we're adults now, and so we just fell into it.”

“Fell in love,” Sadie sighed as well.

“He was my first and only,” I laughed. “I spent eight years in college and med school, then a year in the army with nothing more than a kiss on the cheek after a date. Like part of me knew. Greg was the only man I wanted to make...” I lowered my voice, leaning over my big tummy, “...to make love to and I knew I'd see him again. Like ESP or something.”

"Fate," Sadie nodded. "God, that's romantic."

"Yeah," I widened my blue eyes. "I can't believe it sometimes, but there it is. We did it that night and it was great and a month later we were getting married."

"Too bad he's just an enlisted man though," Sadie said.

"Just an enlisted man?" I bit off my temper, knowing my friend hadn't meant it the way it sounded, but I heard that a lot.

Some of the other officers here were less than friendly towards me for just that reason. Like it made me suspect somehow, but those were the people who forgot all too easily just who was dying in places like Iraq. But I tried not to think about that too much. I just prayed that Greg was watching his butt close while he was deployed.

"I mean, it's hard for you guys." Sadie reached out to touch my hand. "You know what I mean, Wen."

"Yeah," I nodded, softening my eyes.

I'd taken a hard time for marrying an enlisted man and everyone from my department head to the commanding general at Fort Bragg had tried to talk me out of it. Just few years ago they could have just said no, called it fraternization, and ordered us not to see each other. But it was a new army, or so they said.

That was why I was at Tripler and my husband was ostensibly stationed at Bragg, and now deployed to the Gulf with his Ranger battalion. As soon as we'd gotten married I had orders to Hawaii, like I'd take my punishment a little easier if it was served up in paradise. That was the army's solution to fraternization problems, separate duty stations for the husband and wife.

I hadn't seen Greg in almost nine months, not since he'd left me with a going away present growing in my belly. But we were both happy and excited about that, believe me. We'd been working on getting me knocked up and barefoot for eighteen months. I had just three more years in the Army and I was out. Greg wanted to stay in, he loved being a Ranger and he was good at it. I could be an army wife, and there were always openings for civilian doctors. We'd do okay and I'd get a serious pay raise.

"I just can't believe you went eight years without sex!" Sadie laughed, leaning over the table.

"Yeah," I laughed too. "It was hard, but...Oh, no pun intended!"

She was giggling at me and we both knew how hard it was being a woman in the army, even for officers, but I imagined being enlisted was even worse. And being attractive was a liability, really, as Sadie would well know. If I was in civilian clothes, just having a drink at the Officers Club on a large base, like Bragg...God, the things men said. Most of them assumed I was some poor captain's wife, out hunting cock while her man was deployed.

And I didn't even want to remember college...I'd come close three or four times to letting myself go, sleeping with a cute guy. But there was something inside me, a voice or whatever, telling me to be patient, to wait for the right man. I was so glad I'd listened because I could look my husband in the eye and happily tell him that he was my only love, the only man who'd ever been between my legs and inside my womb. I think that made me special and he was proud of me for it.

"Hey, Sadie...I wanted to ask you something." I felt somewhat nervous, but I had to ask her. It was

the real reason I'd wanted to have lunch with her that day.

"Sure, what is it?"

"Uh...Is it still okay for me to have sex?" I smiled nervously.

"Sex?" Sadie narrowed her eyes, soft and brown and looking into mine. She was black and pretty and instantly focused, because Sadie was both my friend and my doctor.

"Yeah, intercourse," I nodded, telling myself not to blush.

"Sure, you're okay so long as your comfortable and taking it easy. You won't hurt anything." She looked at me hard. "Why?"

"Even like someone who's...big?" I asked, ignoring her question for the moment.

"Big?" She grinned at me then. "How big? You got something on the side, Wendy?" But she didn't believe that, Sadie knew me pretty good.

"No, I just..." I cleared my throat, glancing around. "I have a...toy...you know."

"Ohhh..." she sat back nodding and I really hoped she believed me. "Uh, how big are we talking?"

"Mmmm..." I spread my hands on the table about nine inches apart, but that looked small, so I added another one, "...Like that, maybe."

"Damn, girl!" Sadie laughed at me as her rural Alabama origins slipped out. "Where do you put all that?"

I am fairly petite, and I was small even then despite my enormous tummy. I was 5'2" and about 110 pounds normally, but closer to 130 then, probably more, with my waist ballooned from 22 inches out to nearly double that. I looked like a pale blonde beach ball with a very pretty face and slightly swollen feet.

"Well..." I did blush then.

"You can play with your toy, sure, but take it easy. You're deep, but not that deep and I don't want you coming into my office because you hurt yourself." Sadie watched my face, making sure I took her seriously. "You might want to try some clitoral stimulation instead of...Oh what am I saying? All you white girls know how to masturbate."

"Sadie!" I gasped, looking around and feeling my face burn.

"Especially you married ones." She was laughing too. "I had a woman come in with a potato stuck in her vagina the other day..." she leaned closer, thankfully dropping her voice, but the cafeteria was mostly empty now anyway, "...she'd peeled it and then sculpted the damn thing into a cock while she was fixing dinner. She put it inside and liked it so much she left it there, sitting at the table, eating with her family, and then figured out halfway through desert that it had gotten turned sideways."

"What?" I giggled, not sure if I believed her or not.

"I swear, it was all that fidgeting she was doing, you know?" Sadie shook her head. "If it's a vegetable, I don't want to know. Just remember what I told you. Stay wet, keep a finger on the magic button, and be comfortable. You need a scrip for some KY?"

I knew she was teasing me then.

"No that's okay, Mom," I giggled. "I'll be careful."

"Good." Sadie gave me shake of her head. "When's your man coming back?"

"He's got two more months and then they rotate back to Bragg. We'll be taking some time together," I grinned, getting out of my chair slowly, and groaning as I stretched. "I'll just be glad when this is over with."

"Ha!" Sadie shook her head. "You say that now, wait until you're changing diapers at three in the morning."

"I'm looking forward to it, believe me," I told her, and really meaning it. Then I saw my uniform. "Oh, great."

"Ahhh...Motherhood," Sadie chuckled, since she had no practical experience and could enjoy my frustrations.

