

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## **Buck**

In a way what I'm about to post just another of my ways to come to grips with myself, my past and who I've become from it for good or bad. Though for many years I've kept much of my past hidden and secret, as I've come to accept myself have this urge to share more and .....(pages removed by author, may try a rewrite as "fantasy" in that so many of late have told me it helped them to understand "how & why" a person could justifiably and rightly so be with an animal.)

To this day though having resolved my hatred of people having sorted out the whys of so many, I've never hesitated when it came to dogs mostly to give into them when so inspired. No doubt a twisted sort of thinking, in my mind it just seeming right. I know it's not, yet I know that when a dog wants sex with you it's because he wants you and simply sex. It seeming always appreciated, never encouraged by me yet never refused.

In the end Buck having taught me what a healthy sexual attitude was, and though maybe wrong for me at times is right. Also know if you're reading this past my husband, you're the first to know of Buck.

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## **The Horde**

### **The Years Between**

As said, though knowing it neither conventional nor normal had learned to at least not feel slighted when sexual activity was pressed for by dogs. All of my encounters subsequent to Buck sexually in any form were very negative only enhancing my opinion of other people up to that point. Times after when I was with animals though always forced upon me, I never gained the impression that the animal did so out of malice. The animal simply doing what was natural or perhaps even as much a victim as I was. To be blunt however, though I remember most encounters all too clearly for my liking, for all intensive purposes I had become numb to such things. In the end I believe having no affect on me one way or the other.

There did indeed however finally come a shift in my life where I was able to make choices, and as most do, do so based on their own value set. Having been involved in many negative things, my life for much of it \_\_\_\_\_ being caught up in the white slave trade till I was able to return to the U.S. at 24. For the most part, the things I did simply a matter of survival. Once back however, unable to read or write in fact barely speak in any language mine a mix of many mostly slang (which to this day I still battle when nervous or excited), found myself relegated to doing the only things I had ever known. That being dancing (exotic), very low budget porn, and naturally prostitution driving much of it.

My sex life was virtually non-existent as I considered all things work related, work. Any of the balance simply cold lesbian encounters wanting nothing to do with men and sadly somewhat cruel on my part as at this time in my life I simply hated me, and took it out on others. Masturbation even which I suppose had been brainwashed into me as a daily necessity was not pleasant. Oh I'd cum, yet it was more a feeling of had to do it, the feeling after of "thank god it was over". Never the less, a second time would come in my life when dogs would generate a positive change in me. Perhaps all the forced encounters between Buck and this making it easier to accept and look beyond, yet the change would have nothing to do with my thoughts on animals, yet people as a whole, and most of all, myself.

The following what I remember of that time in my life. It's something I've dwelled upon often fondly,

and what I quite frankly feel was my only other positive encounter with man or beast then Buck on a sexual level till roughly 30 years old. Posted simply as a venting of the past to finally put it away. As just like my accounting of Buck only my husband has been privy to these two tales.

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## **Entrusted With Anothers**

At 27 I was renting a very old small one room cabin from a rather nice couple in their 40's. Never prodding of who I was or what I did, always having an uncanny ability to sense how much I wanted to talk and about what subjects, they gave me a sense they had experienced some life on their own and were simply giving back to others. In kind they never asked for anything more then rent. So when the day came I was told they intended on taking a three week trip out of the country so to save my rent and give to them later, I was surprised when they entrusted me with something very dear to them.

Whenever I visited to make my weekly payments, in short order I was attacked by the "horde". Not in a bad way, just always glad to see company and even the wife often mentioning how when the horde rushed me how it was the only time she ever saw me smile. The "horde" a group of five massive black and yellow Labrador Retrievers, two of them four years old, the other three, three. All male and not neutered as they were so exceptional were on occasion used as studs. Admittedly "oversized" for the breed, very muscular, tall, their weights if I recall between 130-145 pounds (as at the time I was a scrawny 102 and roughly 5 foot 5 or 6 so recall the difference). Now these dogs were quite well cared for considering the region. Needing to be looked to daily, ticks a massive source of trouble in the south it clear they were well loved, and naturally being dogs it was returned in spades.

So considering how socially distant I was, yet more so these folks love for their babies, I was stunned when asked if I'd like to forgo rent if I would simply care for the horde for the time they'd be gone. Told later I grinned wide, then quickly furrowed my brow and asked "are you sure?" Was told absolutely as I was trusted (which I was also told later though tight lipped and expressionless my eyes welled up from that comment), and the boys seemed to love me so who better.

That said, there was no thought of sex on my mind that not being a part of my life at this time. No thought of Buck, nor of the other animals I had been forced to be with on occasion over the years, the last a dog in a very low budget porn film and even that a cold unpleasant affair. At the time however something was said that struck me as simply confusing, and only recognized what it was said for many years after. Yet I was taken aside by the wife as her husband smiled on and some basic advice or perhaps rules set down.

First off, it was up to me if I wanted to leave them there or take them to my tiny home. Clearly knowing where I lived renting from them, they'd understand if I preferred to leave them there though they were used to constant company and would most likely travel to between the homes. So I grunted out "my cabin" not thinking clearly, having not considered its size. Next explained to about their habits and needs, yet what followed confused me more then anything, my natural paranoia of my profession making me think it was being hinted at.

It was suggested that if I took them home I not have guests over, like boyfriends and such. That naturally not an issue as I never brought anyone there be it work or one of my occasional female lovers, yet it made me wonder if maybe the boys grew mean around strangers never even considering what lovers do. Most of all however, I feared they did know what I did for a living, her suggestion one more of not wanting me to do business there while they were gone.

In kind it was also suggested that I not parade around undressed. Now that concerned me. Concerned me in the regard that old fears and habits insisted in the cabin I wear nothing. In fact it habit for me to undress on the porch no matter the weather before going in as it simply kept my nerves calm, any degree of dress past a blanket wrapped round me instantly brought on deeply engrained fears from my father and others over the years. In kind, the cabin was very old. The sink, shower and toilet were outside in an attached shed as adding plumbing indoors would have been impractical. Even the old concrete cattle trough I used as a bath in the summer, and of course my daily sunbathing. So nudity around the cabin was almost an imperative, yet due to its location and solitude never an issue "before".

Not one at that time to put 1+1 together, I simply assumed I had been seen nude around the cabin which I often was, and this her way of trying to put a stop to it yet agreed still dwelling on the "trusted" aspect. Lastly I was told something I really didn't understand. That being if her babies got out of control or too "rambunctious" as she put it "for me", to simply clap my hands together twice sharply and say "no, no". Thinking on it later I assumed she meant the dogs wrestled like they do, that my way to settle them if it got out of hand.

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## **Invasion of the Horde**

That following Friday morning I was awoken by a knock at the door. Sleepy and hung over from dancing till 3:00AM, I answered the door that had never been knocked on in my entire time there with a quilt wrapped around me. My landlord setting down bags of dog food, and across the creek my landlady standing at the rear of their pickup and as she opened the tail gate out rushed the horde.

Now to give you a clearer picture, their land filled a hollow from its base to up the mountain. Their home at the road below, yet the cabin I stayed in near the top of the little mini valley. The two track quite steep, and the wall across the two track near vertical and right next to it. A creek perhaps six feet down ran the opposite side of the road a narrow foot bridge to get to the cabin, the cabin set almost to the back opposite wall of the hollow with old woods above and newer growth below between the homes which had once been pasture. Nice and private hence my wondering about them seeing me nude.

The cabin itself old, very old as a matter of fact I told once that it had been built just after the civil war, yet was so sound they left it be. A sheet tin roof rusted brown, the log pole beams and columns of the porch having been there forever. The construction just as modest, rough hewn studs with clapboard on the outside exposed within, one stone wall with a fireplace in it, and it all a dark hue from a hundred years of smoke. There was also only the most modest of wiring. A bare bulb from the ceiling hanging by its cord, and a single outlet by the front wall, the wires exposed and so old the insulation was cloth.

Lastly, the bare plank floor was so worn it felt almost soft to your bare feet. Common paths used for so long the boards actually had wore paths in them or grooves where you walked. A rather large iron bed with an ancient mattress upon it so soft it enveloped you, covered in numerous old hand made quilts so old and wore they felt like butter. The only other bits of furniture in the cabin were a small wooden kitchen table the paint cracked and stained, a single wooden chair and on the porch a rocker with various cord spiral rugs made from old socks about the floor.

The oddity though so very out of place there, was a very old chaise lounge. Deep red velvet wore off in many points. No sides, in fact very conveniently reclined in a gentle sweep almost making me

wonder if some whore from years past had owned it. Most of my time spent there or in the rocker outside unable to read, simply dwelling on my past becoming more bitter.

Anyway, like a swarm of black & yellow hair the horde rushed from the back of the truck and across the narrow bridge so wildly I almost dropped the quilt from me to try and rush to it to save any that might be pushed over its edge. Yet before I could take a single step they were across and bounding up the hard pack path to the cabin. Though told, I didn't have to be as I can still recall how my face felt. First almost hurting beaming so wide, yet my eyes suddenly strained bugging as my massive smile turned to a look of someone having a train of fur bear down on them standing on the tracks.

Before I could step aside it happened, run down where I stood by the barbarian horde, knocked flat on my rump sprawled out and naked then drowning in drool as five massive tongues licked at my face in greeting. Scrambling up yet unable to pull from under them the quilt, I quickly took up my towel from the rockers back and wrapped it around me my landlord looking on.

Though smiling and shaking his head, his words made me feel self conscious. "Best be careful about that, running around like that will get you in trouble". Now to me that meant one thing, if his wife saw I'd be in for it. My expression becoming stern feeling defensive yet said nothing as my landlady simply shook her head approaching yet smiling and said "lawd girl, I warned you but do as you want". A few more bits of general instruction from my landlady as her husband unloaded more food, bowls and so on, and in no time they were off and gone, the hollow mine for the next three weeks.

Turning round just me and the horde now and feeling uncomfortable in my own home undressed from the comments, I stepped back up on the porch and opened the old battered chest I kept my clothes in. Slipping on a pair of jeans and a white men's t-shirt my normal mode of dress when out in the world (yeah I was rather butchy). It was already hot being mid summer so uncomfortable at best. Worse still came the shiver and quivering lip as I tried to cross my own threshold. Bad memories and training or brainwashing really of being indoors dressed that had dominated the first 24 years of my life men seeming to prefer those they dominated "unarmored".

It taking all of two seconds to panic, yet I justified the feelings to myself as being what I saw instead. On the bed lay one of the boys almost covering it fully (the bed suddenly not as massive as it seemed to me), and the other four jammed into the tiny room that made up the entire cabin. This was a VERY bad idea as they alone filled it. "Out dogs!" all it took. The horde scrambling out just as wildly as they entered, once they were off the porch I simply sat on its edge with the horde looking on and milling about in the tiny front yard between the cabin and the creek. Really unsure what to do my days spent stewing really, dwelling on a life of believed misfortune, I had no idea on how to deal with these five massive beasts now that I had them there.

Asking if they were hungry brought at first cocked heads and blank stares. Quickly that even changing as once more I was swarmed my head awash in tongues and drool. Fighting my way up I stood kicking myself for getting involved with others, yet as my hands petted furry blocky heads and backs soon I began to settle down and just enjoy the day.

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## **Suffering a New Way**

For the next two days there was nothing eventful about my new condition save panicking so bad about being dressed inside I slept those first two nights in the rocker on the porch. I'd feed them and myself doing as I always did and pulling the hotplate out the front window onto the porch to cook. Would walk up the hollow and down to its end, odd for me actually as I never went past the old

pasture before yet the hollow now mine to move freely in, the horde as always in tow. When I'd go to work in the evenings the dogs would simply chase my motorcycle to the end of the two track, yet just as I knew they wouldn't, they never left the hollows end. The first night I found them waiting on the porch, same mauling of licks as usual from these massive hairy beasts. Then right back to sleep it late as they'd lay about on the porch me in the rocker. The second the same, yet it was the third that things quickly changed.

Frankly I was tired. It wasn't till about dawn I came home that third night having done a "special show" at the club for a rather wealthy customer him having requested that I and two other girls "play" for him. Getting home the sun already up found the dogs down by the main house racing up the wooded pasture toward the cabin as I arrived, I so tired and buzzed that their licks were not even fended off. Sitting on the porch just praying they'd lay down and go to sleep, I pulled off my boots and sat on its edge stinking from the night before and considering not even showering as I normally did before bed after working being so tired. Yet as I sat there half dozing it happened. One nuzzling my neck, my hands petting two others heads, as suddenly I felt a massive tongue lick from the ball of my foot its heel on the edge of the porch, to between my toes and over the top that single act making me freeze.

At the time I didn't know why it did, not even considering years before with Buck. In kind I didn't because it was something that felt very good to me though had not felt it since. In fact, I didn't think about anything my mind going blank, yet the reaction it inspired should have been telling to me. Already messy from the show still, in an instant I could feel myself become whet and had an overwhelming need to masturbate as I had to daily. Yet I quite simply couldn't move or even speak as the massive tongue bathed between each toe fully, the feeling finally rising to a panicked state as I stood up and told the horde to go inside.

More than anything I hated this feeling, loathed myself for it. Hated what it meant and probably was more ashamed then anything feeling like some junky yet it my head screwed up not some need for a drug. Yet frowning closing the horde up inside went round to the attached shed unable for the past three days to get my fix like I normally would inside the cabin having even this aspect of my life disrupted. I was disgusted with myself, yet like someone doing a chore they hated set to it. Pulling my jeans to my ankles and squatting on the dirt floor of the water room, I took the tall thin glass Pepsi bottle from the sink I often used, and set its lip to my cunnie and pushed. Since I could remember it had always been the same, this awful feeling I had to be shoving something into either my cunnie or bottom to get off. I'm not speaking gently either, as I'd shove it in as though almost wanting it to hurt, to then as I'd twist hard at my nipples through the t-shirt begin to thrust it inside.

Muttering and cursing the entire while, my words just as harsh as I'd mutter out "cunt, you fucking whore, slut" and a hundred other terms in various languages, I'd work myself up to a point then setting the bottle's base to my heels squatting over them, suddenly press down hard as my now free hand would rub violently and twist and pull at my clit. Oh sure I'd cum, yet it was miserable. I always felt ashamed, always felt like this was a curse to have to do daily, hating myself for doing it and hating all who over the years had forced me to masturbate often to make it habit.

