

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

It was another day on the set of Good Day LA as Jillian Barberie prepared her material for today's broadcast. As always, she would be taking care of the weather report, as well as her favorite segment, the Adopt-A-Pet program.

As always, the 5'4" brunette weathergirl was wearing a sexy outfit consisting of a short black skirt, an almost see-through silk blouse and three-inch stiletto heels. This was all accentuated by the black stockings she had on. She didn't much like the idea of pantyhose, so she would go for stockings and garter belt every chance she got.

The tall, slender brunette weathergirl was quite ravishing and had fostered many sexual fantasies in men and women throughout Los Angeles. Even though she was married, her fans would still send her some rather suggestive fan mail. One such fan even went so far as to send her a Ziploc bag full of sperm, probably his own. She simply handed that to security in disgust.

As for her husband, the only problem in their marriage was when she sometimes brought home some of the pets her Adopt-A-Pet segment showcased. She just couldn't let any of the animals go back to the pound if she could help it, so if nobody adopted any of the cats or dogs on her show, she would usually take them home with her until she found them each a suitable home.

She walked past the cages of the animals that were sent over for her to show off today. As always, there was a wide variety of pets to be adopted. The normal assortment of cats and dogs were waiting in cages, as well as a few reptilian pets as well.

As she made her way down the row of cages, she came across a large black Labrador. She stopped and took a closer look at the animal and found out his name was Hector according to the nametag on the cage. The only other information about this beautiful animal was that it was a male, and that he had been abused in some way. However, no specific details were listed.

"Oh! Poor baby," she knelt down, her short skirt hiking up her smooth calf, and petted the friendly animal. "Did they hurt you were you were?" She cooed. "Well, you don't look too bad now, so I guess the animal shelter took good care of you, didn't they boy."

The dog's large tongue lapped at her hand in appreciation for Jillian's attention, and she laughed in pleasure.

She straightened herself back up, rearranging her displaced skirt and headed off to make-up in preparation for the show.

The show went without a hitch and now it was Jillian's turn to find new owners for the pets. She stepped away from the desk and made her way towards the shelter employees and the animals in their care.

"We have another group of loving animals in search for a new home," she said with a smile. "I hope you can find it in your hearts to help them. And please remember to help curb the animal population, have your pets spayed or neutered."

One by one, a handler would hand her one of the smaller animals, mostly cats, kittens or puppies.

The next animal that was placed in her arms was a large boa constrictor. The handler showed her how best to hold the slithering animal and she walked out in front of the camera with the snake wrapped around her neck. It must have weighed about thirty pounds of slithering flesh, which made it that much more difficult to hold.

"I... I really hope we can find someone who likes snakes," she said, cringing. "But they really aren't my favorite animals."

She could hear her co-host laughing at her discomfort in the background.

"This big fellow is named Julius," she said, struggling to control him. "He's a bit heavy, but not dangerous."

Just then, she lost part of her grip on the large snake and its head found its way down the open front of her shirt.

Jillian jiggled as the slithering snake tickled her along her cleavage. The whole crew broke out laughing but kept the cameras on her nonetheless. They could see the snake's body bulging across her stomach as more of the heavy reptile found its way down her shirt cleavage.

"This is one for the blooper reels Jillian," she heard the anchor call out.

"This isn't funny guys," Jillian grimaced as she felt the scaly skin rub against her bare skin. "Somebody come out here and help me out, please."

However, no help was forthcoming as everyone was too incapacitated laughing at her situation.

"Any... anyway," Jillian tried to continue with her segment. "Anybody... anybody interested in adopting Julius here, just call the toll free number at the bottom of the screen."

Somehow, the huge snake's head found its way past Jillian's skirt waistband and was now rubbing itself along her panty-covered pussy. Jillian was now blushing a bright red on camera as the snake continued exploring her crotch. And still the cameramen kept her in sight, forcing her to endure this in front of all the viewers.

'Oh shit, ' she thought. 'My pussy's getting wet from all this rubbing.'

She thought about squeezing her legs together, but that would make it that much more obvious to everybody that she was wetting herself. So, clenching her teeth, she tried to continue as best she could.

"As you can see, he's a friendly fellow," she blushed even brighter when she realized how her words sounded. "So, if anybody would care to have him as a pet, feel free to call soon."

The snake, being attracted to heat, was enticed by the warmth emanating from under Jillian's panties and slithered its head up to its waistband. Using its natural dexterity, it pushed its way past that obstruction and nestled its head against the weathergirl's pussylips. Its flicking tongue only causing Jillian to gasp in silence as it slapped her clitoris in search for more warmth. The snake's scaly skin rubbing teasingly against her already aroused pussylips and clit.

'Oh god!' Jillian was finding it hard to stay steady.

Her knees were shaking slightly, but she still somehow managed to remain cool in front of the

camera. But her innards were being turned to mush by the constant tongue flicking the huge snake was giving her cunt.

The large snake's head would occasionally poke itself past her clenching pussylips, pushing itself slightly inside her moist vagina. The reptile's head, thicker than any cock that ever found its way in her pussy before, made her juices run down her calf. Luckily, nobody seemed to notice any sign of her stockings getting moist. Nonetheless, Jillian was finding almost impossible to stay steady with this bestial teasing the large snake was giving her.

In its constant probing of her crotch, the snake's head kept pushing against her skirt, making it appear that Jillian had a twitching hard-on on camera. Another round of guffaws and giggles exploded across the set as Jillian's embarrassment continued.

The snake's constant curling and uncurling movement soon caused its heavy body to tug Jillian's g-string panties downward from gravity. The large snake slithered out both sides of her underwear leg holes as its weight suddenly began tugging her panties down her calf. Soon, Jillian found herself with her panties down to her knees, the snake hanging lazily in its stretched crotchband.

The laughter became thunderous as both men and women of the crew watched their helpless co-worker. Finally, a producer had the decency to break to a commercial so that Jillian could extricate herself from her compromising position.

Thanks to the snake's bestial exploration, her panties were now too moist, and also were stretched too out of shape, to bother pulling back up. She tossed them aside, and with no time to find a fresh pair, Jillian decided to finish the segment pantyless.

One of the cameramen quickly grabbed her damp panties and took a deep whiff of her sex on them. And then, not being selfish, tossed it to his comrades.

Jillian watched in amusement as her panties was being passed around freely among her co-workers. She grinned wickedly when even some of the women took their turn at smelling her sexy underwear.

After a few minutes for the advertising to end, the camera light flashed back on signaling her that she was back on the air. She strutted across the stage to the next animal to be showcased.

The handler gave her a leash and she led Hector back in front of the camera with her.

"Now this friendly fellow is named Hector," she smiled as she knelt down to pet the large dog.

Being the complete professional, she forgot about not having any panties on, so she wound up flashing her pussy on national television. The director quickly directed the cameraman to focus on her face.

As that particular cameraman did as he was told, his compatriots were busily aiming their own cameras to Jillian's crotch to record the luscious sight.

"Now they tell me that Hector was abused," she went on, oblivious to her display of pussy. "But as you can see, he has recovered quite well and would make a terrific family pet for the kids."

The large dog happily licked her face, inadvertently inserting his tongue in her mouth and giving her a frenchkiss.

"Ha, ha," Jillian giggled at the friendliness of the dog. "So anybody interested in my friend Hector

here, just call up the number and we'll make the arrangements to have him sent to you."

"Cut, that's it Jillian," the producer sounded as he cut to a new commercial spot.

As Jillian stood up, Hector stuffed his big head under her skirt and gave her pussy a few quick licks of her wet pussy.

"Hey now, stop that," she scolded the large dog in a playful fashion. "You haven't taken me out to diner yet, so you can't have any of that," she said, laughing at the innocent animal.

The rest of the broadcast went on without any further glitches. However, Jillian was shuffling uncomfortably in her seat for the remainder of the show as she felt her wet pussylips rubbing teasingly against her blood-engorged clit.

When the show was finally done, she walked over to the shelter workers as she did after each of her pet spots.

"So, how did it go today guys?" She asked.

"We got a good turn out, ma'am," one of them said. "We even got a call in for your favorite pet of the day, Julius."

They broke out laughing, and Jillian couldn't help but laugh along thinking back at the absurdity of the snake's behavior.

"So, we got new homes for all of them then?" She asked.

"Not exactly," he said. "We didn't get any calls about Hector. And today's his last chance."

"You don't mean..." Jillian gasped.

"Yep, the big kennel upstairs," he finished her thought.

Jillian kneeled down in front of the beautiful dog's cage and petted him again through the grate, again forgetting her pantyless crotch. This fact didn't go unnoticed to the handlers, or Hector.

"Oh! Poor baby," she cooed in pity. "We can't let anything like that happen to a beautiful boy like you now, can we."

Hector somehow understood her concern for his wellbeing. The large dog moved up to the cage bars and stuck out his tongue and lapped under her skirt one more time.

"Hey you!" Jillian squealed lightly as she bolted up straight.

This caused a short giggle from the shelter workers around her.

'Damn, what is it with this dog?' She thought to herself. "How come nobody called for him?" She asked. "He seems so friendly."

"Probably because he's full grown," one of them explained. "Families are looking for puppies as pets. Or, at the very least, smaller dogs. Poor Hector is just too big to attract any takers."

The handlers could see the sorrowfulness in Jillian's eyes as she looked down at the beautiful black Labrador.

Jillian was considering what she could do to save this beautiful animal from the death sentence that awaited him. But the only idea that came to her was to bring him home with her, and she knew her husband, Bret, wouldn't like that. He was already complaining about the menagerie she had now.

Their house was already home to four dogs, three cats, and half a dozen birds of various sizes, even a couple of large iguanas. This wasn't even counting all of the fishes in the three large aquariums spread throughout the house. How could she explain bringing this large dog to join the 'family'.

"Maybe I could keep him a few days until you find him a more permanent home," she suggested to the handler.