We were both looking at my blouse, sort of a pale green color, and my breasts were already heavy with milk, and they leaked. A lot, despite the nursing bra I wore with absorbent pads inside the cups. They didn't last all day or even half a day now, it seemed. My uniform was dark with a spreading stain over my left nipple.

"So much for leak proof," I sighed.

"Hey Jack!" I called out as I opened my front door, waddling into the small apartment I was renting in Pearl City. Base housing was impossible to get for junior officers in Hawaii, at least for a few years, and I was unaccompanied anyway. But I liked having my own place, especially since I was watching Jack.

"Ohhh big boy!" He was Greg's dog, our dog now, and a big black Boxer, all of four years old. And big? He was about the same size as me, really, just a little lighter maybe than my normal weight, but not much. He could stand up, with his paws on my shoulders and our heads were level. Yeah, Jack was just gorgeous, I thought, and we'd become good friends right away.

He found me happily, his short tail going back and forth, and his long pink tongue lolling from his mouth. His name was Blackjack, but that was a long name for a dog, so he was just Jack and I'd had him ever since he'd cleared quarantine seven months before. Hawaii was pretty serious about pets, especially dogs, since they didn't have rabies on the islands, or something like that. All I really knew was that it had been expensive and poor Jack had been lonely.

"I got something for you!" I stroked his head, dropping my purse and grabbing the leash off the doorknob where I kept it. "Just for you, baby. Yes I do!"

I always talked to him like he was a big baby, because he was. He was as friendly as a dog could be, even patient, which was probably because he was a bit older than most of the dogs I'd known as a kid. Everyone liked the puppies back home, scampering like hyperactive six year olds. Jack was cool and calm and oh, so sweet. I loved him, and so did Greg.

"Let's go outside first, then I'll give it to you."

He always needed to go out as soon as I got home, that was the problem with weekdays, but he was well trained anyway. I'd just be glad when I could give him some real exercise again. Being taken for a walk by a pregnant woman didn't do him a whole lot of good. I'd need the exercise too if I was going to get back into the shape my husband liked. Well, Greg liked my pregnant shape just fine according to his letters and phone calls. I liked sending him pictures.

"That was good, huh...Yeah boy, hold on..." I smiled as Jack walked back into the house about 20 minutes later, his business finished and now I could really relax, taking off my uniform first thing.

I couldn't wait to get out of it, even though it wasn't uncomfortable. Just a big maternity blouse and I had my choice of a skirt that fell halfway below my knees, or a pair of trousers with a stretchable waistband. I usually opted for the pants, just because that skirt was like a tent hanging off my pregnant belly. A family of five could live under it and I wondered who's brilliant idea that article of military clothing had been. Doubtlessly it had been a man's.

I just got all the way naked, because it was warm in my apartment. I had air conditioning, but I only ran it at night, or on really hot days. It got expensive leaving it on all the time. It was cheaper to strip down and turn on an electric fan, believe me. But I had other reasons for stripping down as well.

I checked myself in the mirror briefly, because it was strange being pregnant. When people change, like grow older or lose or gain weight, they usually don't notice the day to day changes. You just catch yourself after weeks or months and think, wow, I look different than I remember. But pregnancy...maybe it was just me, but I noticed something different every day. Whether it was another tiny stretch mark to worry over, or an extra inch around my belly, or just thinking that my once pert round ass was sagging a little, which it really wasn't, I noticed the changes. So I looked at myself and I did look good.

And as I mentioned, I'd even sent pictures to my husband, a few snapshots taken every few weeks, dated so he could see me naked, yeah, and if I ever found he was showing them to anyone else, I'd kill him. But Greg wouldn't do that, I knew. He'd just look at them in his bed at night, seeing me still beautiful, and maybe even more so with my tummy full of life. I thought I looked beautiful anyway, and so did a lot of guys around the hospital.

More than a few times every week I had to ignore a comment, from enlisted guys and officers alike. Nothing bad, nothing to go running to the general with sexual harassment charges about. Just the odd remark about how I looked good, how motherhood suited me. Or more often, the overheard whispers between guys who wished they'd been the ones impregnating me. I just ignored it, smiling inwardly and taking it as a compliment, and got on with my job.

And now that I was home I was going to get on with something else. I'd discovered by accident that Jack really loved my breast milk. I'd been leaking a week before as I tried giving Jack a bath, which is a chore best done naked, believe me. He was pretty good about it too, usually, but once his tongue found my nipples and the milk beneath them...It was a short bath.

At first I felt nervous. Not that he'd bite me; I knew Jack wouldn't, not even by accident. He's obscenely gentle that way. No, I was nervous because he was a dog and I was a woman and while maybe to him it was just something tasty to lap up, for me it was somewhere between winning the lottery and going to heaven.

I mean, it felt good! Never mind the fact that I hadn't been with a man in eight months, or that this pregnancy thing had made me hot and horny even more than usual...And usually I wasn't, actually,

so this was a brand new deal for me. But just the sensation of that tongue, like wet sandpaper over my hard, rubbery nipples was incredible. And not only did it feel good, but it actually drew some of the milk out and that was a huge plus! My tits got sore by the end of the day and they needed relief.

Jack's long tongue was the perfect cure and often I'd use one hand to milk my nipple while he licked around and between my fingers, and the other was down between my legs. I have to admit I masturbated like crazy while Jack was drinking my milk like that. My pussy would just get soaked and my clit, which had always been small and shy, she was full grown then. I don't know if it was my pregnancy or what, but my clitty was about as big as the tip of my little finger. Big enough so I could rub it nice, almost stroking it like a tiny cock if I wanted.

Sadie was right; us married white girls knew how to do it good!

What she didn't know, was that my 'toy' was actually Jack's big cock. I'd been real slow to start playing with that, but once he smelled my pussy after one or two good orgasms, his cock would start to unsheathe. And I'd been drawn to it, timidly at first, but we were alone. Jack wasn't going to tell anyone what we were doing. He was the perfect companion, the perfect lover while my husband was away. I wasn't going to leave Greg for our dog and Jack wasn't going to feel jealous when Greg came home.