When done as always on the verge of tears, I'd tenderly remove the bottle and set it back up, as now sweaty from the awful heat in the shed and now sopped from my vile efforts slid up the wall of the shed to standing and pulled up my jeans. Disgusted by myself, angry, and bitter, I made my way to the door opening it the horde rushing out. Looking to the rocker I just couldn't do it again, and though it made me shake and actually cry to do so, I went inside with my jeans and t-shirt on and crawled into the bed under the quilts till I fell deeply asleep.

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## **Back in my Home**

I had no idea how long I had slept, what I do know however is I was suffocating. It felt like a thousand degrees under the quilts on the bed, and I couldn't move suddenly realizing three of the horde were atop me sleeping between my legs, over my back and to my side. Worse still hot and tired, I felt panicked so confined used to sleeping alone, and to top it all off the clothes I had on gave me a deep sense of dread.

No doubt I almost thrashed to rise shouting at the dogs to get off, and finally prying myself from under them as I was freaking out. It took me all of five seconds perhaps to yank the shirt over my head and peel off the sticky jeans, and like a thousand bricks had been lifted from my shoulders trying to shed the shivers I had from some deep fear, reached for my bottle of Crown which I rarely did and took a long drink as I stepped to the chaise and lay back on it.

It had been too much. I was a solitary person, I had certain things I had to do to not stir up old bad feelings. This whole situation tested them, and as much as I wanted to blame someone I only could myself. Relaxing slowly, a couple swigs more and I slipped the bottle onto the floor and lay back on the chaise as the breeze cooled my skin and began to dry the sweat from me. Here is where I'd sleep, and clothes inside be damned. I couldn't do this for three weeks as I had been. It had to be on my terms trust or no.

Now I'm sure I must of scared them a bit, and no doubt it my place to comfort them, yet I just needed a minute to gather myself not even knowing which dog was which to call out their names to soothe those seeming alerted by it all. So I simply closed my eyes and didn't worry about it, yet like all dogs being intuitive to stress and wanting to comfort, I had not considered that or maybe just why my landlady had suggested I remain clothed.

As I calmed and cooled I could hear them moving, the door open so they could go out if they wanted the next thing I felt was a massive wet tongue lapping at my neck and face. I just stayed quiet though turned my head away my hands behind it leaning back, yet was quickly stunned by what followed.

Sweaty no doubt the initial reason and clearly upset the dogs wanting to soothe me, the very tongue that lapped at my neck moved and suddenly began bathing my armpit. I couldn't move though my eyes flashed open, and if it had been that alone I could of shrugged it off though had always loved the sensation however my time with Buck a distant memory. In almost an instant I felt another tongue on my belly, then one on my breast and other sides armpit, and lastly both of my feet began being bathed.

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## **Reminded of Buck**

Like a flood of memory it swept over me, Buck lapping at my special places and without exaggeration it sucked the breath from me. Mouth agape I turned my head and looked down my naked body, only to see these five massive dogs of black and yellow fur lapping at me with vigor. I couldn't move, more so I could feel in an instant all the intense feelings of lust rush over me. My cunnie still dirty from the night before and my attentions earlier sopping so much I felt it running over my bottom, and I even let out a clear "oh gawd" as the horde bathed away.

To say I couldn't move was an understatement as I couldn't breathe nor pull away. Couldn't even say "no" though I thought it, almost as though paralyzed in motion, word and thought. It was not fear that gripped me, it was quite simply lust coupled with old memories of Buck. Yet that lust inspired

an instant fear as I knew already for me it was too late. The bathing of my feet the best yet worst. Best in that I could feel their slick laps between each toe, feel their teeth as they rooted to lick deeper on their undersides. The worst in that out of reflex my toes flared, and I could feel my knees out of my control begin to part. That to my armpits just as bad loving that as well. Granted the licking covered my pits, arms, neck and breasts, yet each swab over my pits specific simply inspired it all further. As my knees unlocked and rolled out bending slightly, it all happened so fast if I did not dwell on it often after I'd still not understand what happened.

Flexible now the two at my feet pushing and rooting there pressed them up easily. As they did they followed stepping onto the chaise. My knees pushed out each trying to keep at them soon found one straddling my left thigh almost pinning it down, my other leg bending the same out of reflex I suppose yet opening up my cunt wide. It took but a second as the one lapping at my belly and abdomen moved round the one at my right foot, and in a flash he was up on the chaise between the two at my feet and I felt his licks race up my thigh. I didn't have time to react, not that I'm sure I could have, or possibly even would of. Yet the second I felt that sloppy massive tongue grind to my cunt I came violently. Back arching high and almost pulling out my hair as my hands gripped behind my head. I know I yelled or groaned loudly as I came, as I shuddered and my head rolled almost under my neck.

My orgasm was so hard I flooded or gushed something I rarely did at that point in my life, and I didn't even get to finish the first before a second and even more intense wave slammed into me. My body was on fire. I recall how my toes felt like they'd break flaring out so wide and my feet curled back. The tendons in my crotch from thigh felt like they'd snap. I'm not sure why maybe just the intensity of it, yet I had begun to sob as the waves of my orgasms rushed over me. In fact at that moment I was cumming harder then I could ever remember. Helpless in that I could not stop, I'm not sure if it was simply old memories though most likely. My cunt had been eaten a thousand times over the years and I had never cum like this. In kind, I had been in the middle of groups often as well, yet again nothing like this where attention was spent on me, for me not themselves. Yet most of all as I came I did not feel the self loathing, the disgust with myself I usually did. More so I did not have that driving urge to slam my thighs shut and announce it was over.

Now as I said before though no doubt wrong, to me and due to my experience this simply felt right. It did not feel like work, or \_\_\_\_, or those times I felt obligated to have sex be it with myself or others. More so it felt like it was intended for me from these beasts not for their own desire. Yet as I calmed from my second orgasm guilt swept over me as though I was abusing my landladies trust with her babies, and I tried with all my heart to utter out for them to stop.

It was not to happen, for as my mouth opened to speak all that came out was another loud groan as I came a third time. As strong as the first and second this one though deeper, longer and more intense. It felt as though all my life's tensions were being sucked from me, and unable I simply gave into it letting it take me fully as though my body and mind were making up for a lost sexuality.

Now in retrospect, I suppose the horde had done this before. The licking part natural even to my twat. What wasn't though them increasing their intensity when I'd yell out instead of stopping and pulling away. So I guess, and that all it was at that point just a guess, my landlady made use of her babies as well. True or not I didn't know, yet it would of been my guess. As my third orgasm in all of about two minutes ebbed I found myself able to gather enough strength and wit to roll to the side my thigh was pinned on curling up. As though on cue the dogs pulled away, yet just enough to reposition my back, bottom and flank exposed the target of their licking affections though now oddly more soothing.

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## Reciprocation

As I lay there weeping, really almost joyous it having been over 17 years since I had enjoyed an orgasm, the dogs simply continued away yet slowed to a calming pace. Though I'm sure it's hard for most to understand I was in heaven. Joyous beyond belief, a lifetime of stress and fear seeming gone, pampered something I had never known past Buck, and with an overwhelming feeling of this is how my life should be.

More so I felt comforted, safe, and quite simply "right" for lack of a better word. So maybe just the flood of emotion and security, yet when the one I was facing stepped over me setting his paws to the head of the chaise to lap at the back of my neck, I couldn't help myself staring at a thick dripping cock's tip peeking out, to reach out and take it in my hand and then shift to slip it in my mouth. Looking back I think it was maybe just reflex. Reflex in the regard that sex in most cases to me entailed trying to get a male off never myself. Yet it seemed like the right thing to do I suppose as though simply a natural step once again forgetting the first time I did this for Buck.

Be it reflex or perhaps a sense of obligation, I never the less loved this, it felt right. Never up to this point in my life except with Buck had a cock in my mouth ever meant anything to me except something vile and ugly I had to do. This I wanted. Wanted his cum to flood into my mouth, wanted to taste it, wanted to feel the flood as my jaw was forced open and it thrust inside. I loved the feeling of the back of his forelegs pressing to the back of my head and shoulders, and loved the feeling of it as it passed between my lips the instant spurts splashing on my tongue, my inner cheeks and back of my throat.....and when he came fully my hand having slipped back to rub his balls though massaged his knot instead, I clearly remember my moaning my eyes rolling back in my head, almost drowning on it so much as his huge cock pumped into my mouth and he thrust as deep as I'd let him my mouth filled ten times over what a man would as I swallowed all I could down.

It was perfect. No shame, no guilt, no driving need to pull away and get away from this person the deed done. I would of suckled on that cock forever if he'd not of jumped down. My slick hand covering my mouth after just to relish it all.

Yet I had forgotten something. This was not like with Buck. First off these dogs were MUCH larger, and it was not one it was five. So when I began to hear whines and felt a paw pull at my calf as though urging me to roll over, I simply gladly abided and in a haze of ecstasy, slid from the side of the chaise setting my knees to the worn wood floor and slid out away from it then to feel a massive furred body slip up on me and that same thrilling feeling of paws pulling my thighs open wide and back I had experienced when Buck first took me. In an instant I felt that soft tapping to my nether-lips, that probing and soft pushing to find the entrance to my core. Felt the tip find my clit then press as it slid up my slick cunnie, and then that brief pause as it found the mark. The cock did not lunge into me, what I felt was powerful, dominating, made me feel gratefully submissive as I felt my body get jerked back by massive forelegs to impale my cunt on his thick cock.

As I said these Labs were massive for their breed, and oddly muscular thinking back it makes me wonder if they were not perhaps mixed with another though knowing they were not. Perhaps my pose, or maybe even I had reflexively tried to pull away, yet the initial penetration and the subsequent thrusts felt more as though I was being yanked over and over onto this cock, not that it was being pushed into me. Simply due to what I had lived through over the years I normally would not of liked such handling. Yet at that moment I loved it, loved how I felt small and weak, as though I had no choice in that I wanted it. Yet in the regard that this beast wanted me so very badly he would take me if I would not give it. All in all, a very feminine feeling something I rarely felt.

Again I found myself cumming violently, though much of it his ejaculate as dogs seem to do so

constantly when aroused, I know I gushed once again as I could feel it splash back on me (and no I don't mean squirt, I flood a better term). His cock was thick, very thick in fact as I felt it raking into me over and over. It was even quite long I recall it testing my comfortable depth as I arched my back down and tried to let my belly sag to make more room. It was also hot, maybe just in my mind yet it felt as though his cock and especially his cum was much hotter than a man's it rarely even felt. Lastly I could feel what at first struck me as his balls actually his knot pressing very hard to my cuntie mashing my nether-lips and clit hard filling the hollows between my cuntie and thighs. Gripping at the chaise with my hands when I came I almost slipped off it fully. Then to feel this huge dog press hard to my cuntie as his cock seemed to swell further and what were firm yanks pulling me back turned to tiny yet forceful applications of pressure with his knot as (though I may have imagined it or my own cunt spasming as I know he didn't tie with me) his cock to throb inside me as I felt a definite flood of his cum into me.

To say I was a wreck at this point would be an understatement. I had cum four times in the matter of just a few short minutes. My mouth still coated thoroughly with cum, and then this dog had just fucked me in a way that made me feel absolutely perfect versus the maulings I was used to. See the error there? I didn't either not thinking clearly at that moment. As the heavy cock was yanked from me quickly replaced by a tongue which I most definitely did not need or want as I felt a huge load of cum pour from me, I fought to pull myself up further onto the chaise before I collapsed. My chest pressed to the old fabric as my belly sagged past its edge. Me panting and I remember whispering while crying "thank you".

It had not been fifteen seconds when I felt the tongue thankfully pull away, yet then was replaced by the heavy weight of one of them pressing down on my hips and back again as my thighs were gripped firm once more. My eyes flashed open as I was about to say "no" thinking to myself how many times is this dog going to cum yet that thought made me hesitate, then it was too late. The thought simple. Not sure why, perhaps just lost in the ecstasy of it all or perhaps my mind having flashed back to Buck, yet my error as mentioned above being that it had not been one dog that came in my mouth then mounted me filling my cuntie. Yet had been two, and it struck me. There were five.

Now five is a LOT of cock to take, yet what makes it worse is having been in this situation before (though in very unpleasant circumstances), dogs will often take their turn and if so inspired, do so again, and again if allowed to. Not always, sometimes having had their fun moving on. Yet I think just like men even though having cum already if they watch sex long enough after become re-inspired. The hesitation of that though cost me. I was done, more satisfied than I had ever been in my life, yet suddenly I felt without effort or searching another heavy cock suddenly pressing deep into me. I had begun to say "no", paused, and upon feeling my cunt filled once more that no turned into "nyo gawd!" as I mixed to phrases together. Worse still, as I felt this thick cock bottom out in me, I then felt it press further with a couple short lunges, and then felt something I'd not known for many years. Sunk fully into me I could feel his knot swell. My twat stretched more than I could remember the whole thing happening it seemed in just a couple seconds. Instantly I was torn (decision not physically), as I reflexively tried to pull away which was too late feeling as though trapped by my own cunt, yet at the same moment his rapid jerking, his knot stretching my g-spot to its limits I came violently once more.

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## **Blissful Surrender**

Now I could go on forever about how it felt, the amount of cum and so on. Or how I know for sure that each dog came in me at least once though I was fucked more than five times though the number

I'm not sure of. Yet instead I'd rather speak of what happened to me at that moment, and something I'm sure few here understand yet that being "sub-space".

Sub-space for one having never experienced it in its varied forms can either be very wonderful, numbing, to even horrible most especially after. My experiences over much of my life to this time where I found myself slipping into a "sub-space" though not till many years later understanding the term had always been the latter two forms. Most often numbing, quite simply there coming a point where you shut down. You may move, might even do without prompting though can even take the form of lifelessness, yet in the end you're not feeling much of anything physically or at least ignore it. Most of all not mentally or emotionally as though you simply don't care so it doesn't seem to register.

When horrible the best way to describe it perhaps is a phrase I once heard. "The strongest bars of the most secure prison are behind the eyes". During those sorts of times it is nothing short of horrific. Unable to move, speak, or even take your mind far away, it like being in a catatonic state though your mind very aware. If lucky you don't physically feel, if not as was often the case with me during these times you feel everything. Yet you are helpless to resist, yet your mind screams out for help. By far the very worst of feelings I have ever known.