"That would be great Miss Barberie," he said enthusiastically. "I'd really hate to put down such a beautiful animal. I think he might be a purebred, that's probably why he hasn't been neutered yet. If someone was smart, they could make a lot of money from him in breeding fees."

"Really?" Jillian was surprised to hear that a purebred was about to be put down. "That would be a shame. I wonder why somebody abused him if he was so valuable?"

"I don't know the full background about him," he admitted. "If you want, I can look it up and let you know about his background."

"That would be nice to know," she told him. "Maybe I could do a follow up story about animal abuse if it sounds appealing to my producer."

"Do you really think that could happen?" He asked. "It would be a great boost in making the public more aware of animal abuse if a story made the news."

"I'll see what I can do," Jillian promised. "Here is my private business number at home," she said handing him a business card. "Why don't you leave Hector in his cage for now, and I'll take him home after I'm done here. Oh, could you leave me a leash for him. I don't seem to have one with me today," she laughed jokingly. "Thanks..." she paused, trying to think of the handlers name.

"Jim... Jim Harper," he said, taking the card and slipping it in his shirt pocket.

They left a leash with her and took the other animals back to the shelters until the new owners came around to picking them up.

Jillian had to attend the post-show debriefing, which she was dreading today. As expected, she had to endure a full hour of teasing about her misadventure with the large snake. The meeting had to be called to order at least five times to subdue the laughter erupted everytime somebody made a suggestive innuendo about Jillian and the animals.

Finally, three hours later, her torture was at an end as the meeting finally concluded. The staffers streamed out of the conference room, some still snickering back to their desks. Jillian could finally pack up and head home.

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## Chapter Two

'God! What a day, ' she mused. 'Sure am glad that was over with. Hopefully things'll get back to normal tomorrow.'

She packed up her weather reports in her briefcase and slung the shoulder strap over her shoulder. Then the curvaceous brunette slinked her way back to the newsroom to pick up Hector for home.

"Growf! Growf!" The large dog barked excitedly when he saw the beautiful woman coming back towards him.

Grabbing the leash from the top of the cage, Jillian unfastened the latch of his cage and he merrily came rushing out. Before she could react, Hector was on his hindlegs, his tongue happily licking her face.

"Down boy," she giggled. "Get back down on the floor so I can put this leash on."

But the dog just kept licking her, occasionally giving her a frenchkiss, his heavy body was making her shuffle back unsteadily.

"Will you get down already," Jillian tried pushing his forelegs off her shoulders so he would drop down to the floor, but he was just too strong for her. "Yes hector, I'm taking you home with me. But we can't get going until you let me tie this leash to your collar. Now, SIT!"

Jillian was startled when the large dog obediently obeyed her command.

"Oh my! You are well behaved," she said, finally latching the leash clip to the collar ring. "I'm starting to wonder if you were ever really abused. You just seem to well trained to have had a mean master."

The two made their way through the studio outside where Jillian opened the back door to her SUV and Hector jumped in without being asked. The weathergirl smiled at how well trained the dog was and got behind the wheel and started up the engine.

She turned her head around to back up, and was greeted with another sloppy lick from the huge dog.

"Now will you stop that," she laughed as his tongue found her mouth again. "How is a girl supposed to drive safely with you licking her every minute," she said, laughing again.

The drive home was a challenge. Not only did she have to contend with the infamous LA gridlock, but also the overly friendly dog that relentlessly tried lapping her face. Jillian even had to pull over once when the large Labrador leapt to the front seat and began sniffing at her crotch.

A truck driver honked his horn at seeing the large dog's head buried in the slim woman's lap as it tried to get at her pussy. Luckily, his cab was too high for him to see Jillian's face.

"STOP THAT!" She scolded the misbehaving animal. "NOW YOU GET BACK THERE AND BEHAVE YOURSELF!"

Hector slinked to the back seat and laid his head down from the severe reprimand she had just given him. From then on things went a bit smoother. But it still took her well over an hour to get to her home. By then, she was tired and frustrated.

She finally drove up the driveway of her home and parked her SUV. Stepping out of the vehicle, she then opened the back door to let her new guest out. The large dog excitedly jumped out and ran across the wide-open grassy lawn that was part of her home.

Jillian smiled momentarily at the playfulness of such a large animal. It always amazed her that no matter their ages, dogs always acted like a puppy when led to an open field. Whistling sharply to get the dog's attention, she walked up to the front door and unlocked it. The dog raced up to her, sensing that she was inviting him and he didn't relish the thought of being left out.

"Why do I put myself through that?" She said aloud. "Every damn day it's the same thing. Two hours to work and two hours back."

She kicked off her shoes and walked in her black-stockinged feet into the kitchen where she was met by her menagerie of pets. She had three cats, which she amusingly named Inny, Miny and Moe. They also had four dogs of various breeds named Clyde, Jonas, Hans and Damien. Most of them were saved from the pound, all except for Damien. Damien was a large black Doberman, he was purchased as a guard dog for the house, yet was treated as lovingly as all the others.

"Yes, yes. I know babies," she leaned down to greet her pets. "Mommies home and I'll get your food out in a minute. By the way, babies, this is Hector. He'll just be staying a few days, so play nice."

Bending her knees, she greets her cats and dogs as always, and they lap their tongues on her face lovingly. Hector just sat on his hindlegs feeling a bit left out by their loving reunion. With all the pets she has, they have to wait patiently their turn to cuddle with their mistress, but sometimes some of them would lose patience and just jump in.

Clyde was in such a state today. Clyde was another dog that Jillian had rescued on the show. He was a year-old Golden Retriever that nobody was interested in because of a mild jaw disorder, which she paid to have corrected. Now he was a happy family member to the household.

In his impatience to give his mistress his daily lap, he was running around her kneeled position trying to find an opening to jump in. Then his nose picked up a strange scent. He quickly traced it as emanating from under her skirt and decided to investigate.

Jillian had all but forgotten that she had discarded her panties back at the studio, so she almost jumped out of her skin when she felt Clyde's tongue against her naked cunt.

"Jesus! Clyde," she yelped, jumping up to her feet. "What got into you? You shouldn't do that to mommy."

Clyde just looked up, head tilted, confused as to what he might have done wrong. Jillian just looked at him and broke out laughing, realizing that he obviously didn't do that intentionally.

She walked past her German Shepherd, Hans, then proceeded to pour out their food in the various dishes laid out around the kitchen. As soon as one bowl was filled, the respective pet would dig in and crunch on their meal. Hector stood impatiently, his large tail wagging as he jealously watched the other animals getting fed.

Jillian hadn't forgotten her guest and she pulled out a large bowl that she kept around for such occasions and poured him a large helping as well. Hector ran to the offering and skidded to a halt across the slick floor, eliciting a burst of laughter from the pretty weathergirl.

"Now you get away from Hector's bowl Jonas," she laughingly scolded her greedy Beagle.

The flabby dog reluctantly abandoned that bowl to go back to his own.

Seeing that all her pets were now fed, she walked upstairs to the bedroom, unfastening her clothing



as she walked. By the time she walked into the bedroom, all she had to do was take off her silk-shirt and let her skirt drop to the floor. Knowing that she was all alone in the house, she didn't even bother closing the double doors of her bedroom.

Now in only her bra and stockings, she walked into the large bathroom and started the water running in the large tub.

"Oooh, a refreshing bubblebath is going to feel nice after a day like today," she purred, feeling the water run through her fingers as she tested the temperature.

Once she was satisfied that the bath wouldn't be too hot, she went back to her bedroom and removed the last vestige of clothing off her body. Then she stood in front of the full-length mirror and cupped her tits, pinching her nipples.

"Mmmmh!" She murmured to herself, cupping her naked breast in her hands. "I do love the way I look," she said with a smile.

She then ran her hands down her slim body to her shaved pussy, which her friend Pamela Anderson convinced her to do a few years back. Since then, both of them would get together every month to shave each other, among other things.

Just then, the phone rang. She quickly picked up.

"Hello?" She answered.

"Hey, Jilly," a sexy voice sounded on the phone. "It's me, Pam. What you got planned tonight?"

Jillian recognized her celebrity friend, Pamela Anderson, immediately. They had met years ago when Pam was still on {Home Improvement} with Tim Allen. They quickly became friends and had remained so ever since.

As she spoke on the phone, she ran her fingers across the protruding clit of her labia and smiled. She quickly recalled all the times they had shared together, but in leisure and in lovemaking.

"Hi Pam," she smiled. "Nothing really. I was just about ready to take a bubblebath. Why don't you come over... in say an hour and we'll chat awhile."

"Sounds like a plan," Pam said. "See you later."

Hanging up the phone, Jillian then strode across the bedroom in the buff for that refreshing bath. Stepping into the huge bathtub, she slid down and lay on her back, letting the bubbles relax her tensed body. Just as she was beginning to enjoy her bath, the telephone rang again.

"Damn!" She swore as she pulled herself out of the tub, water dripping on the floor to answer the phone. "Always happens when you're in the tub."

She made her way back to her bedroom, not bothering to cover herself. After all, she was all alone in the house. Her wet body dripping puddles of soapy water as she made her way back to the phone.

"Hello?" She said.

"Hello, Miss Barberie?" A man's voice replied. "Hope I'm not disturbing you. This is Jim. Jim Harper from the shelter. I got some information on Hector."

"Oh yes, Jim," she remember him. "So, what have you found out."

"There's not much on his file," Jim told her. "It just says that he was a movie dog. Guess he was one of those stunt animals, that's why he was brought to us, for his own good."

"Mmmh! That's probably true," Jillian said thoughtfully. "I can see why some shelter's would consider those animals to be in danger, considering what they are asked to do. Thanks, Jim. I'll see what I can work out with my director. Thanks for calling back so fast."

"No problem Miss Barberie," he replied. "I'm glad we have people like you who care enough to help these creatures."