So I'd begun to stroke him, gently at first, just exploring his odd penis and how it worked. I was amazed at first by how hard it was. I mean Greg's cock, which was truthfully the only other penis I'd ever played with, Greg's got hard, but Jack's was like it had a bone inside it. Seriously, there was just no give in that shaft at all.

And the next thing I found pretty amazing was the size of it! My God, I'd measure it with the measuring tape out of my sewing box, just because I could. I'd never do that with Greg or any other man, but Jack didn't care and I was seriously curious. Once he was all the way out of the sheath and dripping wet, the dog's cock was just over ten inches long. And at the fattest part, towards the middle, he was four and a half inches around.

I didn't know how big Greg was exactly, probably about the same girth, I supposed, but definitely shorter, by a good three inches maybe. Jack's cock was actually pretty intimidating, the way it looked, marbled in red and white, with thin blue veins all along the shaft. And the tip was pointed with a soft bottom lip that stuck out and it just looked like it was made for penetration. Greg's penis had a smooth round head, blunt and comfortable and friendly looking while Jack's was designed for serious fucking. Comfort was an afterthought in his case.

And of course I'd seen the knot. I'd grown up in a small town with lots of farms and dogs and I'd seen dogs locked up, I knew what was going on. It had never given me a thrill, except the adolescent giggles when my friends were around and we'd stare and point. So when I saw Jack's knotted muscle at the base of his penis, I knew what it was for. It wasn't full sized, but very evident as his cock hung free beneath his furry belly.

I could only imagine how big it would get once he started mating with a bitch. And that did give me a thrill, although I couldn't explain to anyone, even myself, exactly why. I just knew that as I became bolder and more aggressive with fondling Jack, that I wanted to do everything with him, if only to try it once. But I had an idea I'd probably like it too.

So this was the day I decided to do it. I'd asked my doctor, Sadie, and she'd said I could have sex if I was careful. That was all the encouragement I needed and Jack needed even less than that. Once he saw me getting our blanket out of the closet, he knew it was going to be fun time and he was already

getting excited, which just meant he was following me around, wagging his tail, and sniffing at my butt every chance he got.

I draped it over the couch, because that was the most comfortable way for me. I could sit down on the blanket, spread my legs and Jack would put his front paws on either side of me, leaning over my swollen tummy to lick at my breasts while I reached between us to play with myself and him.

“Here we go...” I breathed, smiling at Jack and coaxing him to take his place. “Up here, boy. Come suck Mommy’s titties...There we go...Yeah, I’ve got milk for you, baby...”

Jack knew what to do and I moaned as I felt his tongue washing roughly over my right nipple. My breasts were fat now, swollen with milk, and they ached from the pressure inside. I’d heard some women didn’t start producing milk, or at least leaking, until after the baby started nursing. I didn’t know if they were lucky or not. My boobs were working just fine apparently, because I was making enough milk for twins by then and I was still two weeks from my due date.

It was nice though, the way just the pressure of the dog’s long tongue could draw the milk from my nipples. They were hard too, and dark now. I’d had light nipples, like pink bubblegum nipples until I’d gotten pregnant. Now they were dark and ruddy and half an inch long easily. I let Jack lick the right one while I rubbed my pussy which was already soggy. I got so wet having my nipples licked, it was incredible.

Rnnnngggg...

“Oh God...” I rolled my eyes, wondering why someone had to call now of all possible times.

Rnnnngggg...

I leaned over, groaning slightly as I reached the phone on one of the end tables. Jack didn’t miss a drop and I probably should have stopped him, but I didn’t. He’d moved to the left nipple now, lapping up my thin milk as it spilled from my breast.

“Hello?” I answered and then I heard Greg’s voice and I just forgot everything. “Greg! Oh, where are you?”

“Still in camel country, Wen,” he chuckled and he sounded so good. I almost started crying right then.

“It’s gotta be like the middle of the night.” I blinked at the clock on my DVD player. “Are you okay?”

“Oh yeah. We just got back to camp, so...How are you? How’s the baby?” Greg asked me.

“We’re good, really good!” I smiled at the phone, stroking Jack as he kept licking my breast, but I barely noticed. “Did you get my letter? The one with the...”

“Pictures?” My husband chuckled and lowered his voice, “Yeah, Wen. God, you are so hot...I got all of them.”

“You like it?” I asked him, biting my lip. “Really? You don’t think I’m fat and ugly or...”

“What?” he laughed at me. “No, never. I just look at them, read your letters, think about how much I miss you. You get me so hard, Wendy...”

“Do I?” I asked softly, and I was so glad we had a decent connection. Sometimes we didn’t when he

called.

“Oh yeah, shoot...I’m hard right now just hearing your voice.”

I giggled and maybe even blushed, picturing him in some make-shift phone booth, a telephone exchange set up in a tent maybe, with his cock all hard for me. I was wet too, Jack still working my nipples, and I wanted Greg so badly.

“What are you wearing?” he asked softly.

“Nothing.”

“Aww...Come on, I don’t care what it is. Just tell me,” Greg said, not believing me.

“Seriously,” I giggled and I didn’t think I’d ever stop smiling and laughing, not while he was talking to me.

“Your really naked?”

“Uh-huh,” I nodded, “I’m letting Jack drink my milk.”

I hadn’t really meant to say that, but I’d never tried to keep a secret from Greg in my life, so it wasn’t something I really thought about, whether or not I should tell him.

“Say what?” Greg laughed.

“Yeah! I started getting milk,” I told him. “My boobs are huge!”

“Oh God, I wish I was there.”

“Me too, Greg,” I sighed.

“And Jack’s drinking it? What do you do pump it or something?” He had three older sisters with babies, Greg knew about pregnant girls and new mothers.

“No, he’s licking me!” I laughed. “Straight from the tap!”

“Oh shit!” I could hear Greg’s grin. “You gotta save me some.”

“What?” I couldn’t stop grinning.

“Save me some milk. If you let Jack drink, I want some too,” Greg said seriously. “I should be there. I should be the one doing that.”

“You should!” I sighed. “Oh God, would you really? If you were here? Would you suck my tits for me?”

“You know I would,” Greg said. “I’d do anything you wanted, Wen. So yeah, save some for me. I want to taste it.”

“How am I gonna do that?”

