

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

I lost mine seven years ago when I was 18. I grew up in a kind of rough part of town. The other girls I knew made fun of the fact that I was still intact. I tried not to let it bother me.

I wasn't saving myself, or anything. I just never met anyone I felt was right. Although I admit I was afraid of pregnancy and STDs. I also was a little to too shy to talk to the family doctor about birth control.

Since I hit puberty I'd been interested in animals as more than pets. I thought I was really kinky or something, and tried to not think about it, but the idea kept coming back. Maybe it was because I never attracted much interest from the boys in high school. I'm plain, thin, with small breast, glasses, thin hair, and legs that are a little to short. Tons of hair stuff to add 'volume' didn't make much difference and not wearing my glasses, letting my hair down and wearing makeup never seemed to either. So I was a very ordinary girl, with a very ordinary brain and not much talent in any area. My senior year I had three dates, all were boys that tried to get to home base in the first hour. No one asked me to the prom, but that was OK, because I couldn't really afford a fancy dress.

I'd surfed the web a little when my parents were out, and found enough zoo info to sort of figure I knew about how male dogs and human girls get together. Of course I didn't, then.

It was late summer and I was on vacation with my family in Washington State, on the Long Beach Peninsula. College was starting in a few weeks and I'd been thinking about losing it before I started. I even was carrying a box of condoms with me, just in case.

The beach was a bust. My dad was fishing all the time and my mom didn't like the beach much, although she liked digging for clams.

The north end of the peninsula is a wildlife sanctuary and in August a pretty deserted place. Not dangerous, just empty. I went for a long walk, out to the tip, it's about 5 miles. I walked north on the bay side and was walking back on the ocean side.

About a mile down the beach this big mixed-breed long-furred white dog, trotted up to me to say hi. I looked around and there was no one in sight and I knew the closest house was still a couple of miles away. It was windy, but not real cold and I hadn't seen anyone for hours.

After a minute of sniffing at me the dog started to beg for food. I had half my lunch left in my bag, a peanut butter and jam sandwich so I offered it to him. He really liked it. After he'd eaten I petted him, and threw a stick for him. He seemed to love fetching it and bringing it back for me to through again. After I while I hugged him, said good-by, and headed down the beach. He followed me and I let him. I figured he must belong to someone who lived near the town we were staying in, Osterville.

I was wearing tennis shoes, cut off jean-shorts and a sweatshirt. Of course, I had on a bra and panties underneath. The dog stuck real close to me. After another mile I stopped and sat down to watch the surf and rest, and he sat down right next to me. Then he settled his big head on my bare thigh. Having his head on my leg felt kind of peaceful; so I let him leave his head on my naked thigh while I enjoyed the sound of the surf and watched the sunlight on the water. I hadn't considered doing anything sexual with the dog, and I wasn't paying any attention to him, when suddenly I felt his tongue on my thigh. I looked down and he was busy licking my inner thighs right where my leg disappeared into my shorts.

It felt real nice and I wondered if he was sexually interested in me. I stood up and wondered to a sheltered area behind a pile of driftwood and sat on a log, the dog followed me. I tested what he wanted by spreading my thighs, wide. He went right for the sweet spot. I was a little cold and his hot tongue felt good. I let him lick me, giggling a little, and watched as he tried to slip his tongue up into my shorts.

I let him, and continued watching for a while and trying to work up my nerve. I thought about it, and realized that I was fertile, about half way between periods. I wondered if it was kind of like being in heat and if the dog could smell that I was ready to breed.

I always feel sexy when I'm fertile and that sort of decided me. I was going to try it. I slowly unfastened my shorts and slid them, and my panties, down and off my legs. The dog was watching me closely. Then I leaned back and again spread my thighs. He went right for my crotch. When I felt his tongue sliding between the lips of my vulva I knew I was going to really do it. We were there, alone and he wanted me. He seemed very nice, couldn't give me anything, or make me pregnant and would never tell.

I leaned back further and he really went after me with that tongue. I closed my eyes and felt my passion rising. It was so much nicer than using my finger, and that tongue was so soft and long, it was getting into places that had never been touched before. I knew I was very wet. I could feel my own lubricants mixed with the dog's saliva and running down my sex and pooling around my anus. Then the dog found the pool and started treating my bottom to the pleasure of his tongue. Wow! That was when the first orgasm hit me. I was still shaking when I noticed that his penis was showing.

I said, "Well, boy, you did me real good. All the girls I knew, who talked about there first time, never mentioned climaxing. I guess I owe you a treat."

I giggled, and feeling pretty scared, but still with the wonderful sense of having had a good climax, I rolled over on the log and dropped my head onto my arms on the sand, and waited. I was presented the dog with my vulva and my thighs and legs were spread as wide as was comfortable.

I looked over my shoulder wondering what the dog would do, He was looking at me and I tried smiling at him and said, "Come on, boy. I'm willing, and ready."

He looked at me for maybe a minute. The he went back to licking my sex. I started feeling good again, then he stopped. I smiled at him again and he jumped his forelegs onto my back and then wrapped them around me ribs. I ws real glade I'd kept my sweatshirt on. I felt little squirts of hot liquid hitting my thighs and vulva and got worried he was coming before getting into me. I'd heard some girls tell how it was great (they always say that), but over before they really could get into it enough to get off. I didn't want that. It was a little hard but I reached back and found his penis and helped him get it lined up. I found I needed to raise my hips a little so I pulled me knees closer together.

Once the tip felt my inner lips he humped forward. That was the end of my cherry. It hurt, a lot more than I thought it would, and I started to cry. The dog didn't care; he just kept humping forward pressing more and more of his thing into me. After a while the pain eased a little and I was surprised to feel his cock, which I'd thought was pretty small, seemed to be getting bigger inside of me. He was driving it in and out fast, and it started to feel kind of good. Then I felt a lump at the end that was wider than the rest and it too seemed to be getting bigger each time he pushed it. I didn't know about the knot, but figured the lump was just part of how dogs were different. I had no idea how different.

After a few minutes it felt like it was getting huge in me. I found there was a spot in my vagina that, when he pressed by it, felt real good. I started moving my hips to help him hit that spot. A minute later I had the pattern and knew I was heading to another climax. The dog slowed down but started really pushing that big lump in. I knew it was getting bigger and had almost decided I'd had enough when I realized it was in, still growing, and was not moving out of me anymore. I was scared, but then that big lump got bigger still and started to press against the nice spot I'd discovered.

All the time I felt him shooting little squirts of something warm into me, but then suddenly it changed. I felt something contract within me and the tip of the dog's penis went somewhere I didn't know it could. Later I figured out that it was pushing through my cervix. When he was inside my womb the dog held real still. I felt warm stuff shooting into me and there must have been a lot of it, because it felt like it was filing me. I could also feel it pressing out of me and running down my legs. The dog moved and I thought he was going to try to get off so I grabbed his front legs and held him on me. I tried to calm him, whispering that I liked it, and rubbing my back into his chest. Then he really surprised me. He leaned forward and lightly bit my shoulder. At the same time I felt his penis hump farther into me. I climaxed at that moment and held him tight to me as the wave of pleasure enveloped me.

I felt warm and protected with my lover on my back and his thick white fur covering my naked bottom. We stayed like that for what seemed like a long time. When I felt his penis get smaller I let go of the dog's legs, he let go of my shoulder and pulled it out. It felt like a river was flowing out of me for a minute. He licked me a few times, and then laid down near me and began to lick himself clean.

I got up and looked at myself. There were little rivers of mixed dog seed and blood running down my thighs. I knew I had to get clean before I went home.