"Have to go now," she told him, knowing her bath was cooling as she spoke. "I'll see you next time. Bye!"

"Goodbye, ma'am," he said.

With that, the phone connection was broken.

"Now back to my bubbles," she grinned as she walked back to her bubblebath, water trailing off her body to the tiled floor.

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Meanwhile, back in the kitchen, Hector had finished with the meal Jillian had prepared for him. Being in a new house, it was only natural for him to begin exploring his new environment. For the next fifteen minutes, the large dog explored the main floor of that large home. Then once satisfied that there was nothing of interest for him there, he made his way up the staircase to explore the upstairs.

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Jillian was recalling the events of the day, especially what went on during her Adopt-A-Pet segment. Nothing like that had ever happened before and she had to giggle at the absurdity of it. First that damn snake slithering its way down her cleavage to explore her cunt. Just the thought of that made her clit tingle in excitement.

She closed her eyes as her arousal mounted at the memory of that moment. That devilish slithering tongue darting in and out of her pussylips, and its striking her aroused clit.

In response to her recalling this, Jillian instinctly began finger-fucking herself. She would imagine that her finger was the snake's tongue. Or better yet, she would imagine that it was its large head shoving its way inside her.

'God, why is this exciting me so much?' She thought to herself, realizing that she was fantasizing about an animal in this way. 'This is sick. People don't do stuff like this for real. Do they?'

But her body was aroused by now and she couldn't control her urges even if she wanted to.

'After all, what harm is there in just fantasizing about it, ' she told herself. 'It's not like I'm doing anything for real.'

And so, she continued to pleasure herself while thinking of the snake doing the same. The more excited she got, the more her twitching body would splash water from the tub to the floor.

'God, this is the horniest I've felt in ages, ' she thought as her masturbation continued.

Then her mind drifted to the sandpapery sensation of Hector's thick tongue when he got under her skirt and licked her already wet and exposed pussy.

"God, what a tongue," she gasped, complimenting the memory of the dog unintentionally. "If only Bret could do the same."

She pinched her nipples with the other hand as she continued to finger-fuck herself. With her eyes closed, she luxuriated in the hot memory of that thick tongue slobbering across her pussylips and stiff clit. She would remember how close the dog had made her cum in front of everybody. But she couldn't even conceive of orgasming to a dog.

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Meanwhile, Hector was happily exploring his new home. The large dog had already gone through one guestroom, making a mess of the bed sheets, and was now nudging his snout against the master bedroom. He could hear the water splashing in the adjoining bathroom and stealthily approached the doorway.

The sight that greeted him was not all that unfamiliar to the sex-movie dog. Many times, in his past experiences, he had seen a human bitch pleasuring herself in this fashion, and this usually led to his assistance being called on. Already the scent of her sexy jism wafted its way to his sensitive nose.

With the scent of sex in the air, he knew what was expected of him. As his training called him too, the large Labrador's cock began pumping full of blood. Within moments, the tip of his phallus began peeking out of its furry sheath and elongating in preparation to his duties.

Had a camera been focused on the dog's face, it would have caught what could only be described as a grin.

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Jillian remained oblivious to the audience that her masturbating had attracted. She was too lost in the rapture of orgasming with her hands to bother noticing anything else.

"Oh! Oh! Ooooooh! Cumming!" Jillian began moaning. "Cumming! Fuck! Ungh! I... I'm cumming! CUMMMMMMING!"

Suddenly a sheet of water splashed from the tub as Jillian Barberie orgasmed, her back arching sharply in rapture. Her powerful climax startled the dog and he scampered back into the master bedroom. Her orgasm seemed to last an eternity as her jism rose to the top of the bath water, her fingers still feverishly working in and out of her sucking pussylips.

"Jesus H. Christ!" She gasped, finally settling down from her climax. "Tha... that was the best I've had in ages."

Then she became quiet and pensive as she considered what had just happened, her fingers slowly rubbing her clit as she thought about this.

"Why is that?" She asked herself. "Why did I cum so hard?"

As she thought about what had just transpired, she suddenly came to the realization that maybe it

was her thinking about the animal encounters she had had today. First that snake rubbing her pussy, then there was that damn dog Hector and his probing tongue.

‘Coul... could that be it?’ She thought. ‘Could it be because of them?’

Almost in an automatic response, she felt her clit twitch under her fingers when she even thought about the animals.

‘Oh god!’ Her mind reeled at that conclusion. ‘I’m becoming such a slut. I need a drink.’

With that, she pulled herself back up to her feet and stepped out of the tub. She quickly saw the wet mess she had made with all of her gyrating in the water and walked cautiously across the bathroom to the towel rack. Grabbing one, she began drying herself off as she considered the implication of the bestial conclusion she came too.

Just then, Hector poked his head back at the doorway. He immediately saw the naked female and barked loudly in appreciation to her body.

The dog’s sudden bark startled Jillian and she turned herself around to face the source. But her sudden twist caused her feet to slide out from under her on the soapy wet tiles and she went crashing heavily on her back, her head hitting the floor with a loud thud.

Her vision fogged and her eyelids fluttered as she lost consciousness. The last thing her mind registered was the large black Labrador approaching her prone, naked body on the bathroom floor.

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Chapter Three

As Jillian lay unconscious on the bathroom floor, Hector sauntered in and sniffed her body. His nose quickly picked up the residual scent of her sex despite her time in the water. He immediately began doing what he knew best. He started licking her shaved pussy, paying particular attention to her stiff clit.

As the large dog ravished her vagina with his raspy tongue, her body reacted instinctly and became aroused despite her unconscious state. With each stroke of the dog’s tongue her sexual aroma would escape and waif into the air, permeating the room.

Soon, her own pets began picking up her scent and followed it as any animal would. One by one, they would make their way into their mistress’ bedroom and then into the large bathroom. Soon all three of her cats and the four dogs were sitting in the bathroom, watching.

The animals looked on, their heads tilted sideways in confusion, as Hector was licking what looked like a bitch’s sex. But this was their human mistress, how could this be? But the scent in the air told them that this was exactly what it looked like. For some reason their mistress also had a fuck hole, just like all the other bitches they’d mounted in the past.

Her pets just sat and watched, sniffing the air as her aroma filled their lungs. Then the most amazing thing began happening to them. They could feel their own cocks stirring in their furry sheaths.

Hector paid little attention to the bestial audience that had entered the room. He had done this many times in front of humans as well as with other dogs, not to mention cameras. He simply concentrated his efforts to the pussy before him. All the while, his cock kept growing and stiffening. Already it had reached a length of eight inches long and three inches in girth, but he had another four inches left in him.

Though she remained unconscious through this, Jillian's subconscious mind was reacting all too clearly to the dog's lapping tongue. As her clit stiffened under Hector's ministering licking, her legs moved wider apart to give him better access. This was not lost to the large dog as he drove his stiff tongue deep inside her clenching vagina, reaching depths Jillian would never have thought possible.

Meanwhile, Jillian's three cats were the first to make a move. As if in concert, they approached their prone mistress and began licking at her mouth and nipples with their raspy tongues. The one at her mouth would occasionally lick inside her parted lips, giving her a bestial frenchkiss, which Jillian would subconsciously return.

"Mmmmmmh!" Jillian moaned sexily from all of their sandpapery licking, causing her legs to part even wider.

Soon, the three cats couldn't wait any longer. Two of them began humping themselves against her tits, their tiny stiff cocks rubbing over her hardened nipples. Meanwhile the third one found the perfect alternative to a pussycat pussy, her mouth. His smallish three-inch cock found its mark and he also began humping her face.

In her present state, Jillian had no knowledge of what was happening to her, so her mouth began sucking the humping cock energetically, urging it to fill her mouth with jism.

Meanwhile, the five dogs in the room looked on as the three cats humped the unconscious weathergirl with their puny cocks, Hector never missing a stroke with his tongue as he peered up her naked body.

As the large Labrador kept licking her, Jillian's body began twitching. She was nearing an orgasm despite being unconscious through it all.

The three felines were also nearing a climax and they increased the tempo of their humping. Suddenly warm spurts of catty jism sprayed across her tits, leaving a creamy streak over her smooth skin. The third cat finally unloaded in her sucking mouth and she greedily sucked it down her throat not caring that the source of this jism was from an animal.

As soon as they had completed their task, the three felines jumped off their mistress and slinked out of the room for some private grooming.

As soon as the three cats moved away from their mistress, the four dogs bolted across the room and began sniffing her naked body. The scent of sex covered her by now.

Damien, her Doberman, and Hans, the German Shepherd, took charge of either of her jutting tits. Both dogs were energetically licking off the catty jism that covered her mounds. And when that was gone, they just kept on licking, causing her to moan in unconscious ecstasy.

As for her remaining dogs, Clyde and Jonas, they shared her gaping mouth. The dogs were competing to get their tongue inside her mouth to get at the cat's deposit there. Soon they fell into an alternating licking where Jillian's mouth wasn't vacant for more than a second at a time.

By this time, Hector could sense that this human bitch was ready for mounting. He had already licked two orgasms from her hole, which was normally what was called for from him. So, he backed away a few inches and waited for her to assume the proper position.

The large dog tilted his head in confusion. The bitch wouldn't change position. No matter, he was well trained in servicing women.

He approached her unconscious form once again, straddling his body over her prone shape. Next, he squatted his hindquarters down until he was lying across her chest, making it a bit more difficult for Damien and Hans to keep in contact with her aroused tits. It didn't take him long for his cock to locate the woman's pussy and he shoved forward, burying his cockhead inside her.

As he shoved his haunches forward, Jillian's unconscious body would just slide across the wet bathroom floor, frustrating the large stud. But he just kept on pushing and pushing.

Eventually, Jillian's shoulders made contact with the step leading up to the sunken bathtub and finally Hector could feel his hard shaft make its way into her tight cunt. Inch by inch, his large phallus would disappear in her gulping pussy, and still, she remained unconscious.