“Just put some in a cup or a baggie or something and freeze it,” Greg laughed. “We’ll thaw it out when I see you.”

"Your crazy!" I pulled Jack's mouth to my other breast. "I'll still be nursing when you get home anyway."

"Won't be the same, baby. I want that virgin milk..." Greg was teasing me, "...and you're the crazy one, letting the dog lick your tits." Greg chuckled softly. "Man's best friend. What else do you guys do?"

"Nothing," I said, putting on an exaggerated air of innocence, like we were doing everything.

"Nothing at all?" Greg sounded happily doubtful. "You didn't let him lick you someplace else?"

"Someplace else?" I gasped. "Welllll..."

"Heh! I knew it!" Greg laughed at me.

"Not really," I giggled. "But sometimes he licks the milk that runs down my tummy."

"Awww what a tease!" Greg groaned. "It's cool with me anyway. I mean, if you wanted to..."

"If I wanted to what?" I asked and my pussy was buzzing, like it had been all the while, but now I really noticed it.

"Well, you know, if you needed a little lick down...there..."

"On my pussy?" I breathed, smiling into the phone and stroking my hardening clitoris.

"Yeah..." Greg's voice was soft. "I mean, Jack would do it. I'd understand..."

"You wouldn't get jealous?" I asked with a giggle.

"Jealous?" Greg snorted. "Jack's my dog, we share everything. You know that."

I laughed at that because it was true. Greg fed the dog off his dinner plate, despite all my complaining, letting Jack lick food from Greg's fork. They shared beer and popcorn and now I wondered if they'd shared women too. I knew Greg had a few girlfriends before me. Even when he'd come into my office that first time, he'd told me about his current one and he'd broken up with her the next day. Completely. So it was possible he and Jack, but...I didn't think about it.

This was between me and Greg now, and Jack of course, and I felt a tad devilish, just cause I was so completely happy hearing my husband's voice.

"What if, um..." I asked slowly, "...What if I wanted more than just a lick?"

"Whoa..." Greg chuckled. "Where's this coming from? Who are you? What did you do with my wife?"

I laughed at that. "You're wife joined the circus, turned lesbian and ran off with the bearded lady."

"Oh, well in that case..." Greg's voice was so soft I could barely hear him, "...Just what else do you want from Jack?"

"He's got a big..."

"Big what?" I could hear my husband's smile plain as day.

"You know what!" I giggled. "He's got a big thingy."

"A big thingy, Doctor?" Greg laughed. "Is that a medical term?"

"It's a mommy term," I smiled.

"Okay...So what does Mommy want to do with her doggy's big thingy?" Greg was giggling too, which he hardly ever does, but we were being silly now.

"What would you do if I let him fuck me?" I whispered.

"You'd do that?" he asked me softly and we weren't giggling anymore, just breathing hard. "You'd let him do that to you?"

"Do you want me to?" I asked him. "I won't do it if you don't like it. Do you think it's...sick?"

"I love you, Wen," he told me. "I'll love you forever. I just want you to be happy."

"Do you like it though?" I asked, feeling my heart thumping.

"Oh yeah. Just so long as we're talking about the same Jack," he chuckled. "I want you happy, but..."

"You don't ever have to worry about that, Greg," I promised him, feeling my eyes wet again. "Never, ever in your life. God, I love you."

"I know. I love you too, I trust you and I'm just aching to be with you, Wendy. Every minute of the day....Shoot, I'm almost done. They only give us ten minutes on this thing."

"I know," I swallowed hard, because I always hated this. "You be safe, okay? Promise, Staff Sergeant, you're going to come home to me."

"Yes ma'am. I'm safe, Captain." He laughed, but this was hard for him too. "I'm always safe, you're keeping me safe okay? You're with me every minute. Take care of our baby."

"I will," I nodded.

"And you take care of yourself too, I got 54 and wake up, that's it. I'll be home."

"Yeah," I was crying now.

"Take pictures for me," he said quickly, our time getting shorter with every heartbeat.

"What?" I giggled, wiping at my cheek with my forearm.

"Pictures of you and Jack," Greg chuckled. "But don't mail them, just keep them. I wanna see you pregnant with him, Okay?"

"Yeah..."

"You know what I mean, right? I love you, Wendy."

"I know, yeah...I love you..."

And I just got that in before the phone went dead, his phone time had run out. I just grabbed Jack then, hugging him to me as I cried for a few minutes. Just trying to remember everything he said,

every word and how his voice had sounded so good. He was strong and safe and he was coming home in 55 days, coming home to Bragg and I'd be there waiting, holding our baby. God, that seemed like such a long time to wait.

"Give me a kiss, now...Daddy's coming home soon, yes he is...Kiss me, Jack..." And I just really needed a kiss and Jack, well, he was just part of the family, a special part.

I felt Jack's tongue on my face, lapping at my salty tears and I stuck my own tongue out, my spirits rising. It was tough saying goodbye on the phone, but we did it every week. Greg called as often as he could and now I knew he was safe and he didn't even mind me having fun with Jack.

That actually made me kind of dizzy, now that I was able to think about it. How had the subject even come up? I mean, where did that come from? If I'd had time to think I never would have said a word, I'd have been too frightened. What if Greg had thought it was perverted and sick? I now knew that he didn't, if anything he seemed to love the idea, but we'd taken that huge risk without even a glance down to see how high up we really were.

If I ever needed proof of love...I mean, his and mine, it was there in moments like that. Where we could say anything without fear. I'd be scared later, like I was then, but at the time? I'd felt no fear at all. Just love and a desire to please him, to share myself with Greg completely. I don't know what I'd have said or done if he'd said no, don't do it. But could he say that to something that harmed none of us? I didn't think so. He loved me just as much as I loved him and that was boundless.

And while I was thinking all that, or at least some of that, I was playing with Jack's tongue, kissing the dog as if he were Greg himself. It was ticklish and funny and I just lost all that tension completely. I opened my mouth for him and Jack pushed his long pink tongue right inside, exploring me until I closed my lips and sucked on it.

That made him slightly nervous, I thought, having his tongue sucked, but he knew it was a game. Jack came back for more and I did it again, and again after that, and then I was reaching down his soft warm body and I found his cock, safely tucked away in that furry sheath.