The ocean is darn cold there, but I managed to wade in to where my knees were covered and sit down. It hurt some but the salt water seemed to help stop the bleeding and ease the soreness. I was real sore. I washed my sex and thighs, over and over, and hoped the flow had stopped.

I went back and sat on the log for a while, resting and trying to get warm. The dog came over and sat by me and I petted him, thinking that I'd done it, and except for the busting my cherry part, it was pretty good.

When I was sort of dry I put my panties and shorts back on and stood to head home. I realized I was still pretty sore down there, but not so sore to walk. I picked up my bag and started walking, kind of slow, and the dog walked with me. I kept checking my crotch to see if more stuff was draining out of me. Just before I got home I saw there was a growing wet spot. I waded back into the ocean, and splashed around until my shorts were soaked. The dog joined me and I found a stick and played fetch with him the surf. I was wishing I could keep him, but knew my father would never allow it. If he found out the dog was my lover he'd probably kill us both.

After a while I knew I should head home and said goodbye my to the dog and headed off. Of course he followed me. As I was walking through the town a man asked me if the dog was mine. I said no, and that he'd been following me for a while. I explained I'd give him some food, since he looked hungry. and I thought he was hoping for more.

The man said, "He sure looks like he belongs to you, Miss."

I said no, and almost ran home. My mom was gone, so I had the place to myself for a while. I knew she'd gone to pick my dad up after his fishing trip, and checking the clock knew I had about an hour.

I stripped and washing out my shorts and panties, very carefully. Then I took a hot bath.

By the time my parents were home I was dry, changed, and wearing a clean blouse and skirt. In my panties I had a sanitary napkin, just in case I leaked. I felt very strange, but realized my parents couldn't tell. Then the guilt hit me. I'd given myself to a dog. I was a pervert.

That night I cried myself to sleep, wondering I'd ruined myself, or something. Wondering how I'd ever be able to honest with my future husband, I assumed there would be one, with a secret like mine. But the next morning, in bed, I touched myself to see if I was still sore, and it felt good. As I pleased myself I thought about the white dog pumping into me and climaxed, hard.

I saw the dog almost every day for the rest of our stay in that town. The man who'd asked me about him had taken him in. The guilt and fear of discovery kept me from trying anything again with him. The white dog kept trying to come over to me, but I'd head into indoors until he was gone.

I saw the man at the store once, and he told me that the dog had been near starved, and I was probably right about why he'd been following me. The man figured someone, a total jerk, had brought the dog to the beach and left him to get rid of him. I almost cried. He'd been nothing but sweet to me and I couldn't imagine anyone being that low. The man could tell I felt sorry for the dog, and told me he'd named him Hank, and that he was giving him a good home. It did make me feel better.

It took years to get over the guilt, and it was longer before I met another dog that I felt good about making love with. I'd made love with lots of boys and men. Guys are interested in even a plain girl who has a reputation as for being easy. I was out of college before I met a man who knew how to bring a girl off while they were making love. He was great, but not as good as the Hank had been. I wasn't real surprised that no one was lining up to marry me. I was living on my own after college. I got a job as an accountant in a large accounting firm, mainly helping folks with their taxes. I stopped being easy on dates and my dates became fewer. As the years went by I became more lonely, and I thought more and more about Hank, and giving up men all together.

Two years ago I took a new K9 lover, but that's another story.

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## **Part Two - Hector**

Life was getting me down after college. I had an OK job, but my love life didn't have a spark, and the payments on my student loans consumed most of my disposable income. I was lonely and coming home to an empty apartment was depressing. The best thing in my life was my Grandfather. His house was about a two-hours drive away, but I visited him almost every weekend. Grandpa Bill was 78, and his arthritis was bad. He'd show me old photos and tell me about grandma, and asked about my life and how I was doing. I listened to what he said, cleaned his house, took him shopping and cooked for us. I bought him a microwave so he'd be able to do for himself when I couldn't be there. He had a spare room; it had once been my Mom's, where I'd spend Saturday night once or twice a month.

My weekends were pretty free as I was dating less and less. I couldn't seem to connect with the men who asked me out on an emotional level. Once in a while I go out on Friday night with a girlfriend and we 'hunt for sperm' together. As long as there was no specter of a commitment, I could find a guy to spend the night with. Some even called up for another date later. But I guess I was needy and after their urge to do me was dealt with, they'd vanish. There was a guy I did dated for four months. But he dropped me when I mentioned I wanted to get married, some day. I might have been hinting,

but I don't think so.

Two years ago things changed. My Grandfather, Bill, died and left me his house and a little money. I thought I would cry forever. He was my only relative that bothered about me and was my only male friend. It turned out that I was the only one who'd visited him since my Grandmother died, about five years earlier. He'd been very sick and in a lot of pain before he died and I tried to see his death as a release, although I will miss him until I die. My parents were not nice about the will. Seems they thought they were going to inherit his stuff.

I wanted to move out to Grandpa's house, but the daily commute wasn't workable. Then my office reorganized and my boss asked if I'd be willing to telecommute, only coming in for meetings one day each week. He said the company saw me as dependable and were trying to save money on rent, phones, furniture and all. That meant I could move into Grandpa's house. I agree right away. Later I found out that I'd been changed from an employee to a person working on contract. That was OK with me, except the buying my own health insurance part.

Nevertheless I started smiling and telling everyone I was moving to the country, like I'd just taken a happy pill. One of my girlfriends, Deborah, went out to the house with to help me get it ready. The house was a remnant of an old farm. Grandpa had sold-off all the fields to the neighboring farmers. The house had a nice fenced yard, but the closest neighbors were a good quarter mile away.

While we were exploring the attic Deborah looked at me and said, "This place seems kind of lonely. You'd better get a gun or a big dog. You'll be so alone way out here. Maybe consider getting an alarm system too."

Well suddenly, all I could think of was the big white dog I'd given my virginity to before college. I knew it would be impossible to find him, but I had a house, and a yard! I could have a dog!

Deborah and I talked over a dog verses a gun, and she pointed out that a dog was safer. "You won't have to learn to shoot, and it will be there when you need it." She'd pointed out.

"Unless you carry a gun with you all the time, when you need it, it will probably take a while to get."

I knew that without my glasses I wouldn't know where to point a gun, especially at night. That settled it. Part of the plan was to find a pet to live with me.

I paid off my student loans with the money Grandpa had left and had a little left. Two months later I was living on the farm and it was being worked for another three months. I had a high-speed satellite connection put in. With the exception of a few items that reminded me of my grandparents, the place had been cleared out and everything either sold, given away or sent to the dump. Every room had been painted, along with the houses exterior.

Everything that I could find that needed fixing had been fixed, including new wiring and plumbing; mostly done by my girlfriends and me. We read books and took on things like wiring. The county building inspector also gave me a lot of help. I did hire a contractor to do the drywall work. My savings were near gone, but I had work, and I liked working at home. The extra room had become my home office. I also took on other clients. Some of the folks I'd done work for referred their friends to me directly, and not to the office I did contract work for. My old boss didn't mind a certain amount of that, since it helped them prove to the IRS that I wasn't an employee.

Of course, the best thing was my puppy. I'd picked him out at six weeks, right after Deborah had suggested the idea, and brought him to live with me at eight weeks, when I moved in. He was the cutest thing I'd ever seen; a show quality full-blooded brindle Mastiff. I named him Hector, with a

little help from Deborah who'd majored in classics. He was a roly-poly ball of fur that kept me laughing so much I didn't think turn on the TV. It would have interfered with playing with Hector.

By the time the work on the house was done he'd grown a lot. His head was up to my hips and he was all legs with a huge head and giant feet. We'd worked through some trying times with housebreaking, but at six months he was good as gold.