What I encountered with the horde however was nothing short of wonderful. In fact the first time I had felt it in my life. Exhausted as I was, having came harder and more often in such a span of time then I ever had, when suddenly locked with a powerful beautiful beast inside me and knowing that this was just the beginning I quite simply submitted to it. This actually very odd for me then and even now. Quite simply not my personality yet something that moment and since I have treasured. As my orgasm seemed to ebb yet continued on softly like some raging surf calming to gentle swells and breakers, I felt my entire body flush and grow warm, my eyes ebbed tears as every bit of me took on this buzzy feeling. Not really numb, yet like that perfect moment just before you fall into a deep sleep. It was heaven.

Unable or maybe just not wanting to move though I think the latter, every push and shove of my body felt, every lick, every time one of the boys cock's would slip into me, thrust, swell then gush. It's an odd feeling, one where you almost feel helpless yet want it that way. A good example being anal sex. Painful if done wrong, uncomfortable, unpleasant. Yet when done right and you relax or more so give into it, suddenly all the pleasure from it floods forth.

Like a dream almost though a lucid one. You know all that is happening, feel it, and enjoy it yet you're really just in for the ride now. In any case no matter how you'd describe a positive sub-space, it was pure bliss. Yes I came more, yet they were not the crushing orgasms at first, more gentle surges that never seemed to fully go away. Though I believe I was awake through all of it though some just a blur, in the end when things seemed calm I must of drifted off to sleep. A sleep like I could not remember. The entire event had started I'd guess mid morning. However I vaguely recall the room going dim as the summer sun faded past the hollows edge so perhaps mid evening when it ended. When I awoke it was dark out, my mind somewhat fuzzy though well rested, I was tired no doubt the entire event on a physical, mental and emotional level having taxed me to my limits.

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## **Battered Confusion**

Sometime during my sleep I must of slipped from the chaise, my bottom resting off to one side on the floor, legs folded to the other almost under me and my head, arms and shoulders all that was left on the lounge. At first I was simply tired I thought, yet as I tried to rise I instantly felt the sharp

pains of having sat on the hard floor too long. Worse still, as I tried to unbend my legs I realized how battered my knees were. Scraped up to be sure, yet also stiff and bruised deep.

Sitting there a moment I distinctly remember how swollen my cunnie felt, and as I woke up how sticky and wet I and the floor were besides my body being covered in sweat it so humid, it "seemed" as though none of the drool from the slathering licks had dried either. Pulling my feet to under me, slowly I worked my way to standing and it struck me as odd, yet it felt like I was standing in a mass of very thin syrup almost. Unable to really see about half way up the odd feeling was revealed, as a large glob of cum fell from my cunnie onto the tops of my feet. That in itself made me shudder, as my mind cleared and I fully grasped and remembered all that had gone on, and though not really made horny again, it definitely prodded my arousal button as the chain of events flooded back. Stiff and sore all over, slowly I worked my way through the sleeping horde out onto the porch the position of the moon making me guess it was about two or three in the morning. It struck me I missed work though that didn't phase me too much. Yet I sat gingerly on the edge of the porch and considered all that had happened.

To that time in my life it had most certainly been my sexual ten. In fact except with Buck I couldn't remember a time when I had enjoyed sex, I mean really enjoyed it and gotten into it fully. More so though I'm sure seeming to most, to me it did not seem vulgar and ugly like all other times. Most of all I at first didn't hate myself for doing it. I remember reaching down and softly poking my very swollen cunnie. Tender and sore, it felt good never the less. My knees however didn't, and the more I thought about it my hips and finally my entire midsection and thighs from all the scratches beginning to burn. Yet my mind felt good right up till I thought it out too much.

Slowly and still unsteady I made my way to the shower in the attached shed. Though no light in there as I bathed half considering not doing so as to some degree the smell and feeling of me so filthy felt naughty in a good way, I quickly realized I was rather beaten up by it as every scratch lit on fire from the soap. Flanks, thighs and bottom welts from scratches, knees scraped up and my twat very tender. Making my way to the watering trough I gingerly slipped in. The water heated by the days though cooled slightly felt soothing. Sitting there till close to dawn however gave me too much time to think. Fears of what trouble I'd have at the massage parlor for not showing, more so there and at the club dancing so battered. I really didn't feel bad or dirty for having fucked the dogs, yet the one aspect that really worked at me was again my landladies trust.

Justify it how you want, yet at that moment I felt like the whore I was having "abused" as it felt her babies. Thoughts of how I might feel raced through my head, and I guess a lot of it fear that she'd somehow discover it or simply know as though the horde would go back and tell her somehow then everyone in the world would be informed. A thousand thoughts all negative flooding in, clouding the absolute joy I had felt during the whole affair and how I felt about the event in general. So with this new found guilt or fear overwhelming me, the first pre-dawn birds beginning to sing, I made my way up to the porch and pulled from the chest another pair of jeans and t-shirt. Slipping them on and followed by my boots, back in the rocking chair I went and fell asleep quickly.

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## **A Guilty Meal**

Awoken I suppose mid morning, a couple of the boys I guess wanting a repeat of the day before, I was roused by shoves, licks and nuzzles to my hands and thighs and that all too common whining males do when trying to inspire you to have sex with them be they man or beast. Though at first not remembering, a simple "no, no, go on" netted pouty looks yet the dogs lay down. Now awake however I decided having not eaten yesterday I should get some food. Reaching in the window and

grabbing a wad of money, still sore I made my way to my bike and had a hell of a time starting it so stiff. Yet down the hollow I rode and then to the little local country store, and let me tell you, have your coochie banged like mine was then try riding motorcycle is an adventure in itself.

Once there always self conscious around people, I recall feeling sure everyone knew why I was so stiff and limping, all surely knew I had been screwing my landladies dogs, and a thousand other paranoid thoughts raced through my head. It didn't help that though they'd see me there on occasion I refused to take the time to get to know anyone. Or that I rode a motorcycle, or that I looked like some skinny dyke in how I'd dress, my short boy cut hair and posture. To top it all off I saw those there pointing and whispering, and when I slipped down an isle out of eyesight yet in earshot had more heaped on in the form of "I hear she's a stripper in the city" as another stated clearly "well my brother said he saw her going into that trailer by the highway, you know, where them whores are at". Though maybe a half hour away in rural area's nothing seems to be able to be hidden, naturally it all ceasing as I rounded the corner and set down my eggs and bacon.

Now though perhaps childish there is nothing more satisfying in pulling out a wad of \$100.00 bills that could choke a horse, peeling one off as eyes bug and stare at more cash then they've ever seen in their lives. Then to have them have to fish out \$95 in change emptying the till when the banks are closed. Naturally, who and what I was already known you just had to rub salt in the wound. So when walking out I paused, turned round and childishly stated flat out to "good folk" who at their wildest moments said "dang", "Oh and tell your brother he still owes me another hundred for doing that thing he likes to his ass" and walked out having no idea who he is.

More embarrassed then mad I suppose, shame an all too common affliction for those that do their all for others, I cursed the entire ride back up to the cabin. The horde bounding up the hollow in pursuit, and as they prepared to launch their assault across the bridge as I began to walk cross it, already upset a single finger pointed at them and a sharp loud "no!" stilled their genuine and heartfelt greeting.

Walking to the cabin and setting the eggs and bacon by the hotplate, still cursing all the while as I threw my wad of cash back into the jar with the rest, I turned my wrath on everything wanting to really do so on myself yet I suppose in those days too weak of character. The rocker was not where I wanted it so kicked it to the side. The table not centered to the window so with a hard yank and shove made it so. My hair felt in the way though quite short so roughly mussed it up, and I was burning up it already hot out and cursed and ranted about wearing clothing as I stripped off my boots and jeans to then find an old five times too big pair of men's boxers in the chest. Yanking them on to have them fall so low being so loose if I sneezed they'd fall away and most upsetting of all my boots once more.

Ranting and raving, I turned round to find five very nervous faces. Looking them over and during those days one not to calm easily, it struck me how could I be so cruel to those that had done nothing yet bring me the most joy I'd known in my life. So though no doubt grudgingly too focussed upon my own self's woes, shook my head and squat down, calling them to me to be swarmed over by those not understanding. Now don't get me wrong, it was quickly evident what these adult male dogs had on their mind, and all my self torment was not going to be cast out over a moment of guilt, yet I curbed my already fired temper softly stating "no, no" and in an instant their efforts ended and all was normal.

Making our breakfast and insuring each received a fair portion. No refrigerator so everything bought had to be used. Much of the rest of the morning was spent walking the hollow, throwing sticks for the horde to retrieve, and watching them swim in the pond. I'm sure they were a bit agitated by my slow movements, knees and hips aching, and watched in fascination as I bathed my

thighs waist and rump in ointment to sooth the scratches. Yet for the balance of the morning it was as though from both sides the day before had not happened. So in my mind all was well and over. A full morning found it ending with a nap as I knew I had hell to pay at work that night. Though not willing to endure the tensions of clothing inside, I resolved myself to sleeping once more in the rocker the horde laying about on the porch and yard.

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## **Justifying Lust**

Not sure how long after, clocks not really my thing back then and more so having difficulty telling time, I awoke slouched back on the hard chair, my rump at its edge and legs outstretched. Yet oddly for me, found both my hands down the front of the massive boxers, and my fingers clearly deep in the folds of my cunnie. Now this surprised me as I never had awoken as such. Perhaps being swollen I thought so tender hence prodding, as I withdrew them I discovered my finger tips slick. A sniff and a taste telling me it wasn't fallout from the day before yet just me, and as I looked up I saw five pouting faces simply staring on.

"What?" my question, it answered in heavy exhales, groans of upset like those of pouting men yet not one head lifted to respond further. "What's wrong with you guys?" as I slid a foot toward one of the older two him just sliding his head away. As I looked on I knew what they were doing, as said pouting, and with that I simply shrugged it off it their problem not mine. Yet as I did so I felt that urge, that all too awful urge I had to obey in my routine and the thought of harsh words, bottles and self cruelty simply made me angry with myself as my hands slipped back in the loose shorts. As I did so, more groans of upset came from the five heads turning, sliding on the wood planks to look away.

They were ignoring me now, and in kind their tactics were working me feeling bad about yelling at them. So as I looked on thinking of what to say to get them to stop, I felt once more my swollen cunnie, whet and demanding my cruel attentions. Worse still after the mornings events at the store, I quickly began to justify what was going through my head in the form of "fuck them all, I can do what I want, who are they to judge me?" Yet added to that, all the thoughts that "make-up" reasons to do what it is I wanted to do.

Looking at the horde I guess I had made my decision finally heaping on enough counters to my new found morality. Not even getting up I pushed the tall cowboy boots from my small feet kicking them away, and slid out my right foot toward the same one who had refused my boot a minute ago. Nothing, just a long sigh of a breath and he shut his eyes. My own lips pursing in a pout as this was becoming besides upsetting for all also frustrating. With that I lifted slightly and slipped the now sticky boxers down, and as I was glanced at out of the corners of eyes none moving though a tension of anticipation clear upon them, I slowly parted my thighs and sat unmoving legs stretched out toward the two nearest. Nothing, even as toes found lips nothing just sighs, and I felt I had wrecked the most perfect experience I'd known.

Looking back on it, it makes me laugh though then it was very frustrating and upsetting. Not realizing it then, though they were being good and doing as told in a round about way they were going to make me beg, and beg I did.

Parting my thighs wider looking like some frog, this time I spoke clear, "it's ok, come on, it's ok". Heads turned and looked rising yet nothing more, so I scooted down my anus just past the edge and patted my cunnie and said clear though sweet, "come". I have to admit my eyes probably bugged, for in a second all five had risen almost scrambling and rushed the chair. As they did probably more defensively then anything I pulled my legs back heels to the chairs edge and snapped my thighs

shut. So the horde paused though were clearly excited and happy by the goofy expressions and wagging tails.

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## **A New Start**

My hands hung over the sides found mouths quickly bathing off my whetness as though some treat, and as I felt the first licks to my toes my thighs slowly parted and in an instant I felt tongues licking my cunnie and bottom. I was in heaven once more, more so they were happy and grateful, and it struck me how could I of been so cruel to those so giving. It took just moments before I came and it was as strong as those yesterday. Not given a second to even catch my breath, they continued my mouth suddenly clamped shut as I caught myself before saying “no” not wanting to use that all powerful word with them again. So just gripped the seat hard with my hands and dug my heels in preparing to be slammed hard again with another orgasm sure to come.

I could feel it all so clear, tongues bathing me between thigh and belly fully. Could feel the one grinding to my clit rooting so hard I could feel the front of his teeth, another wedged in tight doing all he could to shove his deep into my twat. Still a third pushing and rooting at my bottom even occasionally pressing it inside which thrilled me to no end. It all taking maybe half a minute and my second orgasm hit hard. So hard in fact I discovered later how I had scraped the paint off the underside of the old rocker’s seat with my nails, and the low deep and loud groan I made surely had to be heard at the end of the hollow.

There was no way I could endure another, such orgasms the kind where you simply want it all to stop so you can curl up and collect yourself. So as I shook hard almost sliding off the seat yet so very careful to not say stop or no, I closed my thighs once more and pulled my feet together to shield me, to find tongues licking between every toe only making the wave of the orgasm intensified. Panting hard my mind swirling, when I finally could open my eyes one of them licking the floor told me I must of flooded. Perhaps just reflex feeling you should reciprocate, or perhaps simply wanting to I slid my heels from the chairs edge to the poarch and pushed the rocker back to the wall, then slowly parted my thighs once more still shaking though covered my cunnie with my hand, and patted my chest and said “jump up”.

One of the older boys as always pushing through, it not taking a second invitation as in a second I found my face bathed in sloppy kisses, and though thinking it cruel to do was grateful they had their dew claws removed as I felt massive paws to my sides, and strong muscular hips between my thighs.

My rump past the edge I parted my thighs wide like a frog once more though my toes still barely touched the porch. His belly pressed to my abdomen I could feel him probing, it taking just a moment before I felt my netherlips part, and then the tip of his cock strike home. Lunging into me I recall my head unable to roll back against the seat back, more so how his cock raked along my g-spot and in seconds swelled to its thick long size. Hard thrusts his belly raking over my clit yet more so the poor angle causing it to rake my g-spot, found me raising my belly and tipping my hips down to match his angle it hurting as it was.