I stroked him slowly, gently, working my hand back and forth. I guided Jack's tongue back to my nipples, squeezing them for him this time, pulling the milk from my swollen tits with a sensation that was only slightly uncomfortable, and whole lot pleasurable.

"Now, how are we gonna get pictures, Jack?" I asked him, smiling to myself.

Greg wanted pictures of me with Jack, having sex obviously, while I was still pregnant. My camera was just small instamatic, a cheap touristy thing. It didn't have a fancy timer or anything like that. And even if it did, how was I going to have sex with Jack and then waddle to the camera and reset it, have sex again...No way, I needed another person and my choices were severely limited.

Short of grabbing a local off the street, my best bet would be Sadie. She was my age, single, my friend, and my doctor. The army didn't recognize doctor patient privilege though, so it wasn't like I could tell her anything and feel safe about it. If she freaked out on me, it would be Conduct Unbecoming of an Officer at the very least, and that would be akin to the end of the world.

So it just came down to a question of trust and I didn't have a lot of time. I could go into labor any minute, really. And I did want to make Greg happy, so badly, so...

"Hello?" Sadie sang into her telephone, cheerful as always.

"Hi Sadie, it's Wendy."

"Oh, hey! Everything okay?" She'd be thinking about my baby, naturally.

"Yeah, oh yeah," I nodded. "I just got a call from Greg, he's doing great."

"Good, great!"

"But, um...I was wondering if you were busy tonight?"

"Tonight?" Sadie paused for a second. "Nope, not busy at all. What's up?"

"I have a favor to ask," I told her. "Sort of a...weird one. I don't want to ask over the phone though."

"A weird favor, huh?" she giggled. "You didn't get that thing stuck, did you? Cause if you did..."

"What?" I gasped and laughed. "Oh, no, uh-uh...But it's...never mind."

"This is weird," Sadie laughed. "Okay well, uh...I was just fixing some dinner. About an hour? Is that okay?"

"Yeah, that'd be great," I nodded, feeling both relieved and a little worried, now that I'd kind of committed myself.

"Okay then..."

"Oh, um, Sadie?"

"Yeah?"

"Can you stop by Taco Bell on the way and get me like oh, I don't know, twenty dollars worth of food? I'll pay you back."

She just laughed at me.

"With lots of hot sauce, okay?"

"Sure, Wen," she agreed. "The things I do for my patients!"

"Oh, I know," I giggled. "Thanks, Sadie. Bye!"

"See you in a little bit." Sadie hung up her phone.

I cleaned up while I waited for Sadie. Jack just curled up in his spot by the refrigerator after he ate. I left the big blanket out though and put on a huge maternity robe I'd bought a couple weeks before. It had cost too much for only wearing it maybe two months at the most, but I'd save it. I wanted a lot of kids and so did Greg. I'd thought about getting dressed, but if everything went according to plan I'd just be getting naked again anyway, so...

"So what's this weird favor?" Sadie asked me.

We were sitting at my kitchen table, now covered with tacos and burritos and nachos, and all the hot sauce I could want, and I wanted a lot of it. I usually hated Taco Bell, but right then it was like

manna from heaven and I was eating like a pig.

“Mmmppph...” I nodded, chewing my food slowly and breathing through my nose.

Sadie waited patiently for me, sipping the soda she'd gotten for herself. She looked nice and she was pretty anyway, like I said. She had very dark skin and soft brown eyes, with thick black hair, not too kinky, but nice and brushed straight back from her broad forehead. Her lips were full, very sensual looking. Mine were always too thin, I thought. I liked hers.

She was wearing shorts and a t-shirt, just casual clothes that really showed off her body. Sadie was athletic, as a lot of doctors are, me included, just because we see bad bodies every day. I loved playing tennis, and I was going to do a lot of that once I had the baby, swimming too. I loved the water. Sadie had a gymnast's body, I thought, not lean like a runner, but solid without being fat. Nice and toned and curved in all the right places. I wondered why she wasn't married, but it wasn't any of my business so I'd never asked.

“Greg called and he wants me to take some pictures of myself.” I wiped my lips on a napkin. “So he can see me pregnant.”

“Oh, well, that's not weird,” Sadie laughed.

“Kind of...naked pictures,” I grinned, taking a small bite of a crunchy taco.

“Mmmm...Okay, that's not really too far out there,” she was smiling at me. “He is your husband.”

“Yeah,” I nodded, swallowing quickly. “And um...well...” I sighed, really debating how to say what I wanted to.

“Uhhhh...And?” Sadie was nodding, gesturing with her hand and leading me on.

“You remember that...toy, I was telling you about?” I pursed my lips, tasting hot sauce.

“Yeah, the big one, right?” she grinned at me. “He wants pictures of you and...”

“The toy, yeah,” I blushed, reaching for my own soda.

“Okay, so...He wants porn,” Sadie laughed at me. “Soldiers.”

“Kinda...But...” I scratched my nose, which I do when I'm really nervous.

“Is there something you want to say, Wen? Because this is getting weird now.” She looked at me, but her eyes were still smiling. “I mean toys and pictures and pregnant wives, sure...I've heard of a lot worse...”

“You have?” I blinked at her.

“Well yeah, you never got spam in your email?” she rolled her eyes. “You know, teenage anal sluts want to drink your pee? Oops...Sorry, you're eating.”

“It's okay,” I laughed. “Thanks for reminding me...Be right back...”

I went to the bathroom, as much to look at myself in the mirror, as to sit down and pee. Did I dare ask another woman, a friend of only a year or so, if she'd take pictures of me fucking my dog? Would she get upset? Turn me in as some kind of pervert?

God, I was torn between my desire to make Greg happy and my fear of the unknown. And honestly, I knew he'd forgive me if I didn't get him any pictures. But I missed him so much and I couldn't do anything for him. That was the kicker, you see? I could love him and tell him, and have his baby. But as huge as that was, if there was anything else, any little thing I could do while Greg was away, I wanted to do it. I wanted to reward him for being the man he was, the man I loved.

"Okay," I looked at myself. "Just do it. Just go...Do it." I took a deep breath and went back to the kitchen.