Every morning we'd take a walk, and another at lunch. There was a creek nearby with a path along it that was very shady and cool on hot days. I talked to my neighbor's and they didn't mind my walking through their farms along the creek as long as Hector was on a leash, and I cleaned up after him. Easy.

Hector liked being in the yard and playing with the tennis balls my friends would bring him. It was my job to through them when I was outside, but generally he was with me inside and six inches from me. I loved being able to reach down and pet him as he rested or slept while I worked.

When I cleaned house, he was right beside me too. It took longer, but was more fun.

I loved Hector, totally. My girlfriends would come and visit from time to time, but it was a long drive and they were all seeing someone, or trying to. But when Deborah or one of the others were visiting we fussed over Hector until he was silly happy. They knew I'd been kind of loser in the man department and left me alone about my not having ant dates.

Of course, I thought about sex with Hector, but wasn't sure when he'd be old enough. In the mean time I resorted to my fingers, and a vibrator I'd ordered off the net. When Hector was a year old I started trying to interest him. I'd go around the house naked, or only wear a shirt and set by him with my vulva exposed. Hector would sniff at my sex a little, but lost interested quickly and made it clear he wanted to play. I got a lot of pleasure out of rolling around on the rug with him, hugging and petting him and feeling his nice fur against my naked legs. But he didn't seem interested in more.

That's when I started spending more time in the net, and found the forum and some other good sites. I lurked for a long time before I worked up the nerve to post something. I loved the stories, but could tell they were mostly fiction. But the how two sections were great. I printed out all the how-to stuff I could find. Then I'd go over it and over it.

In the evening, when Hector and I were relaxing together in the living room, I started to try the things I'd learned about. He was about sixteen months old when he seemed to start taking interest in me while I was stimulating myself. I monitored my temperature and tempted him during my fertile period, remembering that I'd thought that was what had attracted the white dog to me.

By then he was up to my waist when standing, and starting to fill out. He outweighed me by ten pounds and his Vet said he was no-where near done growing. I found that just looking at him was a pleasure, but I hoped for more. I also tried putting peanut butter on my vulva. He'd lick it off me, with enough enthusiasm to give me a nice tingle, but when it was gone he seemed to not want to keep at licking. I tried jam and maple syrup too.

It was the syrup that seemed to do it. Or maybe he was just getting more mature. At 18 months I offered him syrup-alla-vulva during my fertile period and he really went for me. I was in heaven as my dear Hector gave me the pleasure I'd been longing for. I moved from the floor to the couch and offered him my sex and I was thrilled when his big beautiful head pressed between my thighs and he continued pleasuring me. I loved his big tongue on me. As Hector probed my inner lips and anus I climaxed.

It was a better orgasm than any man had ever given me, but only two had ever been willing to use their tongues down there. One had made me beg for it, after I'd sucked him dry, before consenting to pleasure me that way. The other had been my four-month boy-friend. He'd had talent, but didn't have the tongue to match Hectors. He also wouldn't touch me vary clean, perfumed and powdered bottom, although he liked me to lick him there.

I was watching Hector's sheath and saw that he was showing. I wanted him to take me in the missionary position, but decided the first few times I should help him by giving his instincts submissive bitch signals. I returned to the carpet and raised my rear high and lowered my head to my folded arms and smiled and called to him while wiggling my bottom. I kept smiling at him and saying encouraging things; "Good, boy! Your Moma's good, Hector. Come mate with mama, Hector."

Hector returned to licking my vulva and I felt my pleasure mounting. I thought about maybe putting some thick socks on him, but didn't want to stop for that. I hoped the heavy sweatshirt I had on would be adequate.

At that moment I wished I had a partner their to help me get him on me, but my lust for Hector was my darkest secret. When he did mount, Hector would thrust a couple of times and then dismount. He kept doing that and at one point did get the tip in, but again pulled out.

I realized I needed to be patient, so after a half hour of tantalizing but not satisfying sex play, I sat up and hugged him, praising him and petting him in all the areas he liked. He was still aroused and I had him lay down and then worked my way to his shaft. The knot was still in his sheath, but I began licking and sucking on the shaft, not the tip, but the exposed part of the base. I heard Hector's breathing quicken. I continued licking and lightly sucking on the base of his shaft and added giving gentle caresses to his sheath with my hand. I was rewarded when his knot emerging from his sheath and I felt the tip of his shaft spurting onto me. I wanted to move my mouth and drink his seed, but I contented myself with moving my body to let as much as possible land on my abdomen and thighs.

After a while he seemed to want to stop, so I kissed his knot, as tenderly as I could and rolled onto my back. Hector began licking himself clean and I used my hands to scoop-up as much of his liquid as I could off my skin, and then licked it off my fingers.

I was a little frustrated, but I was also pleased. He'd wanted to mate me! I was sure in time we'd be a couple. I cleaned up the living room floor, and pulling my sweatshirt down around my hips sat next to Hector petting him and hugging him as he rested.

We went to bed a while later. I'd been letting Hector sleep on the bed with me since he was housebroken (sort of a nasty term, I think). I put on a flannel nightgown but didn't put on panties. But that night I got out an extra comforter and instead of getting into the bed I slept on top, hugging Hector and using the comforter to help keep us warm.

I hugged Hector all night and he seemed to like being so close to me. But as I held him the guilt hit. I was doing a forbidden act and in my state it was illegal. I cried a little as my mind swirled, but I kept hugging Hector. After a lot of tears and some soul searching I calmed down. I tried to keep focused on the fact that I loved Hector, we'd both wanted each other, and he loved me.

The next morning, after I'd let him out to take care of things, I fed him and again, feeling a little brave, I offered him my vulva with a little syrup on it, sort of for dessert. He didn't hesitate and seemed to really want more. I moved to the rug, arranged some pillows and presented my bottom to him in as enticing a way as I could. My sent seemed to be driving him to want to mate, so I encouraged him to mount me, speaking very soft and warm to him and moving my bottom back and



forth. Hector mounted after a while, and with a little help, he was able to find my opening and trust into me a few times, then he dismounted. We did that a few times and when he stopped I moved to his shaft again and lovingly ministered to it. He seemed to be grinning at me as I gave him pleasure, very pleased with our new game. I was too.

Of course every night when I slipped into bed, next to my lover, yes, he was with me between the sheets now, I had to fight the guilt. I kept reminding myself that there was only love involved, even if I was a sexual outlaw. Gradually the sense of guilt lessened, although not enough for me to come out to my friends. Even though I thought at least Deborah might understand.

I continued wearing flannel nighties and oversized sweatshirts around the house and at least once a day I offered Hector my vulva. I experimented and was pleased when he began going for my sex, even without the syrup. I was more pleased when he continued to want to lick me when I passed out of my fertile period, Each time, after I'd had a nice climax, I'd assume the bitch wanting to be breed position.

Hector learned quickly what was being offered and seemed increasingly eager to mount. Our mating began to change and he was thrusting into me longer before dismounting after a week. After two, he seemed to want me all the time. I loved it, but realized that I didn't want him helping himself to me any old time. Every week or two a friend would visit. Sometimes they'd bring a boyfriend, and I wanted to keep the best part of my relationship with Hector just between us.

Training him proved easy. Being naked from the waist down became the signal that I was willing. That avoided temptation on our walks, when we might be seen, and when company was at the house. I wasn't getting the great breeding I craved, lots of good climaxes and Hector was getting closer to making me his mate every week.

My sides and hips had gotten scratched up some, in spite of heavy sweatshirts and flannel nightgowns. I added to our routine putting thick socks on his front paws. By then Hector was eager enough for our sex game that he was just great about letting me put the socks on him, as soon as he figured out what it was leading to.