Aligned and all well, his paws gripped at my waist as he drove his cock into me. Yet as odd as it sounds so bestial in the mechanics of it, so savage a fuck to be blunt, it felt to me more like he simply needed it that bad, and that in itself made me feel wonderful that I could do this for him. It didn’t take long, his rear feet lifting and setting one after the other as he tried to position, and in a moment I felt him erupt which with a man you only feel the swell and shift in motions, and I could feel the constant tide of precum suddenly burst out as he came in me, and at that moment I

remember how good I felt about me, and what I was doing for him.

Panting over me for a moment his cock deep within me, suddenly I felt licks to my face as he pulled out roughly jumping down then buried his snout into my cunnie lapping up all that fell to turn and walk away then dropping down to bathe himself. Now the next thing surprised me having expected a never ending train of cock, yet the others waited either looking on in anticipation or licking at my outer thighs, feet and face as though asking if they could as well.

Readjusting in the chair, and pulling my heels wide to the corners of the seat this time to be able to adjust, all it took was a breathy "it's ok", and in a heartbeat I had the next over me finding the spot. Now I took the next two the same as the first, each grunting and thrusting, and though I thought about cumming for some reason just wanted to do this for them. In short order from what they'd lick after I could tell there was a puddle growing on the porch, yet unlike the first two the third was able to get his knot in, and as you can imagine things then changed.

Unlike the first couple, this time I came and came hard. He actually laying upon me I suppose his legs buckling as they wrapped around my mid back. What made it worse though is he kept pulling, and tied with me like that his knot pressing my g-spot, each time he'd yank it would set me off again. I could not tell if he came more though suppose he did. Yet I recall the waves of my orgasms getting to a point they seemed constant and I just wanted things to calm. Gratefully though with a bit of pain he finally freed himself, and before I could protest to simply take a moment the fourth was upon me.

Fine no problem, I just wanted a break yet if he was like the first three this would all be done soon enough and we could sleep. Unfortunately however due to my position and perhaps him being younger or maybe smaller, I was about to experience something I had not as yet with these dogs. A quick probing and then a thrust, in an instant he had missed his mark and set his cock deep in my bottom. Now don't get me wrong, I had experienced anal sex often, yet I simply wasn't expecting it and as you can imagine was not the most pleasant feeling it making me freeze as I panicked. No matter what I thought, he was in and going no where, quickly hammering away I recall all I kept saying was "oh my god, oh my god" as at first it hurt yet as he spurted each thrust it lubricated fully the cum flowing out from the others helping. I made myself relax this actually the perfect position for anal sex with beast or human alike. Yet what surprised me was in short order one of my hands had reached for my cunnie and vigorously though not thinking or intending to do so I was rapidly fanning my fingertips back and forth hard over my clit.

This time I came before he did, even feeling my bottom clench and grip his cock it seeming to have inspired his own final hard thrust as I felt the heat of his cum flood into my bowel. Lord I came hard, though it different then the others as though a cross between my masturbating and being fucked by the others without all the self hate and loathing. Dirty, guttural, a lustful orgasm that made me feel naughty yet in a good way. Though he didn't tie with me (thank god), it hurt when he yanked out taking my breath away yet I kept my head.

One more and it would be through. Unfortunately one of the older that had gone first or second decided it his turn again. Now though I had the day before just let them do as they wished, at this moment I was more about fair is fair though didn't want it a free for all. What surprised me however was when he came forward and prepared to jump up as before that when I put my hand up though not happy about it the issue wasn't forced. More so when I extended out my hand to the last and pat my tummy, how gratefully he came over and jumped up taking his turn with me till he came quickly.

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**Twisted Justification**



Clearly I had made a decision. Them bathing after and I myself closing my legs tight to end the encounter panting away, in the afterglow considered just how wonderful an experience this had been for me. Not since Buck could I remember a time when I enjoyed the pleasure of sex. Be it man, woman or beast, even masturbation it had been nothing short of work, duty, or force. Yet here and now I felt liberated as though five magical lovers had come into my life and to be frank the feeling of it all was simply too overwhelming to pass up.

Not considering this was a temporary situation, I simply embraced it fully for all it had to offer. More so there was no judgement from the horde. No enjoying their time then calling me whore after. No jealousy as I'd often known with my female lovers. Most of all it clearly all on my terms, and though truly over thinking it to me it felt as though these five dogs were doing this for me and me alone. Yet in kind given the chance they would take me no matter how much I might resist because they desired me so very much, not simply due to prove they had control over me. So no doubt reading into it far too much due to the absolute ecstasy I was feeling, I pulled off the now soaked t-shirt and a bit unbalanced made my way to my feet. The thought of their cum in me making me feel oddly aroused and a bit naughty, so I went into my bed without bathing the horde following, and decided as I fell asleep I'd miss another night of work.

It was hours later when I awoke atop the quilts on the bed. What stirred me clearly one of the boys must of curled up between my legs, and him waking a little before I guessed had begun bathing my inner thighs, bottom and cunnie. It was not urgent, or as though to inspire sex yet seeming to me to be more of a simple caring bath for me. Another to my side flopped over on his back my arm over his chest, so as I lay there being bathed simply began to pet the other having no idea where the other three were in the darkness, and lazily considered my situation.

Considering I had broken the trust two times now it was a moot point. Now don't get me wrong, I'd more often then not wear clothes outside. Yet I decided for the rest of the time it no doubt thrilling me (sexual arousal a new sensation for me), once in the hollow I'd wear nothing. Now I considered what that meant as well, in that when nude the horde thought I was fair game. Yet the more I thought about it I liked the idea, partly due to I was thoroughly enjoying orgasms for the first time since a child with Buck without restraint and wanted more. Yet in kind the thought of being able to do all I could for these five Labs made me feel good about myself.

The more I thought about it, mostly how I had felt over the past two days and comparing it to how I felt when often dancing or escorting, I decided this was right for me though it wouldn't last, and it was about time to turn my life around for me versus spending it burning myself out for others. Though realizing I'd lose customers I really didn't care, and the more I thought about it the more extreme my decisions became. I decided I'd simply quit both the club where I danced and the massage parlor. The other usual work I'd do independently, I'd just simply stop not showing for my weekly appointments. This very situation I'd use as a springboard for change, yet I'd grant myself these three weeks for me.

As I thought on, I soon found my hips softly churning, and as they did my soft strokes to the one by my side shifted to lower as my hand began softly rubbing his flaccid cock and balls. My legs already wide I shifted, and as I raised up on my knees slightly and set my cheek to the one on his back's belly, I remember whispering "time for me". As I rose the one bathing me instantly increased his attentions, soon after raising up and mounting me I having to help him find his mark. The one I was stroking also responding, as soon the tip of his cock showed and I did not hesitate to do all I could to suckle him fully. Both came easily and quickly, I myself not cumming yet I suppose though turned on I really didn't want to simply wanting to let them cum, and when they were done both slipping off to bathe themselves, I slipped under the covers and went to sleep once more, as tomorrow was going to be a long day.

## Ending a Career

Though rising before the sun I prepared for my day of change. At this point in my life awful with math so counting up all the money in the various jars and cans I had stashed about took quite an effort. Knowing how much I spent, if all things stayed the same (yeah right) I figured I had twenty years worth of money to live on having done nothing but work for the last three of my life and all of that hard earned. Walking outside after and sitting on the porch after filling the dogs bowls with their food, I waited till the sun came up and began to make my way to the water room for a shower, stopped on the way by the two older of the horde coming up from the old pasture, their nuzzles and even one jumping up on my back while standing telling me they wanted some time. So as I had with the others dropped down and let them each take me in turn. Odd yet it striking me how when not resisting it simply a quick fuck, their thanks with loving licks and done.

My shower lasted till the water ran cold. Odd for me yet the first time I could remember masturbating normally without all the hatred of self, cursing and self inflicted violence. Drying and dressing after I recall actually beaming as I started up my bike, as I knew how incredible the next three weeks were going to be for me, at the very least simply free of all the tension of my life.

So I rode, winding southern mountain country roads. Taking three hours to get thirty miles as I detoured down every interesting road I found. Odd for me I even stopped at a little country restaurant having breakfast. The waitress there responding to my smile contrary to my usual scowl and stating how happy I looked. Happy for the moment, yet I deliberately did not dwell on what was to come, and as I rode into the city I began working myself up into a mood. My decision had been made. I could either continue on as I had been, sulking, bitter, angry and jaded or I could change it almost ridiculous so outrageous. Then again perhaps not, as out of ridiculous situations often come solutions in ridiculous ways and via ridiculous means. Yet as I approached the club I danced at I knew with all my heart I wanted out of here. Tired of all the degrading myself as I'd do the things no other gal would there though asked by the owner then to have to face the ridicule of my peers. Tired of all the mauling as I had to smile on. Tired of all the back booth hand-jobs, blow-jobs and fucks I had to do, part of the job for only a few of us.

As lousy as I was treated, I also knew what a hit it would be to the club. My dancing and so on brought in a LOT of business. Obviously straight men, yet also African Americans and Hispanic which though the lions share of the clientele hated it, it being the rural south, the management didn't it all green to them and I having never formed such prejudices. In kind I brought in the Lesbians knowing many from the bar I'd go to for my own recreation though the only ones with courage enough to show there even more butchy then I. Lastly a true oddity which really set off the straight males. That being a number of out and closet gay males again courageous enough to be themselves. For them I had a special little act I'd do being so skinny yet ripped from working out to burn up all my anger, truly flat chested to an extreme, from the back I suppose and even front if I'd keep my cunnie covered looking like some small young male I suppose. All in all, it would be a significant enough money that I'd be pressured for sure to stay, and in that business sometimes pressure could be quite rough.

It took me a good fifteen minutes I guess to work myself up enough. I had brought my pistol tucked in the back of my jeans under my jacket though knew if it was drawn no matter the reason the consequences could be far reaching and I don't mean by the law. Walking in I recall I even set a posture to try and look tough. Rather stupid actually being so small and female, yet I suppose it more to bolster my own courage then scare anyone else. Instantly Josh a bouncer there (and yes his real name as he's an ass that needs to be known), shoved me against a wall and started shouting as

his hand reared back to hit me. Shouting out things like “where were you, you fucking cunt, this is going to cost you” and so on Madge the handler barking out for him to leave me alone stopping it just short of blows.

Granted Josh muttered how I’d pay, half of his upset also having an interest in the massage parlor I worked and didn’t show at either, I never the less walked up to Madge and simply stated “I want my money for last week”. In her usual matronly tone though I knowing her too well for that, she more vicious then Josh really simply having others to do her work, stalled and pulled her weekly “what’s 1+1” BS as though she couldn’t count to try and short me, asked where I had been, if I was ok, and all the usual questions she’d use on others to try and get to the bottom of their absence to then levy her punishments. Not a word did I say hand outstretched. Finally filled with my money I’d have to take what I got and be happy with it as I stuffed it in my pocket not even counting it. It was then I made my mistake nerves I guess. Having intended to get to the door and then say it or not at all, I announced flatly “I quit”, and turned to walk out. That was a huge mistake, as Madge grasped my arm and started asking all the whys and so on as I noticed her free hand waving Josh over, and before I could pry my arm loose “wham”, Josh clocked me. Real brave for a guy almost a foot taller then me and maybe 130 pounds heavier.

As I lay there bleeding my lip split, Josh’s knee on my back Madge began railing on me about who did I think I was, I was theirs and would not be going anywhere all laced with her usual slurs of whore, filthy cunt, ungrateful bitches and so on. Josh beginning to try and get his hands in my pocket unable, had him quickly flipping me over on my back to try again naturally with a solid slap to try and still me as he pinned me with a hand to my chest. Yet I got lucky, real lucky as out of reflex I kicked and found his balls solidly on the first try. Scrambling up as he fell, I got lucky a second time with a kick to his head him bent over, and that put him out of the fight for the moment. Now Madge was about my height yet bigger and a lot tougher then I, so as she rose to try and add her licks I stepped back now mad and just put my hand behind my back. Though I doubt she saw the gun I’m sure she guessed as much many of the girls carrying pistols. All I said was “don’t” and then backed away, and as I turned to walk out announced “leave me be, don’t fuck with me”, and out I went.

Now I was lucky, also probably lucky in that the cops in that town did occasional odd jobs for Madge or I suppose the real owners being somewhat mob related. Naturally besides money you can guess who was the one also assigned most often to do “special favors” to them so I was known, yet I didn’t see one till I reached the city border them not crossing into the next. I then drove to the massage parlor, there I hoped I’d not see the other owner/handler as I wanted my money and though no Josh there was no way I’d get it if he was there. No one there except the two girls working that morning, and naturally all the excitement when I walked in bleeding. I knew what was owed me, and also knew where the cash box was we having to put all of our take each day into it with an accounting of what we did. Unable to write my slips always 4 slashes for a hand-job, a circle for a blow-job, a V for straight sex, and a star for anal, specials getting an X, I did a quick accounting and unable to do math well then shorted myself to not steal (which would have been a huge problem) and simply walked out. Easiest payday I ever had there as Lou would rail on me for a half hour about being more feminine, growing out my hair and such, and Josh would always insist on his “thank you blow job” for paying me, and to not comply meant a hard punch to my gut to be bent over the desk and held down as he’d fuck either my twat or ass cursing at me and slapping my head the whole while. I was done, in fact to this day I’ve not been back to those two towns once and never missed it.

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## **A New Life Begins**

Once home met by the horde, it all I could do to get them to leave my mouth alone with their well meaning healing licks. It was obvious they were very upset I was hurt and all very comforting, all very welcoming back clearly having missed me. Counting out what money I'd received I realized how stupid it was to even show to get it. Maybe about 2,500 dollars give or take, it really a drop in the bucket compared to what I had saved, the grief of it and tension of "what ifs" definitely not worth it. The rest of the day rather uneventful. Though the horde and I walked after I got undressed, nothing else much happened I think me being hurt and upset somehow making them feel more protective then what you'd expect. So after eating and more walks it was simply off to bed. Two of them cuddling with me for the night as the others snored away a good nights rest for all.