"Whew," I smiled, sitting down slowly. "I feel better."

"Did you figure out what you want to ask me?" Sadie asked, being perceptive as always.

She was good at that, being a real doctor like she was. I was a real doctor too, but nobody lied to me about how they hurt their eyes, at least not that often. Sadie got lied to by embarrassed women every day probably, she knew all the symptoms.

"Yes I did," I smacked my lips and nodded slowly. "My toy is...Jack," I said, giving her a shrug and not turning away from her eyes as they widened slightly.

"Jack," she said and then a few seconds later. "Jack...The dog?"

I glanced at him, sleeping happily on the floor.

"Yeah," I nodded. "We haven't actually...done very much. He likes my milk, he helps me there, and I've touched him...a little."

"Touched him...Touched his penis?" Sadie was nodding.

"Yeah! It's big too," I giggled nervously. "Really big and so, um...I talked to Greg and he..."

"He wants pictures," Sadie cleared her throat. "Of you and Jack...what? Fucking?"

"Heh!" I nodded. "Yeah, fucking and, um...whatever else we do."

"Whatever else?" Sadie finally laughed. "What else were you thinking of doing?"

"Um, well I don't know," I shrugged, smiling. "Maybe he'd like a blowjob...Or something."

"You're gonna suck a dog's dick?" Sadie tilted her head down, as if she had invisible glasses on and wanted to look over them.

"You don't think it's safe?" I asked her.

"Wendy...I wouldn't know!" she laughed and sat back in her chair. "I suppose it won't hurt you, but..."

"I just...It's for my husband, you know?" I asked her. "That's all."

"That's all?" she gave me a look of disbelief. "You don't want to do it?"

"No. I mean, yeah. I do," I confessed. "But I want to do it for Greg too, so..."

"So that's why you need me, to take pictures," she nodded and we sat quietly for a minute while I

picked at my nachos.

"Are you mad at me?" I asked Sadie finally.

"Me?" she smiled. "No, uh-uh. I'm just thinking you were right, this is really weird."

"I know," I sighed.

"Well, you don't have to worry. I'm not going to say anything...It ain't my style, honey chile!" Sadie said with a thick southern accent and I giggled as she reached over, patting my hand gently.

"Where'd that come from?" I grinned.

"My Grammy down in Alabama," Sadie grinned back. "She always told us to keep our noses to the grindstone and out of other people's business. Usually while she was taking a switch to our butts."

"Really? A switch?" I laughed. "Ouch!"

"Oh yeah," Sadie nodded. "So, I learned my lessons, and besides...You aren't the only one with weird secrets."

"Oh yeah?" I wasn't sure what Sadie was getting at.

"You might as well know, I mean, since you're trusting me like this..." she paused for a second. "I'm a lesbian and um, well, you know my girlfriend already."

"I do?" I stared at her. She didn't act like a lesbian, but I guess she couldn't afford to. Being a lesbian gynecologist would raise a lot of eyebrows...and voices.

"Yeah," she smiled at me, waiting for me to catch up.

"Marcia?" I gasped and when Sadie nodded I laughed, shaking my head. "I'd never put you two together...She's a colonel!" I had to hold my tummy cause I was laughing hard.

"Yeah, she never lets me forget either," Sadie laughed too. "But I love her and she loves me so..."

"Wow, okay," I nodded. "That's...That's all up to you guys."

"And I never, you know, when I'm giving you a pelvic exam..." Sadie looked at me. "I'm not fooling around, it's all business. I promise."

"Right, no I wasn't even thinking that," I said, but maybe some part of me was remembering all the times Sadie had put her fingers inside me, way inside me, feeling around maybe a little more than she needed...But, no. Not Sadie, she was a very good doctor.

"Have you ever been with another woman, Wendy?" Sadie asked, and I wondered for a second if she was hitting on me.

"Me?" I laughed. "Oh no! The only one is Greg, he's the only person I've ever wanted."

"And Jack." Sadie grinned at me.

"Yeah," I giggled. "And Jack...But he's not a person."

"I thought I could just, um...do it sort of missionary." I was standing with Sadie in the living room. "Jack likes it when I sit on the sofa, and it's the right height for him."

"Well, I guess that'll work," Sadie grinned, probably still trying to believe I was really going to do it.

"Maybe I should suck him first...Oh wait! You have to get some pictures of Jack drinking my milk!" I giggled, feeling excited now.

This was all going to work, I could feel it, and even Sadie seemed excited, I thought. I called Jack loudly, taking off my robe while Sadie looked at my camera.

"What kind of film do you have in here?"

"Thirty-six exposures, you set it to the lightning bolts, that's the flash," I told her. "And I think there's about 25 pictures left."

"Yeah, you're on number eight," Sadie nodded.

"Hey Jack! Good dog!" I stroked Jack and sat down, spreading my legs so he could get between them. "Come here, boy...Up!"

I thought it would be strange doing that with Sadie there, watching and taking pictures, but it didn't bother me at all. In fact I think it helped in some ways, just because I had someone to share it with. I was sharing it with Jack of course, but Sadie was smiling and giggling as Jack's tongue went to work on my nipples. It was great.

"Wow! He really does like it, huh?" Sadie took a snapshot of Jack washing my left breast and me smiling down at him.

"Oh yeah...He's a good boy...Such a big boy too, aren't you, baby?" I was stroking his cock and the tip was exposed and I could feel it in my hand.

We let Jack drink for about ten minutes probably, finishing with a couple pictures of me squeezing the milk from my breasts across his tongue. I really hoped they'd turn out good, and Sadie assured me they were going to be perfect.

"I'm going to suck him," I grinned at Sadie and she giggled.

"Whatever floats your boat, Wen," Sadie shook her head. "Be all you can be."

I loved sucking Greg's cock and I'd never done it in my life until our honeymoon. Even during the time we were together before our wedding, I'd just never done it. The night of our wedding though, after we'd consummated our vows, Greg had asked me if I'd try it for him. And I'd done it, hesitantly at first and then eagerly. I'd loved it. It was really good for both of us and I'd sucked Greg a lot after that first time. I only hoped Jack would feel the same way.

