

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Gentle Readers,

Here is another story about getting pregnant with puppies. It was inspired by a short fantasy I read in another forum. That fantasy, titled 'How I became A bitch', was by an anomouse author. I tried to contact them to find a way to give them credit for inspiring this novellet, but anomouse means anomouse. If they read this I hope they will let me know, so that I can credit their idea.

This is not a repost of the story that inspire it. This story is over seven times longer, has many new characters, and 99+ percent of the descriptions and dialogue are my own creation. I also changed the names, as well as the setting.

I was so inspired by this story that I set Sarah's Dark Fantasy aside to write Larry's Puppy Farm. Those who are following Sarah's Dark Fantasy should find the final chapter posted next week.

*Enjoy,
SusanMichelle*

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## **Part One: My Life Changes**

My life changed when I was eighteen. On trip to Europe my parents were killed in the train station bombing in Madrid. It was supposed to be their second honeymoon, and I'd been left with my Uncle Larry, at his farm, for the summer while the second honeymoon was underway. My high school grades hadn't been particularly outstanding and I was planning to start at a community college in the fall. My uncle's farm was in the rolling hills outside Gilroy, California. On the farm my Uncle Larry grew garlic, acres and acres of garlic. Gilroy California prides itself on being the, 'Garlic Capital of the World'.

It was pretty strange, living with my uncle. He looked at me in a lingering way, with hunger in his eyes at least once a day. Of course, by the time I was eighteen, like most girls, I was use to men looking at me. I'm not all that special to look at, I'm short, not even five feet tall, thin, 93 pounds soaking wet, with small AA cup breasts, kind of wide hips, and dark brown hair. Just the same, lots of men were interested, but I knew that most of them were only interested in what was in my bra and panties, rather than what was in my head or heart. I gotten use to the looks from older men too, you know, guys over thirty, looked at me with hunger; the look of hunger was sharper with guys who were older than 40.

I learned quickly that Uncle Larry liked to look, but he wasn't going to rape me. A month after my parents died I asked him about the looking and he said, "Shucks, Joy," which is my name, "when I was your age, I'd get all hot and bothered just being around any girl for a minute. When I grew older, I still had the feelings, and enjoyed the looking, but the excitement didn't go right to my bad thing, like it did when I was your age. For that I needed to touch and kiss the girl.

"Then, it started to take more than just touching and kissing, it had to be naked flesh. Since then I need more, you'll learn plenty about that when you are older. For now, just remember that I love to look, but you don't have anything to worry about. I won't be trying to do more than enjoy the sight of the pretty young girl that's living with me."

He paused, then went on in a very reassuring voice, "Joy, you're safe around me. Just remember, when it comes to sex; I'll mind my own business, if you mind yours."

I told him I wasn't going to have sex until I was married, and he said, "That's a good plan, Joy, but what we plan and what we do aren't always the same."

"What I want you to do is promise that if you do have sex before you get married, you'll take precautions. I'm too old to take care of you and your child, so give your old uncle a break and don't have unprotected sex."

I promised, and was sort of guarded about Uncle Larry for a few weeks, until it was clear he really was just looking. I'd applied at the local community college, since I wouldn't be returning to my parents' home. It had been sold and the money, there wasn't that much, put in a trust that I could only use for college. I could walk to the college, and Uncle Larry didn't charge me for room or board, other than doing a few chores, so my expenses for tuition and books were less than the trust earned. That was good, because I'd planned to transfer to a four-year college when I got my AA degree. I was majoring in accounting and business, and also hoped for a part-time job that I would help me pay for a really good college when I was ready.

By the start of my first year at Gilroy CC, I was pretty relaxed and even started to tease Uncle Larry a little, leaving the bathroom door open, a crack while I was showering, bending over in front of him when I was wearing something that made my small boobs look bigger than they were, wearing really short skirts, and bare midriff tops, were all things I did to sort of thank him for taking me in, and leaving me alone.

I'd seen too many girlfriends grow big in the belly to risk it myself, and my time at Gilroy CC came and went with my virginity intact. Of course I did date, and after I turned eighteen, I decided that I had to do something with the nice boys who showed me a real good time. So I started giving hand-jobs, and later blowjobs, to the boys that I really liked and wanted to call me again. They pressed me for more, but I never waived, and told them that I was keeping it until my wedding night. If they pushed I explained that I just couldn't risk it, since my Uncle Larry didn't mind me dating, or care if I pleased a date with my hands or mouth, but he would give me real hell if I turned up pregnant. I hinted he kept a loaded shotgun handy for such an eventuality.

The first summer in California had been fine. The farm was pretty, if a little smelly, and it was close enough to town so that I could walk in and shop, swim in the community pool and hang out in the park with some of the locals. Many of whom I came to know better the next year when I found they went to my new high school. The second summer was better because everyone knew me, and although I wasn't accepted by the rich girls in town, I didn't have the money to spend on clothes it took to run with them. Generally they didn't hang with the community college kids at all. I had lots of girlfriends and a few boyfriends. But, I had yet to meet anyone that I thought was really special. I mean I had to really like a guy, as a friend, to get beyond petting, and giving oral sex was limited to guys that I not only really liked and who had shown me a real good time on our date, but to the guys that I felt I could control when they got all hot and bothered. By control, I meant set limits.

Even with all my limits some guys still pressed, and one, Peter, who I liked a lot, pushed hard for anal sex, arguing it couldn't get me pregnant. I said no, saying I thought the idea yucky. The real reason is I didn't trust any guy to respect my limits when we were both naked and his hardness was only an inch from my sex.

Early in my first year of college I'd discovered Uncle Larry's passion for internet-porn. I learned a great deal surfing through his favorites, while he was out working the fields. I knew all about anal sex, and planned someday to try it, but only with a guy I was having regular sex with, and that I trusted to not hurt me.

Uncle Larry's interest in porn was very broad. He was into all kinds. At first I was shocked, then interested in all the variety that people seemed to enjoy. The sites he visited most were those features pictures of naked young women. That was quite the eye opener.

I'd learned what a huge variation there was among girls in their breast size and shape. But I'd gained no insight into the range of differences in the layout and shape of girls' vulvas. Thanks to what seemed to be universal interest in girls shaved smooth and exposing their secret valley to the camera, I learned that although the organization of the points of interest was always the same, the setting could vary a lot. I started keeping myself smooth down there too, and found I enjoyed how nice my panties felt against bare skin, and I discovered there was a decided advantage in being hairless when it came to giving myself pleasure.

Later, I found the sites Uncle Larry visited featuring beast sex. The night after I first saw those sites, I had nightmares. The images of the animal seaman streaming into girls' mouths, giant horse cocks splitting girls in half, the dogs getting stuck in the girls' vaginas really revolted me and filled me with terror. I knew my uncle was looking at those pictures, and I couldn't believe it. Why would he want to see women having sex with animals? He didn't go to sites that showed women having sex with men, although he did seem to like the woman on woman thing; yuck!

But Uncle Larry left me alone, and I decided I'd been spying where I shouldn't, not minding my own business like I'd promised to do, when I was snooping through his bookmarked sites.

His computer was in the little office off the kitchen he did the farms business in. After all, my only business in there was sorting his mail into four boxes he kept on the desk; bills, checks, correspondence and the magazines he subscribed to (his magazines were all about farming), and junk. I didn't decide to stop snooping. After all, it was fascinating, although sometimes in a very sick way. I did promise myself that I would try to not be judgmental about what I found when I was snooping.

After the first time I let a date slip his fingers into my panties and explore my smooth vulva, I decided not to do it again. It was Peter, of course, and while he normally respected my limits, he became very aggressive once he was feeling the contours of the bottom of my valley. I barely was able to get him to back off and settle for a blowjob. I was worried about things going too far, and for once I wasn't all that disappointed when he came a few moments after I took him into my mouth.

Normally, I like making a guy come slowly and watching his face as he goes from smiling, to happy, to trilled, to ecstasy as I please him. I almost get off just on watching, and after I'd swallowed a mouth full of a guys seed, I could often get a real nice tingle by letting the guy caresses and kiss my breasts.

I kept my sex life from Uncle Larry, and just smiled sweetly at the older women who he sometimes brought home for the night. My room was at the other end of the house from Uncle Larry's, and if he had company I kept to my end of the house. Although, if I got up in the morning and it was clear he still had company, I'd make breakfast for three.

Larry gave me an allowance for cleaning the house, doing his laundry, cooking his meals (which I did except on date nights), and bringing in and organizing his mail. It wasn't a lot, but I had enough for OK clothes and shoes, delicate unmentionables, and a little pocket cash.

At the start of my second year at Gilroy CC I noticed that the same woman was often around on weekend mornings. Her name was Marge, and I thought she looked great. While she was 41, she looked a lot younger and her chest made me green with envy. Her rack was not just large, it really

wasn't more than a C cups, but it was shaped real well. Very firm, and the swell of her bosom went up on her chest to her collarbone. Looking at her made feel especially flat.

Marge saw me looking at her chest and one day, and asked, "Joy, dear, do you want your breasts to be like mine?"

I blushed, but nodded and said, "Yes, you have a very nice shape, Marge."

Marge giggled, "Your sweet.

"I learned of a special tea I could take when I was a girl in college. If you take it every day your breasts will get as well shaped and firm as mine in no time. The only down size is that if you stop taking it your bosom will sort of deflate, and get saggy and flat. But that doesn't happen if you keep taking it."

"Is it expensive?" I asked.

"It doesn't cost anything, Joy. The tea is made from wild herbs and other plants found in the hills around here; a girlfriend, who's a Native American, gave me the recipe. If you like, next time I make a batch, I'll make some extra for you. You can try it, and if you like the effect, I'll make you a batch that will last a year."

I looked at her very well shaped chest, nodded, and thanked her. The next week she gave me a linen bag with a drawstring top and said, "That's enough for three months, although you should know if you like the effect in less than two.

"You make a pot of tea in the evening, putting three heaping tablespoons of the herb mixture in a tea ball. Steep it in hot water for twenty minutes and then sip it all evening. Drink at least three cups before bedtime. It will help you sleep too, so you should wake up every morning refreshed and bright eyed.

That evening, after dinner, I made my first batch and poured myself a cup. While I was sipping my second cup suddenly I started feeling a little excited and my nipples extended. Marge was spending the night, when she saw me she looked at my chest and winked, knowingly. I winked back and decided the tea might really work. Little did I suspect the full extent of the concoction's power!

Realizing that my Uncle Larry could also see me swollen nips, I took my tea to my room, saying I had homework to do. I did have homework, but it was all I could do to focus on it. I wanted to slip my hand inside my panties and please myself. I managed to hold out until my homework was done, and I'd finished my third cup of tea, before giving myself the climax I wanted badly. Soon after that I slipped into the oversized T-shirt I wore at night and went to bed, feeling very relaxed. I was asleep almost as quickly as my head hit the pillow.

When I awoke the next morning I did feel wonderful, very alive and a little horny. When I put on my bra it felt a little tighter than it had the day before, and when I checked myself out in the mirror I thought my upper chest looked fuller. That hooked me. For the next two months I drank the tea religiously. Even on date night, I'd have my pot of tea after I got home, and before going to bed, after a frenzy of masturbation. But it became harder to stay a virgin, especially when I was giving head, but I managed, mainly by promising myself all the pleasure my experienced fingers could provide when I got home.

After two months, Marge asked if I wanted more of the tea. I quickly said, "Yes!" My breasts had gone from an AA to an A cup, and my upper chest had filled out to the point where I can display a

very nice cleavage.”

My weight was up to 95 pounds, but since I knew the weight had all gone to my chest I was pleased about the gain.

I was concerned too. “Marge, “ I began, “I love what the tea is doing for my figure, but the tea seems to be making me very horny. I’m starting to have a lot of trouble not giving in to the boys I go out with.”

“Your still a virgin?” Marge asked, smiling.

I blushed and nodded.

She thought for a moment, then said, “The friend, who taught me to make the stuff, said it would have that effect on virgins. I wasn’t when I started it, so I’d forgotten about that aspect of the tea.

“Do you want to stay a virgin?” She asked, very matter-of-fact.