One weekend when Deborah was visiting she commented that I seemed happier, and had a look about me of a girl who had been well taken. I blushed bright red, but disappointed her by not being willing to tell her all about it. I was so glad I'd trained Hector. He was good as gold all weekend.

I rewarded him ten minutes after I saw Deborah's car drive off on Sunday afternoon. At that time Hector and I had been playing our sex game for two months. I was ovulating again, and Deborah having been there all weekend had left my boy horny. Hector was more aggressive when we got down to it. When he mounted me I knew it was different. Our bodies had gotten good at finding each other, but when he pressed into me he grabbed my waist tighter and pressed deeper than ever before. Then he stayed in. I climaxed when I realized how different this was. With each thrust his shaft grew longer and thicker. I was really being breed by Hector and I felt like we were consummating our commitment to each other.

When I felt his knot getting bigger with each as stroke he pressed into me I climaxed again. Then I was aware of the knot pressing into me and growing to a size that I could keep in. I'd been a good girl and had worked for months to build up my PF muscles so that I could hold Hectors knot in me when the time came.

It felt so big, and so warm inside me that my sex started to contract around Hector's shaft. Then I felt larger amounts of his warm seed shooting into me than ever before. With the extra lubricant my

body contracted again and I felt his shaft pressed beyond my vagina and into my womb. I pressed back into Hector, trying to get it farther in and as it slide deeper, he lowered his head and very gently bit my shoulder. I wrapped my arms around his front paws and pressed back farther and felt his warm seed filling me then I had an orgasm that seemed to go on and on. My weight was held off the floor by my knees, his shaft sheathed in my body, my hands on his forelegs and his mouth holding my shoulder. I laughed, and cried for happy as we coupled. I wanted it to last forever and I knew so did my sweet Hector.

When he softened, I relaxed, and let Hector slide out of me. I saw the clock on the mantel. We'd been making love for two hours, although I figured we'd been tied for less than half that time. I collapsed, exhausted and my wonderful lover began cleaning up the flow of liquid that poured out of my sex.

Then he lay down on the rug and I cleaned him up, using my mouth, doing it as tenderly as I could. That night in bed Hector woke me up by nuzzling my vulva. When I realized what he wanted I became as eager as he was. I built up the pillows, and presented myself to him, ready for breeding. The soft bed was a different footing and when he entered me and started moving I realized we could use the bed's springs to add to the intensity. At first Hector wasn't sure but I could tell he was liking the extra bouncing after we'd tied.

The next morning I had two problems. One, the bedding was a major mess, and two, my sex was very sore. I changed the bedding and did the laundry, but I realized that my sex needed a little time to recover. Of course Hector wanted me again again by lunch time, I loved him for it but I said no. He looked pathetic and I almost gave in, but I knew I needed to maintain control of when. I made him wait the two days before I felt up to it. This time though I was going to try for the missionary position. Hector was horny and I wanted to wrap myself around him as we became one.

First, I arranged a stack of pillows that I could lay down on that brought my vulva up to the right height. I wanted to feel his fur pressing into my breasts so I decided to go with just the socks. When the socks went on Hector and I swear he grinned. But he looked confused when I took the new position. Still when I spread my thighs and offered myself to him he came over and began treated me to his wonderful tongue. I had a nice climax, and then seeing that his penis was out, I gently coaxed him forward until his head was above mine, and his shaft was near my opening. I reached down and guided him to me, as I'd done many times. He smiled at me and moved with my hand until he felt himself pressing into me. I brought my hands up and wrapped them around his neck as he began moving into me. I felt him growing and petted his head and cooed at him as he began to fill me. When the knot was well inside and I was holding it tightly within me, I wrapped my legs around his back. This motion pushed him deeper into me and I had a contraction deep within as the end of his shaft entered my womb. Even there I could feel the heat of his shaft and the warm spray of his seed as he made us one.

Looking up at him I saw what he needed, and pushed my hair away from my neck. He leaned forward and lightly bit my shoulder and neck, holding me firmly as he worked his maleness deeper still. I lost the ability to think for a while as we coupled, reduced to experiencing the wonderful feeling of union with my mate. At one point I realized I was off the pillows as we moved together, almost holding still but both enjoying the flow of his seed into me. My nipples were more extended than ever before, and the slight harshness of his fur against them was wonderful.

We lasted a long time before Hector began to soften. Somewhat reluctantly I opened my arms and legs when his mouth moved off my neck and shoulder. For a moment I was blissfully happy and contented. Then I began to cry. I wanted to give him young, to nurse the product of our coupling at my breasts, and I knew it was not to be.

I fought the guilt again that night. But Hector and I won.

At slightly over two years old, my guy is a hunk, 185 pounds of solid muscle. That's fifty pounds more than I weigh and he's still filling out. He is very good about letting me decide when we are to mate, but then I decide to do that almost every day. We are happy, and my friends adore him, although they might not if they knew how close we are.

A few weeks after our session in the missioner position someone came to the door. I opened it and saw it was my Dad. He had a nasty look on his face. He said he needed money and I smelled liquor on his breath. But I didn't know if the drinking was now an every day thing, or if he'd done it to built his nerve up enough to hit on his daughter for money. I'd kept him at the door, but he wanted to come in.

I said, "No, I'm working."

He took a step toward me, clearly angry and suddenly there was Hector. Right by my side and growling.

Dad stepped back.

Hector took another step, placing himself between him and me and sat down right in front of me and looking at Dad and growled again.

"You shouldn't keep a vicious dog like that around! He'll maul someone and get you in a lot of trouble." His words are easy to remember.

Reacting to the tone in my Dad's voice Hector growled again, but got up ready to defend me. I told Dad that Hector was a lamb with me, and with everyone who was nice to me. But that he was there to protect me. Then I called Hector inside and slammed the door.

I watched from the upstairs window in my bedroom as my Dad drove away. When I was sure he was gone I hugged and kissed Hector, praising him and caressing him for a long time. Of course soon clothes came off, and socks went on, and we were joined and happy again.

Yes, I'm happy now, with my guy. He loves me and wouldn't leave me. The only thing that could make me happier is to feel his young growing in my body. But lots of girls and their mates find happiness without children. I don't see why we shouldn't.

I've had a gold medallion made that I wear at all times on a soft braided leather necklace. It's the same size and shape as Hectors license. On the side facing out it says 'Susan Michelle'. On the other side is says 'If found, return to Hector,' and gives our address.

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Part Three - A Proposition

I was very happy for the next few months. My little business was doing well enough so that I could start a SIMPLE retirement account and still pay all my expenses. There was even some left for a few luxuries. My relationship with Hector, my purebred Mastiff, was the best part of my life. We went on two walks together every day, rain or shine. When my girlfriends would visit from town they would come with us, if it wasn't raining.

Hector was great about our walks and guests. Although I was his mate, he never approached me for

sex, unless I signaled that I was willing by stripping to the waist. He even learned not to suggest it when my girlfriends were visiting. He does that by bringing me the thick socks I put on him before we make love.

My father had given up pestering me for money, but he had my mother call me every few days and explain that they could really use a few hundred. I always said no. When I was a girl my father knocked me around a lot, and my mother never tried to stop him. I remember feeling like I had to explain bruises and occasional black eye at school without mentioning how I really got them. Dad had told me if I complained to anyone about his hurting me, he'd kill me. I believed him. I moved out when I started college and never came back. Anyway, I don't feel a need to help them, and I'm not over being angry at them. Maybe someday.

By the time Hector was 30 months old he weighed 220; about 105 pounds more than I do. Holding him and feeling his protective strength as we coupled was heaven for me. My girlfriends, especially Deborah, sometimes suggested that I try dating men again, but I explained I wasn't interested. Deborah noticed that I was happier than she'd ever seen me and was a good enough friend not to press the issue.