We got him on the sofa, so I could sit my pregnant butt on the floor and play with Jack's penis as he lay there. He was so good too, patient and willing to let me do just about anything. I just rubbed his belly for a while, talking to him praising him, and then I played with his cock until it started coming out of its sheath. It was red and veined, just like always, with that tapering spear-like tip ready for action.

And it looked wet, that was another nice thing, the way his cock appeared to glisten, but it really felt rather dry at first, until his juices started flowing, his doggy precum. I bent over and it wasn't too uncomfortable like that, and I tentatively licked at the head first. That wasn't bad, rather tasteless actually, so I licked more and finally just pushed my lips down around Jack's dog cock while Sadie snapped a picture of my first canine blowjob.

"That is so bizarre!" Sadie chuckled and I made soft noises back at her.

He moved a little, Jack did, as if he wanted to get up, but so long as I kept my hands on him he was okay. And his cock was more than okay, once he felt my warm wet mouth, which might have felt like a dog's vagina to him, for all I knew. His cock swelled quickly to full size and I was moving my mouth up and down at a slow, gentle pace, breathing easily and swallowing all the juices filling my mouth. It was all spit and precum and like drinking slightly syrupy water really.

"Jesus, you weren't kidding about your toy, were you?" Sadie chuckled appreciatively. "That's a big cock."

"Mmmpph..." I agreed, giving my head a tiny nod and sucking Jack eagerly then.

His cock was nice and hard, stiff as a bone, and I had to be careful not to go down too fast or too deep because every now and then Jack would jerk his hips, and his cock felt soft at the tip, a little spongy, but not a lot, it was seriously hard beneath the head. He jabbed me once pretty good, like in the tonsils with it and that taught me a good lesson.

"Should I let him cum?" I asked, licking my lips and drinking air.

"In your mouth?" Sadie shrugged. "Up to you. I'll get a picture if he does."

"Okay," I grinned and went back to Jack's cock, really sucking him nice, wanting his cock to think he was fucking a nice hot bitch in the cunt.

I stroked his shaft and wrapped my fist just beneath his knot, thinking maybe I could make him feel like he was locked up with me, but I don't know if that really worked or not. But maybe it did because he was tasting different, his dripping cock was taking on some real flavor, slightly bitter, somewhat salty, but not much. It actually tasted pretty good and I knew it was his sperm. He was cumming already, but it wasn't his real orgasm, not the final pumping of his puppy making load, so I just kept swallowing and sucking.

There was a lot of it though, slipping out from my lips as I slid my mouth up and down the dog's long shaft. I knew my friend was getting a couple good shots though, because the flash would catch our attention. I'd blink and Jack would jerk with surprise. He sure surprised me though when Sadie took a picture about the time I was swallowing. Jack moved his hips so that all of a sudden about nine inches of hard dog cock slid into my tender throat!

It was so quick I barely knew what had happened and the knot was right up against my lips, and he was pouring his sperm into my tummy. My throat was stretched too, it was the first time I'd ever deep throated anything. About 3 seconds later, after Sadie had got the picture, because I was determined that Greg would see that, I let that long dog penis slide out.

"Goddamn, Wendy!" Sadie laughed. "You do that with Greg too?"

I was red faced and giggling, gasping for air and asking Sadie if she'd got the shot. It was unbelievable I'd deep throated a dog, and part of me wanted to do it again, but maybe another time.

Jack was close to cumming then I thought, so maybe it would just be best to let him fuck me. Make sure we got all the pictures for my husband before it was too late, just to play it safe.

“Okay, boy...Okay...” I got Jack moving and I couldn’t believe how hot I was.

I was pink all over and my nipples burned. I’d gotten seriously turned on sucking that animal’s cock, swallowing his sperm as it leaked from the tapering tip. It was good and I savored that unique test, not sure whose I liked better Jack’s or Greg’s, and thinking probably my husband’s.

“Make sure you’re careful now. You don’t need to piss off the baby,” Sadie was telling me.

“We’re not going to hurt it, right?” I glanced at Sadie and she shook her head.

“No, you’ll be fine...Just take it slow,” she reassured me. “If it hurts, you stop.”

I sat down in my accustomed spot on the sofa and Jack was more than willing. His cock was still hard, but it had gone down a little too. That didn’t seem to matter though as I adjusted us so that his soft warm chest was right on my big round tummy, and I pulled his bottom half as close as I could, which was awkward since I was so darn big. But it was enough as Jack could smell my arousal and feel the heat that was radiating from my sex, just inches away from his cock now. I slid downward and smiled as I felt the tip nudge my clit, just missing the hot wet entrance awaiting it.

“Oh come on, boy...” I whispered. “It’s right there...Just a little push, Jack...Feel it, baby...Fuck Mama’s pussy now...Ohhhh...Oh!”

Maybe the dog understood me, but probably not, and it didn’t matter anyway. Once his cock felt my pussy down there Jack knew what to do. He stabbed at me with his prick, searching for my hole, and when he found it he gave a soft growl and pushed half of his cock inside quickly. My pussy lips split easily, but the muscles inside resisted briefly, making it a nice tight fit for the animal.

“Ohhh...God!” I groaned, smiling and nodding as my pussy just shuddered around him.

I tried to keep him slow, but Jack’s cock was made for fucking, no doubt about it, and he was going at me hard and fast all of a sudden, almost like I’d flipped a switch or something. I just wrapped my arms around him, gasping with every thrust as his prick kept going deeper and deeper. It was like there was no end to it and Jack was licking my face, or just panting mostly, and saliva ran from his mouth as he tried to hunch his back, driving more of his cock inside.

I was dimly aware of his claws, his back feet scratching the carpet, and then the sensation of his front paws trying to find some part of me to hold onto for leverage. I was getting scratched up a little, just on my sides and at my hips. I was aware of the pain, but only slightly. Mostly I just felt my orgasm coming on hard and strong. Jack was bringing me off quick, fucking that big dog cock in and out of me until I was seeing stars.

“...Slow him down...Shit, girl...He’s too rough...” I heard Sadie talking, trying to tell me not to let Jack fuck me so hard or so deep, but I couldn’t have stopped him if I wanted to.