Clyde finally decided that his cock needed some relief as well. Shoving the stubby Beagle aside, Jillian's Golden Retriever straddled himself over her head and began humping blindly. His stiff six incher occasionally brushing across his mistress' lips.

At the contact of a stiff, warm cock against her lips, Jillian's subconscious mind instinctively parted her lips and began searching, trying to capture the mystery cock. Like a sleeping baby in search of its mother's nipple to suckle on, her lips would purse and her tongue would dart out looking for nourishment.

After a few futile attempts, Clyde finally felt her lips wrapping around his shaft and he yipped excitedly, increasing his thrust tempo. The dog finally found the hole he was looking for and was happily fucking his mistress as the visiting Labrador continued humping her pussy. All the while her Doberman and German Shepherd continued running their tongues over her tits.

Jillian's mouth was suckling lovingly at the mysterious cock that had imbedded itself in her mouth, despite being unconscious still.

But poor Jonas, her Beagle, was still left out. The stubby dog was shoved aside by Clyde and now was jumping around, looking for some place to get his jollies.

Being such a short dog, he worked his way under the large Labrador and made his way to his mistress' crotch. Once there, he found the treasure he was looking for. In this new position, the small dog could easily lick Jillian's ass or lick the bestial coupling at her pussy. And the stubby dog seemed to take pleasure in alternating from one to the other.

So there lay Jillian Barberie, naked on her bathroom floor, unconscious, and being ravaged by five very virile canines. Yet, her body was reacting quite positively to the whole experience.

Finally, Hector managed to bury his full twelve inches into the slumbering woman and he just lay on top of her heaving chest, humping slightly. His knot had found its way past her slackened pussylips

and they were tied in this position until he emptied his balls.

From under the bestial coupling of the Labrador and his mistress, Jonas was licking her pussy as well as Hector's oversized balls. This added attention would only expedite the huge dog's climax.

Clyde, being new at this, was humping furiously into Jillian's mouth trying to empty his own load as quickly as possible. Already he was squirting shots of pre-cum in her mouth, which Jillian instinctively swallowed with no protest.

This left only the two larger dogs, Damien and Hans. They were still only limited to licking and nibbling on her protruding nipples and breasts. Though this was nowhere as exciting as burying their hard penises in their mistress' holes, they were content to wait for their shot at her.

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## **Chapter Four**

"Hey, Jill! You home?" Pamela Anderson called out as she let herself into her friends home. "It's me, Pam."

But there was no answer. The blonde bombshell from the TV show VIP looked around the downstairs rooms in search for her friend. But she couldn't find any trace of her. She knew that she should be here because she had called earlier and they had agreed to meet.

Being a celebrity herself, she began fretting that maybe a stalker had found his way in the house. She quickly took out the can of mace that she always had with her and quietly made her way up the stairs towards the bedrooms.

'God, I hope nothing's wrong, ' she told herself. 'This isn't a movie, this is real.'

The voluptuous blonde moved quietly along the wall, trying to remain invisible to a possible intruder. She cautiously opened one door and took a quick look inside. Sure that nobody was there, she moved on the next, then the next one after than and the next. Each time releasing a breath in relief.

The only room left to check was Jillian's master bedroom. She just as quietly made her way towards the open door and peered inside. She didn't see anything, but she did hear some panting noise coming from the open bathroom door.

'Oh God!' She swore to herself. 'Someone is here. Get a grip of yourself Pam. Jill needs your help. She's probably getting raped in there. Steady now.'

After giving herself that pep talk, she took a deep breath and stood next to the bathroom door as she had done many times on her TV show. Cautiously, she moved her head to the edge of the door, her mace can at the ready.

Peering around the corner of the doorframe, she just stood there gaping in shock at the sight that greeted her.

"Holy shit!" She gasped.

There, on the floor, lay her best friend Jillian Barberie. And on top of her was this huge strange black dog, its cock clearly imbedded in Jillian's pussy. The mace can in her hand slipped from her fingers to clank loudly on the tiled floor.

The noise of the can striking the floor snapped her out of her shock and she gazed at the scene before her. So shocked was she to walk in on this, she never even noticed the other dogs swarming the unconscious brunette. Now that she took the time to look things over, Pamela could see her friend's Retriever humping his cock into her sucking mouth and the two larger dogs licking at her tits.

But she had to look carefully for Jonas, Jillian's other dog. She found him tucked under the large dog fucking her friend, licking at both her pussy and the large dog cock stuck in it.

"Fuck, Jillian," she swore. "I'd never have thought you were into this."

But there was no response. Pamela came closer and that's when she realized that her friend was unconscious as the dogs had their way with her.

"Oh god, Jill," she said, kneeling to feel for a pulse. "What happened to you? Damien! Hans! Get away from her!"

The two large dogs backed away at the sharp command the blonde woman gave them, but their lust persisted in their groin.

When Pamela tried to push Clyde off Jillian's face, the Golden Retriever bared his fangs at her and she backed away. The same reaction came from Hector when she tried to move him off her. Besides, it wouldn't have helped, he was already tied with this human bitch and he couldn't move away even if he wanted to.

Pamela squatted helplessly as she could only watch, as the two dogs remained imbedded in Jillian's two holes. Without realizing it, her own cunt was moistening as she observed how juicy and hard the dog cocks looked.

"Mmmmmh!" She heard Jillian moan sexily, despite being unconscious.

Clyde finally howled loudly, and when Pamela turned her attention to him she could see his balls twitching, a sign that he was cumming in Jillian's mouth. Her hands instinctly moved down to her own crotch and rubbed themselves over her rapidly aroused labia.

"Mmmmmmmh!" Jillian moaned again, a tinge of orgasm in its tone.

"Jeeesus!" She groaned. "This is so weird."

She quickly realized how arousing this was to her. She slipped a hand past the waistband of her shorts and began stroking her clit and pussylips as she continued watching the dog pump his spunk in her unconscious friend's mouth. Her tongue subconsciously running over her lips in thirst for some herself.

Hector howled soon after, emptying his load in Jillian's cock-stuffed pussy. Pamela shifted her gaze from Jillian's mouth to her crotch, trying to capture every second of the bestial action. Then she gasped when the large dog got up to his feet and lifted her friend's cunt with him. She just stared in disbelief as Jillian remained suspended in the air to the dog's crotch. Slowly, but steadily, she saw Jillian's pussylips widen, allowing the dog's knot to pull free.

With Jillian pulled up and away from his reach, Jonas whined in complaint. He too joined the other dogs to wait patiently for his chance at mounting with the mistress.



So engrossed in the scene before her, Pamela quickly stripped off her clothes. For her, this was quickly accomplished as she rarely wore any underwear. Within moments, she stood there in the bathroom naked, except for her high-heeled shoes.

Now she could indulge in some hard pussy playing as she watched the two dogs finish themselves off on her friend.

A moment later, Clyde, his balls emptied, pulled out of Jillian's suckling mouth, leaving a trail of jism across her cheek.

Pamela couldn't control herself. She got down on her hands and knees and gave the unconscious Jillian Barberie a deep frenchkiss, trying to get some of that doggy jism for a taste. After her first taste, she couldn't get enough of it. She moved to Jillian's cheeks and cleaned off what the dog had deposited there as well.

Now, with the large dog out of the way, she could also play with Jillian's rock-hard nipples. Never in all their time together had she felt those nubs so hard.

The large Doberman and German Shepherd and the short stubby Beagle sat patiently out of the way, waiting for their turn at their mistress. They just watched, their heads tilted in confusion, as their mistress' light colored friend was licking their companion's seed off their sleeping mistress.

A loud slurping sound caught Pam's attention and she turned her head to see where it was coming from. What she saw almost made her cum.

Hector's thick knot was breaking free and his foot long cock was slowly slurping out of Jillian's clutching pussylips. Pamela would never have believed that such a tool could belong to an animal, especially not a dog. Inch by long inch, the dog's cock slipped out, moist with a mixture of Jillian's own cum and the dog's.

Pamela watched thirstily as the wet phallus pulled out, glistening with sex. Then, suddenly, Jillian and the huge dog just broke apart. The weathergirl's body thumping loudly and unceremoniously to the floor, doggy jism pouring out of her gaping pussy.

As if dying of thirst in the desert, Pamela crawled down to Jillian's pussy and began licking out her friend's cunt. She couldn't believe how much cum was in there. As fast as she could lick it, much more would drip to the tiled floor of the bathroom.

She then felt the presence of another tongue next to her own. Looking up, she smiled when she realized that it was just Jonas, the chubby Beagle, helping her lick Jillian clean.

"Nice doggy," she laughed. "Lick mommy good now."

"Mmmmmh!" Pamela heard Jillian moan again, consciousness slowly returning to her.

"I better try to fix this," Pam told herself.

Stepping back, she gazed at her prone friend and was about to cover her with a large towel when something caught her attention.

"It can't be," she gasped, looking down more closely at the licking Beagle.

Under Jonas' belly, stood erect, a cock to compete with the large black dog that had fucked Jillian

just moments before. Its size, grossly disproportionate to the diminutive body of the dog. Jonas measured about two feet from snout to butt, and his cock clearly extended a foot, if not more under his fat underside.

Quickly glancing from Jillian's face to her crotch, then the doorway, Pamela considered what she should do about this. Her options were simple. She could either clear the dogs out of the room before Jillian regained consciousness. Or help the stubby dog get his rocks off.

She opted for the latter.

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Chapter Five

Before Jillian was to regain consciousness, her friend, Pamela Anderson, got down on the floor and was eagerly urging Jonas, Jillian's Beagle, to climb up on her prone belly. She was fascinated at the bright red penis dangling under the short dog. She even wished that she had the time to get a taste of it, but she needed to get the dog inside Jillian before her friend regained consciousness.