My happy world was only marred by the frustration of not being able to give my lover our young, born of our union and nourished by my body. It is a gift I long to offer Hector, but one which is impossible. Although I find the idea of human babies appealing, it was Hector's babies that I wanted, and I was content to have no young if they were not his.

About that time I received a phone call from Kate, the breeder I'd purchased Hector from. She wanted to come visit and see how Hector had developed. My purchase agreement with her had been that if she thought Hector was worthy, I would let her show him, and if he won a championship, I would let her use him as stud to breed her bitch Mastiffs. When I'd purchased Hector my option had been either a show quality pup, or a pet quality one. If I'd taken a pet quality pup, I would have had to promise, in writing, to have him fixed before he turned one. Of course, fixing was out of the question. Since I hoped that someday he'd be my lover.

With a little reluctance I invited Kate to come out for lunch and to visit with Hector and I the following Saturday. She arrived promptly at 11:30 and hugged me as she came in the door, saying how much better I looked. She looked good too. Kate was in her mid fifties, slightly plump, with pronounced smile lines in a face that was framed by a thick mass of silver hair.

I thanked her and then she'd turned her attention to Hector, who was right beside me, sitting calmly, and smiling at Kate and I. I knew if he sensed a threat, he'd be on his feet and between us in a second. But he was used to women, my girlfriends, and sometimes their boyfriends of the moment, visiting us.

Kate got down on her knees and offered Hector her hand. He licked it and she laughed. Then she gently felt him all over while speaking softly to him, telling him he was a good boy, and lightly petting him. When she was done she stood again, but continued to pet Hector's head and neck. He was so tall it was easy.

"He's grown into a beautiful dog, Susan Michelle," she commented.

I asked her if she'd like to go on our walk with us after lunch and she said, "Absolutely."

I lead Kate to my small diningroom, it's only big enough for four. The lunch was already set out; tuna sandwiches and fruit, with ice tea to drink. I offered coffee, but Kate said on such a nice day ice tea would be a treat.

All through lunch and then during our walk she was watching both Hector and I. We seemed to be meeting with her approval. When we got back I suggested more ice tea in the shade of the big tree in my backyard. I'd put a picnic table out there in the spring, and Hector and I enjoyed sitting in the shade on warm afternoons out there.

Kate said that would be nice, and went to use my bathroom while Hector and I got the ice tea and glasses. When she returned I was sitting at the table with Hector beside me, his big beautiful head was on my thigh. I was wearing jeans, and longed to strip them off and feel his so-soft ears on my bare skin, but I knew I couldn't. Hector was my perfect gentleman, because I'd always been careful to make sure my messages to him were consistent. Naked thigh and guest would be a mixed message.

When Kate joined us I was softly petting Hector's head. She sat down and we chatted about the weather. But all the time she was looking at Hector.

"I can see you and Hector have become such good friends. It warms my heart to see he has a good and loving home. You know, Susan Michelle, I checked you out before I let you have him. But everyone said you were a very gently and patient. They were right, you have done a great job raising him, and I can see he's devoted to you."

I thanked her and said, "Yes, and I'm just as devoted to Hector, He's a perfect friend and wonderful companion. I don't think I could stand to be apart from him." I was hinting that he wasn't available for travel.

"I understand. But we do have an agreement. Your Hector is magnificent, I think he'd be a champion quickly if we showed him."

I felt I needed to be assertive. "I agree, but I can't be away from him. We're together, like 25-7. Even when I need to go into town, he comes with me to meetings with clients."

"Yes, Susan, I suspected as much. All the time I've been here he has never been more than two feet from you, and your hand, or hands are on him, or he has his head on you almost all the time.

"I think the solution is for you to be his handler in shows. That way you two would still be together and I would get a chance to show the world what wonderful dogs I breed."

"But I don't know how!" I protested. "And my work would keep me from traveling."

Kate nodded. "I can teach you and Hector what to do. A few months practice and you'll both be fine. I'm pretty sure once Hector understands what to do, and that you want him to do it, he'll be perfect. You two will have fun together doing it. It will be something you do that brings you closer to each other, if that is possible. I'm sure you'd like knowing that you and Hector are a team.

"There are several shows in the area you two could attend without your having to be away from home for more than a couple of days. Although I think you both might do well at Westminster, there is no reason to go as far as that. You could stay at my house in town for shows there, and there are shows in cities within a few hours drive of here. I'll go with you to all shows and help as much as you want.

"What I suggest is that I teach you and Hector what you need to know over the next few months. I'd like you to come to my home for that. The big barn out back is fitted up like a dog show arena, and I teach lots of dogs and handlers there. One overnight visit a week should do it in a very few months. Then I'll enter you and Hector in two local shows. If he doesn't place in the top four in one of those

we'll give up and I won't bother you anymore."

"What if Hector does well?"

"I think he will, and you too. Dogs shown by owner handlers show best, if the owner knows what they are doing. If he does well you show him in three more shows. If he takes a championship, best of breed, not necessarily best of show, you two can retire, and you'll let Hector breed one of my bitches from time to time. If he doesn't take a championship, were done. You can do more shows if you want, but only if you and Hector find you enjoy them."

A cold chill settled around my heart when I thought of my Hector breeding another. I guess my anxiety showed and Kate, who had been around women and dogs for a long time, surmised my concerns.

"Susan Michelle, I'm going to go out on a limb and make a guess. Don't say anything if you don't want to. But I want to play, 'What if'.

"It goes like this. What if a very charming young woman was loved by a beautiful and faithful dog and they had become lovers."

I started to protest, but Kate held up her hand.

"I'm saying, 'What if'. Now lets say that dog was one in a ten-thousand; a monument to the nobility of his breed and the care that had gone into breeding generations of his ancestors to perfecting him.

"Wouldn't his friend and lover, want to see him pass his many wonderful qualities on to the next generation?"

I was crying, knowing I was found out, and also knowing that I'd wanted that so much for Hector, but was not able to give it to him as I wanted.

Kate reached across and took my hand, squeezing it lightly. "Wouldn't she want to make the sacrifice of allowing her friend and lover to briefly mate with one of his own kind."

I nodded, and felt a pain around my heart as I imagined my Hector's wonderful maleness sheathed in in the sex of a bitch Mastiff as they tied and breed.

"I, . . . I, don't think I could stand it, Kate." I said softly through my tears.

"Sweet girl, why don't you let me take on that problem. I promise, if Hector wins Championship after Championship, and I can't show you a way to stand it, I won't press the point."

"Really?" I said, almost happy again.

"Yes, what I want for all the dogs I breed is that they go to loving homes. Hector has that. I wouldn't take it, or you, from him for the world."

She came over and hugged me and I cried and hugged her back and agreed that we'd let her train Hector and me to present him in shows. Kate stayed the rest of the afternoon and slowly got me to tell her about my mating with Hector and my life before Hector came to me. I even told her about my first time with the white dog on the beach, when I was 18. It was a so great to be able to talk with someone about my love for Hector and how we were together, that by the time Kate left I was all smiles again.

Of course all that emotional energy needed a bigger release, and ten minutes after Kate's car pulled out of my driveway, I was nude and slipping his heavy socks onto Hector. I presented my sex to him, with my back on the couch and my thighs wide apart. He lovingly ministered to my vulva with his tongue until he'd seen me shudder through several climaxes.

When Hector put his paws up on the couch, on either side of my head and brought his strong shaft to my entrance, I was ready, dripping, and moaning. By then we'd learned each other so well that as I put my legs around his hips and used them to raise my sex to him, he was able to find me with his maleness and slip it right in.