The next morning the same I recall, nothing happening past eating, walking and my habitual sunning which I'd not done in a few days. The calm and peace I felt not having to go to the club or parlor impossible to describe yet I suppose though pale "freedom" ringing true. Not really considering my landlords returning, I made a lot of decisions based on life remaining like this forever.

Because it thrilled "me" I suppose, finally enjoying sex though I realize twisted, I decided I would not say no to the horde again. If they wanted, they would get and the idea of giving to them or helping them with their needs made me actually feel good about myself. As I've said often it simply felt right. It was most definitely not one sided as I was taken well care of as well. Yet it was more then that as it felt like they really wanted to please me and were grateful for what I'd do for them. As I said twisted, reading way too much into some definitely perverse sex. Yet for the moment it was right, and was what I'd do.

The afternoon brought my first chance to put up or shut up. The three younger boys walked down to the main house with me as I decided to take a hard look and try to see just how well the hollow could be viewed from the road. As I returned first one then the other two started pushing and shoving me in play as they bounded about, and as I bent down to swat at one, another jumped up and gripped my waist. No argument from me, simply lowering and taking the position the thought of just stopping mid stroll out in the open oddly thrilled me. Oh I'd been involved in sex often out in the open and even in view of others, yet this felt so spontaneous and I suppose part of it was my new attitude. Though having to help guide the first, him quickly cumming and jumping down, the second mounted me without a hitch and almost as quickly came as well both leaving me a mess and super horny not having cum myself. Taking a moment to regroup I finally rose and we continued on, it striking me how the last had done nothing yet I didn't want to push these guys for sex just enjoying it as it came.

The third however made up for it, most of the way back to the cabin his nose suddenly shoved up my rump as he began to lick the other two now simply bored and off hunting I suppose. Yet oddly Sly didn't want to take his turn when I lowered to all fours, simply licking away bathing me the sensation so incredible especially when he'd rim me that I dropped my chest to the ground and simply lay my head on my hands rump in the air. It took longer then the other times, most likely due to him focussed on my bottom mostly and vagina. Yet soon enough I was cumming hard, my nails of fingers and toes filled with dirt after having dug in. Oddly that was it for the day, the two older I guess not having the need, the three younger satisfied so after a shower it was just business as usual and a wonderful pleasant day till we went to bed.

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## **A New Me**

The next morning however I had a bit of a very exciting surprise. Rising up the dogs snoring away, I went out to the water shed to pee. Once done I looked in the mirror to check my lip, yet as I stood

there it struck me I looked different, clearly happy which I'd not been that I could ever remember. The more I thought on it, the wider I smiled, and the wider I smiled I soon notice the whetter I became. Fingertips pressed to my cunnie I began to do as usual. Back to the wall I slid down to squatting, my fingers rubbing my clit almost just fanning it in tiny circles. I could feel my grin growing wider and remember it as suddenly the smile broke as my mouth opened in a pant, and the next thing I knew I was saying "oh yeah, oh yeah" over and over, and then suddenly came and began laughing.

Ok so what? Well it was huge! Not the orgasm yet as I squat there recouping I recall looking to the sink as I calmed, and there on its back was my bottle. My nipples were not sore, neither was my twat. More so I had not levied a string of curses at myself during. Yet most of all I felt good, glad I had cum to simply feel good not out of some brainwashed obligation. I couldn't believe it, the simple act turned my laughter to tears of absolute joy as I began weeping gladly. My life was finally changing, and it was pure and simply due to the horde.

Walking back in I remember how I looked at them all simply laying there snoring away. I remember how I felt, how my chest felt so full I thought it would bust open I was so happy. Never in my life of then 27 years had I ever felt that way about myself, my situation, in fact the world in general. Walking outside I hesitantly dressed and rode to a local slaughterhouse where they also sold meat. Buying a cow femur and having it sectioned up leaving the marrow intact like soup bones, I also picked up some steaks and as I went up to pay got another surprise in myself.

The guy working the counter beamed as I walked up, and I guess more approachable smiling for once mentioned how he had seen me dance, yet his words were of admiration not rude like so many, and though fumbling he asked me out. What was surprising to me is I didn't get all huffy as usual, didn't feel threatened or cornered, nor instantly thinking how he just wanted a piece of ass. So as I paid my mood just right, I said something I had never said in all my years when so approached outside of work. I said "maybe", smiled and left. Nothing to most of you yet a big change for me, and my day just kept getting better.

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## **Anxious for More**

Once home naturally the sound of my bike bringing on the Horde as they were down at the main house as I made my way up the two track, had me greeted once again with all the loving kisses I was growing used to, and to their surprise the soup bones made for a great treat. As the boys chewed away particularly enjoying sucking out the marrow, I remember clearly how I was beaming as I looked over them undressing, and then set up to lay out in the sun.

Now as I said I recall making some very clear decisions though not really considering the short lived nature of my situation so simply overwhelmed in the moment. First off I'd be nude when in the hollow without exception. Next I found myself already planning out meals and treats for the boys not even thinking about how my 20 years on a budget plan could quickly be busted. Lastly, I knew my being nude would most likely result in them wanting sex. Yet I was determined even though this was the first time I could remember wanting sex since Buck myself, that I would not press them for sex. However, I'd not say no in any circumstance. It really only now in reflection I see how twisted my thinking had become.

After a bit of tanning into the cabin I went for a nap without incident. In fact the boys lazy after their treats inspiring it a few soon following. A while later I rose hungry and cooked the steaks having kept them in the sink of the water shed to keep them cool, and actually as we all ate began to get

somewhat worked up anticipating what might happen after. It's a funny thing, when you want sex no one else does. Naturally in contrast when you don't they do. Though I don't recall my thoughts exactly in the late afternoon after we ate, I recall how I was quickly becoming frustrated as the boys were simply being dogs just laying about. To that end I recall trying to get them up to play, I suppose thinking once they got their blood moving it might encourage things. Nope. Next I took them for a walk figuring maybe they needed to mark some trees so up into the high wood we went. Yet still nothing. Lots of trees watered, lots of sniffing around, a bit of hunting, yet for all intensive purposes it was as though all thoughts of sex with me had vanished.

Now what makes me remember that day so clearly was the embarrassment I feel when looking back at what I did next. Like a wanton idiot, somehow I got the bright idea to drop to all fours and walk around that way. In kind having seen female dogs in heat now and again, the stiffness in their legs and gait, the swaying of their behind and so on. So proceeded to move about as such. Well, it most definitely inspired a strong reaction. As every one of those dogs looked at me like I was a fool. Though funny now to look back on it, then I was a bit put off. However, after just about to get upset I remembered the very rule I had laid down for myself. That I would not press them. Now that rule sounds as though I was trying to be all better then simply some perverted tramp, and partly I'm sure it was, as in retrospect I could of always fallen back on "was doing it for them" when the guilt's hit. However at least as I view things now and I'm sure then this attitude having been with me all my life, I most of all did not want to take advantage of another as I had been.

To that end though feeling a bit scorned I let the immediate want go and acted normal (as normal as I could hehe). The rest of the night simply play, and in bed by I'd guess about nine a new experience for me in itself. A number of times throughout the night I recall rather vigorously at times, lazily others masturbating much of the night away. Not the brutal and vulgar self infliction's I was used to, yet enjoyable play, more self exploration really as anything sexual even self sexual in the past had always repulsed me. The horde however didn't interact with me in the least except being near. Perhaps too near as my moving about and hard shudders upon the bed seemed to irritate them. In a way this was a very good thing. I believe it gave me time to form true desire and want past lust. In kind, what I remember most is that it also told me that my pleasurable orgasm had not been a fluke. Lastly, for the moment though twisted would serve a great lesson for the future, it also inspired positive emotion, a bigger thing then you can realize.

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## **Relentless Past**

The next day much of the same as the day before though in all honesty my frustration at playing alone had begun to grow greater. All in all however it only served I believe to generate a bit of balance in my thoughts, some reason reminding me that these were not humans, yet in the end beasts. More play, sunning and lazing about, yet the afternoon brought a vicious reminder of the life I had just left behind back to me.

Late afternoon having been knocking around the high woods, the horde had run off after some squirrel or some such and though I suppose I could of simply laid back where I was and worked out my new found need of desire, decided to walk back to the cabin letting the dogs follow when ready. Perhaps looking back to see if any of the horde was following, I don't really know why I hadn't seen or heard anything up ahead, yet as I broke from the trees into the clearing of the cabin, there by the footbridge was a car I didn't know. Standing beside the driver's door some guy I'd never seen, and though you might think being nude would have been what bothered me it frankly didn't. What did was already over the bridge and on his way to the cabin was Josh, him turning to face me about the time I saw him.

It really didn't take me but a moment to react though was out of reflex (as it was stupid), instantly bolting for the cabin intent on grabbing my pistol. Really though it boiled down to few choices. Either run back to the high wood and hope they'd not follow, then no doubt losing all my money, and that if they didn't find my gun and follow, most likely as well destroying all I owned. Try to make it past him and down to the main house hoping I could get in to find and use my landlord's phone, or hope I could get to my gun on the porch. Now for a big dumb piece of shit Josh turned out to be surprisingly faster then I thought, either that or I had simply chosen a bad line as in any case nearing the cabin at a dead run suddenly I felt my legs kicked out from under me and I went down face first.

The fall alone stunned me on the hard packed red dirt and grass the wind knocked from me, yet I recall even before I could begin to scramble Josh was already sitting on my back and screeching out his vile BS. Though I don't recall the exact words he used, most of it was about how my money was his, and laced with the usual "cunt, fucking bitch's, ungrateful whores" and so on that seemed to be the extent of his vocabulary. At the same time he was yelling he kept hitting me around the back of the head, yet the moment he stopped hitting me I knew what was to come next.

Though I couldn't see or really hear through his shouts or my own gasping for breath, the feeling of his huge belt buckle like rednecks like suddenly touching my back told me clearly what he intended to do, though it his usual m.o.. Just like at the massage parlor it was clear he intended on \_\_\_\_ me again. Really especially now it more angering at how childish a tactic it is. I'd experienced \_\_\_\_ in my life for his very reason more times then that dumb ass had probably had sex, it a common tactic by little men of character desperate to try and make themselves feel in control, and others weaker. Perhaps rather jaded at that time or even now, the thought of it more agitating then anything. The intended affects long since past lost on me having experienced it all too often.

Out of reflex perhaps, what I knew I had to guard for however was not to be to injured in the process. Get hurt and your helpless such times so I instinctively I recall pulled both of my hands over the back of my head to shield it, my elbows digging into the ground to keep from having my face slammed into it. Past that there was not much point in fighting, simply endure and then act when able to get free as most men doing this "count on" the woman being so ravaged she just lays there. So often just roll off to the side after huffing and puffing.

As expected I felt him slip down to my thighs, one hand pinning me mid back while the other reached under my hips and yanked me up a little, then felt his vile cock line up and the typical hard shove. Now I was lucky, if he had found my bottom I'd of been in real trouble, yet he found my cunnie though his hard lunge knocked the breath from me and definitely hurt like the devil. If I'd not been so whet intending to masturbate it would have been worse, yet in a split second he was fucking away as he kept screaming out his insults and slapping the back of my head hitting my hands. Thinking back on it, I don't think I even said a word, in fact though I don't know it strikes me I probably had a look of absolute loathing and hatred on my face the whole while. It didn't take him long, in fact it never did (hehe maybe why he was so angry all the time LOL, fucker), yet in short order I could tell he was about to cum him suddenly lunging hard and trying to drive as deep as he could.

That very moment I recall looking out of the corner of my eye to the woods though not sure why. I think though am not sure I saw the boys there, and I recall pulling my hand off my head to point and say stay afraid these cowards would hurt them. Just as I was about to shout I saw one of the older boys charging, and that's all I remember clearly as though he had been slapping my head mostly, I recall him hitting me so hard I guess with his fist things pretty much went black. Not for a long time or really out cold, yet one of those times you get your bell rung good, ears ringing and the like. My face I think must have been driven down past my elbows as I had a bloody nose after, yet that

happening was EXACTLY what I had been trying to guard against as I probably just lay there limp. Maybe just a second, maybe a minute its hard to say, yet what I recall was suddenly Josh getting knocked off me which really hurt my coochie and it took me a moment to get it together.

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## **We Are a Pack**

Finally able to move (just a few moments after), I recall seeing Josh trying to stand and another of the boys hit him by charging then slamming his shoulder into Josh sending him to the ground once more. Now in my life I'd seen dog attacks a few times. I'd seen where they'd throw a person to dogs to tear them up, seen dogs used as attack dogs by police and others, even seen dog fighting as sport one of the most cowardly acts by men in my opinion, everyone involved in it fucking pussy cowards. However, the horde attacked Josh with a fury I'd never seen in my life. Though one was blocking the bridge keeping the other by the car, the other four lunged and ripped at him like nothing I'd seen before. To say his clothes were ripped and he was a bloody mess from head to toe would be an understatement, most of his clothes were ripped off hanging in shreds, and there blood covering him their bites I guess meant to kill. I recall I started screaming for the dogs to stop or get off, a couple did as a couple held onto a leg and arm and then I guess I got into it.

I'm not sure why really looking back my pistol on the porch, yet I recall grabbing up a piece of iron pipe about three feet long and a little over an inch in diameter. Just one of those odd things laying about you never seem to get rid of, yet it was right there and I recall running toward Josh still shouting for the dogs to stop. Kind of odd in retrospect, here I'm shouting for the dogs to stop yet started beating Josh with the pipe. Hehe, I don't know, maybe I thought if I beat him into not moving they'd move away. Anyway I cracked him good a number of times everywhere I could hit the dogs having him stretched out on the ground. For whatever reason it all suddenly stopped, and the dogs seemed to instantly encircle me as I backed up. Josh laying there making a horribly pained noise though I guess crying.

Past that I remember telling his friend to get him, then the usual "ever come back, hurt me or my dogs and I'd kill them both" kind of frantic bullshit all screeched out so most of it probably unintelligible especially as the dogs barked and growled still wanting to fight. Oddly in short order though I was laughing my ass off no doubt just from tension, because as his friend tried to drag Josh over the bridge Josh no small man, they both fell off over the side down into the roughly six foot ditch and creek. What made me laugh was they vanished, then suddenly I heard a long pained drawn out "oooOOOOWWWW" (still cracks me up). His buddy trying to drag himself then Josh out of there made it even worse, as I'm sure stress had me loopy, and I found myself sitting on the ground howling with laughter.