I nodded, blushing deeply, “At least until I’m out of school. Frankly, I don’t want to get pregnant anytime in the next few years. I want to give it up to the right guy, but also I don’t want to risk a pregnancy that might keep me from seeing the world, getting my BA, and starting a career.”

“I guess that’s admirable,” Marge replied. “Lord knows; I’ve never been on any birth-control that didn’t have unpleasant side effects; from killing my interest in sex, to causing bleeding, to making me feel really sick. Condoms are best, but they don’t feel quite right inside, and it’s hard to get guys to use them, although, your uncle is an angle in that area.

“Are there any other changes you’ve noticed?” I asked quickly, since I felt the less I knew about my Uncle Larry’s sex life, the better.

I admitted to Marge that my periods seemed to be over faster and my flow was lighter than it had been before I started using the tea. I hadn’t mentioned it, but my PMS symptoms had vanished since I started drinking the tea too. I liked that.

“That’s one of the good side-effects. But be careful, another side effect of the tea is you will become more fertile. Even if your periods stop all together, which might happen, your chances of getting pregnant, even from just having sex once are increasing every month.

“You’ll have to be careful and be sure that no seamen comes anywhere near your vulva. It only takes one sperm cell to do the job, and when a male ejaculates there are millions of cells. They can move on their own and may be able to cross several inches of your skin to get to your vagina. You won’t see them move, and won’t feel them either. The first notice you might get would be morning sickness, and then it would be too late.”

I was about to comment and that being more information than I needed, but Marge quickly went on. “Joy, I admire your position. I have some pills that will quite your over active libido, but they should interfere with the magic the tea is doing. Do you want to try them?” I should have asked about a hundred more questions, but I was so happy with my improved figure that I didn’t. Besides, at that point I thought Marge was becoming my friend and I trusted her.

I said, “Sure,” and the next evening she brought me a clear small glass bottle with 30 gelatin capsules in it filled with dark gray-brown stuff.

"Take one of these every morning, but stop taking them if you start to feel unwell, and let me know." Marge said as she put the jar in my hand.

The next morning I took my first pill, and was rewarded by feeling a little calmer all day. It was nowhere near as hard to stay focused in class, and when I did my homework, but I still felt horny by bedtime and petting my puss was fantastic. I was happy that I seemed to have no adverse reactions to the pills or the tea.

I took the pills and tea every day and was very pleased with my figure. Every month Marge brought me a new bottle of pills, and although the color sometimes changed, the effect was constant. The young men I went out, especially Peter, who I let get away with more than most, loved my bigger chest and I found other compensations. With a little coaxing and coaching, I got Peter to play with my extended nipples in a way that really got me off. In exchange I ended out dates kneeling in front of him and drinking his explosion.

One night I let Peter do his thrusting thing between my naked breasts. I felt pretty good, until he came, and all of a sudden I had a hot mess on my chest. Peter wouldn't lick it up, and I couldn't so I ended up using my bra to clean myself. Fortunately I did the entire laundry Uncle Larry's farm. The next time I went out with Peter he wanted to do it between my breasts again, but I said no, unless he promised to lick up the mess afterword. He said no, but the next date he brought some very soft clothes to use and I agreed, provided that he use his mouth on my breasts after he'd come until I came too. The tea seemed to have enhanced feeling in my breasts and it really wasn't hard for Peter to get me off that way.

Judging by Peter's reaction to my enhanced figure I was really looking forward to summer and showing up at the pool in a new bikini that really showed off my figure. My breasts were still growing and I was hoping for a B cup size by summer.

Over the winter and spring, Marge and Uncle Larry were together more and more, but Marge spent the night mainly on weekends and a few evenings during the week. Once in a while Uncle Larry spent the night with Marge, but he needed to start working the farm early, so generally he slept at home. But I still had plenty of time to snoop on Uncle Larry's bookmarked porn sites. Many nights he was over at Marge's house, a small farm near ours. Even with the calming effect of the pills I found that my distaste at some of his sex sites was lessened and that after a half-hour of looking at graphic pictures and art of naked women, I had trouble stopping touching myself. Even the pictures of women mating with dogs started arousing me. Although they still gave me dreams that were upsetting, if not nightmares.

Peter took me to the big graduation dance when I was finishing at Gilroy CC, and we had a very nice time. I splurged on an off-the-shoulders pink satin dress that revealed my cleavage in a very daring way. Peter loved it, and I enjoyed the other girls' looks as their dates leered at me. I had Peter pull over on a secluded road as soon as we left the prom, and take the edge off his lust. We went out to dinner, and later we parked in sheltered area by the entrance Uncle Larry's farm, but still out of sight of the house, and I let him strip me to my waste and enjoy touching and kissing my breasts until I'd climaxed twice and he could barely control himself. Then I slipped down between his legs and worshipped his shaft. I took my time and kept him on the edge for an hour before I gobbled up his seed.

Afterword he was sweet and helped me get my strapless bra, and the top of my dress right again and then cuddled and kissed with me for a half-hour before driving me the rest of the way home.

When I walked into the house I could tell I was alone, and it made sense, since Uncle Larry had said



he was taking Marge out that night. Out of curiosity I went to his office and using his history went to the last site he'd been on.

It was a story about a young woman with a cursed family. When she turned 18, she went into heat and wanted to mate with a dog. She didn't know what was happening to her until her Mother told her, she'd be barren for life unless she did it with the dog, she'd have a litter of puppies, and have to nurse and rear them, but later she could have babies.

I was repelled and fascinated. I could really relate to the girl. I mean I was just 20, and knew someday I wanted to have babies. If I'd been faced with that choice it would have been an agony. The story took her through the process of agreeing to be bred by the dog and then learning how to mate with the dog. In the story she got to really like it, but I thought that was just for the horny men, like my uncle, who read it. She got pregnant, and then had the puppies. I found the story strangely arousing, but also repellent.

Over the week I tried to forget that haunting story. But no matter how hard I tried, the images came back to me. Graduation day came in early June. Uncle Larry and Marge came and watched me get my diploma, of course it was fake, the real one was going to be mailed to us later. That morning I'd awoke and left early, still a little freaked about the story, not talking to Uncle Larry at all.

But walking to campus I remembered that Uncle Larry was generally very good to me. He indulged me when I really wanted something, helped me with schoolwork, and had added to the money my parents had left for my college trust fund.

For my part I'd been an indifferent student, and none of the top-flight four-year colleges I applied to wanted me. Of course there was UC Gilroy, which did accept me. In the middle of receiving rejection letters I disappointed Uncle Larry when I informed him that I was thinking of postponing college, but wanted the money he'd saved for it to spend on a trip to Europe. I'd been thinking that a year in Europe would help me focus on college when I returned.

I had to leave the money my parents had left in my trust, it could only be used for college until I was 25. I said it was just an idea, and waited for him to argue. He hadn't said much, but I tried to give him time, since he hadn't said no.

I'd worn my new bikini swimsuit for underwear under my clothes so I could go to the pool after graduation, which was in the late morning. After the ceremony, it didn't take that long to graduate 107 seniors, I thanked Uncle Larry and Marge for coming and after telling them I'd walk home, I went to the pool. I had a good time there, and really enjoyed all the boys staring at me chest, and met up with Robin. I ended up forgetting all about what I'd read a few nights before.

After we swam for an hour we went to the park and found a private spot where we could make-out. My wet swimsuit was in my bag, and I had on only a peasant blouse and skirt. Peter slipped a finger past my skirt and into my vagina. I pulled his hand away and reminded him I didn't want to go that far, and he knew I was keeping my virginity for the right man. He was disappointed until I promised that I'd give him the chance to be that man. He smiled, but was still disappointed, so I grinned at him, pushed him to his back and gave him all the pleasure I could with my mouth. But, after he'd climaxed, he was still not happy.

We left the park around six. Peter's house was in the other direction from Uncle Larry's farm. After a deep kiss we parted and I walked halfway up the mountain alone, like I usually did. As I walked I knew the kiss was a goodbye. Peter wanted more than I was willing to give, and my days of keeping him happy with my mouth were over. He wanted real sex, and I didn't, and we both knew it. I



doubted that he'd ever call again. As I walked I cried a little, since I really liked him, but it also helped me to realize I didn't love him. I decided once I was in Europe, I'd be a lot more choosy about who I gave a blowjob to.

I've talked like I had lots of boyfriends, but there were really only a half dozen guys I'd dated in the last two years and I'd only dated Robin for six months. Of course, I'd please almost all of them with my hand, mouth or both.

When I walked into the house I noticed a difference right away. In the living room were two very large dog bowls, two leashes, two collars, and some dog food and treats. It was graduation, and all, but what I was seeing didn't seem to be a graduation present for me, so I wondered what the occasion was.

"Uncle Larry, what is all this dog stuff for?"

"Come in the backyard, Joy," he yelled. I looked around for Marge but she didn't seem to be there.

I dropped my pack, which only held my wet bikini, and went to the backyard. When I got back there I saw a huge fawn coated dog in a large chain-link pen that was seven feet high, fifteen-feet wide and twenty-five-feet long. From the angle I was at I could clearly see the dog was male. The pen was closed all around with a cement bottom and the same chain-link over the top as the sides and gate was made from. Inside the fenced yard was a large doghouse (about six by eight feet) that had its floor raised about a foot above the cement.

"What's all this, Uncle Larry?"

"Well, Joy, I decided to get you a dog for your graduation. I figured you deserved one."

I smiled, trying to be polite. I mean, I was hopping for a fat check that would cover the cost of a year in Europe, rather than something that would tie me to home. Yet, he was smiling at me very warmly, the way he did when he planned to spoil me with something really nice.

"That's so nice of you, Uncle Larry. Uh, but where's the other dog?"

He looked at me with a confused look. "What other dog?"

"There're two sets of everything in the house."

"Oh. I'm getting the other one in a couple of days. It's more for me."

I shrugged. "So, what kind of dog is he, and what's his name?" I asked looking at the huge beast in the cage.

"Rex," he said. "He's big, but you'll find he's just a cuddly puppy, and he's all yours. He really is still a puppy, just two years old. He's a purebred mastiff, and he won't be full sized for at least another year, maybe two."

I looked at the huge dog. He was already a lot bigger than I was, and he was still growing. "Thanks, Uncle Larry," I said, hugging him. "I love you."

"I love you too, Joy."

"He will be a big help around the farm too; keeping the neighbors livestock out of my fields. And, with your permission, I'd like to put him out to stud. His bloodlines are great and there will be a

strong demand for his puppies.”

I grinned at the dog, and then my Uncle Larry and said, “Sure. Why shouldn’t he get to make puppies with some lucky bitch?”

I figured he’d decided to not give me the money, but the dog was a great present. I was just going to have to get a job until I could save enough for my trip. That might take a year, but Uncle Larry giving me Rex meant that he wasn’t going to be telling me to move out. My trust would still be there, maybe a lot bigger when I got back and I could try again to get into a good school.

“Uncle Larry, is the other dog going to be female that Rex will breed?” I asked giggling.

He smiled and said, “You guessed it, Joy!”

I thought that would be nice for Rex, and I stated to look forward to having a mess of puppies to play with.

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Part II: Becoming A Bitch

The rest of the day Rex and I and had a lot of fun. It was dark when I finally locked him in his pen and went into the house. I smiled all evening, thinking about Rex and what a happy big puppy he was. It was the best time I’d had since my parents died. I decided that since Uncle Larry wasn’t going to pay for my trip to Europe, getting me Rex was the next nicest thing he could have done. I was eager to go to bed, so that I could get up and play with Rex in the morning. After dinner I boiled water and made my tea before heading to bed, as I did every night.

I went up to bed, stripped and put on fresh panties and one of the giant t-shirt I wore at night. I read for a while, Jane Austin’s Emma, and sipped my tea. But the tea didn’t make me as horny, as it usually did. I figured it was because I was still upset about Peter and the way we’d parted. I wondered if I shouldn’t have had him get a condom and we could have put and end to my virginity. I knew I’d miss him, especially since it looked like I wasn’t going anywhere for a while.