That afternoon our lovemaking seemed more intense than it ever had before. Hector seemed to thrust into me with more force and I felt like my sex was trying to swallow him whole. My insides contracted around him over and over, as he grew longer and thicker, and then longer and thicker still. When I knew his knot was about to tie with me I thrust myself onto him taking it in and holding him inside while it grew. As I clamped down on it, holding it in me with all my strength, I wrapped my arms around his neck, pressed my extended and throbbing nipples into his furry chest and shook my head freeing my neck and left shoulder of my hair and offered it to my lover.

Hector lightly bit me and we moved his sex deeper into me. I came again when I felt him penetrate my cervix. A cascade of pleasure enveloped me, as I felt his hot seed filling my womb. Our motions became small. But the feelings I had as his shaft moved, ever so slightly, back and forth through my cervix were sublime. I came and came and my Hector filled me and then filled me fuller. I wanted to stay that way forever, the two of us joined, and giving each other love and the ultimate pleasure. But in time I felt the knot shrinking. I held Hector tight as it lost size and had a small final climax when it left my body and I felt the flow of our liquids pouring out of my sex.

My nipples were still throbbing when Hector released my neck. I laughed and cried as I hugged him one last time and then let him move off of me. He began to clean me, and I moved onto the floor under him so that I could minister to his needs as he took care of mine.

When we were both sparkling clean I got up and hugged him. I fixed us dinner, and later we watched TV together. I didn't put my panties or anything else on that evening. I was rewarded when we went to bed and Hector took me again.

Later we spooned together and were quickly asleep.

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## **Part Four - Dog Show**

Kate, the woman who had bred mastiff Hector, had my lover and I spend weekends with her starting the next month. She had a nice guest room and assured me it was completely private, adding that Hector and I should feel free to enjoy each other. The objective in visit was for Kate to train us for the show ring. I was to be Hector's handler and we were to learn how to present him. Hector took to the ring with excitement. I was soon convinced that he was having a great time. To start with Kate pretended to be the judge, but after a few weeks she had friends of hers, who sometimes did judge at dog shows judge for our training sessions. After a month I didn't need the lead anymore. My darling was happy to just follow my commands and then move with me, walking or running in perfect heel position. However, Kate insisted that we practice with the lead since it was a requirement at shows.

The room Kate lent us was on the second floor of her farmhouse home and it was the only bedroom on the floor. It had both north and east facing windows and looked out on her farm and an adjacent

orchard. There was also an attached bathroom that had an oversized shower that was perfect for washing dogs as well as people. Saturday nights, after working together in the practice ring for a few hours Hector and I would shower together. Of course I would be nude and that was my signal to Hector that we were going to make love. But my wonderful mate was pretty good about waiting until we were both sparkling clean. It became our routine that at Kate's I'd get us clean and pretty dry and then lead my lover to the bedroom where I slip his heavy socks on his front paws and then, after hugging him and pressing my nipples deep into his nice thick fur (I know it's hair, but I like thinking of it as fur) I'd lay down with my back on the bed and spread my legs.

Hector would step between my thighs and begin giving my vulva the attention it needed. Soon my nipples would be extended and throbbing as my body moved from thinking about making love, to desire to have my mate fill me, to needing him inside. After months of mating in the missionary position Hector had learned that when my body shook with my first climax, and my thighs moved to cup his beautiful face, I was ready.

Hector would then pull back I'd spread myself wide for him again. He'd hop his front legs up onto the bed, on either side of my chest, and walk his hips up to bring his shaft to my opening. I sometimes have an orgasm as I feel his strong maleness touch my vulva, even before he's entered me. I raise my hips and move my legs up crossing my ankles on his back, creating the right angle for my lover to breed me. My breasts flushed, my nipples throb as I again feel them enveloped in the soft fur of his chest. Then the magic moment comes when he pressing into me.

Although he is still small, I find the feeling combined with knowing that our mating has begun, to be very exciting. I try to keep pace with his rapid thrusting as his maleness grows within me. Then the wonderful moment comes when I can feel his knot forming. I enjoy feeling it slide in and out of vaginal entrance and try to wait to clasp it inside of me until it's grown to large for comfort. I still do the exercises to strengthen my PF muscles every day, except during my monthly, and then, of course making love with Hector helps to strengthen them too.

When his knot is about two and a half inches wide I use my PF muscles to clamp my vaginal entrance around the base of his wonderful shaft and lock him into me. Normally by that time I've shaken my hair free of my neck and offer neck and shoulder to my lover. Hector doesn't really bite me, but I love how he grasps me with his mouth, holding me steady so that his growing maleness thrusting within me can find its way into my cervix. All the time his knot is growing and sometimes I reach down to feel how my body has become distended by his knot within me.

At that time I'm his. My body strives with him to take his shaft deeper still, into my womb. Taking the growing tip of the dog's penis through your cervix takes a little practice. If you aren't properly aroused, or are frightened and tense it might not work, or it might hurt. Lately I find that just looking at Hector has me breathing a little faster and my insides starting to become ready for our coupling. By the time Hector's shaft is pressing at my womb's entrance I'm ready. I sense my cervix dilating and then when moves reaches through and into my uterus my whole insides contact around him in the most wonderful moment of climax.

While I'm not the noisy lover, I do tend to softly whimper and moan as I feel Hector's warm seed filling me. The fact that a dog's seed is warmer than human body temperature alone makes mating with dogs something very special.

Hector and I have been playing with how long we can remain tied. I automatically clamp my PF muscles down even tighter around Hector's shaft when he enters my womb and it begins contacting around his tip as it spays my insides. I find that if I move against his motions, massaging the end of his maleness with my dilated cervix it makes his climax stronger and seems to keep him pressing



into me deeper. Our record is 52 minutes, but I think we can break it.

When we visited Kate everything was so different that we didn't get near the record. About 25 minutes was our average. But they are great 25 minutes. I always lose the ability to keep track of how many times I've climaxed. After Hector releases my neck and slips out of me I have no energy to do more than unwind my legs from around his flanks. I rest, so blissed-out that I can't move for a while. I lay still, feeling the throbbing in my nipples slowly ebb as a heavy flow of our love liquids flow out of my relaxed vaginal entrance. Then my gentile lover begins to clean my sex. His tongue extends my pleasure, but it also brings me back his needs. I find the energy to move and have him lay down on the floor. Then we take the 69 position, my lips on his shrinking shaft and my thighs nuzzling his mouth to my sex, as ew softly clean each other. Of course sometimes this leads to more excitement, but only if we were not so tired that we need sleep. Generally I slip the socks off his forefeet and we climb onto the bed and form an intertwined puddle of girl and dog and hold each other as we drift into sleep.

At Kate's we keep the room warm and sleep on top of the covers. I find I don't need more than Hector's warm body to keep me cozy. Often in the morning I awake to find Hector licking my breasts, his sign that he's ready to couple again. Unless for some reason there's no time I let him take me doggie style. Hector really likes the sensing of controlling me and making me his, when he uses me like a bitch. I like it too, but while I love the feel of his chest on my back, I miss being able to rub my nipples into his chest. While I like the missionary position Hector seems to prefer doggy-style a little better.

Later we clean up and go downstairs. After a few weeks Kate commented that we looked like we couldn't get enough of each other. She could always tell when we'd made love and got to where she could guess how many times. She confided that she'd given some thought to taking one of her dogs as a lover, but wasn't ready to set the guilt aside.