"C'mon Jonas," she cooed, rubbing Jillian's wet pussylips. "Look what momma's got for you, boy."

However, the dog wasn't familiar with this position and he wouldn't relinquish his licking the brunette's leaking pussy.

That's when Pam came up with a new plan. Burying her fingers in Jillian's cum-filled pussy, she pulled it out and used that to entice the chubby little Beagle to climb up on Jillian's crotch. She smiled as the dog followed her cum soaked fingers as she had hoped. Once that was accomplished, all she had to do was reach under his belly and aim his thick, long cock to her friend's pussyhole. Then just let nature take its course.

"Mmmmmmmh!" She heard Jillian murmur more coherently.

'Gotta get this done quick, ' she said to herself, as she pulled Jonas' cock with some urgency.

She cringed with excitement as she grabbed a hold of the dog's slimy cockshaft. It felt so hot and wet, she hoped that she would get a chance to try this herself some day.

'Maybe I should talk to Tommy about getting some pets in the house, ' she thought. 'For the boys.'

She rubbed Jonas' cocktip over Jillian's cuntslit, thus exciting the dog to what was to come. She watched in amusement as the small dog began humping the air in search for that succulent cunthole his cockhead had sensed.

Knowing that time was of the essence, Pamela wasted no time teasing the frustrated animal. She lowered its cockhead until its tip pierced Jillian's pussylips and then released him.

The dog immediately took charge and began humping as if there were no tomorrow. With two rapid thrusts, his whole shaft disappeared in Jillian's cunt.

Pamela gaped in awe as the diminutive dog fucked her friend with such energy. She watched as Jillian's pussylips pursed in and out trying to grasp the thick shaft fucking into her.

Despite his small size, the dog's energetic thrusts were shaking Jillian's body as it lay prone on the floor.

"Ugh! Ungh! Oh!" Pam heard Jillian's voice returning with each of the dog's thrust. "Ungh! Wha... what happened? What's going on?"

Pam quickly pulled on her clothes before Jillian realized she was there with her.

Jillian could feel a cock fucking in her pussy and when she looked down her body, she screamed in terror at seeing one of her dogs humping into her.

"Oh god! Oh fucking shit!" She yelled out in panic. "Get off me Jonas. Off! HUMPH! GET OFF, I SAID!"

But her dog wouldn't listen. He was in lust and he wouldn't quit until he too emptied his balls.

Jillian frantically scanned the room for something to help her out of this situation. That's when she first noticed her friend standing nearby.

"Oh god, no!" She groaned at her being caught in such a position. "Pam, it... it's not what you think. I... I slipped and... and I must have been knocked out. I... I don't do this sort of thing. Please help me. Get... ungh! Get Jonas off of me, please."

"Shhhh! It's okay, Jilly," Pam reassured her distressed friend. "I... I know that it isn't your fault. I came in and found you passed out. But... but when I try to move him, Jonas just growls and snaps at me. I can't get him off."

To demonstrate, Pam reached down to Jonas, hoping that the chubby dog would react the same way as the others had earlier. Luckily, he did, adding credence to her claim.

"I... I don't think he'll quit until he cums," Pam told the distressed weathergirl. "Why don't you relax and try to enjoy it instead."

"ENJOY IT!" Jillian screamed. "How can you even think suck a thing. This... this is disgusting. Immoral. How can you expect me to enjoy something like this!"

"Just... just think of it as just another cock," Pam said, trying to calm her friend down. "I can see his cock from here, and let me tell you, Jonas has nothing to feel inferior about."

While the two women continued chattering about the situation, Jonas just kept on humping. His cock had already reached depths that no cock ever had before, including the studly Hector.

This was something that even a distressed Jillian couldn't ignore. Pam watched excitedly as Jillian caught her breath at the deep penetration inside her womb.

"Oh fuck!" Jillian said, gritting her teeth. "He... he's soooo deeeeeeep!"

"Ho... how does it feel?" Pam asked, having only imagined the feeling before. "Tell me Jill. This is getting me all worked up."

"It... it feels like a baby trying to crawl the wrong way out, that's how it feels!" She groaned, feeling another powerful thrust from the chubby little dog. "Oh, Pam. He's so fucking deep, it feels like his cock is gonna come out of my throat."

Jillian was slowly coming to accepting how good a dog cock could be. She slowly, hesitantly, moved her fingers to her tits and began pulling on the hard nubs of her nipples as her dog continued humping away. Nevertheless, she still couldn't come to grasp with the fact that it was a dog fucking

her.

Pam could sense the change in her friend's attitude and stripped her clothes off again. This time feeling secure that Jillian wouldn't suspect her role in getting Jonas' cock in her pussy. As soon as she was naked again, Pam kneeled next to Jillian and gave her friend a deep frenchkiss. Jillian joyfully returned that kiss as the dog continued to fill her love tunnel with its cock.

With all of this fucking and sucking going around, Pam's pussy was seeping with the powerful aroma of her sex. This didn't go unnoticed to the dogs waiting nearby.

Damien and Hans' ears perked up sharply as their attention was suddenly drawn to a new source of a bitch in heat. They began sniffing that air and zoned in on the source of this new scent. It didn't take them long to zero in on Pamela Anderson's upturned ass as she and Jillian continued to exchange tongues.

"God! I... I can't let this go on," Jillian groaned as she rolled over, carrying Jonas along with her so the dog now found itself on its back beneath his mistress.

Suddenly, Pam felt the exploring tongues of Jillian's dogs at her ass. They were eagerly slobbering over her shaved pussy trying to get at her juices. Pam wiggled her ass in ecstasy as she got her first contact from a dog. She loved the roughness of their tongues as they ran across her aroused pussylips and her clit. Its nub was already apparent from her excitement at seeing a doggy cock in Jillian's cunt.

"AARRGGHH!" Jillian groaned painfully at Jonas' cock pulling at her cunt.

Jillian had simply assumed that just by turning over onto her hands and knees, and rising herself up on her knees, that Jonas' cock would simply slip out. However, she had no way of knowing about the dog's bulbous knot, or how well it had lodged itself within her cuntlips. So there she was, on hands and knees, her chubby Beagle hanging from her pussylips.

"What? What's the matter Jill?" Pam asked, worry in her voice.

"It hurts, Pam," Jillian cried out. "It hurts so much."

Pam looked between her friend's legs and could see what the problem was. The dog's cock had inflated to a distorted size and was locked in between Jillian's pussylips. The weight of the dog's whole body was pulling painfully at her friend's vagina.

"I... I think he's locked inside you," Pam told her. "His cock won't come out at all."

"What can I do?" Jillian pleaded. "It really hurts."

"I think you should get your butt down and just sit on Jonas until he cums," Pam suggested, neglecting to mention that she could have just as easily dumped a bucket of cold water on the pooch.

"God! I can't do that!" Jillian protested as she followed Pam's advice. "It's a dog, for Christ sakes!"

"I can't see any other way, Jilly," Pam told her, pushing her friend's ass down until the Beagle was now lying on its back on the floor, its cock still imbedded in the brunette's pussy.

Jillian sat defeated, straddling her Beagle. Its cock still stuck in her pussy, with his tongue hanging loosely out of its panting jaws. She had never been so filled before and that scared her. At least the

pain had subsided, now that the strain of her dog's weight was settled beneath her. But she still had to wonder if it was causing her any injuries inside? How could she ever explain something like that to her gynecologist?

"How is that?" Pam asked.

"Better," Jillian grinned sheepishly as she breathed hard. "Are you sure there's nothing else we can do?"

"None that I can see," Pam lied.

Just then Jillian noticed Hans and Damien at Pam's rear.

"Huh, Pam," she said softly. "Why are you letting them lick you like that?"

"Because it feels good silly," Pam smiled impishly. "You wouldn't believe how good their tongues feel."

Just then, Hans made a bold move and leaped hornily on Pamela's back. He immediately began humping furiously in search for a hole to bury his rigid staff in.

"Oh my god Pam!" Jillian squealed. "Hans is trying to fuck you!"

"YOU THINK!" Pam replied breathlessly.

"You better get up on your feet before it's too late," Jillian warned.

"What kind of a friend would I be if I let you go through something like this by yourself," Pam said.

"But... but Pamela, it's a dog," the brunette exclaimed. "You... you don't have to do this to make me feel better about my situation."

However, Pamela had no desire to escape the Shepherd's probing cock. Seeing how well Jillian's pussy had been stuffed, first by that mysterious black mutt and now by her Beagle, Pam wanted to get that same filling feeling. So, to help the dog locate her aroused pussy, she lowered her elbows, which raised her ass higher for the humping animal.

A few strokes later Hans found his mark and buried his blood-red shaft in the TV star's shaved pussy. He quickly got into a rhythm of thrusting deeply inside her, burying it deeper with each thrust.

"Oh! Fuck, Jill," Pam groaned. "He's even bigger than Tommy."

Jillian could only imagine that, as she, just like anybody else who had seen their infamous fuck video on the Internet, could attest to Pam's husband's cock. She was jealous at Pamela back then for finding such a stud and marrying him.

She stared, dazed, as her German Shepherd was fucking its thick red dick in the blonde bombshell's shaved pussy, filling her completely with each stroke. As she watched, she unconsciously began rocking herself back and forth on Jonas' cock, which was still imbedded in her own pussy. Her clit rubbing teasingly across the briskly fur of the Beagle's belly.

"Fuck her, Hans!" Jillian involuntarily cried out. "Oh god! I... I'm sorry Pam. I... I don't know what came over me."

"Don't... ungh! Don't worry about it," Pam told her. "I agree... I agree with you. Fuck me good Hans! Pammy wants your cum!"

As Jillian watched her depraved friend hump back at her dog. She began feeling an orgasm mounting within her own loins as she stared at the depraved act, while still numbing herself to the dog-cock still stuffed in her own cunt. She couldn't understand how this could be happening, but she could feel a humongous climax nearing.