After I finished my third cup of tea I laid down. I was tired, but not to tired to try pleasuring myself. As my fingers did their magic I thought about Uncle Larry’s porn of women making love with dogs and suddenly I was very aroused. I imagined Rex using his tongue on my vulva and climaxed, very hard. That was the first time I ever imagined any kind of sex with an animal, and it had turned me on, instead of off.

I dreamt a lot that night, something about all the stuff that was in the living room. I dreamt of what the bitch mastiff Uncle Larry was going to get would be like. In one dream Rex preferred playing with me to being with the bitch and that dream made me happy. I must’ve slept pretty well, but I got kind of cold in the middle of the night, and pulled a fur blanket uo against my naked body, and went back to sleep.

I woke up, on what I thought was the next morning, stretched, and got up off my cold bed. Then I realized something. I didn’t have a cold bed, and also remembered that I didn’t have a fur blanket. I rubbed my eyes and opened them fully to the morning sunshine beating down on me through the trees.

“Morning, Rex, hi, Joy.”

My name was Joy, but, Rex? Who was Rex?

Oh yeah.

I looked over my surroundings, and found out where I was, why I was cold, and why I had a fur blanket.

I was in the outside cage, with Rex stretching next to me as he woke up. I'd been laying in the large doghouse with him for some part of the night. I looked down at myself, and found that my t-shirt and panties were gone. I was naked and without thinking my hands moved to cover my groin and my breasts. I really wanted a third hand, but had to make due.

"Hungry, guys," my Uncle Larry asked.

"Uncle Larry, what's going on?"

"On all fours, Angel," he said.

I looked at him, confused. I searched for another dog in the cage. There was none.

"Now, please," he said, standing at the door of the cage and looking intently at me.

A memory suddenly flashed in my mind. It was of the computer, the site, the dogs mating with girls. I'd forgotten all about it during my sleep. I thought I knew what was going on. If I was right, I knew what I was in for, and I didn't like it at all.

I looked at Rex and knew with certainty! Uncle Larry wanted to watch me have sex with a Rex! Of course, I didn't want that! I wasn't going to be like one of those girls on those sites he liked. No way, no how!

"Uncle Larry, no! I'm not putting on any kind of sex show with Rex, not now, not ever! Let me out, now!"

"Sit! Bitch!"

"No! I screamed, but I did sort of cower down trying to cover myself.

Uncle Larry continued, very calm, and patient. "I'm calling you Angle now; since that's the name I registered you under with AKC; Gilroy's Angel of Callahan's Farm. For intense and purposes Joy is gone, and wont be back for years, if ever. You are now a bitch mastiff named Angel.

"Your boyfriend Peter called, and your friends Ann and Grace did too. I told them that you'd just left for Europe and would be gone for at least a year."

My heart sank. What ever Uncle Larry was up to, my friends would believe I'd left for Europe. For months I'd been talking about it with them as something I hoped Uncle Larry would let me do right after I received my AA degree. No one was going to come looking for me, and if someone else called who knew me, there was no reason for them to question the Europe story.

"Angel, if you don't sit right now, you're getting punished."

I folded my arms across my breasts, crossed my legs enough to hide my valley, and turned away.

"Fine then, no food for you this morning."

I heard a door open, but not the cage door. It was a small door for a food bowl to be slipped through. Rex got up and eagerly walked over and started eating. I looked over and saw another bowl full of dog food in my Uncle Larry's hand.

"I'll take you both for a walk after breakfast," he said, going back into the house.

After Rex ate breakfast, my Uncle Larry came out and looked in at us, smiling broadly.

"So, ready for a walk?"

I quickly sat down and crossed my arms across my chest again.

"Fine then. If you go to the bathroom in that cage, you'll get a beating you'll never forget."

I shrugged, and Uncle Larry opened the cage, put a leash on Rex's collar, and then locked the cage again (with a key, of course), so I couldn't get out.

I sat there for a while, waiting for them to come back. I kept thinking that if I kept this up, Uncle Larry would give in, or maybe tell me it was all a joke. But nearly an hour and a half passed, and neither Rex nor Uncle Larry came back. I started getting hungry, and I had to go to the bathroom, badly. After two and a-half-hours, I felt like my bladder was going to explode and my stomach was eating itself.

"Hello, Angel," Uncle Larry said, coming from around the house, leading Rex, on his leash.

"Hungry?"

I nodded, standing on all fours. I'd realized, while waiting, that Uncle Larry was serious, and I figured I'd better get used to this, because Uncle Larry was not going to stop. After two years of living with him I knew he could be stubborn as hell. He smiled, and opened the cage door, leashed me, and led me into the yard. He didn't get far before I squatted down and unleashed what seemed like a flood of urine. I had to go so bad; it felt like I was spraying it. And it hurt, too.

After I was done, Uncle Larry brought me inside, put Rex in his cage, and brought out my full food bowl. Dog food, of course. I looked up at Uncle Larry, hoping that he was just kidding about this part, at least.

He nodded at the food, and I proceeded to eat it, since I was so hungry at that point, I'd take anything. The taste was really very bland and a little meaty. I was glad it wasn't some smelly meat like chunks in gravy that I knew dogs liked. I hoped that the dry food wasn't because Uncle Larry was punishing me, and that if he thought I was behaving the way he wanted me to, he'd give me real yucky food. Soon after I finished, I had to go to the bathroom again.

Uncle Larry realized this, let me out, and I squatted down in the middle of the yard, facing Uncle Larry. I pushed out my feces, and let it dump on the grass. It felt so wrong, but I knew I had to get used to it.

As he watched me eliminate my waste, Uncle Larry spoke, very softly, "Angle, the farm isn't doing very well. The economy is down and the bank wants its money back. They gave me a few months to get caught up on my payments, but if I don't this time next years they will take the house and farm from me. To get the money for the payments, and make ends meet around here, we will need you to work. I decided the easiest, and most enjoyable way for you to contribute to the farm's income was for you to have puppies that I can sell. You've been taking you a special drug for months, it was in

you're the tea you drink that Marge gave you. The drug will allow you to have puppies with Rex, very soon.

I started to protest but he held up his hand. "Don't argue. It's done! Rex was expensive and you two have to show a profit for me. Marge, who is a vet, and something of a witch, assured me that you can produce very good quality puppies. I also decided that it would be easier on you, if you lived full time as Angel, my bitch dog, and Rex's breeding partner.

"From now on, I will treat you as my bitch. If you behave as if you are human I will punish you. If you act like a good bitch I'll reward you.

I stood up and started to scream. Uncle Larry, who's a big guy, walked over and grabbing me, put me over his knee and, using a rolled up newspaper, slapped my bare behind until I was screaming in pain and begging him to stop.

He paused, and asked, "Are you ready to recognize and accept your role as a bitch in my puppy farm?"

I said, "Yes," very softly.

Then he hit my sore bottom some more. When he stopped I was crying too hard to speak for a while. But I heard him when he said, "Bitches don't talk! If you agree to be my breeding bitch lick my hand! If not you'll get a beating like the one you just had every day until you do!"

He held out his hand to me, and still crying, I licked it. I wanted to gage, but knew another beating and I'd do more than lick Uncle Larry's hand to get it to stop.

"That's better. If you want to say no, when I ask you a question sit down with your ass to the ground. To say yes, offer to lick my hand. To show you're happy wag your ass from side to side.

"Angle, be careful about saying no. I won't put up with an uncooperative bitch!"

"Now, Angle, you may think you went to bed just last night. But Marge changed your tea and you've been asleep for three days. During that time Marge did other things to you, injections and I don't know what all, that she said will make you ready to breed quickly and will assure that your puppies are the finest quality little mastiffs that have ever been bred.

"Make up your mind to it, Angel. You are now a bitch dog that will soon be bred to have puppies. In fact I plan to breed you twice a year. Marge said that at two litters a year you should have an average of eighteen puppies a year, maybe more. I'll think I can sell them for more than a grand each, and at that rate I can pay off the mortgage on the farm in six years. With your puppies making the payments, so to speak, I can invest the farm's profits in improving the place, increasing profits as well as diversifying the crops. Of course if you want to mate with Rex, you can do that whenever you want to.

Just then Marge walked into the room. I looked at her with hate in my brown eyes, but she just smiled.

"Hi, Angle," She said, grinning. "That's a pretty name, for a girl, or a bitch. It's true; I did help your uncle get you ready to be a breeding bitch for his new puppy farm venture. You'll be pleased to know that you no longer need to drink the tea. Your cute breasts will stay firm and well shaped without it. Even after you have nursed dozens of puppies.

"You're probably wondering why it's you and not me in the cage with Rex. Well, the process works faster and better when done on a young woman, especially if she is a virgin, and I'm pretty close to the change, so there wouldn't be many more years for me to breed. Not that I didn't think of it, particularly after I met Rex. He is so very tempting. I did volunteer, but after we talked it over your uncle said you'd be a better choice, and it was time you made a contribution to the farm.

"I like mating with dogs, and your uncle has often watching me when I do. But I haven't done it with Rex. Since you're a virgin, we decided it was only right that the male dog that breeds you be a virgin too. That way you can be real mates, and he won't be just a stud that gives you puppies twice a year."

Uncle Larry stepped up and explained further, "You see, Angle, after the recent stock market implosion your trust fund, and the money I'd invested for your college, wasn't enough for much of a trip to Europe and or even college. Since you don't have the grades, or the athletic ability, to get a scholarship I decided that working here on farm for ten years was best for you. By then your trust fund should be worth something again, and if you work out as a productive breeding bitch, and pay off the mortgage with puppies, I'll give you a share of the farm, say twenty-five percent. At that point you can stay on here, and continue to breed puppies for me, or take your money and go to college, or Europe, or what ever.

"The thing that gave me this idea is what I hear around town about you becoming a come slut, blowing any guy who'd take you out."

I wanted to scream, I'm mean I'd only give a blowjob to two guy besides Robin, and there were only three more that I'd given a hand job to. I didn't seem like a lot, there had been plenty of guys that I turned down, but I guess some of guys I said yes to, talked and the talk made it a much bigger deal than it really was. I Just sulked anyway. I knew protested the truth would only get me a beating, but I wanted to, and it was all I could do to keep my mouth zipped.

Besides, if what they said were true it wouldn't make any difference, even if Uncle Larry believed me. He was just rationalizing his horrible actions and their melding with his lust to see a girl mating with a dog.

Marge interrupted my thoughts and continued my torment, "Now, in ten years, and for the rest of your life before menopause, say 30 to 40 years from now, every six months you'll go into heat and let any dog that gets near you breed you. Your scent will draw plenty to you, and if you aren't very careful you'll end up with litters of mongrel puppies no one wants.

"Oh, and remember, the tea made you horny. That's permanent. You will always be that way. That's another reason we put you with Rex now, he is well equipped to give you what you need when you want to be touched, either with his tongue or penis."

Smiling and happy, Uncle Larry put a thick leather collar on me, leashed me, and led my back out to the cage in the back yard and then locked me in with Rex again. I wanted to kill him, but couldn't figure out how.

Rex was happy to see me and wanted to play, but I was mad at Uncle Larry, Marge, and the world in general, and that included Rex. I sat with my back to him and ignored him. But a few minutes later I heard him whimper and glancing over my shoulder saw that he was very unhappy. I realized that he didn't understand why his new friend didn't want to play. I looked at him, hard, for a long time. It knew what had happened wasn't his fault. He was just a big happy puppy that didn't understand why I was ignoring him.

I also realized that he was rather handsome, for a dog. His huge head was proud and his body looked well muscled and strong. He did look like he could sire excellent puppies. But at the thought I recoiled, knowing that I didn't want to be the bitch that he did it with. After watching him for over an hour, I relented. I couldn't be mad at Rex; it wasn't his fault, no matter how I looked at it. I went over to him and petted him until his dark mood had evaporated and he was all happy puppy again. Then we played together. As we wrestled and rolled around, I realized that he was being very gentle with me and hoped that he would stay that way. I decided to treat him as my dog, and love him as if I was still a twenty-year old girl living in a house.

I didn't regret that decision. But that day, and every day for many months after, I regretted not giving in to Robin and letting him deflower me. At least we really liked each other, and Robin was human and very sweet, when he was touching me. He would have been gentle, and maybe it would have screwed up Uncle Larry's plan to make me a breeding bitch.