Kate had been right. Hector and I did like being a team in the dog ring. When we were, my big boy always was smiling and Kate thought his smile alone would take the blue ribbon once we were competing. Now, I'm a little competitive, as a person. I got into the whole winning thing, and lost sight of where it might lead. By the fourth month Kate started to bring in others who were learning to be handlers having little mock dog shows. After the first time, Hector seemed to enjoy having other dogs around. I think he liked showing me off as his mate. An idea that always gets my panties wet. But there was a little problem

The other handlers always rewarded their dog's obedience with a tasty little reward. Kate privately joked with me that Hector knew what his reward was going to be and didn't mind waiting a few hours. We laughed, but decided that I should behave a little more like a typical handler. I decided to be really naughty. I made a batch of doggy cookies, peanut butter is Hector's favorite, in a small sized round ball. I baked them till they were firm. Then, while Hector ate a few I massaged my vulva, thinking about my Hector until I was very wet and then rolled a dozen, one at a time, between my vaginal lips until they were moist and soft again. Then I baked them a second time, at a low temperature until they were like biscotti. Those became the treats I'd give Hector in the ring. He loves them, and when he's eating them he looks at me so sweetly and I know he's thinking about later, when we'll couple. We always do after a dog show training session. Of course we do almost every day anyway, although during my period I limited us to oral sex. Hector likes that time of month best for licking me.

The first dog show we did really had my nerves on edge. I really did almost everything wrong. But Hector seemed to thrive in the environment. He led me through what I was supposed to do and his broad smile charmed the crowd and I'm sure the judge. He took first of bred and third in the

working group. Kate and I were both proud of Hector. Of course when we got home I really showed him how much I appreciated him. I let him take me doggie style that night, the next morning, afternoon and night. I was a little sore, but he licked my sex until I felt better Tuesday morning.

The first show was a small town event; there were lots of new dogs and new handlers. Two weeks later Kate had us entered in an AKC recognized show in a mid-size west coast city. One I could drive to a couple of hours. I was more confident and Hector beamed and smiled and behaved perfectly. Hector took second of breed, but was being talked about by everyone as a coming star. That meant that under our agreement Hector and I would do three more shows. I started to get nervous about Hector winning and my having to let Kate breed him to a mastiff bitch. I was sure he would take a championship in the next few months.

I told Kate I still didn't think I could go through with our deal. The idea of Hector mating anyone but me made me physically sick. Kate told me she had a plan and not to worry. Besides, Hector hadn't won a championship yet.

In the next six months we entered three dog shows. All were in large cities and were AKC certified. Hector took two championships for best in breed, three first in the working dog group, and a fourth, second and first in the all breed. After each show my case of nervous got worse. It was only when I lost myself in coupling with my lover, that I could get back into the moment, and remember what a lucky girl I was.

After the fifth show Kate took me out to eat. After I'd properly rewarded, bathed and walked Hector.

"Well, Susan Michelle, Hector is a major story in the dog world and I have several inquires about purchasing pups he has sired."

"But, Kate, I just can't. It's like were married and you want me to have him sleep with someone else! I know I agreed, but I don't know how I could live with it."

"I understand. Really, I know he is your mate and you're the alpha female, and you don't want any other bitch near him."

"Exactly!"

"But what about Hector. He's a great dog. He should pass those fine genes on to some puppies. Puppies from a championship bitch who brings a nice genetic package to their young herself."

"Yes. And if I could be that bitch, and have his puppies, I swear to you, Kate. I'd have all you want."

"I can't arrange that, but I have an opportunity that you may be able to live with; you can be the mother to his young. A friend of mine, another mastiff breeder, has a champion bitch that refuses to care for her young. She goes into heat, gets pregnant, carried her puppies to term, births them, and stands up walks away and won't come back. My friend has tried getting another bitch to adopt them, but when they are that young, still with their eyes closed, she has been losing more than half of each litter. What if we let Hector breed Brandy, that's the bitch's name? She stays with you until she gives birth. After she's out of heat Hector won't be interested. We get you ready, when Brandy drops her litter and walks away, you take her place and nurse Hector's young. You raise them, wean them, get them paper-trained and get them a good start on life. Susan Michelle, you can be the mother of Hector's young. You're the only mother they will ever see or remember."

I started to cry. I didn't fully understand how it would be possible, but suddenly there was the chance to mother Hector's young. I wanted it. Even if I couldn't have them born from my body, I

wanted that. But I still didn't want to share my lover. Conflicted, I cried and cried. Fortunately we were in a dark corner of a near empty restaurant.

"Susan Michelle, will you do it? Please! It's a close to having Hectors puppies as you can get."

Still crying I nodded. Kate handed me a box of tissues she pulled from her huge purse. I started burning through them. After a while I was able to ask, "How?"

"How what, dear?"

"How do I be ready to nurse my puppies when they need it."

"You've got the right equipment, child. All you need to do is get it in working order. A few pills, a little time with a breast pump, some practice, and you'll be ready. We'll have plenty of time after Brandy is pregnant. She'll be pregnant for three months. I think we can have you lactating in two."

I looked down at my 34-A breasts and wondered, allowed, "But I'm so small. Could I really feed them?"

Kate laughed. "I can tell you haven't had children. Breast size and a breast's milk production are only indirectly linked. If you are nursing and there is demand for more milk, your body will create more milk glands and meet the demand. You may move up a cup size but it might go away after you wean your liter."

Kate was methodically talking about my puppies, my litter, my young that I would nurse. It was mesmerizing. I knew I was going to do it, and I hated the idea that it wasn't me getting pregnant. Kate and I talked for another hour and, although I was still conflicted, I agreed. She promised to set me up with all the equipment, drugs and instruction I needed to bring on my milk and make sure there was enough.

When I got back to the motel I took Hector for a nice long walk. Talking to him all the time about my nursing and raising his puppies. He always liked listening to me, and although sometimes I could swear he understood every word, I knew he at least understood that I loved him, that something was going to change, but it would be a good change, and that I thought it would bring us closer together.

When we got back from the walk as soon as the door closed behind me I stripped. I needed him in me. I would have skipped the socks but he brought them to me to put on him. I cried and giggled at the same time I put them on him. I went to the middle of the room, dropped a pillow to the floor and kneeled then put my arms and head on the pillow while spreading my thighs wide part.

I was thinking and still quietly crying as my lover began to minister to my exposed sex. My mind was racing as I felt the lust grow and move from my vulva to my breasts and then throughout my body. I want to give him my virginity. I wish I had that gift to give him. I was a fool not to save it for him. But it's gone. I want to give him a part of me that no one has ever touched before. But how?

It came to me as I felt my sweet lovers shaft press into me a few minutes later. I remembered a girl in college that had talked about her three virginities; her oral, vaginal and anal virginity.

I'm an anal virgin! I realized as the first climax took me. It didn't matter that Hector probably wouldn't care. It was for me. I wanted to give him a present that was special and I'd saved for just him. In the past I'd avoided anal sex. I liked sex, and I knew where I wanted to be filled. But this was different. I might only do it once, "unless he really likes it," I told myself. Then giggled, knowing if he liked it and it hurt like the devil, I'd willingly give it to him anyway.

Still giggling, I felt Hector's knot enter me and clamped my PF muscles down. It was an hour later when I was feeling our liquids flow from me that I was able to return to my new resolution. I felt better the way a good cry or good sex can do; both together this time. I realized I was at peace with Hector breeding a bitch. I looked forward to planning the perfect environment for Hector to deflower my virginal bottom, and I decided that if I came into my milk early, as seemed necessary to be sure I was wet when Hector's puppies needed me to be, I'd see if Hector would be interested in feeding from me.

I'm sure he didn't know what I meant, but as I cooed and cleaned his shaft I told him all about my plans and how it was going to make us close, one being; a family unit, at last. I did wonder if I'd be able to let Kate take my puppies and sell them to someone else. But that would be later. I could worry about that after I weaned my puppies.