"Ungh! Ooof! Fuck, Jill," Pam grunted under the powerful surges of the Shepherd. "When was... when was the last time you let this pooch get laid?"

"Huh? Oh, we don't let them fuck around," Jillian had to shake herself from her lost thoughts. "But I don't like the idea of neutering them."

By this time, Jillian was getting lost in her own lustful feelings. Not wanting to harm Jonas with her whole body weight weighing down on him, she crouched down over him, resting her elbows on the floor. This gave her better leverage to control her weight.

She watched intently as Hans curved his spine sharply to drive his bloated cock into Pamela's shaved pussy. The sight of that blood-red shaft sliding in and out against her white skin got her own juices flowing in her vagina. In response, Jillian increased her body strokes over Jonas' body, her climax getting nearer with each passing second.

"Fuck! I'm cumming!" Both women blurted out in unison.

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## **Chapter Six**

By this time, Damien was tired of being left out of all this fucking. The large Doberman moved around sniffing and licking Pamela's body trying to find some relief for himself. When he got to her face, Pam parted her lips and offered him her mouth.

The dog's tongue quickly explored this offering and slithered inside, frenchkissing the voluptuous woman. Pam immediately reciprocated by sucking on the sandpapery tongue as it explored her mouth, right to the back of her throat.

"Ooooooh!" Jillian moaned as she watched her friend's depravity.

With all of this happening, Jillian still had no idea what the dogs had done with her before she had regained consciousness earlier. She had no recollection of one of them having fucked her in the mouth and ejaculating his seed there, or of her swallowing it. Nor of having already endured a large canine penis fucking her tight twat. So, seeing Pamela Anderson allowing a dog to lick inside her mouth was somewhat disturbing to the network weathergirl.

"Lie down Damien," she heard Pamela command, and she watched her Doberman guard dog obediently lie on its side in front of her horny friend.

"What... what are you doing Pam?" She asked, shocked. "You... you're not thinking of..."

"You bet your sweet fucking ass I am," Pam broke in. "Just look at the pole on this guy," she said, wiggling the dog's large phallus.

With that, Pamela Anderson lowered her face and licked the dog's cock, concentrating her efforts on the pointy tip. The thickening penis was growing just by looking at it. Already it measured six inches and still it grew. Pam only hoped that it could compare to the Beagle's bloated cock.

"Oh god, Pam," Jillian swallowed hard. "How... how could you?"

The blonde TV star was too busy licking and sucking the dog-cock to bother answering. After a few more licks, she parted her lips and took the head of the canine meat into her mouth, then eagerly began sucking the animal.

Out in the corner of the room, Jillian's other dogs had recuperated enough from their first experience with the brunette to want back in. But now there were two human bitches to choose from.

Clyde and Hector gazed lustfully at the light-haired newcomer but quickly came to the realization that all possible avenues of fucking were fully occupied at the moment. That left them with the mistress of the house again.

Jillian's Golden Retriever was the first to react. The yellow-haired dog came rushing forward and began licking at the brunette's backside.

"Eeeek!" Jillian exclaimed in shocked surprise.

Looking back, she quickly recognized her dog was the one assaulting her ass with its sandpapery tongue.

Pam took a quick peek and smiled, her mouth still holding on tightly to the Doberman's squirting cock.

'Looks like Clyde wants another go at her, ' she thought mischievously.

Jillian could do nothing but endure the torturous tongue-lashing as she remained tied with the Beagle under her. Soon, her body began to betray her at this as well. She could feel another strong orgasm building within her as her ass was being licked, all the while her pussy was still stuffed full of doggy dick.

She tried to concentrate on Pamela's activities with her other two dogs in the hopes that this would take her mind off her own troubles. Little did she realize that this only served to increase her own lustful yearnings with the dogs.

With his mistress crouched so low over Jonas, Clyde found that he could mount her now, which he did. Suddenly, Jillian felt the added weight of the Retriever on her back, his penis squirting energetically between her asscheeks.

"Clyde!" She gasped. "What do you think you're doing? There's no place for you there. Get off boy. Get off me right this second!"

But the dog ignored her commands and continued humping his ass in search for somewhere to bury his shaft. Jillian could feel his slimy cock sliding in between her butt cheeks with each of his strokes. She only hoped that he wouldn't do anything inappropriate.

Pam peered sideways and grinned at the picture Jillian made. There was her beautiful friend, crouched over one dog, its cock buried deep inside her pussy, while another of her pets was trying to

fuck her on top.

'Wouldn't it be great if he found her ass, ' Pam thought.

As if in answer to her wish, Clyde shoved forward and his cocktip did indeed find Jillian's tightly clenching anus.

"Ungh! Oh hell, Pam," Jillian cried out. "Cly... Clyde is... he's getting inside my asshole. Ungh! Oh shit!"

"Go for it, girl!" Pam cheered, pulling her mouth off Damien's cock momentarily.

Resuming her cocksucking, Pam kept staring as the Retriever's back curled sharply, burying his thickening cock in her friend's ass.

'Shit! How lucky can you be, ' she thought to herself, jealous of the double-fucking Jillian was about to receive. 'Two fucking cocks together.'

Jillian lowered her face to the floor in shame as she felt a second dog penis invade her body lustfully. In this lower position, Jonas began licking at her tits that were just above his head.

"Mmmmmh!" Jillian moaned in response, giving in to her own building lust.

This left only Hector on the sidelines. And being well trained in the art of servicing human bitches, he immediately assessed the situation. One of the females was taken care of, all her holes being inaccessible at the moment. While the other still presented him with one final opportunity.

The large Labrador strode across the bathroom floor, his nails clicking loudly on the hard tiles. His rock hard cock dangling under his belly as he approached her. He moved in front of Jillian's crouched form and licked her face.

Jillian instinctly peered up and was greeted with the sight of his twelve-inch cock fully erect. She gulped noticeably at the sight of the thick red cock, its veins showing prominently along its length. Already she could make out droplets of pre-cum gathering at its tip. She quickly glanced in Pamela's direction for help, but the blonde beauty was much too preoccupied in her own bestial activities to be of any assistance.

'God! This can't be happening, ' she said to herself. 'How did this ever happen?'

The next time Pam peered at her friend, she became aware of the latest development in Jillian's regard. Despite already having her rear fully impaled by dog-cocks, she now saw her friend being faced with the strange dog's monstrous shaft poking at her nose.

"Do it Jilly!" Pam urged her friend. "Suck the fucker off. Just think of your hubby's cock as you do it. It's not so bad actually."

Jillian glared at her friend, but Pam ignored her friend's disapproving stare and returned to sucking the large Doberman while the equally large Shepherd continued ramming its cock in her clenching pussy.

Seeing her friend suck ravenously on the doggy dick made her contemplate doing just that. Turning her face back at Hector's crotch, she stared intently on the drop of pre-cum hanging there. Then, with great trepidation, she stuck out her tongue and lapped the clear fluid off his cock.



She found the taste very salty, and somewhat metallic in flavor. All in all, she had to agree with Pamela's assessment. It didn't taste too bad at all.

Hector waddled his cock closer to Jillian's face, a clear declaration that he wanted servicing.

Jillian frowned as she, despite her reservations, lowered her face and took the large dog's cockhead in between her lips.

Hector immediately took charge and shoved his rump forward, burying the first six inches past her clasp lips. Jillian instinctly pulled back, choking and coughing at his sudden intrusion, but never relinquishing his cocktip.

Her friend's gagging sounds caught Pam's attention and when she took a quick glance over to her, she smiled around Damien's surging cock.

There, right next to her, Jillian Barberie, the famous weathergirl of Good Day LA, was begin gangbanged by three very horny and very virile dogs. Each of her holes filled to the brim with canine flesh, and she was enjoying it.

As soon as she had her first conscious taste of doggy cock, Jillian couldn't get enough of it. She began sucking and munching along the length of the adult movie dog, Hector. Once her tastebuds made contact with his pre-cum, she wanted to take his load down her throat. She wanted her stomach filled with his sperm.

This was the straw that broke her back. Now that she was so willing to go all the way with the large dog, she also found that she couldn't wait to feel her own dogs emptying their balls in her rear. Couldn't wait to feel their torrential spurts shooting in her ass and pussy.

Pamela stared jealously at her friend's bestial awakening. She was jealous because she only had two dogs to Jillian's three.

'Oooh! I wish I was in her position, ' she muttered to herself, sucking on the dog in her mouth.

She felt the Shepherd tightening his grip around her waist as his body curled grotesquely, trying to bury more of his shaft in this bitch's tight cunt. Wanting to time her orgasm to the dogs, she reached under and rubbed furiously on her clit. She was sure that both dogs were nearing their own climax and she wanted to be part of it.

Jillian was moving her body to and fro over her Beagle's belly, while he just kept licking her over sensitized nipples. His cock moving within her cunt under her command.

At the same time, her Golden Retriever kept humping her in her anal passage, his cock growing thicker with each stroke. Luckily, his cock was the smallest of the five dogs in the room.

All the while, Hector was humping his hips trying to bury more of his turgid in this human's sucking mouth. He had had many woman suck his cock before, but none was as aroused as this one had suddenly become. The large dog could feel the woman squeezing his balls, urging him to cum in her mouth, and he was only too happy to oblige her.

Pamela Anderson watched in amazement as her friend suddenly changed her mood from distress to a wanton bitch in heat. A woman who couldn't get enough of dog-cock and would do anything to get it.

She watched, as inch by long inch, the large Labrador's cock disappeared into Jillian's sucking mouth. Already, she could clearly see that the brunette had managed to swallow ten thick inches down her throat. She was fascinated at seeing that glistening phallus slide out, covered in her saliva, only to disappear again in the gulping mouth of her friend.

'I couldn't have done better myself, ' she thought, remembering the deepthroat she had given her husband on her infamous video.