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### **Part III: Angle and Her Mate**

That night I made a little nest for Rex and I in the doghouse. Uncle Larry, or maybe Marge, put a bunch of blankets and towels in there. They were old, but clean. It gets real cold in the hills around Gilroy at night, even in June. Without a stitch of clothing I was afraid I'd freeze. I built up a soft pad of towels and blankets on the floor and pull the blankets over me to stay warm. But it wasn't enough, after a few hours I was shivering and it was still getting colder. Rex was right beside me and I could feel heat coming off of him. Reluctantly I rearranged the blankets so they covered us both and snuggled up next to Rex. He didn't seem to mind, and in no time I was snug and warm and asleep.

When I woke up the next morning I was warm, the sky was blue, Rex was still sleeping beside me, and I was very horny. I gently rearranged the blankets and moved my right hand to my vulva and my left to my right breasts. Slowly I touched myself, trying to not awake Rex as I let my excitement built. But all thought ended when I climaxed and the next thing I knew Rex was awake and between my thighs licking up my liquids and exploring places in my valley that I'd never let anyone touch. It felt so good, his huge hot tongue, caressing and exploring all my secret parts, I couldn't bring myself to protest. In minutes my passion was rising again and soon I crested with another climax. As I calmed I could still feel Rex licking me, and realized he was cleaning me up. Cleaning up the liquids from my arousal and climax.

Then I realized what I'd done; I'd let a dog pleasure me with his tongue. I climbed out of the doghouse and dry heaved. I was disgusted with myself and I hated Uncle Larry and Marge. Then I curled up on the grass and cement and cried. But after a while Rex came to me and licked my face. Suddenly, I was hugging him around the neck. I knew that he was my friend and that he loved me, while it was clear Uncle Larry really felt nothing of the love I thought he'd had for me. That's how Uncle Larry and Marge found us a few minutes later; I was hugging Rex, and he was licking my face.

After that, Uncle Larry let Rex and I out and we played around in the yard while Uncle Larry cleaned our messes up. I liked watching him have to clean up my pile. In a flash I realized that the worst thing I could do to him was behave like a dog. It wasn't much, but it was enough so that I felt I could get a little back at him for the horror he intended for me. After that I not only didn't feel bad about dumping on the grass, when I needed to go, I tried to hit as many spots as I could.

Later Uncle Larry put us back in our pen. Rex and I laid down in the shade made by our doghouse and slept, when Uncle Larry and Marge went inside. They left the door open and I could hear the TV. As I drifted off I heard the laugh track of some situation comedy. It sounded weird, and I decided not



watching stupid TV shows was one sort of a blessing of my new status as a dog.

Later I woke up, finding myself next to Rex, and curled up against his stomach. His scent was strong, but clean and somehow reassuring. I wondered if I could get him to kill Uncle Larry and Marge for me. I immediately felt guilty, realizing that a dog that killed a person would be put down. Instead I started to fantasize about escaping, and taking Rex to protect me. I was still trying to come up with a plan when Uncle Larry came back outside.

“So, Angel, Honey. You’re going to be a good dog?”

I nodded, and went over and licked his hand. I figured that until I had an escape plan, and an opportunity to get away, acting like his good little bitch dog would be better for me than being rebellious. My backside still hurt from the beating he’d given me the day before. I didn’t want to repeat that, no way!

“Good girl,” he said, taking a dog biscuit out of his pocket and tossing it to me. I caught it and ate it, trying to savor the taste, bacon, not bad.

During the rest of that day, I realized how good a dog’s life was. Sure, you slept in a cage, outside in the cold, and ate disgusting dog food. But, you got fed, watered, could go to the bathroom in full view of someone, and sleep all day if you wanted. Not bad, so far; but I feared that he really meant for me to be bred by Rex, I thought it wasn’t possible, but feared Marge had really done something to me that would change my body so it could make puppies.

I managed to go three days before my fingers found there way to my vulva again. Rex’s tongue followed them and my climax was better than I had expected. I nearly passed-out and couldn’t help but laughing and screaming as Rex cleaning me, took me over the edge a second time. When I was calm again, I felt deeply ashamed, but reminded myself that in addition to making me a bitch, Marge’s tea had made me a horny one. Still, I decided I would never give in again.

Two days later I was crying in frustration after Rex had licked me to another fantastic orgasm. My firm resolve hadn’t lasted, and I saw the handwriting on the wall of the doghouse, if you will. I would try to not do it, and fail each time, and the time between my failures would decrease until Rex tasted my most private parts, every day. That morning I’d tried again to touch myself without waking Rex, but it just wasn’t possible. As soon as my breathing quickened he was awake with his huge head between my thighs doing more to please me with his big hot tongue than my fingers could.

Every night the same old horny feeling came back, and if I resisted it, the next morning it was worse. Then there would be a struggle and with myself, ending in my giving in and welcoming Rex’s tongue to my sex.

The tenth morning I gave up the struggle. I felt I needed the climax, and I encouraged Rex when he replaced my fingers with his tongue. Given I had nowhere to bath properly I was thankful for the great job he did cleaning me when we were done.

Three days later I woke up next to Rex, cuddled up to his belly inside doghouse. The towels and blankets were clean and the smell of them was great. When the ones we had were dirty to bear any longer, Rex and I living outside did get them dirty, I’d pulled them out of the doghouse and made them into a pile by the gate. Uncle Larry and Marge looked at them when they found them, but soon figured out what was happening. At first Uncle Larry was mad, but Marge told him it was a good thing. “A clean bitch will have healthier puppies,” she told him. After that, once a week I tossed out the dirty towels and blankets and Uncle Larry, or Marge, would wash them and bring them back and put them in the doghouse. No bad, free laundry service from my tormentors.

After two weeks I became aware of two things. The hair on my legs, and groin wasn't growing back, and I smelled so bad that I could barely stand myself. I was surprised that Rex could stand me, but he didn't seem to mind. In fact he like licking my smelliest parts. When Uncle Larry came out to take us for a walk, I did charades until he understood that I wanted to bath. Uncle Larry's first idea was he was going to bathe me. He had that gleam in his eye I'd seen often before, and there was no way I was going to let him wash my naked little body. Marge was there, and intervened, stopping that idea saying, "I'll take Angle in and let her bath. While I see to her, you bath Rex, he could use it too."

Marge took me to the bathroom and admonished me, "No talking, but you're pretty good at charades, if you want to try to ask questions, I'll try to answer them."

At first I just went all out with the bath. I scrubbed, exfoliated, moisturized, shampooed, conditioned and moisturized again. When I was done I pointed to my hairless groin and tried to ask why.

Marge was quick-witted and understood. "Some of the drugs I gave you stopped hair growth below your head. You might also notice that the hair on your head is thicker than it was. That's the drug I gave you too. Once you surrender your virginity to Rex, and he imprints you with his breed, you might see some slight faun colored hair come back at your groin. Or you might not. But you'll never have a significant bush there again.

I thought about that for a minute. It all seemed very technical. Then I smiled, I didn't have to shave, ever again, and what Rex did to me with his tongue was better without a lot of hair in the way. But I didn't understand the imprint thing she just mentioned.

After a lot more charades and I finally got Marge to understand that I didn't understand what she meant by 'Imprinted'.

"Angle, what we did is make you genetically a dog, at least as far as reproduction does. But right now your eggs are sort of blanks. They are programmed to become dogs, but there is no breed. One of the things that is good about your being a virgin, is that your ovaries are now waiting to taste a genetic mix that will tell them what kind of dogs your eggs should become. The first dog that breeds you will fill that gap, teaching your eggs to make puppies that are his breed. If he is a mastiff, like Rex, after you mate with him your eggs will always be mastiff eggs waiting for more mastiff sperm to make mastiff puppies. If you were to breed with a Golden Retriever later, your puppies would be half mastiff, the part from you, and half golden, the part from the dog siring the puppies. Of course, mixed breed dogs generally aren't worth as much as purebred dogs, and Rex is a show quality dog with fine bloodlines.

One of the reasons you're in with Rex now, is to make sure that no other dogs imprints your eggs with their breed. Once you are imprinted as a show quality mastiff, you and Rex should make puppies that are top quality. Allowing your Uncle Larry's to sell your puppies for top dollar as purebred mastiff puppies.

Marge went on and added, "If I were going to breed puppies, it would be hard to imprint my eggs as any one breed, since I've already had lots of sex with men and a variety of breeds of dogs. I might have to have sex, maybe daily, exclusively with one dog for week or months before my puppies would be pure bred. I don't know how that really works, but I know its no small thing after being a sexually active woman for thirty years to get my eggs remade.

"But, it would be fun, and with the right dog, I think it would be worth it. I still could have fifteen or twenty litters before I hit menopause."

I smiled, and Marge nodded that I understood. "There's another reason I volunteered to be a

breeding bitch for your Uncle Larry,” She went on, “even if I only have a few more years to breed. I’ve always wanted to have puppies. It’s probably why I never had children. Children take decades to bring up, and puppies are gone five months after conception.”

I thought about her last comment the rest of the day. I figured what Uncle Larry had planned was get me preggers, wait around until I birth the puppies, get them weaned, get them sold, and then get me preggers again. I hoped that I’d liked being pregnant; since it seemed that I would be most of the time for the next ten years, and that’s if Uncle Larry kept his word about setting me free.

Once I was back in our cage, and Rex had greeted me, I realized that I really liked how he smelled when he was clean, but he seemed to prefer me smelly, not that we didn’t have fun playing, we played all afternoon and into the evening after Uncle Larry gave us our dog food. The next morning he waited to nudge his way to my womanhood until my fingers had me leaking liquids, then Rex went for me like a person whose dying of thirst would go after water.

The passing days became routine for Rex and me. When I woke up normally at dawn, so did Rex. He’d please me between my thighs, then, since I could make nowhere near as much noise as Rex, he barked until he woke-up Uncle Larry, who liked to sleep until six. Uncle Larry would come out, feed us, let us go to the bathroom, and then pen us back up and go to work in his fields. He’d put a big freshly filled water bowl in the pen, and then walk out of the back yard. Every second or third day Marge would come by while Uncle Larry was in the fields and take me inside for a bath.

The only time I ever saw a mirror was when I was allowed a bath. Each time I saw myself I was amazed, my skin looked darker and my hair was longer and thicker. I’d never had such pretty hair and I was a little disappointed that I couldn’t show it off. My figure was getting better too. I was leaner, with better muscles, and what the TV ads called a good core. I wasn’t getting bulky, but all the running around and playing Rex and I did was giving me what I thought of as a tawny outdoorsy look. A look that I’d never figured I could have.

I lost track of time, but I’d had at least a dozen bathes when, one morning after Rex did me really nicely, I noticed him shaking and whimpering. I looked closely at him and his penis was showing and it was going in and out, and each time he whimpered. I was filled with guilt. For weeks he’d been giving me the best climaxes of my life, and I’d done nothing for him. The poor guy was all worked up, frustrated, and it was clearly all my fault.

I wasn’t anywhere near ready for him to take my cherry, although I’d admitted to myself one day he would. But I’d given enough blowjobs to figure I could give him relief that way.

Knowing no one would hear I talked to him, calling him ‘my sweet puppy’ and using a note of promise in my voice that had always made boys sure they were going to score. I got Rex to lie down and moved my hand to his sheath. His penis was moving in and out of it. It looked rather small, but I knew nothing about how a dog’s penis worked, compared to a boy’s. I was about to find out.

I tried stroking the thin shaft and found it very wet and feeling more like something you’d find inside, like the inside of my vagina, not at all dry. Like the penises I was used to. Rex seemed to like my touch at first, but then pulled away from my hand, as if I’d somehow hurt him.

Again I calmed him and leaned close to see what the problem was. There was a reddish area that was very dry, by comparison with the rest. It was where I’d been rubbing. It looked irritated and I decided a hand-job was not the right way to pleasure a dog, whether or not boys liked them. I leaned over and kissed the red area, a very wet kiss. I’d expected to find the taste unpleasant, but it wasn’t. It tasted a little like my vaginal lubricants, mixed with a strong taste of Rex and a rich earthy quality,

like the wild moral mushrooms I collected in the spring on the farm. Rex liked the kiss, and began moving his little shaft back and forth across my lips. I extended my tongue, remembering all the pleasure Rex had given me with his, and licked the length. Rex really liked that and his penis grew a little bigger. I tried taking the tip into my mouth, and that worked for a while but after a few strokes it seemed to be different than what he wanted. Another difference between boys and dogs, I was used to a boy acting like getting his penis in my mouth was a form of going to heaven.