Anyway, as they struggled to get out and leave three of the dogs began to attend to me while the other two stood at the edge of the ditch barking away. As you might expect they bathed my face very stressed as well, and in kind I checked them out worried they may have been hurt which none were. Once Josh was driven away I remember my laughter rather quickly turned to sobbing the dogs even more attentive then perhaps more then I liked as they intended on making me better. Once I'd collected myself I quickly jumped in the cattle trough to wash his filth off me. After I guess the stress of it all too much as me and the dogs lay down in the cabin, two in the bed with me, though the other three staying on the porch I guess feeling protective. In any case, I never heard from Josh again.

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## **Starting Again**



The next day a rather bleak one I guess the events of the day before a bit too much for all of us. About the only thing worth noting was I rode up to the store to get some food, and the gal behind the counter asked "if my brother had found me" her having directed him to where she thought I lived. I'll not even bother recounting what all I said, suffice to say I ripped her a new asshole especially after her comments a few days before, it doubtful she'd be giving information of me to anyone again. However the next day, all things turned right with a vengeance.

Early morning I remember being awoken the day already hot with the three younger up on the bed with me, I atop the blankets. To say it was a squeeze wasn't the half of it, yet how I was awakened something I still enjoy to this day no doubt due to it (though with people). Gradually becoming aware, it took me all of a moment to realize that Sly again was very lazily and non-sexually bathing my cunnie and clearly had been for some time. The feelings inside me making it clear I was already very whet, and before even fully awake something I find difficult to do even now, had a rather gentle though long and full orgasm. All that seemed to do was encourage him more. Not stopping and I not becoming sensitive, at the same lazy pace he continued his lapping as I suppose my shudder and groan from a moment before simply inspired the other two to join in with the lazy bathing my body sweaty I guess. Now this was wonderful to me such attention rarely lavished upon me though most likely by my own doing with others, yet I had never really been kissed all over let alone licked, and when someone was it was normally just going from nipples to cunnie to done.

Pulling my legs back a little and parting them wider, I recall how it instantly inspired Sly to lap more. Longer licks that ran from my anus to my mons and then again. His long slow laps on occasion I guess from my ebbing flow causing him to press his nose and teeth to me as I'd feel his long tongue press deep inside my vagina then go back to the long slow licks. The other two had joined in, one licking over my ribs and breasts the other my thigh and abdomen, yet what set me off a second time was when I reached for the other two's cocks instinctively. My second orgasm was crushing. Clearly seeming to inspire Sly more as during his lapping became even more intent almost making me close my legs. Yet as I came down from cumming, I quite frankly had an urge that until the boys except for Buck I had never known. That I quite bluntly wanted to be fucked.

Perhaps I was thinking if I lay there he would just continue licking so though tempting I turned over onto my knees parting them wide. Sly sitting up I expected I suppose for him or one of the others to mount me, yet instead my rump up in the air found Sly instantly lapping at my anus. Now I love that feeling, still do very much only a tongue to my toes more enjoyed. Sadly Kee (short for Cherokee) who had been licking my chest jumped down, yet as I settled in my chest planted to the quilts I received another thrill. Trouble who had been licking my abdomen moved under me, his tongue taking up I guess where Sly left off licking at my mons and past to my clit I suppose to reach my whetness, yet as he did rolled even more on his side which only encouraged me to play further like I had a couple days before.

It strikes me now, yet I believe these were the same two I had played with on the bed before. Trouble pulling his leg back as I brushed a hand over his belly, and out of reflex I suppose I shifted again, positioning my mouth inline with his cock. I also clearly remember as my tongue slipped out as I pulled his sheath back, just as it touched the tip I began to shudder, a third and what was to be strong orgasm instantly coming on. Now I'm not sure if I was holding back, or it just coincidence, yet as I just flicked at him both lapping at me my orgasm seemed to hold back right at the edge. Yet the second, and this is very clear in my mind that I wrapped my lips around his shaft to suckle him in, I came so hard I thought I was going to explode.

Though I got a mouth full of pre-cum I'm sure during Trouble didn't cum. Yet oddly I wanted it, it just this time seemed nasty and naughty, but as I dropped down yelling into his belly shaking, both stood up and then jumped down leaving me there my rump in the air quivering. Now I said I

wouldn't press them, to that end I didn't break my vow, all three and even the two older I found about the bed whining clearly all ready for play. Though it took me a minute to collect myself, I remember slipping from the bed instantly surrounded. Now it may sound silly, yet I could swear the horde was herding me toward the old battered chaise. Fair enough where I was going anyways, though this time I took a pillow to kneel on.

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## **The New Order**

It was all so "matter of fact". Taking up the pillow and staggering over I could tell they had already begun jockeying for position as to order. Dropping the pillow on the floor at the very end of the chaise, they all danced around clearly excited and anxious. Fortunately this time I thought though albeit causing the boys more distress ready to go, yet this time having been getting awfully beat up I took a towel from the chair, wrapped it around my midsection and bottom, then slowly kneeled down on the pillow looking at them. I remember asking them, "what do you want, want something" teasing them and dragging it out, yet not one jumped at me. That is till I put my chest upon the chaise's foot bending over, my knees already parted wide.

Though I knew who would go first it always seeming to be Ace one of the older, I must admit it pleased me learning about the horde to such a point I could guess how things would go. At such times it would always be Ace, then Bull, then Kee, then Trouble and last Sly. Other things became clear as well. Sly liked to quite frankly lick pussy more then the others. He'd spend all day doing it and your bottom if you'd let him. Trouble on the other hand liked having his cock sucked, and though Bull did as well he would of just assumed fucked me and he always, always tied with me. Now Kee was the one with the bad aim, more then once before these days were over he would accidentally slip into my bottom though it happened often enough it made me wonder if it was not deliberate. Lastly Ace. Always first, never did he tie, and always wanting to go again and again even forcing his way past others.

In any case it took but a moment, just the weight of Ace on me had me shaking and the second I felt his paws pull at my inner thighs and his cocks tip searching, remember scrunching my eyes shut and biting my finger as his cock thrust into me. From this point on it went much like the first time without the sub-space aspect. Ace fucked me hard and fast cumming quickly, pulling me back to him more then lunging in. When done and jumping off next up was Bull, again pressing in deep and then a bit more forcing me to adjust, then to feel his cock swell and lengthen as his knot instantly had me tied with him. What was different though was I recall this time Bull must of cum two or three times before ever pulling out of me. Throughout it all I couldn't even count the number of times I came.

As you might expect by the time Bull was done so was I, but I didn't even move when he finally pulled out, gave me a few licks as I'm sure cum must of poured out of me, then was pushed out of the way by Ace who took me again. Each got their turn though I'd not even try and venture a guess at how many times I came. In kind how many times each took me as pretty soon I couldn't tell who was who just simply laying there as I'd feel myself pushed and shoved, my cunnie filled then emptied to only be filled again. What made me "think" it was all over and they were through was when Sly started bathing me, yet after I slid off the chaise and sat in the huge puddle of cum, all I wanted to do was rest feeling absolutely spent in a wonderful way.

Now normally I'm a meticulously clean person, quite literally covered in cum from my cunnie down, a heavy sweat soaking me as well, it simply struck me as naughty in a good way sitting in that soup. As I've eluded to already, I really have a thing for my feet, armpits and anus much of that coming from my youth I'm sure with Buck. In kind, I had never really had a chance to enjoy all the aspects of

sex, to me a man's cum was something I wanted off me as quick as possible in the past. I'm not sure why it almost childish, yet I recall actually dipping first a finger, then my whole hand into the puddle, then without hesitation quite simply scooped up a bunch of it, and rubbed it over my tender cunnie, bottom and thighs. It made me feel so filthy, yet a good filthy.

Eventually working my way to my feet I proceeded to stand in it and play with it with my toes. I was really enjoying all of this, and again from this one encounter am sure is where I gained my penchant for foot jobs where it ends my toes covered in cum. Contrary to years past, today I have quite a penchant for cum baths. It really doesn't take a lot of thought to realize it came from that moment. In fact much of my sexual likes and dislikes though with men now coming from these three weeks.

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## **Backing My Decisions**

Towel in hand slowly I made my way out onto the porch sitting on its edge though not at the two modest steps. To say I was in a haze would be an understatement, though I felt like I should bathe I instead put it off enjoying the moment or perhaps was just feeling lazy. However, the longer I sat there looking at my cum covered toes, thighs and cunnie, the more I liked it. Liked the idea of being dirty for a bit. In fact, I recall whispering "filthy little whore" to myself, yet this time, unlike times past when I'd masturbate or how I had thought of myself, it struck me as simply naughty, a good naughty that for some reason I liked that moment. If I had thought it a week before I would of said it out of self hate and loathing.

At this point I thought the boys were done with me for the moment, that really of no matter as I myself was spent as well. However as I sat there, up walked Kee, and as he did reaching out to pet him, realized rather quickly he was wanting more. Though I thought about refusing, Kee quickly worked between my thighs at first I thought to bathe me, yet instead jumped up his paws beside my hips giving me those urgent little pleading licks to my face. Now don't get me wrong, I realized he wanted more, though I suppose it was fun to tease a bit though his licking leaned me back further and further him almost pushing me back.

All the while I kept saying, "what Kee, what do you want, huh, what do you want?" simply playing I guess. Yet the second I parted my thighs wider I found out, or should say was more reminded, as Kee saddled up between my thighs, and my whole lower area still slick from them and me, found him wedging in tight and then came the shove. Just like the day in the rocker, surprise, into my bottom he pushed and had at it. It was a shocker though made sense from my position (though he tended to no matter the position do this often), and in short order had buried his cock just short of the knot all the way in my bottom.

Now in all truth when feeling good I like anal sex. Really it was the perfect thing to do considering my mood and how I felt. Though I didn't cum I'd be lying if I didn't say it just didn't wind me up all over again, yet before I could get situated to try and play with my clit he had cum and as before roughly pulled out of me and simply moved off to bathe. To some degree it stunned me I suppose as I sat there I'm sure with a look of "what about me?" However rather quickly discovered my service was not over yet as Ace and Bull moved near though waited giving me those looks and whines that said exactly what I'd just thought.

I had to have lost my mind. A week before I wanted nothing to do with sex, yet here I found myself turning round setting my elbows to the porch and presenting my backside to Ace and Bull. Same as before, Ace instantly up, firm and powerful it all about him getting off, then Bull in deep and locked though this time my own hand helping to frig out my own orgasms. At this moment, and though

many wouldn't call it as such, I was quite frankly enjoying "sex", and it made little difference to me that it was with dogs not humans.

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## **A New Life Rolls On as Emotions Bloom**

Most of the rest of the morning I was left alone. Finally making myself shower, getting us something to eat and so on after such a morning we I guess were all rather lazy. Afternoon though as I lay on a quilt sunning, found Trouble actually laying by my head and rolling on his back trying to inspire me to blow him (which still surprises me a dog would learn to do that yet he did it enough it wasn't my imagination). During it brought Sly and his licking though oddly mounting me. Kee then as well following Sly, though this time getting my cunnie and tying with me for some time. Later in the evening though pretty much in their groups of Ace and Bull or the other three, there were a couple more encounters yet by dark we we're all out for the night.

For the next two weeks it was much the same though less urgent. Oh, there were a couple times when all five would for all intensive purposes line up again and again. Yet for the most part it would be with one or two here or there, yet never did a day go by that each did not get their fill of me, or perhaps me filled by them. Ace his hard fucks over and over. Bull usually with Ace though one day when just him and I he tied with me for I'd guess a good hour, both of us out for the count after that. Kee would just join in where ever though seemed to all too often take my bottom in fact he being the only one, and Trouble seemed to always try to get blown though wouldn't pass up mounting me. Lastly Sly, that boy licked me from head to toe more then I had in all my days it almost making me feel bad having to encourage him to do some for himself.

There were times they'd all seem to bathe me which I loved, times I'd be stopped on our walks one or two feeling the urge, a few times woken up, though in the end it really no different then if I had five human lovers in the same way. It to me was perfect. No fear, no feeling bad about myself, in fact my masturbation which I still felt that forced need to do was even wonderful. No regret, and what's more I felt like they were really loving me something I'd never known since Buck. That aspect I don't really question. Dogs innocent and easily love in my opinion once earned. However I didn't take that for granted, frankly a dogs emotional love genuine in my opinion.

What was off or wrong was my attachment and even mindset. All that was going on I did not view as some wild fling, nor some kink or perversion that one tries to work through. In kind it was not just a twisted form of masturbation substituting uncomplicated lovers for the real thing. In short order I had begun to look at the entire encounter as the way things should be. It was the first time I could recall enjoying sex since Buck, was the first time I sought it out. It was the first time I can ever recall fantasizing and was the first time I actually dwelled upon and looked forward to sex.

However twisted, to some degree I suppose all that natural. People get wild hairs and often do them, in my opinion no harm no foul. What was seriously wrong with all this never the less was that I had begun to form a strong emotional bond with these animals. Not like one loves a pet, or even a child as many look upon their pets as. Yet as lovers equal in all regards to a human. During that time I longed for them, would beam upon seeing them, made great plans for a long life together, and basically did all the things one should with a potential spouse. As messed up as that sounds, and it was, for all intensive purposes this was the first time I had ever had these feelings for anything. My guess is however this new outlook I could of never learned from the women I'd been dating at that point so jaded, and most certainly was not going to give a man a chance.

As said though as wrong as all that was, I had forgotten a very important point so wrapped up in the

excitement of new found pleasures and emotions. That point to be made clear all too soon.

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## **The Stark Reminder**

Another day, for the most part just a pleasant one. Awakened by Sly bathing my cunnie which had almost become habit, experienced what was another morning of cumming first thing which had become routine. Nothing more, and simple enough, then a walk up into the woods to play in the small pool which was the headwater of the creek, and on the way back down found Ace being rather insistent to which I gladly gave in. No others, just him, yet once we had reached in front of the cabin the day actually pleasant though sunny, lay in the sun awhile till Ace urged me on once more. Though the other boys off playing, Bull as always was in tow with Ace, and naturally when Ace had finished up he stepped.