She stared at Jillian's body being fucked from all sides by three very horny dogs, while she contemplated her own bestial encounter. Pam loved the feel of the Shepherd's cock plugging away at her pussy, all the while she kept sucking on Damien's rigid cock.

"Mmmmmmmh!" Jillian finally moaned loudly around Hector's cock. "Mmmmmmmh!"

Her Beagle, Jonas, had shot his load of spunk in her pussy, and this was her first conscious experience of being filled with bestial jism, triggering a most powerful orgasm of her own. Jillian could almost imagine the warm jism scalding her inside as its temperature seemed so much higher than a man's.

'God! It... it's so hot, ' she thought as she continued to hump on her smallish dog. 'Give me all your spunk Jonas! Give mommy all you got!'

Pam grinned as she watched the brunette squirm her ass around the gushing dog-cock. She could see the glow of ecstasy on her friend's face and knew that she was cumming as well.

Not to be outdone, Pamela began undulating her back, driving her ass back against the thrusting Shepherd. This allowed the dog to bury his thick knot past her clenching pussylips and tying with her.

"Gurgle! Mmmmmmm!" It was now Pam's turn to moan out loud around a dog cock.

Now with its cock-knob buried in the bitch, the large Shepherd just lay across Pamela Anderson's back, his prickly fur rubbing sensuously across her skin. His instincts told him that he was nearing his climax and that his seed would surely fill her hole now that his plug was securely tied to her.

When Jillian peered sideways to see what the commotion was all about, she smiled at seeing her blonde friend getting tied as she had endured.

Now that her pussy was fully engaged with Hans' cockknob, Pam could concentrate more on sucking off Damien's surging cock. Already it had inflated way beyond any other cock she had ever sucked on before, including her husband's.

"Mmmmmmmmmh!" Jillian groaned again as she felt the warm gush of Clyde's jism shooting into the depths of her clenching ass. 'Oh God! I'm... I'm cumming again! CUMMMMMMING!'

"Mmmmmh!" Pam gurgled around Damien's cock as she came at the same time as Jillian.

Both women were squirming on the canine penises imbedded in their bodies. Both were enjoying the whole scene immensely now, even the reluctant Jillian was finding the whole adventure the best sex she had ever had.

Now that both, Jillian's Retriever and Beagle had climaxed, that left only the three larger dogs to take care of. Clyde and Jonas remained locked in place at Jillian's crotch as they emptied their warm

treasure in her holes. Besides, Clyde's knot had grown just enough to lock inside her ass, while Jonas was in no position to get himself out from under his mistress. So, the two dogs remained in place until Jillian was through with her bestial adventure.

Damien and Hans were both nearing their climax, and somehow, Pam could tell. But since Hector had already shot a load once before, this second round was taking much longer for him to empty their balls into Jillian's mouth.

'God! How long can he keep this up?' Jillian asked herself of Hector's amazing stamina as she slurped the steady flow of pre-cum from the huge shaft, not realizing that the huge dog had had his way with her unconscious body earlier.

She stared, cross-eyed, at the huge black dog's thick cock as it slid in and out of her sucking mouth. Just beyond that massive piece of meat, she could see his sperm filled ballsack jiggling with each hump the dog made at her face.

With both dogs nearing their climaxes, Pamela was feverishly rubbing her clit wanting to make this a simultaneous orgasm with them. Every now and then, she would peek over to her friend and the impressive doggy cock she was munching on.

'Damn!' She thought. 'I gotta get me a taste of that.'

Both women were nearing a new, and more powerful orgasm, just as the dogs were nearing one of their own.

Suddenly, Hans began howling as he curled his body almost in half to bury into her womb even deeper while he emptied his balls into the blonde woman's tightly clenching pussy. Pamela Anderson curled her back sharply at feeling the scalding sensation hitting the bottom of her womb. This heated douche triggered her own orgasm as her teeth clamped down on the Doberman's mouth stuffing cock.

The large guard dog reacted to the feel of the sucking TV star's teeth on his shaft and he began squirting his jism into her mouth, bloating her cheeks with its sudden gush of warm fluid.

Pam immediately began swallowing as fast as she could to get all of that doggy jism into her stomach, but the large dobbie was shooting too much, too fast. Soon, the creamy white liquid was leaking out past her tightly clenching lips and out of her nostrils.

Jillian watched in total fascination at the amount of cum the dog was shooting. She knew from before that her friend Pamela Anderson was a fantastic cocksucker. So, to see her unable to handle the dog's orgasm really got her excited. So much so, that she wanted to experience the same thing from the black Labrador she was sucking. She quickly intensified her sucking, urging the dog to cum in her mouth too.

"MMMMMMH!" Pamela moaned around the cumming dog's cock.

She wasn't far behind the two spurting dogs as her own orgasm finally caught up with her, causing her to pause on her swallowing. This caused her cheeks to balloon out grotesquely as a large squirt of canine seed filled her cavity. She had to struggle to swallow, while still finding the time to take a breath, but the dog cared nothing of this. He was just content to empty his balls in this human bitch that had serviced him.

The brunette weathergirl increased her suction on Hector, urging him to shoot his load into her now

willing mouth. She reached under his belly and squeezed his balls trying to encourage him to do so.

Luckily for her, this dog had been well trained to deal with women and he reacted as he was trained. Feeling her hands on his balls, massaging them, he began humping his cockshaft deeper into her sucking mouth. Driving it to the back of her mouth and past her tonsils.

Suddenly, Jillian found herself deepthroating the horny animal as his cockhead made its way down her throat. At first, she panicked, not being too skillful at this, coughing and gagging as the large phallus forced its way deeper. She soon realized that if she timed her breathing properly, she could easily take the large shaft between breaths down her gullet.

Pamela peered over and grinned as she finished off Damien. She could see how much of the large dog's penis Jillian was managing triumphantly.

'About time she learned how to do that, ' she thought. 'Took her long enough.'

'God! This... this feels so good, ' Jillian thought to herself as she sucked eagerly on Hector's cock. 'Now I know why Pam loves sucking cock so much.'

Both women were almost sobbing as their bestial indoctrination was coming to an end, and they knew it.

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Chapter Seven

Already, Pam could feel the Doberman's squirts had subsided much. Now it was only coming out in a trickle. Hans, the German Shepherd, had already done with his climax and was just lying across her back, his cock still tied to her pussy. As for Pam, well, she came three times as the dogs filled her with their spunk into her cunt and mouth.

Jillian jumped when a loud popping sound came from behind her. Her first thought was that her husband must have come back from his trip early. But then she realized that it was just Clyde's knot finally pulling out of her asshole.

'God! That freaked me out!' She laughed in her mind. 'How did I manage to forget that he still had his cock in my ass.'

This recollection also reminded her that Jonas still had his grossly inflated cock stuck in her cunt under her.

'Damn, I'm turning into a real ho, ' she thought humorously. 'I can't even remember about the cocks in me.'

Pam finally had to release Damien from her sucking lips and turned to watch Jillian finish off the Labrador.

"Go, girl!" She cheered. "You suck that mother!"

When she decided to crawl over to her friend, she found out that she was dragging Hans along with her. They were still tied and the dog was still gripping her tightly around her Barbie- doll waist.

"Fuck!" Pam gasped at feeling the tension around her pussy. "Geez, Jilly. This damn dog is stuck up my twat."

Jillian couldn't respond as her mouth was still stuffed full with Hector's thrusting cock. She could only peer at the blonde beauty, a smile on her lips as she continued deepthroating the thick shaft. Also, in her aroused state, she began humping her labia over Jonas belly and stroking his cock at the same time.

This wasn't lost on the stubby dog, and his cock began to reenergize itself.

"Mmmmmh! Aarrggghh! Mmmmmh!" Jillian moaned as she felt the re-stiffening of the cock still stuck in her cunt.

Pam dragged herself and Hans closer to Jillian and the two dogs for a closer look to the grand finale of her friend's first real deepthroat. It was when she was less than a foot away that she realized that the fat Beagle beneath her was humping furiously once again.

"Garrggghh!" Jillian groaned as Jonas' knot grew from within her cunt this time.

There would be no forcing the wide bulb into her this time. No pain of it breaking past her pussylips. This time, she would be tied with the dog from the very start of the fuck.

Pam dragged the tied Shepherd to Jillian's ass for a closer look at her cock-stuffed pussy. The sight of that bulbous mass thickening inside Jillian's pussy, stretching her cuntlips farther apart as it inflated itself excited her.

She reached over and rubbed her hand across Jillian's shaved pussylips, paying particular attention to her blood engorged clitoris.

"Mmmmmmmh!" Jillian moaned at Pam's nurturing caress.

Just then, Hector howled and he too began squirting vast amounts of doggy jism into Jillian's mouth. Just as Pamela had had to endure with Damien earlier, Jillian was now having to deal with the powerful climax as this very virile and horny beast.

Pam watched with great interest as Jillian's cheeks ballooned and then shrank with each swallow of doggy cum. She was almost proud at how well the local weathergirl was handling all that spunk. She knew personally how much a dog cums from her earlier suck with Jillian's Doberman. So, to see Jillian managing the horny Labrador so easily was inspiring.

"Suck him Jilly!" Pamela cheered her on, never relenting on Jillian's clit. "Suck that beast! Drink all of his spunk! Don't you waste a drop, honey!"

She could feel moisture culminating on her fingers as she continued masturbating the brunette, and not being one to waste anything, she dipped her head down and began munching on Jillian's pussy as Jonas' cock was stuck up there.

"Mmmmmmmh!" Jillian moaned in orgasm, as she was receiving the royal treatment from all sides.

She could feel Hector's cock still spurting down her throat, and Jonas' cock filling her cunt. And now, she could also appreciate Pamela Anderson's tender tongue as her friend gave her the best pussy-licking she had ever had.