I let the shaft slip from my mouth and returned to licking, which seemed to be what Rex wanted. I found that the closer to the base I licked the more excited Rex became. I tried letting the shaft glide across my lips and licking it the base with every stroke. Rex really liked that. He started to shoot thin hot streams of what tasted a little like my lubricant out of the cute tapered tip of his shaft. Some got on my lips, but most of it landed on my chest and abdomen. I liked the heat.

The shaft was growing as I moved it between my lips; I was amazed at how big it was getting, and how interestingly it was shaped. The tip was pointed, not in the middle, but toward the bottom of the shaft. After the tip, the shaft got wide and then narrow and then I found a bulge forming near the base after the narrow part. I lingered over the bulge with my tongue and Rex made noises that assured me that he liked that best.

The shaft kept getting bigger and thicker, and the bulge, which I later learned was called the 'knot' was getting really big. It went from the size of golf ball, to a tennis ball, to a baseball and end up bigger than a softball; like some giant red, wet grapefruit. I was torn between amazement at how big it was, and fear, over the prospect of having someday to fit something so big inside my little box. I knew it must be possible, but nothing I'd seen on a boy had prepared me for such a monster. But in spite of Uncle Larry's crack about me being a slut, I'd only seen six different boy's penises, and knew there was probably variety I couldn't imagine. Still I feared a penis the size of Rex's might kill me, or at least hurt too much to be endure.

I decided if I ever got at Uncle Larry's computer again, I'd spend more time looking at penises. I'd learned tons that way about how girls' vulvas varied that way.

The first hard penis I'd encountered on a boy had also filled me with fear. I couldn't imagine something that size going into me. But it was small compared to what Rex had.

Rex needed relief and my mouth was up the challenge. I continued kissing and licking the base, enjoying the hot sprays of liquid Rex was shooting onto me, and Rex's mounting excitement. I was watching what was happening and saw when the texture of the stuff hitting me changed. It went from thin and sort of clear, like the lubricants that seeped out of my vagina, to sort of white and thick. From my experience with boys I figured the thicker whitish stuff was seaman, and the earlier clear stiff was lubricant. I figured it was nice of Mother Nature to provide so much lubricant for the poor little female that had to take-on such a monster.

Rex just kept spurting, and I kept kissing and licking his penis. He came for a long time and when he stopped, my chest was covered with his seed. Then I remembered Marge's warning. Frightened I looked down, but none of it had gotten near my vaginal entrance. I was relieved. I didn't really think Rex could get me pregnant with puppies, but I wasn't taking any chances. From then on I always made sure my vulva was well covered by a towel whenever I gifted Rex with a blowjob.

Rex pulled away from me and barked happily. The sound made me pleased because it meant I'd returned some of the pleasure he'd been giving to me. I giggled, knowing I'd give him that intimate pleasure again. I no longer had any pretenses about Rex being my sex partner. He made me come, real good, and I'd just done the same for him. I'd liked giving him pleasure and knew that I'd do it

often.

Perfect gentleman that he was, Rex then licked me clean. Before it was all gone, I scooped some of the seaman up on my fingers and tasted it. I'd already learned that man seaman's taste varied a little, but was always recognizable. Rex's was also recognizable for what it was. It was saltier, and a little sharper than a man's and there was an earthy quality to it that I kind of liked. It hadn't taken me long to learn that when I gave a guy a blowjob they didn't like it if you spite out there seed. Soon after that I learned I could, at least in Robin's case, get him hard again, if I let him watch me eat his seaman up like it was maple syrup. I liked Rex's taste, but it didn't seem likely that I could get him to come in my mouth. The most sensitive part of his shaft appeared to be that big bulge at the base. But he'd shot so much onto my chest that I knew I could get a nice taste every time.

I really liked this licking my chest too, and determined that the next time I'd direct his discharge more onto my breasts and see if he could get me off by using his talented tongue on my nipples. As soon as I had that thought I questioned again if there really would be a next time. It seemed I'd accepted the idea that there would be without thinking about it. A minute's reflection and I knew there would be lots of next times. I'd already proved I couldn't resist his tongue on my vulva. It just wouldn't be fair to let him take me to heaven, and never do the same for Rex.

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Part IV: Rex Breeds Angle

After first light, Rex and I would play at pleasing each other in our doghouse, then at tag and tug-of-war in our pen. A few hours later Uncle Larry or Marge would come out of the house to feed us. For the rest of the day Rex and I didn't do much, unless Uncle Larry took us for a walk. At least until around two in the afternoon, Rex would get up and walk around nude little me in circles. That meant it was playtime again, and we'd spend the next two or three hours chasing each other, playing with our pull toys, and wrestling. If Uncle Larry or Marge were around they'd let us out of our pen and we'd have the whole backyard to romp in. That was always nice, since the backyard was large, a half-acre. It was fenced, and the fence was high, eight feet, with a locked gate, and our chances of climbing the fence were slim, actually mine were good, but Rex had no chance at all. I could have escaped, but I couldn't leave without Rex.

At all these games Rex could easily beat me, but he liked to let the game linger and pretend that I was able to match him. Never the less, I always ended up on my back with Rex looking down at me, smiling calmly, and enjoying his victory with a paw on my abdomen. When he lifted his paw it was the sign that he wanted to play more. Rex kept me moving and I was in no danger of getting fat. In fact, after I'd bathed and was clean, I really liked how I looked in the mirror in the bathroom. Of course there was no mirror in the dog house or our pen.

Uncle Larry also liked how I looked, but I was used to his looking, and besides, I was his puppy-making bitch. I didn't think he'd do anything that might mess with my ability to produce valuable puppies for him. Although I wasn't convinced I could have puppies I knew he was, and relied on his greed, and Marge, to keep him from jumping my bones.

After a few weeks of our play I came to look up to Rex. Him was faster and, much stronger than I was. It pleased me that we were friends and that, just as I loved him as my pet, he loved me as his. But I was wrong about that; Rex's feelings for me were deeper than those he'd have had for another dog that was his buddy, and my own feelings were deeper than I knew at the time.

I missed my period at the end of the first month of living as a bitch in the cage with Rex. A month

later I missed it again. That was cool, no PMS!

And, I wasn't preggers, I knew because I was always very careful about keeping Rex's seaman from getting near my sex. I figured that there was no point in risking a pregnancy, just in case Rex could really knock me up. I assumed it was the tea I'd been drinking for months, doing what Marge said it might, stopping my periods all together.

For a caged beast I was generally in pretty good spirits. I laughed a lot when Rex and I were playing, as well as making all manner of happy sounds when Rex went to work on me with his wonderful tongue. We only played at sex in the morning before Uncle Larry and Marge were around, or after I was sure they'd gone to bed. It wasn't that I was ashamed. After all, they had made me a dog, and had no right to shame me for acting like one. It was because it was something private that I didn't want to share, especially with Uncle Larry, since I knew he'd love to watch.

I tried not to dwell on the fate Uncle Larry planned for me; instead I spent time thinking about ways for Rex and I to escape. I knew my Uncle Larry pretty well, after living with him for over two years. He was stubborn as hell, and I knew there was no way I could get him to change his plan and let me go. But, over time he had a tendency to get careless. One more than one occasion he'd forgotten to lock up the house when he was gone. I'd known because it was unlocked when I got home from school. He'd also forgotten to lock up the barn several times, which had resulted in some of the harvest getting stolen. I figured one of these days he'd forget to lock the cage he kept Rex and I in. Then we'd be out of there. But I decided I couldn't just take off with Rex. A nude girl without money wouldn't get far, and although I knew Rex would protect me, if he could, I also knew that against men with guns, chances are that they would get him killed and me raped. In the hills around the farm I heard hunters shooting every day, so the likelihood of meeting men with guns was high if I ever got outside the fence.

Uncle Larry kept a few hundred in ready cash in the safe in his office. He'd never told me the combination, but it hadn't been hard to find, written on a piece of paper taped to the under side of a drawer. I figured I needed some clothes, shoes, and all the cash I could get, plus my ID, if I could find it. Knowing Uncle Larry, I figured my stuff was still in my room, where I'd left it, or tossed in a drawer in my dresser. It looked like I might need to get out more than once to collect what I needed. I decided the best way was to wait for Uncle Larry to forget to lock us up, sneak into the house and find my ID, clothes, and shoes to get away in. I could hide them in the back of the doghouse, since Larry or Marge didn't ever bother to clean it. Marge had laughed one day while she was cleaning up my piles in the back yard, and told me whatever was dirty inside the doghouse was my problem. She did bring me a bucket, soap and water once in a while, which was nice of her.

I waited for Uncle Larry to get careless a week, when I thought I was in luck. He forgot to lock our cage before he and Marge went inside. I was waiting for the lights to go out. I wanted to be sure they were asleep and wouldn't hear me as I searched my room for my ID and collected some clothes. I was also considering pilfering Uncle Larry's desk and safe and trying to get away that night, if I could be quick and quite enough. Just when I expected the lights to go out, Marge came out into the backyard, checked the lock on our pen, locked it, and went back inside. I wanted to scream, but it wouldn't have done any good, upset Rex, and let Marge and Uncle Larry know what I had planned. She didn't say a word, and I managed to not cry until she was back inside. Then I hugged Rex and cried into his chest. Rex was very sweet, letting me get him all wet as I nuzzled him and whimpered into his fur.

I cried, until Rex, licking my cheek, made me smile. I hugged him tight for a few minutes and then, feeling very possessive of him, gave him the best blow-job I knew how to give to a dog. Rex really seemed to like that, and after my chest was nicely covered with his liquids, he licked me clean, sweet

guy that he is. That big hot tongue of his on my nipples brought me off before he was done.

After that, every once in a while Uncle Larry did forget to lock our pen, but every time Marge remembered. After that had happened five times I sort of gave up the idea of escaping through Uncle Larry's carelessness. Marge was not careless, and it was clear I needed another plan. I thought about it every day, but other than leaving Rex behind, climbing the fence nude, and taking to the hills, as a naked girl, I couldn't come up with one. I was pretty sure the fate of a naked girl in the hills wouldn't be any better, and might be a lot worse, than staying in the pen with Rex. He, at least was my best friend. Running away naked might have ended badly. I imagined some crusty old hunter locking me in another cage, feeding me little, and raping me every day until I was dead.

I'd been living as a dog, for about three months when one afternoon Rex started sniffing around the area where I was sitting. I had no idea what for, but obviously he could smell something that I couldn't, being human. He continued sniffing for quite some time before coming back to me. He nudged me, and I stood up. I'd been feeling especially horny all day and wondered if he could scent that.

That morning Rex had brought me to three climaxes before I was calm enough to do him. Normally, that much sex would have had me feeling mellow and relaxed, at least until the next morning. But it was only a few hours later and I was excited again. I wondered if we had gotten to a point where I was sexually stimulated by Rex's scent and presence.

As Rex nosed around I thought maybe some kind of animal was under our doghouse, which I was leaning against. But he kept returning to me, and not just me, but to my sex. Then I caught a whiff of the scent from my groin. Suddenly I just knew what Rex smelled. Apparently, Rex could tell when I was in heat, or most likely to conceive. Well, he figured it out by smell, and I could tell he was in the mood by his doggy cock becoming visible.

Since I'd pretty much gotten out of the habit of talking, except pillow talk to Rex after sex, I simply whimpered as Rex nuzzled his wide head between my thighs. He licked my vaginal opening and his tongue felt incredible. Better than ever, and my whole body quivered in response. I'd all ready learned that Rex knew what he was doing when he got his big wet tongue deep into my valley, but it had never felt so good. I felt weak in the knees and was suddenly willing to do anything he wanted. It hit me then that I must be in heat and that, to Rex, I was a bitch ready to be bred. Where before that idea that I would go into a heat had frightened me, now that it was happening I enjoyed the excitement. My whole body tingled with anticipation.