Locking as he always did one aspect of Bull which was nice is he had I supposed learned there was no more urgency to things. Our couplings soon causing him to take things slower, and in kind I had learned how to lower myself on instinct to insure it was easy for him my knees usually parted wide to keep my hips lower, chest flat to the quilt as I'd rest my face on one forearm, the other hand working my clit often almost timing out orgasms. This particular day, Ace clearly wanted another go waiting his turn, so it surprised me when Bull and I tied, he suddenly spun around and bolted off down the hollow.

Hearing barking nothing new, no doubt a squirrel, yet suddenly the other three tore out of the high wood though I for the most part ignored it as Bull was about to cum a second time, and though distracted a moment began to as well having a crushing and wonderful orgasm. Next thing I knew Bull was trying to pry out of me like he never had before. However having just cum he was as engorged as he'd get and there was no way he could pull out suddenly whining and jerking. Hearing the dogs all at the footbridge though looking the other way, I turned my head to see what was going on to see for the third time ever the entire time I'd lived here people up at this end of the hollow. My landlord and his wife, both standing there mouths open, the horde jumping all about, and worse still already over the footbridge meaning they would have been watching me for the past three minutes at the very least having walked up the road.

There is no word to describe it. Mortified, horrified, stunned. Without question over the course of my entire life and till this very day the most embarrassing moment of my life bar none and I've done some screwed up and stupid stuff in my life, nothing compared to that moment I wanted to die. I wanted to screech for them to leave, yet I recall only covering my face with my hands stuck there Bull still deep inside me a huge puddle of cum under me and instantly began sobbing and repeating "I'm sorry".

To make matters worse I was in such a panic I suppose my cunnie had clamped down on Bull, and the next thing I knew he jumped off me exposing me more, then must of stepped over his own cock showing everything. All of that worse then I could of ever imagined in my most horrific of nightmares, yet suddenly I felt a hand to my lower back and to my tummy, as my landlady said in a calm voice "just lean forward" and tried to guide me. The second she did that I started screeching out I'm sorry as I cried, finally wanting to get more away from her then Bull I must of leaned forward just enough or something I'm not sure, and out popped Bull's cock along with what felt like a gallon of cum.

I just pressed flat to the quilt actually trying to cover the massive puddle with my legs like it mattered at that point, I couldn't make my way small enough and my landlady kept her hand on the

small of my back simply making it worse rubbing it as though soothing me. I guess she must of waved off my landlord as in a moment I could hear the dogs tearing across the footbridge him following, then my landlady said something that filled me with absolute dread, that she'd get them all settled in and be back up as soon as possible.

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## Guilty

For some time I lay there sobbing, when I rose it was with an urgency that had me almost running to the cabin. Without exaggeration the first thing I did was grab my pistol with full intentions of blowing my own head off. A wimp I guess, instead quickly tried to figure out my options still trying to grapple with it had been three weeks and then in a flurry dressed even though it was hot out in full length jeans, a tee-shirt, flannel shirt and my boots not even taking time to bathe. I considered simply trying to make a run for it, trouble is their house and the gate blocked the hollows end, so I'd still have to deal with them and the idea of doing it on their turf simply put that idea out of my head. So to that end, I sat in the rocker and simply wept.

It didn't take long, maybe a half hour that seemed like ten hours. In that short time I must of invented every excuse and lie I could think of as in those days and previous lying was the norm for me. I even considered saying that Bull \_\_\_\_ me let him take the heat, yet then that moment it struck me, something I'd not thought about for some time. A couple of years back floundering at surviving just back in the country, turning tricks for virtually nothing just so I could get something to eat, sleeping out in the open, barely even able to speak English again, I had been invited by a woman one morning to come to her church where she could get me some shoes (church a huge and central part of the rural south).

It just happened to be Easter Sunday. In I walk barefoot, dirty, most likely stinking of sweat and cum from the night before, and sat in the back this old woman beaming. Now truth of the matter was that was her "good deed for the day" really, getting some savage into church. Yet as I sat there listening to the service, the part that always struck me was about Jesus being denied three times before the cock crowed, and that always felt like the worst betrayal to me. In any case before it was all said and done communion about to be served to me, words like "whore, tramp" and so on were bandied about, and so ended my church experience and their charity.

So why mention that? Well for whatever reason, I realized I loved those dogs. I mean really loved, unnaturally loved them which at the time seemed right, yet most of all was more worried about what would happen to them then myself. More so, my experience in church flashed back to me, and it struck me I didn't want to betray them. Frankly I expected the Sheriff to be driving up any moment while I thought and planned, yet when I looked, up the two track walked my landlady alone, her expression not of rage like I expected yet more like one would look at a child they were about to have a long gentle talk with. That moment I decided I'd not lie, in fact maybe try and shift all the blame to myself never thinking I counted for much anyway. Oddly, that new found honesty stuck with me, as now I take great pride in having since that time never lied again.

Still sobbing, it in fact getting worse as she crossed the bridge and approached, now sweating like a pig from the heat, all the clothes and nerves I realized my jeans had soaked through with cum, then to make matters worse though in retrospect possibly just loosened up and not having done normal things after, as I saw the huge whet spot already such a wreck I was about to kill myself a moment ago, something just let go and I pissed my pants unable to stop. At that moment I was sure I should of killed myself. Wonderful, now that my landlady had seen me naked, fucking her dog, locked with her dog, have gallons of cum pour from me, filthy and stinking, having betrayed her trust, crying

something that I've always been ashamed of, and everything else you can think of I piss myself right in front of her. To top it all off she made matters worse, a fight easy enough to deal with, yet she asked "are you okay?"

No, I don't have a bullet in my brain I thought. Now my natural instinct in times of pressure was to get vicious, yell and shout, get aggressive to protect myself. Instead I found myself squeezing my thighs together more ashamed then ever, and simply nodding as I cupped my hands in my face. Next thing I know she's sitting beside me hugging and softly rocking me. Frankly it all took me off guard, a bitching out or even beating I could deal with, yet this was something so far from the norm of my life I was lost for what to do. Worse still she said nothing, just held me and rocked, I wanted to die as each second I felt worse and worse about myself.

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## **Killing Me with Kindness**

Finally she spoke, yet again to me said the wrong thing. "Lets clean you up, looks like you had a big afternoon". Was this woman out of her mind? In any case she started pawing at me as though to take off my shirt, my only response though meek and untypical "no its okay". Nope, she couldn't let it go, next thing I know she's standing in front of me and said "you know, I normally don't wear clothes either when behind the house, it's okay, really, we see you naked all the time hon". Gawwww! Could it get any worse! Now I find out all this time they've seen me walking around the cabin up here naked. Well of course it could get worse, as the next thing I know she began peeling off her own clothes.

This was absolute insanity as next thing I know here's my landlady standing there nude and trying to undo my buttons. Now I didn't help yet I didn't stop her, maybe I thought this was some kind of punishment to embarrass me further yet I just sat there as first my shirts were pulled off me, and then she knelt down at my feet and pulled off my boots, then peeled my jeans from me. Next thing I know she's gone, and returns with a basin of water and a rag from the watershed and started bathing me from head to toe. To say I was at a loss is an understatement, not a word said about what happened, it nothing short of stunning me however when she without hesitation began to swab that rag over my thighs and cunnie and at that moment I got an inkling of what my punishment was to be, yet was wrong.

Sponge bathed even down to my feet she squatting down to lift them up and wash them one at a time, it pretty much made sense when all of a sudden she said "lets go inside, it's getting hot out" both in the sun. Now to me that meant one thing. Perhaps an old whores thinking, or from my time with others who simply abused, yet to me the nudity, the bathing was all leading up to my punishment that for the time being her basically "grudge fucking" me. I'd been here before. It would mean some name calling, maybe some slaps, a lot of pussy and ass licking, and whatever else she could think of to demean me for revenge. Fine, that I could deal with and understood, so when she helped me up I didn't even try to take my hand out of hers as she led me into the cabin.

Once inside she instantly beamed stating almost joyously "oh you still have it!" upon seeing the chaise and pulling me over to it. As I expected she sat near the head leaning back and stretching out, her legs finally pulling up slightly and knees spreading as I reflexively sat on the floor beside her knowing what this was all about and how to act in such times. "Oh no up here", as she patted between her feet and I recall me just nodding as I knew now I was right, time to start licking as I get cursed at and insulted. So I moved up and twisted facing her, quite frankly waiting to be told to get at it.

Instead I was met with about 15 minutes of her life story all starting with the chaise. It was her chaise she had gotten from an old madam she used to work for having always loved it, it her wedding present the day she also quit working. Great, it could get worse as I realized true or not she was basically telling me she knew I was a prostitute and that proved out when she told me how they had checked me out when I applied to rent the cabin, her husband even having come up to the club I danced at before hand, and they since had seen my bike at the massage parlor. Wonderful, not only am I a dog fucker abusing her babies, some freaky nudist they've watched for months, yet also known as a stripper and a whore and from what she was about to make me do clearly a lesbian.

Kill me now....

She went on though hesitantly to tell me that besides she herself having been an escort and running around naked, that she and her husband were swingers, and often enjoyed having sex with other women and couples. Now to me this meant one thing, after having to service her, I'd be expected to do her husband at the very least if not be some served up entertainment for their guests. At this point I was beginning to get agitated, punishment one thing, yet when new "ands" get added on then it gets irritating. So I remember blurting out meekly, "fine, so what do you want me to do".

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### **Assured Penance**

She looked at me confused, and to me that only meant bad things as though she'd string out my servitude forever. Though guessing I suppose I envisioned threats of telling the police unless I serviced her, him and their friends forever, which to be blunt wasn't going to happen. To my remark though she simply asked, "what do you mean?" My response simple, "well what do I have to do, do you want me go down on you, fuck your husband, or did you want me to fuck those other people?" At first she looked shocked, then a tad miffed, then laughed just a moment and suddenly took on this matronly voice and smile.

"No, none of that! Well only if you'd like to, we just wanted you to know we're not upset, understand and have done it all as well. We don't want you to be upset, and are sorry for walking up on you". Her apology to me more then anything blew my mind. All of this was totally contrary to everything I had ever known, and coming off of three personal life changing weeks simply was the capper. "But you caught me having sex with Bull!" I blurted out in retrospect stupidly it seeming to have been let go. Her response though twisted it all around for me even more.

She asked if that was the first time with a dog, to that I said no. Next if dogs were something I did often, to that I'm sure I responded with a "how could you suggest" tone though stupidly. She next asked if that was the first time with her babies, no again on my part. Next if before their trip, to that I said no, it started a couple days after because I couldn't be clothed all the time. Lastly she asked if I had wondered how they knew about all that stuff, more so, she bet it started or would always happen when I'd be on the chaise. To that I said nothing just staring at her I guess surprised she knew, yet not quite getting the punch line.

It no surprise that she point blank asked me "how do you think they knew all that?" To that I just gave her a blank stare, inspiring her to tell me she had for many years played with dogs on occasion, and roughly 3 years back had begun playing with Ace & Bull regularly, then the others when they were older. She went on to prove this by telling me about their certain habits or traits, yet continued on saying how over the past year or so, she had only very rarely played with them at all, though seeing me definitely inspired her to do so later that night. Further, she finally stated that they somewhat expected eventually I'd either have sex with one by chance, yet since the dogs rarely



came up before didn't have much chance to. So assumed their trip might give "me" the chance, if I didn't take it, fine, if I did better.

I recall asking point blank "so what do you want me to do?" expecting her to suddenly lay down my penance still though at the moment assumed I was to be her and her husbands, their friends, and their dogs sex toy from then till dooms day like some slave again which wasn't happening. Her response simple, "nothing, we just don't want you to go, just be yourself, do what you want to do, it's okay by us". To that she stood up me still expecting to have to go down on her that moment, pulled me up and gave me a hug which I stood limply into still in shock, and said they'd be up later to check on me, get some rest. Ah, that it, they'd be up later and then would fuck me like a piece of meat. In any case my mind reeling or I'd be gone by then, I went straight to my bottle and drank down a good quarter of it, ending up curled up on the chaise passed out from either drink or the stress and having not thought on any of it further.

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### **Prolonging the Agony of Guilt**

Later that evening I guess about 8 or 9 the sun just going down, I felt that all too common of late licking at my toes causing me to coo and squirm. Turning over on my back eyes still closed, I then felt that mass of tongues from the horde lapping at me both feet, arms, chest and finally a head pushing up between my thighs instantly knowing it to be Sly. In my haze instinctively I parted my thighs and scooted down, and in just a couple minutes was well on my way to about to have a wake up orgasm. Yet it was cut short.

"Ah good everything's fine, do you want us to go?" The door having been wide open and to say I about jumped through the roof and understatement. I lurched off the chaise as the dogs scattered, there my landlord and his still nude wife standing in the doorway, that freaking me out more than anything her not dressed yet. For the second time they caught me messing with the dogs like some nymphomaniac freak! More so were asking if they wanted me to leave so I could finish. This was all too much and I desperately wanted to get past them to my clothes. Thinking quickly I raced the couple of steps to the bed and grabbed a quilt wrapping it around me, yet suddenly was feeling worse as they looked like they felt like they had intruded.

At that moment I would of begged them to fist me up the ass if it would make all this stop and get it over with, as I just knew some big punishment was coming. Almost hesitantly now, my landlady extended out some cooking dish stating they figured I hadn't eaten, and asked if her husband should go if it made me uncomfortable hinting at me being nude. No I didn't want him to go, I wanted this done and over with. If I'd not of gotten buzzed I would have been gone, yet here I was trapped again surrounded by five horny dogs she said she was going to fuck, and her husband smiling nicely though at the time it feeling like sizing me up for which end to take first.

All I wanted was for the whole situation to be over, to that end I thought quick, and quite simply dropped the quilt where I stood and stated "no, it's his house, come in". Though everyone suddenly on edge they did never the less, the dogs seeming the most nervous going back and forth between me and my landlady though most likely just feeling like in pussy heaven. To that end, my landlady sat back in the chaise as before beckoning me to sit the same place as earlier, I remember looking over my shoulder as I did half expecting her husband to sit on the end sandwiching me between them, yet instead he took up the chair and sat beside her both looking at me. Ah, he wanted to watch first I was sure of it, yet she announced that if I felt up to it they thought we might continue our talk.