Jillian increased her sucking as Pam continued licking her cock-stuffed cunt. She could feel herself nearing yet another powerful orgasm as her friend licked her clit with the Beagle's cock still in her pussy, while she was busily draining Hector's cock-stem of his nectar.

Her nipples ached for having remained so hard for so long. She was wishing that this would end soon. Not because she wasn't enjoying the whole experience, but rather because she was sexually wasted and needed the rest.

Hector was finally done and he pulled away from her sucking mouth. Jillian tried to keep him in her lips, but soon he just pulled to far away for her to keep contact. As his cockhead pulled away, a string of jism still connected them together, stretching from her lips to his cockhead.

Jillian watched in fascination as the cummy string stretched, refusing to break. Meanwhile, she ran her tongue across the roof of her mouth to capture the lingering taste of the salty spunk the large dog had deposited there.

Pamela was momentarily pulled away from Jillian's pussy when Hans began tugging at her cunt by his cock. His knot had shrunk sufficiently so that now the dog was trying to pull himself out of her.

"Ouch! That hurts you dumb dog," Pamela protested as the still impressive knot finally pulled out with a pop.

"Oh-my-God! Pammy," Jillian finally found her voice. "Th... that was so... so fucking weird. I never knew that an animal... a dog could fuck so good! Shit, that black one just kept cumming and cumming. I... I thought he'd never quit cumming in my mouth."

"I know what you mean, hon," the blonde TV star replied, then buried her face back in Jillian's crotch.

Just then, Jonas howled and he emptied his balls for the second time in Jillian's tight pussy.

"Oh, wow!" Jillian gasped as she felt the warm ejaculation from within. "I think... I think Jonas is cumming now."

As Pamela kept licking Jillian's clit, she could feel that the chubby Beagle was in fact shooting a fresh load in her friend's already cum-filled pussy. She watched as the dog's ballsack tightened with each surge of jism up his pipe. She could only imagine how good Jillian must be feeling after receiving a third load of doggy jism in her cunt.

Jonas wasn't as virile as the other dogs. In fact, he was so weak that once he emptied his balls for the second time, his knot shrank almost immediately.

Jillian felt that bulbous mass reducing in size with each passing second and felt sure that she could finally pull free of her Beagle's shaft. Moving her knees over her dog, so as not to hurt him, she rolled on her back and gasped heavily in relief.

Pamela Anderson didn't waste any time. She jumped on top of her prone friend and assumed the popular 69 position over her Jillian's parted pussylips.

Jillian smiled as she felt drops of Hans' fluid dripping on her face from Pam's cum-filled pussy above her. pulling the blonde woman's ass down, she quickly began hunting down the salty residue in her friend's cunt. Pam began doing the same with Jillian's.

For the next half hour, these two women were sucking and licking each other's shaved pussies in search of the doggy jism that had been unloaded there. And when they had gotten all of that, they simply concentrated on eating each other to mind-blowing orgasms.

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## Epilogue

"My god!" Jillian gasped as they sat at the pool discussing what went on. "How did that happen?"

"I don't know, Jilly," Pam said truthfully. "I came over for our date and found you unconscious with a dog fucking your cunt. At first, I tried to pull him off, but he just growled at me. Then... then I kinda got all hot watching that black mutt shoving his hard dick in you."

"What do you mean the black mutt?" Jillian sat up straight. "I... I thought you said you found Jonas stuck in me!"

"Oooops!" Pamela blushed at being caught. "Well, uh, you see..."

"Well, which was it?" Jillian pushed her.

"When I walked in, it was the black mutt fucking you," the blonde finally admitted.

"Then how come I woke up with Jonas stuck in me?" The brunette demanded to know.

"Well, uh, I kinda helped him fuck you," she said, ducking the pillow that Jillian threw at her.

"You... you slut!" Jillian said, laughing. "You helped my dog rape me."

"It seemed like a good idea at the time," Pamela retorted, throwing a cushion back at her friend.

A short pillow fight ensued as they wrestled each other to the ground. They tugged and grabbed their tits or dug a finger in each other's pussy until they fell apart laughing hard.

"By... huff! Huff!... by the way... huff!" Pamela Anderson asked while catching her breath. "Where did old blackie come from? Huff! Huff! I never saw him around before."

"Oh, him, he's one of the strays from my show," Jillian told her. "His name is Hector and they were going to put him to sleep if nobody adopted him today. So I brought him home to give him a chance."

"..." Pamela opened her mouth to say something.

"Oh, I know," Jillian cut in before Pam could say a word. "I promised hubby, no more pets. But he's out of town for the week, so that gives me five more days to find Hector a home."

"Did you say his name was Hector?" Pamela finally managed to break in.

"Yeah, why?" Jillian replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I know this clown," Pamela grinned.

"Really? Where from?" Jillian was surprised to hear this. "I don't remember him in any of your shows."

Pamela broke out laughing.

"What's so funny?" Jillian asked in frustration. "Let me in on it."

"You did mention that they told you this mutt was in movies, right," Pamela asked.

"Yeah, I figure he must have been one of those stunt animals," the brunette said, still confused.

"Oh boy, did they get that wrong," Pamela said. "Follow me."

The two women got up off the lounge chairs and made their way in Jillian's study. Still naked, Pam sat at Jillian's desk and opened up her computer. Jillian just stood behind her, confused as ever, to what her friend was doing.

She just watched as Pam opened up a website and typed in her login name and password. The site opened and Pamela clicked on an mpeg file. They waited patiently as the clip loaded up.

"Now watch carefully," Pam told Jillian as she sat her down in front of the screen.

A few minutes later, the video clip began playing. There, before her very eyes was the same dog fucking this petite brunette with short hair. His long cock slicing in and out of her tight pussylips.

She glanced over at the doorway and noticed Hector just sitting there, his tongue hanging from his lower jaw. Then she glanced back at the screen, then back to him.

"It's... that's him?" Jillian stammered. "They're one and the same?"

"By Jove! I think she's ghot it," Pamela laughed. "Yeah, baby. I think you got a sweet deal when you brought him home. Didn't you kinda wonder how he seemed to know how to fuck your mouth earlier?"

"I... I never gave that much thought," she replied.

"Well, it's kind of obvious to me that he knew exactly what to do," the blonde TV star said. "I wouldn't mind a shot at him myself someday."

"Pamela Lee Anderson," Jillian said in a scolding manner. "You are just awful."

They both laughed as they gave each other a deep frenchkiss.

"What will you do with him now?" Pam asked. "You gonna keep him?"

"God, I only wish I could," Jillian told her. "But you remember the fight we had when I brought Hans in the house. I don't think I could convince hubby to let me add another one, especially not one as big as Hector here."

"Big in more ways than one," Pam shot back. "So, what will happen to him then?"

"Well, if I can't find him a home, he'll probably be put down," Jillian said.

"Oh no," Pam gasped. "That would be an awful waste, don't you think?"

"I really can't see any solution," Jillian said. "I couldn't even consider letting a family take him. Especially if they had young girls. Could you imagine the scandal I would face if it came out that I had placed a sex trained dog in a home."

They both laughed at the idea of this huge brute of a dog molesting and then fucking an unsuspecting teenaged girl.

"What if I took him?" Pam finally suggested.



"You?" Jillian was surprised. "You mean you'd want to take him home with you. You mean just for tonight, right."

"No, I mean that I would adopt him," Pam smirked back.

"What about your boys, or Tommy for that matter?" Jillian asked, shocked at her friend's depravity.

"Who do you think showed me the vids of Hector in the first place," Pamela smiled back. "I think Tom would get a kick to actually have this stud in the house fucking me. As for the kids, well they know better than to come in my bedroom when the door is closed."

"Jeez Louise!" Jillian gasped. "You sure you want to do this?"

"Yeah, just think about it for a sec, Jilly," the blonde woman pointed out. "If ever you want another taste of Hector's cock, he'll be right down the road."

Jillian smiled at that idea. She could well imagine the kind of kinky romping they could manage with five dogs available to them anytime they wanted.

"Okay, it's a deal," Jillian grinned, jotting down something on a piece of paper. "Why don't you drop by this address with me tomorrow and we'll let them do the paperwork on Hector."

Pam glanced at the slip and read the address of the animal shelter that had the temporary guardianship of Hector. She smiled and kissed Jillian hard on the lips.

"Want to go for a swim," Pam asked as she looked down to the seated brunette.

"Yeah, I think we both need to cool down a bit," she replied, pushing her chair away from the desk. "By the way, do you know any more websites with this stuff on?"

"Sure," Pamela smiled, pinching Jillian's ass as she walked by. "I'll send you a few URL's by e-mail tonight. Hell, I'll even let you use my passwords to some."

Jillian leaned over and tucked her hand under Hector's huge head.

"There you go, Hector," she smiled, shacking his big head. "I told you I'd find you a new home."

As a final act, the huge dog slurped his wide tongue in her mouth past her lips and gave her a deep frenchkiss in appreciation.

Both women, Jillian Barberie and Pamela Lee Anderson, made their way to the pool. Still naked, they dove into the cool refreshing waters of her Olympic-size pool. And this being Beverly Hills, nobody could see them skinny- dipping in the light of day.

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Pamela left for home a few hours later, leaving Jillian to spend the night alone in the large house. Now that Hector's custody had been resolved, Jillian could relax as to his faith.

She stripped off the bathrobe she had put on after their swim and strode naked in her bedroom. She didn't usually parade around the house like this, but today seemed to have special meaning.

As she walked towards her bed, a clattering of nails followed her from the hallway. When she turned to see what it was, she smiled.

There at the door were all five dogs, sitting and panting. The pink tip of their cocks slithering out of their furry sheaths.

“Oh all right,” she smiled. “Once more to say goodbye to Hector. He won’t be here tomorrow.”

She climbed up on her king-sized bed and called them over to her. A rush of bestial speed came leaping up to her and began licking her all over.

This is how her night of discovery ended.