Rex gently nudged me over and onto my hands and knees. He returned his tongue to my sex and it felt so damn good that I raised my ass higher and lowered my head onto my folded arms exposing my sex to him as much as I could. I sensed that my virginity was about to go, but what Rex was doing felt so very good, I couldn't bring myself to try and stop him. Somehow it seemed like it was the right time to lose it.

Breeding me was exactly what Rex intended. He licked me a few more times, and I braced myself when he stopped. He mounted up, scratching my sides. It stung, but I didn't mind much. I felt how wet and ready my sex was and was curious and eager to learn what real sex would feel like. Rex's pre-come was squirting all over my vulva and its heat was adding to my excitement as well as covering my opening with lubricant. He leaned forward, trying to slip his red penis into my sex, so, carefully; I reached back and pushed it up a little, knowing what I was getting myself into. It went in, and he thrust a few times, but it was still pretty small and came out. I realized this was my chance to stop him, but instead I reached back again and guided him in a second time.

Your in for it now, I told myself, but giggling, rather than fearfully.

Rex started humping me, and I felt him getting bigger inside, in a flash of pain he tor through my maidenhead. I cried out and it started him and a second time he slipped out of me. But I'd gone to far to stop. I wanted Rex to fill me. He got back on me again and started humping. He was still spraying my vulva with pre-come, but he was missing the opening over and over. It was really frustrating me, as well as Rex. I reached back and guided him in a third time. This time he was bigger.

My torn maidenhead still hurt, but I didn't want to end things before Rex had really filled me. I was a little frightened, knowing how big his penis would get, but I was also interested. I mean I wanted to know what all the fuss was about. Why people didn't settle for oral sex, which was great, and instead went on to mate and risk pregnancy.

I whimpered and cried a little from the pain, but it was clear to me that Rex was not intent on hurting me, just mating. He slipped out again and I decided I could bare the pain, to make my friend happy. After all, Rex was the only friend I had. He leaned forward more and licked my cheek reassuring me. I felt the warmth of his shaft and the pre-come filling my insides and the heat and lubricants softened the pain and made the way easy for Rex as mounted again. I reached back to help him find my entrance, but this time Rex found the way in on his own. He thrust and I felt his shaft pushed deeper, beyond the soreness that had been my virginity.

I felt how strong Rex was and how much he wanted me as he held my waist between his powerful front legs and pressed deeper and deeper into me. It occurred to me that he was a very suitable mate for some lucky, bitch. As the thought came to me I realized that I was that bitch, and that I felt that he wasn't my pet, or my friend, he was my mate and from deep within I felt a longing for his puppies. I smiled and pressed my hips back to meet his thrusts, knowing I, in that moment, was happy to be his bitch and a was very lucky girl to be taken so well.

It still stung where I was torn inside when he pushed in deeper. But, there was no changing my mind. Rex kept humping faster and faster. His front legs were locked around my waist tight and with every stroke into me I could feel him getting bigger. The pain was still there but I was distracted by the new and wonderful feelings that were filling me.

I was amazed first by his size, how it felt inside, and again when I also felt my entrance trying to grab onto his shaft and hold it in at the bottom of each of his strokes. The pain faded as Rex got bigger, and I started to have some very nice feelings. There is a special spot near my entrance I found; as the knot was sliding across it, the sensations there were divine. It felt better and better as the knot got bigger and his shaft grew longer and went deeper. It was growing thick enough so that I could feel it pressing my insides out, in every direction. That was delightful; so full a feeling, and knowing that Rex was now a part of me.

I started moving my hips back to meet each of Rex's thrusts, and it made the sensations inside better. Rex started humping me harder and I wanted to think it was because he knew I'd accepted him as my mate and that I wanted his puppies. I think he understood. In the time we'd been together I'd been impressed with just how smart he was. It was feeling better and better. But, I decided I didn't care if Rex understood what we were doing at that moment. I understood it and wanted it.

For the next fifteen minutes, I could almost say we were making love. He pumped himself in and out of me, keeping a steady, but fast pace. As he bred me I could feel is male part continuing to grow longer and thicker inside. Every push in and pull out was pleasurable due to how the knot was caressing my insides.

Then it started; the final part of the mating. Rex's knot began to expand more, and it grew bigger still. I felt my entrance close tight on the shaft beyond the knot and screamed in delight realizing I'd captured the huge shaft and completely sheathed it in my vagina. Rex managed to continue humping, despite the limited area he had to move in now that I was holding him in me. Suddenly I felt the tip hitting my cervix, hard, the first few bumps were painful, but the something in me seemed to open and the feeling of pounding ended. Deep in my tummy I felt a sense of spreading warmth. In wonder I realized that it was Rex's seed felling my womb. At that moment my whole insides seemed to contract and I had the very nicest climax of my life. I laughed and cried, and called out Rex's name and giggle and urged him to give me his puppies. I was sure Rex's seed was shooting right up my tubes and hitting my eggs. His cock kept pumping out more and more puppy juice, until, after a few minutes, he stopped.

We were stuck together and I loved how that felt. After a while Rex turned around and I felt the shaft inside me rotate and I climaxed again as it rotated against that special spot. The next thing I knew we were ass to ass and I was still having little climaxes as I felt more heat as Rex's seed filled me womb. What I could feel was the heat of his seed and the sensation of more lubricant keeping things slipper and allowing Rex to move smoothly inside me.

Uncle Larry and Marge came out into the yard a few minutes later and found Rex and I tied together by his big knot, ass to ass. They just watched and ginned.

A little later Marge said, "My, Angle, it looks like Rex is really doing a good job of breeding you. You lucky bitch!" She laughed. I heard her words, but the feeling I was having were so wonderful I didn't let her mess with my head.

I wanted them both gone, but was feeling so good I couldn't really hate them the way I normally did. I ignored them, and closed my eyes, savoring the union of Rex and my body. I knew that if Rex could get me pregnant, we were doing it, and I wanted it. Oh, I wanted it so very much.

After what seemed like a very long time, but in reality about twenty minutes, Rex knot started to subside, and I was lying there, still receiving tiny orgasms at every attempt Rex made to pull out of me. I could feel a thick goop dripping out of me, and was surprised that my lover still couldn't get out of my sex. I knew a lot of the goop was his and my lubricants. Then I knew what the problem was. I was holding him in, because I didn't want him to ever stop being inside me. I liked that. But, after a few more minutes I tried to see if I could relax the muscle holding him so tightly. After a few tries I did, and Rex pulled his somewhat deflating shaft free of my vagina.

Marge and Uncle Larry smiled broadly and came into the cage to pet us, but Rex growled at them, protecting me, his bitch. Rex moved behind me and began cleaning my sex with his tongue. I was sore, and his wet-hot tongue felt very soothing as he lapped at the juices we had made. I giggled and smiled as he cleaned me, having more little climaxes as he worked.

Marge left and Uncle Larry backed off until ten minutes later, when Rex finally finished cleaning me and walked a couple of feet away from me and laid down with his beautiful head near mine. A little semen was still seeping out of me. I stood up and walked over to Uncle Larry, dog seaman running down my thighs. I wanted him to really understand that he'd succeeded in turning me into a bitch.

"Good girl, good Angel. Good boy, Rex," Uncle Larry said as Rex cleaned himself off. There was no show of remorse, no regrets, nothing apologetic in his manner. At that moment I realized that me being Rex's bitch was exactly what he wanted, and other than the fun of watching Rex pound me full of doggy seed, and the money he expected to make from my puppies, he felt nothing for me. I was

just a farm animal to be kept and bred for a profit. For a second I wondered if he'd butcher and eat me when I was all bred out, like an old sow.

I starred at him, trying to show my hate without speaking. He'd made me a bitch and he was pleased as punch that Rex had bred me. Suddenly I wanted to have Rex's puppies. It would serve Uncle Larry right if his only living relations were dogs. I still wasn't entirely convinced that I could have puppies, and I didn't know if I could ever have children if I really could have puppies, but I promised myself that if I could ever get away, Uncle Larry would never see me or mine again.

I walked into our doghouse and lay down on the bed of blankets and towels I'd made. I felt very contented and happy. My apprehension about becoming pregnant with puppies wasn't enough to dampen the bliss the so many climaxes had enveloped me in.

Rex's seed was swimming up into my womb, trying to find an egg (or eggs, I wasn't sure) to fertilize. It occurred to me that for Uncle Larry expected me to have a bitch's litter and not just one or two puppies. I didn't want his plan to work, but I did want Rex's puppies. I hoped I really could have them. I curled into a ball and softly cried. After a while I felt Rex come into the doghouse and lay down beside me. He licked my face and I felt how deeply I loved him, and I knew he loved me.

My heat lasted five days. After the first time any hint of resistance on my part was gone, although there hadn't been much. Rex and I had continued mating. The second time Rex and I mated it was better than the first, with only a little pain, and the third time there was only pleasure. By the fourth time I was as eager to breed with Rex as he was with me and after three days, shy little me would sometimes imitate sex with Rex.

Every few hours, day and night, Rex, me, or both of us would start something. It always ended with me giggle and grinning as I felt Rex's seed filling my womb. I got to not care if Uncle Larry and/or Marge were watching. We did it wherever we were, and when ever the urge hit one of us, while Uncle Larry was walking us around the farm on leashes, in the back yard, in our pen, and in our doghouse. Uncle Larry and Marge really liked watching, but I didn't care. All that mattered to me was welcoming my strong beautiful lover into me.

I knew when my heat passed, and Rex did too. Our mating tapered off but didn't stop. But I had more control and we limited our coupling to the early morning and at night, when Uncle Larry and Marge weren't around. It wasn't that I was suddenly modest. It was that I had more control and the last thing I wanted to do was gift Uncle Larry with a sex show that I knew he really wanted to watch.

The time for my next period came and went, without it happening, but I already knew it didn't necessarily mean I was pregnant. I knew if it was possible I was, and the thought frightened me, as well as making my silly happy. After another couple of days, it still hadn't shown up and I stopped expecting it to. I'd been as regular as a clock for seven years, and it took a while to realize that I wasn't going to have a period again. I'd been in heat, which was amazing, scary, and wonderful; I figured I'd be in heat again in six months and sort of looked forward to it.

Near the end of my heat, after Red had bred me real well, I was laying on a blanket in the cage. All relaxed and sexually fulfilled, when my Uncle Larry entered the cage, and took his pants off. Alarmed, I moved away from him. His thing was hard and he had a weird look on his face.

"Angle," he said, kind of soft, "Since you're in heat, I figured you wouldn't mind taking my horns down a notch or two, in between mating with Rex's. It's not like it's [CENSOR], since you cant have children any more, only puppies."

I shook my head no, and cringed as he took another step toward me. I wanted to scream, but knew it

would only get me another beating. Uncle Larry took another step and the next second Rex was between Uncle Larry and I. He growled at Uncle Larry and bared his teeth. Uncle Larry tried to get around him several times, but Rex snapped at him each time and finally the man who I'd called Uncle Larry, gave up on his plan to rape me. When he left the cage I through my arms around Rex, and kissed and hugged him. I was glade he was my mate.

My hugs soon led to Rex wanting me again. I smiled at him, wanting him too, and pilled the blankets high and laid on my back on them, spreading my thighs wide. I wanted Rex to take me like a woman, and not like a bitch dog, and I wanted Uncle Larry to see it and know he would never have access to my sex. Motioned to Rex, I got him to come over and begin licking my vulva, which was still juicy from the last time. When I saw he was very aroused I pulled him up and onto me, then used my hand to guide him in. It was wonderful feeling his fur all around my breasts as he filled me. He seemed to really like the position, and after a few strokes was deeper in me than he'd been before. I wrapped my legs around his back and Rex seemed to go even deeper. I loved it, and glanced over to watch Uncle Larry, looking horny and frustrated, while I gave Rex what he would never have.

Eight days after I came out of heat I was sick when I woke up. I tried to be neat, going outside the doghouse to void my tummy, but I couldn't get out of the locked enclosure. The thought of food made me nauseous, I could only drink from our water bowl for a while and lost most of that fairly soon after drinking it. Toward noon Marge came out and gave me a box of saltines and a can of diet 7-up. As I ate, she cleaned up the mess I'd made.