Now what concerned me more than anything was during all this at not one time did either look at my

body. I recall even at one point deliberately parting my legs so wide and leaning back just waiting for the bald faced stare at my coochie, yet nothing. In kind I glanced at his and her crotch, no whetness though I could see her pussy, and no hard on. More so they didn't even flinch when the dogs started pestering me one licking my foot causing me to pull it back, the second time one jumping up on the chaise behind me my landlady calmly saying "Ace down, leave her alone hon".

Small talk at first just making me more nervous. Wanting to get to know me better then always having thought I'd be down to the house more often then just paying rent it lonely up here. Though not liking this feeling I was being set up, I simply answered their questions sticking to my new found honesty, yet none of it up to this point about sex in any way except what I offered up as part of my life. What bothered me most I suppose was how I told them I'd quit my jobs, quickly adding to that, that I had plenty of money to make my rent for a long time or pay if they wanted the dogs checked out which just made them laugh. At that point they looked at each other and asked to make me an offer, and I finally knew the hammer was about to be lowered.

Their offer simple. First off, they really liked having me there, the money no issue they just liked knowing someone responsible was living there. More so, his wife felt a stronger kinship with me then ever, even though still not having even had any chance to get to know me. However, in that we had similar experiences, and tastes, that I was a person she felt she could share things with there were no others. To that end, the offer stood simply. That I could live in the cabin as long as I wanted rent free. As always I could come and go as usual, the only thing they asked is if I started working again that I not bring it home and was assured if Josh ever came back he would never bother me again, my safety them there at the house blocking off the hollow. Also, unlike the winter before having to use the old fireplace, they'd see about getting some heat in there for me yet also offered a second option. That being in the winter I'd be more then welcome to come stay in the main house with them, yet either way was up to me.

Finally, if I wanted the boys to come see me just whistle if they didn't come up on their own anyway which they expected they'd probably be doing. In kind I could be naked all I wanted, even if I came down to the house which they hoped I would more often and that my landlady if I'd like would like to have me down to sun with her in the days. Lastly, if the boys and I became intimate anywhere in the hollow, that was fine by them in fact they were glad they had someone they loved to go to. That was it, all I had planned for not considering their return offered to me with dinner as well. So like a paranoid idiot had to ask;

"So, you're not both wanting to fuck me?" Sounding like some retard I'm sure causing them to bust out laughing at my expense. Both though saying different things at the same time stating sure they'd love to fuck me, had been wanting to for some time yet didn't want to scare me off. In fact if they ever had people over I'd be more then welcome to join in. However past them wanting to, me doing so was up to me if I so chose and if and when the moment felt right. I was in shock, still waiting for it, still waiting for the kicker. Yet up they both stood, asking that I consider it, and without even calling the dogs walked out.

To say I was stunned would be an understatement of epic proportions. Simply sitting there, Ace & Bull leaving with them the other three staying, I was brought out of my blank stare by Sly and Kee suddenly licking at me, Sly frankly trying to finish what he had started. A quick "no, no" ending that, and all three in a couple minutes headed off for what I guess was some mommy time leaving me there to try and mull the whole thing over and figure out just what had happened still waiting for the other shoe to drop.

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## Forcing Punishment

That night I could barely sleep. None of this made sense to me due to what I had known of life up to this point. People just weren't like that, everyone was out to fuck you over in one way or another. The trouble with this whole situation though was I had no closure. If they had just fucked me, hell beat the crap out of me, and fisted me in the ass, told me I had to fuck everyone in the county their whore slave for a month, put on some hell's own whore dog show, or made me eat crap while I was bullwhipped then I'd understand and feel at ease. Yet this just wasn't in my realm of experience or understanding. Worse still, as twisted as it was I was "in love", not just loved the boys, and that something I had never known so had no idea how to deal with.

As I spent my night mulling it over, in short order my paranoia came up with an answer to this entire situation. It was clear to me they having discovered I was a dancer that they figured I would be naked all the time so could get there jollies that way. Truth be told most dancers you just about have to pry out of their clothes in the off time, I myself simply in a situation that made me be nude a lot. Next, in that I was an escort I would be an easy piece for them. No doubt the "free rent" to come at a price of spreading my legs on command. Add to that figuring I was a "nympho whore", probably figured on having me be some sex toy for their friends at their gatherings, again fucking on command. Lastly, being some insatiable slut, I'd also be a whore for their oversexed dogs dropping to all fours on command for them as well. In either case, about dawn after considering every sordid option I could come up with I fell asleep. The truth discovered the next late morning.

I was awakened by the bed suddenly heavy clearly two of the boys jumping up, more excited then usual licking at my face, so instantly aware something wasn't right and in a couple of minutes having told them to get down, who's at my wide open door but my landlady, still nude! This had to be a nightmare, more so, in hand she had breakfast it now clear that besides looking forward to being their personal whore I now wouldn't even have my solitude I'd come to rely upon to brood (though hadn't for three weeks). More small talk and wondering if I'd like a sunning partner today, my head too much a blur to scream so just nodded and went and hid in the water shed for a few minutes showering and the like.

When I came out her and the horde were still there with bright shiny faces. Maybe this was my punishment I thought, all these good things under this situation seeming more like torture. Worse still, there she sat upon the very quilt she had found me screwing her dog on the cum spot clear even still the next day. A pat to the quilt clearly meaning for me to sit beside her found us both picking over the breakfast she had made yet to be blunt all the nudity around another in a casual situation was making me very uncomfortable. In any case, after a bit of nibbling as she rattled away about innocent things, Sly as was common when I sunned tried to move up between my thighs to lay down and lick once I'd laid back my landladies and my heads at opposite ends of the quilt.

Uh uh, no way was that happening my legs drawing tight his whines only forcing me to turn toward my landlady on my side. Licks to my feet ignored, and my landladies comment of "Oh, he really likes you" simply made it all the more uncomfortable forcing me to say "no Sly, go lay down" though without hesitation my landlady let it drop. More small talk, then talk of her past as an escort, talk of the dogs and husband though none of it sexually based, and quite frankly I could take it no more, the suspense as to what they intended was worse then what it could possibly be. So with her on her back legs parted, quite simply got up, moved between them and dropped down, and doing nothing more started to lick her cunnie.

It took all of two seconds for her to set her hand to my cheek and ask "what are you doing hon?" My answer simple as I wanted this done. "You said you wanted to have sex with me, so fine" and started right back at it though nothing short of cold and mechanical. Two seconds later another hand at my

cheek, “well I do hon, I’ve thought about you often. But only when and if you want to play with me too, this something you should never have to do for anyone.”

To be blunt at the moment if I could of even put it into words they would have been “what the fuck!?” I was about ready to explode without knowing and kid you not be it perhaps the almost now habit, position, or seeing me lick at their owners twat next thing I know the boys are gathering around behind me. All I could think of to do and say was to move to beside her on all fours and part my legs as Ace began to jump up to mount me, my words simple, “is this it?” Now my landlady was fast yet Ace was quicker, in about a second he was in me though it hurt as I know I was dry as a bone, instantly and this stuns me still he’d listen, when she said “Ace down, leave her alone”, he pulled out and jumped off.

The next thing simply added to it all. My landlady gripping my shoulders and sitting me up looking at me with this pathetic, knowing look as she pulled me tight into a hug my arms just hanging there it not returned, and again began to rock me like some child. I couldn’t stop it, though sure it was just stress, yet in a moment was bawling as she simply shushed me holding tight, then said the worst thing she could of. “\*\*\*\*\*, I’m sorry for seeing you yesterday I guess we should of called out. I’m also sorry we came back last night and this morning, I didn’t think. I didn’t mean to make you feel like we wanted anything from you. I just had hoped maybe we could be friends as I understand what you’re going through in your life as I was once there too.” She went on apologizing more and more. The more she did, the more I cried as to be frank I quite simply had never known anything even when not in the wrong except punishment.

After a bit she finally let go looking into my eyes stating, “look, how about if we don’t bother you or even come up here, if you ever want to talk know we’re down at the house, we just really don’t want you to feel like we’re upset or you should go. We want you here”. That, as honest and sincere as it was, I just simply did not understand so ignorant of normal people. Though I could see she was sad, stood up and without another word walked back down to the house. I suppose I sat there a while, yet the next thing I did was not in a rush, or panic, just simply done with resolve.

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## **Self Punishment**

Stood up, went up to the cabin, put on a pair of jeans, boots and t-shirt. Put all of my other clothes on top of two quilts, folded them up into a tight package, then went around the cabin finding all of my money jars and cans stacking the money up into two piles and a wad. The piles in each boot top, the wad in my pocket, my pistol in my waistband, put my jacket on and loaded the large quilt package onto my bike and rode to the base of the hollow leaving the rest. My words simple, “I have a job in Chattanooga for a few weeks, here’s the last three weeks rent, and for another two months. Tell the boys I love them”, and I left.

At best I made it ten miles before I turned off down some no where road and sat in the ditch by some old field looking at the cows sobbing. Crying because I was ashamed of who I was, what I was, that I had run off on my landlords, and left the five boys I loved behind forever. The thought of no where to go, and no life except for what I had on my bike didn’t even cross my mind, and when I finally got up and got as I used to put it “mean”, rode my bike till the sun set and rose again, and started my life over once more.

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## **Realizations**

Okay, so what, boo hoo. You play you pay, you got the sex you wanted, big fucking deal. Well it was a big fucking deal, in fact a huge deal that changed the course of my life for the better. In fact, I don't hesitate in saying it turned what was eventually 30 years of absolute hell beyond what most can even fathom into a heaven just as unfathomable, all due to six dogs. Buck, Ace, Bull, Cherokee, Trouble and Sly.

After leaving, I tied up with a couple of dance circuits working clubs all over the South and Midwest. Eventually I bought out an old madam and her house, started drinking more, using more drugs, helped a lot of girls clean up and get "out" of the business, went back to my old self loathing and hating, went back to no sex for pleasure just work and hateful lesbian encounters, and even my old way of vile hateful masturbation. I was miserable yet doing very well. Then it all fell apart as I met a man who I basically grudge fucked out of hate for men yet away from work and he matched me for ten hours then left. When he came back a couple weeks later, having kept up with my vow to never lie again and told him I had something terrible to tell him about myself, when I said "well, I'm an escort", he looked at me and the son of a bitch said, "okay.....well, what's the bad thing".

.....and from that moment on my life totally changed.

Silly as it may be, all lives have paths. No path determined as there are many forks, as many as stars in the sky. Yet my path had sign posts on it or perhaps guides. Those guides a single dog named Buck that led me to the "Horde" fifteen years later. Three years after that the Horde guided me to my husband now of fifteen years. "What? WTF? That's the stupidest shit I've ever heard!".....Is it?

Buck taught me at a \_\_\_\_ age enduring abuse like most will never know accumulated over all their years that sex was not a horrific way of crushing and abusing another, just a fucked up individuals way of desperately trying to make themselves feel powerful and like a something. He also taught me it could be enjoyable, though I'd not know that pleasure again till with the Horde. Oddly, over the years I held onto that and though seeming like nothing, in the circumstances I lived was priceless. It helped me endure slavery like sadly many know. Real slavery, where on a whim you might be killed simply because. It helped me to endure more \_\_\_\_ than most will have sex or at the least lovers, and I'm not talking "no I changed my mind", yet beat the hell out of you holding you down screaming, and do it as violently as they could and if not 1 was 20.

It goes on, suffice to say fifteen years of it enough to crush the spirit of any. Yet always I had the nagging lesson of Buck, and when that lesson from too many years and experience began to fade, it left me open and receptive to the Horde.

Between Buck and he Horde I had been forced more times then I can count to be with more different animals then most have seen in person. They meant nothing, in fact those times just like the \_\_\_\_ meant to make me feel small, helpless, submissive did nothing but make me see those forcing the acts for what they were. Pathetic little people desperate to feel more powerful then a helpless small girl. I had fucked a dog, and the dog gave me hope and comfort. The other animals forced on me were nothing, and the cruelty had no affect except telling me I was the one more powerful as I could endure. In the end it just some funny shaped cock having no more affect then a dildo.

Without Buck however I would not of been receptive to the Horde. Sexually to be sure as the other encounters then would have been horrific. Yet most of all, given the right conditions and triggers (like my feet and armpits), my mind opened up to allow myself to find pleasure in sex once again, yet even more emotional feelings for another. The comfort and play of a childhood companion, that love people have when young for friends and family a much different thing once we grow. I had never known love of another either given or received past Buck and its innocence. Yet having matured and not even realizing it was missing, the ease to emotionally love a pet though my take on it at the time

twisted opened me up to seeing I could love, and have it returned.

Wrong? Perhaps. Yet what was right was I had been reminded sex didn't have to equal misery once more, and more so I did have emotions not so shut off as I thought. At the time I would of never let a man that close, even another woman, frankly hating myself so much I hated all people as it was people that had always harmed me. The Horde I was receptive to due to Buck. The Horde showed me again I could feel good in all ways, even hope and dream. Oh to be sure I forgot once again, yet without the reminder of pleasurable sex I felt safe during by the Horde, most of all that I could open up my heart and have it not be in vain, led me to three years later meeting the most wonderful person, dare I say it, a man on the planet. Without that chain of events, without my six canine guides nudging me in this direction instead of that, I pretty much know I'd not even be alive today, let alone living so fully.

In the years since a very few times more for the entertainment of others I've been with dogs again. Never having any impact though was pleasurable, no more then the most casual of sex. I frankly don't seek it out, in fact my own dogs I have as pets have never known my sexual touch nor ever will more my children. Yet I will never be ashamed of my time with Buck or the Horde, as to them I owe the good in my life.

A few years after getting my life right, I visited an old shack and reminisced about Buck the part dealing with my father then not worth the text save be it was the first time I'd seen him since \_\_, and would be my last. The Hollow since had changed, now six homes crammed up the little valley. My landlords long gone, and I'm sure the boys now chasing rabbits in heaven. It makes me sad I can't say to my landlords "now" I understand their good intentions and understanding as I try to be the same way. Simple things like knowing about what swinging is, and the good people in it, down to the innocent comfort intended by an old whore to another. I'm sorry yet now understand, forgive an ignorant scared fool for not knowing good folks when she met them.

My now perfect life I owe to six dogs my guides.....and proudly state I was once your bitch gratefully, and will never forget the lessons of innocent beasts taking pity and shining your grace and love upon a human.