I was sunk low on the sofa, Jack’s weight pressing down on me, and my burning pussy was impaled on his pounding cock. I was practically pinned down, seriously. Jack weighed a good 90 pounds at least, he was as big as me standing up, and he had me right where he wanted me. I was just his bitch now and it didn’t matter to Jack that I was already pregnant. He just knew he was inside a tight hot cunt and he wanted to deliver his puppy making sperm into my already much too full womb.

Sadie was at least getting pictures, capturing the rapture on my face as I grappled with the sensations Jack's hard cock was bringing. My pussy quivered around him, stretched tight and squeezing the dog's cock, coaxing him to spill his dog sperm into my hungry cunt.

His cock had found my cervix long before, the tip stabbing that soft pillow over and over and it was a pleasurable pain. I wasn't even sure if I was really feeling it after awhile and I wasn't the gynecologist, that was Sadie, but I thought maybe the point of Jack's cock might have opened that tender bottleneck up just enough so he was actually fucking into my womb.

That turned me on completely and more orgasms flashed through me, and then somewhere in the middle of all that glorious chaotic confusion I realized I'd taken the knot. It had gone inside me easily at first, and been pulled out, then in and out, growing a fraction larger each time until finally it couldn't come out again. It was expanding even more, making me gasp as my pussy was forced to accommodate its growing size. Jack had locked me up good and he was whining now as his cock was spewing semen inside me.

"Jesus..." Sadie had given up trying to stop what we were doing, and maybe she didn't want to.

Sadie was down close to the floor, getting close-ups for Greg of my pussy bulging outward with that knot and ten inches of dog cock inside me. Juices leaked out, but not very much. It was Jack's hard flesh wrapped up tight inside the soft clasping walls of my vagina and I didn't think I'd ever want to let him go. It felt too good, like I was stuffed completely with long hard cock, the way I'd always been meant to be.

Wherever all that penis was going, I guess it woke up my baby too. Normally he was restless in the mornings and after lunch, sleeping good in my tummy at night. But now he was kicking hard and I just groaned, writhing as best I could, my swollen pregnant body shaking with pleasure. It just went on and on and then Jack was cumming.

"He's...Cummming!" I groaned, because it was obvious.

I could feel it inside me. That dog cock suddenly shooting hard, releasing everything in his balls, not in a slow and steady leak, but in violent surges of hot sperm that bathed my cunt and fueled my fires. I came right with him and I'd never had that many orgasms in my life, one right after another, wrecking me completely.

And then I was aware of another sensation, a much different one. Like a balloon suddenly bursting inside me, close to where Jack's cockhead must have been. I felt like I'd just had a hose shoved into my vagina, seriously, a garden hose, and the water was running and I swallowed hard, staring at Sadie.

"What?" she looked at me and her eyes were wide open. "What's wrong?"

"I think..." I gasped for air. "I think my water just broke!"

And then deep down, between my hips, a dull cramp started, not sharp, not yet, but it was there. My first contraction and even though I'd never had a baby before in my life, I knew what that meant.

"Oh shit." Sadie stood there, holding the camera.

"Contraction," I groaned.

And then I smiled, because it just seemed funny for some reason. I was locked tight with Jack's knot

in my pussy, his fully erect cock filling my cunt, and my water had broke, except there was no place for it to go. Jack's knot sealed us tight. And now I was having contractions.

"We gotta get that dog out..." Sadie nodded to herself. "Water...Cold water...Hold on!"

"Can't you do a c-section?" I asked, giggling as I imagined Sadie wheeling me and Jack into the operating room at Tripler.

"Shhh..." Sadie frowned at me, pouring a pitcher of ice water over Jack's back, around my thighs, and even on my tummy, trying to get his knot to shrink up. It kinda make me jerk, wince and scream all at once, but I was having the time of my life too, so...

"This is what I call complications!" I grinned. My brain was all over the place, feverish with the joy of raw animal sex. I'd been fucked like never before in my life and it was taking me awhile to come down.

"Are you high?" Sadie shook her head. "You freaky white girls! Tell me when you have another contraction." She looked at her watch and went back for more water.

"Ohhh...Contraction..." I nodded.

"Eight minutes," Sadie looked at me. "You're fine. Now let's see if we can get Jack loose..."

She'd poured more water over both of us, and it had been cold on my burning skin. I was shivering and goosebumps had broken out on my arms.

"Maybe we should...Ahhhhh...Shit!" I gasped as Sadie reached beneath Jack, who was now standing on all fours facing away from me. His cock was hinged and pulled back behind him, and she grabbed the base of his cock and worked it carefully until I felt it seeming to pop out of me all at once.

When Jack came loose a whole wash of sperm, girl juice, and broken water bag came out with him. I probably could have filled a good sized bucket with all of it, but as it was I was going to need my rug cleaned. It didn't really hurt, the cold water had shrunk Jack a little maybe, or else his knot had just gone down on its own. Either way I felt remarkably empty and almost disappointed. I'd enjoyed being locked up.

"See?" Not so bad," Sadie chuckled. "Don't worry, this should make it a lot easier for you later, believe me."

"You think?" I asked her and then "Ohhh...Another contraction." I rubbed my huge belly gently, feeling my baby moving, as if eager to escape.

"Another one? Six minutes..." Sadie checked her watch and then she was checking my pussy, being careful of the mess that surrounded me. "He dilated you good, Wendy, about five centimeters I think. This baby is gonna slide right out, easy as pie. We need to get you to the hospital.

"Can I wash up?" I asked her. "I gotta pee too."

"Nope." She held out her hands to help me up. "You're just gonna get messy again anyway. I'll do the delivery, you just think about how we're gonna explain to the nurses why you're baby is covered with dog sperm, eh?"

I blinked at that, not sure if Sadie was joking or not.

"I'd better some clothes." I scratched my head, feeling a touch dizzy as I stood on rubbery legs. I was sore too, my pussy felt loose and tender and way too empty. Juices were spilling down my thighs with every awkward step.

"Looks like we found a new way to induce labor," Sadie was smiling. "You need stuff for the hospital too."

"I've got a bag already packed. It's in the closet by the front door," I said, trying to remember everything as reality sank into my brain. "And get the camera! Greg wants pictures of the baby being born!"

The End