Marge brought a large empty bowl into the pen and said, "Angle, I think you have morning sickness, which means you are pregnant. It's too soon to confirm the pregnancy with a test, but if your sick again tomorrow morning that will be pretty good confirmation. If it's morning sickness you'll be sick for several days. Be a lamb, and use the bowl. I'll clean it twice a day.

"Your Uncle Larry is still angry about Rex not letting him rape you. I've tried to calm him, explaining that he wanted Rex to mate with you, and now he has, and you two are mated, and he should have expected Rex to feel like you were his, and not to be willing to share you with him. I think he'll see reason, but it may take a while. He's very upset about not getting to use your sex while it's full of dog seaman, but I'm working on a plan to get him to calm down abut that. It won't involve you, so don't worry."

I wondered what the plan was, but since it didn't involve me, I decided there was no reason to want to know if that was the case. I hated Marge, for what she'd help Uncle Larry do to me, but she'd never lied to me. The crackers and soft drink helped settle my stomach and by afternoon I was able to eat a little kibble.

I was sick every morning for six days. Marge said it was longer than it would if I were pregnant with a baby, because my body had to get used to not just being pregnant, but being pregnant with puppies. Marge always tried to keep me informed of what was happening to me, which helped with my fears. The following week we used a pregnancy test kit she'd bought me and confirmed my pregnancy.

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## **Part IV: My First Litter**

For the next couple of weeks Rex and I kept mating, doing it once or twice a day, but as my tummy got hard and then started to swell I lost interest. After a while I growled at him, whenever he tried to mount me, and even turned around and lightly bit his nose once. I felt like my first priority was to be

protective of the baby (or babies) growing inside me. I was frightened and unsure of how they would turn out, as human, dog, or some crazy mix. Marge assured me that they would be perfect mastiff puppies, not human in any way, except possibly a little brighter than other dogs. I didn't even know how long they'd be in me. But I had to admit that I was pregnant and that Rex was the only possible father.

Marge again came to my rescue, "Angle, all dogs have their pregnancy come to term in about 63 days. We are, your Uncle Larry and I, setting up a birthing and puppy room in the house, actually in part of the garage. It's heated, padded and very well insulated. You and your puppies will need to be kept very warm when, and after, you whelp them for their first two weeks of life.

"I'm telling you this because I'll need to separate you from Rex until we can lower the birthing room's temperature. I'll be there to help you when you birth your puppies; I've helped lots of bitches whelp their litters. I'm sure you've heard that giving birth hurts a lot. That's true in most cases, with babies, but babies are big compared to puppies. I don't think the birthing process will hurt you much."

Marge's use of the term 'whelp,' was constant when she talked to me about the coming puppies. At first I resented it like hell. Even if I was going to have puppies I didn't see any reason to use the term reserved for dogs about my coming birthing process. I was angry about that for a few days, then one morning, as I was cuddling Rex, I realized that I wanted his puppies because I had given myself to him. I was Rex's bitch, and it was fair to talk about me 'whelping' his young. As I hugged my big guy I relaxed a little bit and decided that I would focus on the magic going on inside me, and the miracle of birth that I'd experience, rather than the words a weirdo like Marge used.

Something more than two months passed, I really wasn't keeping track of time, but I knew, from the dryness of the fields I could see from the backyard that it was late September or early October. I mean scratching the side of my doghouse to mark the days, seemed kind of silly. Of course, another indication was my seemingly ever-growing belly. It was huge and hard, and it was a trial to walk around at all. As my pregnant belly grew, I accepted that I was pregnant by Rex. He was the only male every to deposit sperm in me, Marge said it was so, and my pregnancy was progressing much faster than it would in a normal woman's womb. I hated Marge for falling in with Uncle Larry's plan to steal my humanity, but while she'd done terrible things to me, she always had told me the truth. Even before I graduated. She's said my breasts would grow, be firm and that my upper chest would fill out. They still were, although they had grown fuller the last few weeks and felt swollen. Marge had also said my periods might stop all together, but that I would still be able to get pregnant, and that my body hair wouldn't grow back. It had all been true. She hadn't told me everything, but what she said had all turned out to be true.

For several weeks I'd been feeling my little ones kick inside of me. I knew there were more than three puppies, but couldn't guess how many more. I'd counted that many kicking at the same time. How I'd gotten so many was unknown to me. Although I wondered if the number of times that Rex and I had mated related in some way to the number of puppies I'd have. I hoped so. Then each one would be the product of a very happy moment. Marge said it was my last week one day and I hoped she was right. My belly was so big that moving at all was an ordeal and the only clear thoughts in my mind were that I wanted it to be over, and that every part of my body hurt.

I awoke in the night and felt wetness all over my thighs. I was sleeping next to Rex and his fur was wet too. I figured it was my uterus telling me it was time. I nuzzled Rex awake, and pushed him out of the doghouse. He knew what was going on, and lay down at the door to the pen. I quickly arranged our blanket to keep me warm and leaned against the wall. I waited for Marge, hoping she'd get me to the birthing space she'd talked of soon. I felt that, ready or not, the first puppy was

coming.

A few hours Marge found me and with Uncle Larry's help, before the main event, they put me in a wheelbarrow that was padded with lots of blankets and took me out of the birthing pen; Marge called it the whelping pen. Rex looked longingly at me, but seemed to know I needed to go somewhere else to birth our puppies. He barked and yelped, but didn't try to stop Marge and Uncle Larry from taking me.

The space they took me to was very clean, very soft and hot. Marge said it needed to be over 90 degrees to protect the puppies from a chill. At that point there was nothing I wouldn't do to protect my puppies, so I endured the heat, reminding myself, as I sweat in the heat, that it was for the good of the new lives that Rex and I had made.

It was in-fact painful when the first puppy breeched my cervix and came through my birth canal. After many pushes, the first puppy came out. Marge showed me the puppy as she cleaned it, it was the cutest little bitch I'd ever seen. Then she gave me the placenta and said, "Eat it. Your puppies will need you to strong and healthy. You'll need the extra strength it will give you, to feed your young."

The idea was gross, but she'd said the magic words, 'the puppies will need.' I ate it up thinking about being a good mother. I didn't like the taste at all, but with every swallow reminding myself that my puppies needed me to eat it. After I'd finished Marge handed me my firstborn puppy and helped me put her to my breast. She latched on to my nipple as soon as she could and a moment later I felt the most amazing thing. Something happened in my chest and a moment later I realized it was my milk, flowing from my body and feeding my puppy. I looked at it closely and it was a she was a perfect little dog. I was happy, because I hadn't wanted some freaky human/dog mix.

I forgot the nursing puppy as the second puppy began its journey through my cervix and birth canal. It too found its way out after many hard and painful pushes. So did the next three. The sixth, seventh and eighth puppies needed only a few pushes, and the ninth only one. It was followed by an additional push to get out the extra blood, tissue, and fluids in my womb. Marge later told me that my labor had lasted seven hours, and that whelping my future litters, might take as long as longer, but would hurt less.

Marge cleaned them each off and put them, two by two to my breasts, then fed me the placenta. I was worried about how I could feed them all but Marge, sweating from the heat, stayed with me and helped me get into a routine of rotating the puppies. She had trouble telling them apart, but I didn't even have to look. I could smell which was which. I loved them all, and was immensely happy to have them. The only thing that could have made me happier was if I could have had Rex with me so I could show him what our love had created.

I finished cleaning them off using the tongue, bit through their cords, ate the placentas and made sure each new arrival had time at one of my tits. In turn they each latched on with their tiny teeth. It hurt, but I made make sure they all received their fair share of my milk.

After an hour of my nine puppies competing for my milk, they settled down and curled up next to me. Looked at them and realized I was right in track for Uncle Larry's Plan, I'd had nine puppies, and if he bred me twice a year that would be the eighteen the hoped for. I didn't like that. There was no way I wanted to go through being pregnant and whelping process twice a year. I was angry for a minute, but then realized that the next time I went into heat, I'd happily welcome Rex puppy maker inside me, and it would all happen again. Having been through my first heat I knew there was no way I would not offer myself to my lover the next time, and every time it happened. It was simple, if I

went into heat twice a year I'd get pregnant twice a year.

Two days later, Marge brought Rex in to see me. He beamed and licked my face as he saw my nursing our young. When Marge took him out of the very hot puppy nursery. He refused to go farther than the door, and lay down in front of the door, guarding our young and me. The door was glass, and I liked being able to see Rex, and knowing he was there watching over us.

Later, Uncle Larry came out to see the puppies and came into the nursery. Rex followed him in, but Uncle Larry didn't notice. I growled at Uncle Larry when he tried to touch a puppy, and he smacked my nose, I bit him. He got angry and started to hit me again, and Rex's teeth made a bigger mark than mine had. After that, Uncle Larry left my puppies and me alone. Marge visited three times a day, sat with me and fed me food, she said the food was good for nursing mothers, be they bitches or human.

After two weeks the puppies' eyes were open and they were walking around and playing with each other. Marge said they were ready to return to our kennel and moved us out there. I was happy to be home. I cried as I realized that the doghouse I shared with Rex was home, rather than the house I'd always thought of as home, but it was warm, Rex was there, and our little ones were there, nursing from my breasts. That made it home, and I was content and happy. I started taking walks with Rex in the morning again, a leash clipped to my collar, of course. Uncle Larry couldn't keep his eyes off my swollen milk filled breasts, but he was smart enough to know that Rex would tear him to pieces if he attacked me.

In our kennel, after a week of keeping my eyes on Rex, I allowed him to watch the puppies when I was eating or going to the bathroom. He was a great father, just as he had seemed he would be when he bred me.

My baby belly went away and then my muscles got taught again and my figure regained its shape, except for my milky breasts. At least, until after I weaned the puppies, when they returned to almost the size they were before I was bred, just a little bigger. When Marge took me into bath, I liked what I saw in the mirror. My hair was longer, and fuller, my hips were more rounded, and my waste was narrow and my core looked well defined and strong. My breasts were firm, large and rode high and proud on my chest. Their swelling extended up my chest to my collarbone and my cleavage was deep. My skin was still dark and my arms and legs were well muscled and looked long and thin. One change I really liked is a little patch of short faun colored fur that perfectly matched Rex's had grown on the mound just above my valley. Rex seemed to like it too; I leaned when we returned to giving each other pleasure every morning.

Three more months went by, and Marge came and told me the puppies were old enough to be sold. I'd had so little time with them, yet something in me agreed that they were ready to go to their new families. Uncle Larry set up a big puppy play-pen in what had been the birthing room, and let potential buyers see them there, away from Rex and I.

I missed them, but I was glade I couldn't see the people rejecting one and selecting another and talking about them like they were just dogs. Of course, it wouldn't have worked for the buyers to see that the bitch that had birthed the puppies was human. Those that wanted to see the mother was told I was at the vet's recovering from complications that occurred during the birth.

Uncle Larry was very pleased at how much they sold for, more than he'd expected, the averaged more than \$1,200 each. He and Marge let me keep one. Rex and I chose our littlest (which was also the last one I'd birthed). Before they were sold Uncle Larry registered all the puppies with the AKC and proudly showed me my name, as bitch, listed on each of their registration papers



Uncle Larry named the puppy I got to keep him Laser, since he was so fast. I could care less, because he was "My Little One," to me. Every night I cried, missing my other eight, but I had Rex to comfort me. I was back to feeling horny all the time, and Rex had just what I needed to take care of that.

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Part V: Later

After the puppies were sold Rex, Laser, and I had lots of good times running and playing with each other. Fortunately, it really doesn't get all that cold during the day in winter in central California. At night the three of us were warm and cozy sleeping in a pile in our doghouse.

I returned to mating with Rex, and it was better than it had been before. It was a little awkward with Laser watching, but when he tried to join in, I was able to make him understand that my sex was forbidden fruit.

Rex and I mostly made love in the missionary position, since I loved seeing him, and holding him, as we became one flesh. It was only a few more weeks until the idea of getting pregnant started to seem wonderful to me. I still wanted to get away from my Uncle Larry and Marge, but wasn't sure if it was possible with Rex and Laser. Of course, leaving them behind was unthinkable.

I trusted Marge to tell me the truth, but that doesn't mean I liked her. Given the chance, I think I would have killed them both if Rex and our puppy could get away together with me after they were nice and dead. I no longer was frightened of having puppies, but couldn't bare the idea of being away from Rex. I'd done it and it was one of the happiest times of my life. I knew that when I went into heat again I'd be pregnant within hours, and I knew I would need somewhere warm and soft to whelp my puppies. Uncle Larry's farm, with Marge to help was, a better place to be bred than I figured I could find if I escaped. Resigned to my fate, I let ideas of escape slip from plans to dreams.

Over the next year, I had two more litters with Rex (twenty-one puppies in all and thirty counting all three of my litters). I wasn't allowed to keep another of my puppies, since I already had Laser and Rex trying to contend for my womb. I continued to not let Laser do me, first, because I considered him a son, and second, because Rex was my mate.

Uncle Larry started talking about getting another girl to breed puppies with Laser. I hoped he wouldn't, but he went cruising shelter for homeless women in nearby cities. I was happy being Rex's mate, but I hadn't chosen the life of a bitch, and I wouldn't have if I'd been asked. I made me sick to think about Uncle Larry trapping some other young woman into being a breeding bitch for his puppy farm; even if she was very kind to my sweet Laser.

A few weeks later Uncle Larry created a second dog run and doghouse and was having Laser sleep there. As I watched him building another large dog house I knew it won't be long until I saw my son breeding some girl as part of Uncle Larry's puppy farm. If I could, I'd kill Uncle Larry rather than let him make another girl into a bitch dog. I love my Rex, but I figure I'm lucky, and it might have easily ended in my going crazy. Of course, maybe it did.

The following week I was surprised to see Marge, nude, join Laser in the new dog run. Her cage wasn't locked, and she still took me indoors to bath every day or so. We bathed together when she took me indoors because she was living outdoors and needed it. In fact I got to bath more often because living in doghouse turned out to be much dirtier than Marge had imagined.

Marge told me that she didn't want my Uncle Larry bringing her some terrified homeless girl her for

to change into a puppy breeding bitch. She said she had put her foot down and that was when Larry said then that, in that case, she should become Laser's bitch. Well, she really does like mating with dogs better than men, and Laser is a great beauty, in a mastiff kind of way. Added to that was the fact that she really did want to 'whelp' litters of puppies. It ended with Uncle Larry not having any trouble getting her to agree to give the treatment to herself.

One nice change was that she let me talk to her when we were bathing together, away from Uncle Larry's prying ears and eyes. Marge told me that she had given herself the treatment so she could have Laser's puppies, and that she hoped it wouldn't take too long for her to be imprinted by him as a mastiff bitch. I figured it wouldn't. We watched, and from what Rex and I could see, Marge and Laser were busy trying to make puppies every few hours.

That made me more interested as I watched Marge and Laser in their cage. She slowly took him from cuddling with her, to licking her sex, to her licking his maleness, to getting him to mount her. Uncle Larry neglected his farm because of the amount of time he spent watching Marge mating with Laser. Unlike me, Marge seemed to delight in letting him watch. Uncle Larry would set up a lawn chair near the cage Marge and Laser were in, and drink beer and masturbate as he watched Laser breed Marge.

I was glad my dear son was going to get to pass his fine qualities on to their puppies, but I would have preferred it if his mate was a real mastiff bitch. But, after a while I was OK with Laser breeding Marge. No unwilling girl was involved, and Marge would probably be able to be Laser's breeding partner for the rest of his life. They both had about ten years of breeding left. Besides, Marge seemed to delight in making my son happy, and was treating him better than she ever had Uncle Larry.

I'd whelped my fourth litter and they'd been sold off before Marge managed to get herself imprinted and pregnant with Laser's puppies. I realized that was what had happened one morning when I saw her emerge from her doghouse and run to a large basin and throw-up. I knew she wasn't sick, because she was so happy about it after she'd voided her tummy. I consoled myself with knowing that my baby had a bitch that really wanted his puppies, even if she was a little old for him.

When I thought about it, I still want to escape, but increasingly I feel as trapped by circumstances as I was by the wire of my kennel. But I feared leaving Uncle Larry's puppy farm too. 'Where, but on the farm, could Rex safely breed me?' I wondered.

Marge had told me that Rex would be too old to breed me anymore in just a few more years, eight at most. I cried for two days when she said I'd be lucky if he was still alive in ten years. I cried, but knew that when Rex slowed down, and I went into heat I'd need a new stud to breed me or I'd go crazy. At best Rex would breed me fifteen or sixteen more times and I figured I was looking at going into heat another fifty or more times before menopause slowed me down.

Marge had six puppies in her first litter. She'd taught me what to do to help her when her time came and I kind of enjoyed seeing my grand-puppies born. Uncle Larry hated our talking as I helped Marge whelp her litter, but Marge told him it was necessary if all the puppies were to survive. It was amazing to watch the new little life issue from Marge's birth canal, and since it was a process I'd been through, and knew I'd be going through again, it was very interesting. In the following weeks I got to play with the puppies too. No grandmother could have been happier. When I saw what good care she was taking of my grand-puppies I even started to hate Marge a little less. At first I'd been worried, given her age, that her milk production wouldn't meet the little ones' needs. But I needn't have been concerned. Marge turned into a great little milk producer. She even milked herself into a bucket Uncle Larry gave her and gave it back to him for his consumption. Something I'd never considered and refused to do later when Uncle Larry asked me to.

It was something he tried to make me do, even setting up a little human size milking machine, but when he tried to drag me to it, he had Rex to deal with again, and my lover ended his plans with a loud growl and snap of his strong jaws.

I was even madder than before at Uncle Larry, but after thinking about it, I decided that he was being punished in a way too. Marge would no longer have sex with him. Even if she'd been willing, Laser wasn't about to let another male touch his bitch. Uncle Larry had to be home all the time to take care of us dogs, and make sure we, or at least Rex and I didn't escape. He couldn't have a woman friend come over, because she'd see the penned women in the backyard and probably set the law on him. So the jerk was living in a kind of forced celibacy. I liked that.

In my fourth year of breeding Uncle Larry's puppy farm netted thirty-nine grand out of the puppies that Marge and I had. Her litters were always smaller than mine. She said it was because she was older, but she hoped that her litters would get larger as her body learned better that she was now a mastiff bitch.

My own litters had increased with each pregnancy. My fourth litter was fourteen. I figured Marge might be right, although it's a lot of work to nurse a dozen or more puppies; and to do the job my breasts seemed to get huge, which I didn't like much. But they shrank back down after I'd weaned the puppies and, Marge said thanks to the tea, they would always return to the nice shape they'd gotten to when I was taking the tea every night.

Uncle Larry stopped talking about letting me go. It was pretty clear that as long as he was alive, I'd be breeding puppies for him to sell. He also began hinting that in a year or two he would get another Mastiff stud to breed me, when Rex starts to lose interest.

Increasingly my feeling was that I wouldn't be free of Uncle Larry until he was dead. I liked that idea, until I began to fear that if he died, Rex and I would starve in our cage. But Marge assured me that she'd let us out, and then she and I would decide how we wanted to run the puppy farm. Once I'd seen my grand-puppies birthed from Marge's body I sort of lost interest in hating her. We were both bitches being bred for puppies. The fact that I'd been trapped into it while she had chosen it seemed less significant than it had.

One morning, it must have been about eight years, or sixteen litters by my reckoning, after Uncle Larry made me into Rex's breeding partner, Uncle Larry didn't come out in the morning to feed Rex, Laser, Marge and I. We waited a long time, it seemed like hours anyway. There was no clock in the doghouse. Then Marge let herself out of the cage and went into the house to see what was going on. Marge had told Larry early on, that it was his job to provide food and water to all of us. He wanted her to handle feeding and watering the dogs, but she said if she had to do that, the nonstop sex show she was putting on with Laser would move into the doghouse and to times when he wasn't around.

A few minutes later she came out and unlocked my cage, tossing the lock over the fence when she was done.

"Your Uncle Larry died last night, Angle." She told me in a soft voice. I could tell she was near tears. I guess she liked him, but it was all I could do not to dance a jig.

We talked about it and decided we should leave Rex and Laser outside for the day. Go in the house and get into some clothes, then call the police or coroner or whoever. We did, and an hour later the cops, the coroner and a whole flock of EMTs were crawling all over Uncle Larry in what had been his office. I tried not to laugh and succeeded, just barely. Uncle Larry had a heart attack while

masturbating in front of his computer watching a film of a dog mating a woman. He'd put on a lot of weight since he stopped working the farm and was getting near seventy, so it wasn't a huge shock that he'd died.

Marge and I told everyone that I'd been home a few weeks, after hitching across county after spending most of the last few years living in Europe, with a succession of different men. We'd gone to bed around midnight, but Uncle Larry had wanted to stay up later which he often did. Everyone was very upset about the image on the screen in front of Dead Uncle Larry when we'd found him, except me, of course. But I managed to not laugh and giggle about it until it was just Marge and I in the house.

Marge was sort of shaken by Uncle Larry's death. I guess she had really liked the creep. There is no accounting for taste, I guess.

After a lot of paperwork it turned out that I inherited the farm. Uncle Larry had never married and I was his only known living relation. My dad had been his little brother. The farm was paid off, thanks to the puppies, and there was a few thousand besides. What was better I learned that the trust fund my parents had left me had recovered and was worth six figures.

After a lot of talking, mostly I talked things over with Rex, who I think understood every word I said and seemed somehow to always help me think clearly, 'we' decided that Marge should stay on the farm with her mate, my son, Laser. We'd continue the puppy business together, and the profits from her breeding were to be hers and mine. I knew enough about the world to know you don't sell land in California. I leased out the fields to neighboring farmers for a flat fee that covered the taxes, and a share of the net sales of the crops they grew. One of my neighbors had brought me that idea, after I'd said I wouldn't sell, and I'd agree to try it. That brought the farms income up to net that was impressive.

Marge agreed to help me with the place and I agreed to place ten percent of the farms net income in a tax differed retirement account for her. I set up one for myself and maxed it out.

We modified the house, so that Rex and Laser could live inside with us, creating two large kennel suites, one for Laser and Marge and the second for Rex and me. The bed was huge, custom built for a large dog and a girl, with lots of comfy spots for mating. There was a nursery with separate heat, and a bath that even Rex thought was fun and luxuries.

I've given up any hope of ever living in Europe, but I have been taking a two-week vacation there every year, after the summer litter is weaned and adopted, and before I go into heat again. The puppy farm is a happy place now, and it's where Rex is, making it home.

Rex is now eleven, and when I go into heat he can't do me as often as my body wants it. Never the less, I had ten puppies in my last litter. Laser is getting on in years too, so Marge and I have been looking for two young dogs with great bloodlines to bring to the farm. I'm hoping Rex will be content, watching another dog breed me, when he's too tired to, and that watching will excite him enough to get him to mount me again. In fact, when he's here, the young dog will have to wait until Rex is sleeping, exhausted and happy having bred his bitch before getting to do me.

I decided to write this narrative up as a way of introducing the Puppy Farm to other young women. Since I can't have children, and neither can Marge we decided to recruit a very few willing women to become a breeding bitches at the farm, sort of setting it up as a cooperative business, since I won't have anyone to leave it to. Marge thought it would be easy, and finding women who liked the idea of having a litter of puppies wasn't hard, but we found that once a prospective candidate

understands that she will lose her ability to ever have children, she tends to hesitate. We don't want our nature, and business to become publicly known, so recruiting is very tricky. Ideally we will bring a new young woman in about every ten years. With retirement savings, after a bitch is all bred out, she will be able to live in style just about anywhere she likes, leaving the business of puppy making to women left at the farm. Of course, once you are no longer able to have puppies, you may not lose interest in feeling a mastiff filling you with his seed.

I know that I will travel more and more, but home is now my puppy farm, and when I'm down what I need most is to be covered by a fuzzy gentle giant that is my own breed.

The End