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Part Five - My Last Virginity

The next day, as we drove home, Kate told me that she spoken with the breeder who owned Brandy and she agreed to the plan. She didn't tell her about my part in the plan, but only she'd found a way to have a mother adopt the puppies at the hour of their birth. Brandy was due to go into heat in about two months. I decided to gift my anal virginity to Hector just before he was to knock-up Brandy. The breeder had agreed to let Brandy stay with me from the time she went into heat until she birthed the puppies.

In the interterm, Kate brought me things I'd needed to bring my milk on, including a double breast pump, books and instructional videos. The breast pump was a two mechanism one that did its work on both my breasts at once.

Hector and I did two more dog shows and my darling mate collected some more shiny cups to decorate the house with. I spent time researching the logistics, perils and joys of anal sex. I knew I was going to have to be squeaky clean inside and that I would have to take extra care to clean Hector after, to protect him, me and the bitch Brandy he was going to breed.

After I'd watched the videos and read the books I went to a pharmacy and purchased some herbal medications that were recommended to stimulate milk production. I also began experimenting with the breast pump Kate had dropped off. I must say, it's very stimulating. After using the pump on my breasts for the recommended 15-minutes I was so turned-on that I'd strip and offer myself to Hector; sweet male that he is, he's always ready to oblige me.

The books and videos recommended using the breast pump four times a day to stimulate milk production. After a couple of days Hector was still ready to do me but my vulva was too sore to take that much use. I returned to mating with Hector only once a day, but offering him oral sex after my other three sessions with the breast pump. There was also a very soothing progesterone cream I was using to keep my nipples and areolas soft and supple. Along with warming oil I used before the breast pump, the cream and pumping had my breasts super sensitive. After two weeks I noted that my breasts seemed a little larger but that my nipples were longer and my areolas were wider. The sensitivity in my nipples and breasts was changing. The breast seemed more sensitive but the nipples seemed less so. I taught Hector to lick my breasts as part of our foreplay (peanut butter again) and after some practice he was able to bring me off that way. Of course, being near Hector, and just thinking about making love with him had given me orgasms before. I guess I'm on kind of a hair trigger for him.

Kate checked on my progress with the milk project every week. She was surprised I started so soon, but understood that I wanted to be sure I'd have enough milk for the puppies before I let Hector breed Brandy. I was thinking about 'my puppies' almost constantly and imagining it was 'my puppies' nursing at my breasts was my favorite fantasy while the breast pump did its magic.

My friend Deborah, would spend the weekend with me about once a month. It didn't take her long to figure out what I was doing. She had a big grin on her face when she asked me why I was trying to bring my milk on. I was flustered and then she went farther and asked if my taking Hector as my lover had anything to do with it.

Wow; she knew!

Deborah, smiling at me, told me she'd figured it out over a year before. Then she really surprised me. She leaned over the table and kissed me. It was a long lingering kiss on the lips. I was surprised, but realized I enjoyed the kiss. Two sets of lipstick-covered lips meeting can be rather nice.

After our lips parted Deborah said that since she'd figured out my secret, she should tell me hers. She's bi, and likes girls, sometimes, but mostly she likes men. She has wanted to get physical with me for years, but I was clueless. She kissed me again and teasingly asked if I'd like to play. Going on, she said she'd love to watch me with Hector sometime, and that while she was visiting, rather than sneaking off and using the breast pump, she'd love to help me stimulate breasts milk production. It seems that she had a roommate in college that was also bi. When they were between boyfriends they took care of each other's needs.

I agreed that her lips on my nipples would be nicer than the pump and the next time I was due to use the pump, Deborah stepped in. She took my hand and led me to my bedroom where she slowly and playfully undressed for me, and then eagerly took my clothes off for me. Deborah has a very nice body, she's a little taller than me, and very trim but with bigger breasts. But then most women have breasts bigger than mine.

She led me to the bed began by kissing me, until I was kissing her back. Then she worked her way down to my breasts where she busied herself for a half hour. I came three times as she did things to my breasts no one had ever done before, even Hector. My guy can't be beat for licking, but in the kissing and sucking department Deborah is beyond him. As she worked on my breasts her hand slipped down to my vulva and demonstrated that it's true, girls do know better than boys how to please another girl, at least with their hands. When she moved her mouth to my sex she proved it again. Although she brought me to several rocking climaxes, and her technique was superb, she couldn't really get me going quite as hard as Hector does.

When she slid up the bed and kissed me again I could taste myself in her mouth. It was kind of nice, but not as nice as my juices mixed with Hector's tasted when I cleaned his tool after we had sex. It was my turn to please Deborah so I followed her example. A half hour later we cuddled together kissing and lightly petting each other. I heard a sound and looked down and saw Hector at the foot of the bed. He was smiling that smile he gets when we're about to make love. I realized I was naked, he'd seen me, and I'd taught him that when I was naked I was ready, willing and eager.

I asked Deborah if she really wanted to watch Hector and I make love. She kissed me then grinned and asked; "Now? Didn't I satisfy you, sweet-thing?"

After assuring her that she'd made me climax lots, I explained that my getting naked was the signal to Hector that I wanted him.

Deborah really broke up at that, but between her fits of laughing she kissed me and said, "Go ahead,

but if you think I'm missing this you're wrong."

After a moment's thought I kissed her and said that I didn't mind her watching. I scooted to the bottom of the bed until my sex was off it and my feet were on the floor, and with my thighs were spread wide. Hector hesitated a little, unused of Deborah's scent at my groan. But after a few moments he began moving his tongue through my lips in ways we both loved. Deborah scooted around to watch, and my fears that her seeing Hector and I making love would put-off her off evaporated as I saw her smile benevolently at us and then slip her hand to her vulva and begin pleasuring herself.

I was too busy to really keep track of her after that, but I did look over to see how she was handling it when Hector and I tied and again when Hector grasped my shoulder in his strong mouth. Both times she was looking at us, wild eyed but smiling, and I was sure I saw her climax as Hector pushed his maleness into my womb. Hector seemed to want to assert his ownership of me and held me tight for over an hour as he filled me with his seed. I loved it, and wanted him to know that although Deborah and I might play together, I was his.

After he slipped from me I was surprised when Deborah got off the bed and began cleaning my sex, lapping up Hector's seed as eagerly as she went after my love juice. When I got my breath I had her pause while I moved into position to clean Hector's shaft. She returned to my lower lips as soon as my mouth began cleaning Hector.

Ten minutes later we both stopped and Deborah grinned at me and said, "Wow! I had no idea a dog could be a great lover. I got like-totally hot watching you two.

"How often do you, you know do that, mate with him?"

I told her almost every day, sometimes twice a day, except when I had my period. Deborah climbed back up on the bed and I followed her. I was still feeling strange about being naked with another naked woman and stranger still about having made love with her, and stranger still about her watching Hector and I mate. But she kept grinning and caressing me and I finally relaxed. Then Hector joined us on the bed, and curled up next to me, after licking my face and breasts a little.

Deborah was looking at him and asked; "So he sleeps with you?"

I nodded. "Even when we're out of town at a dog show."

She reached over and gently petted him, running her hand lightly from his strong haunches up to his head. Then she looked at me, then back at Hector.

"He's a lot bigger than you."

"Over a hundred pounds," I replied. "And it's all muscle. My boyfriend may not talk much, or pick up the tab, but when he claims me and fills me I know I'm a female and he's my mate and it makes me happy to be both."

Deborah smiled softly. "Susan Michelle, talking is an over rated quality in a boyfriend and as for picking up the tab, I had to do that a lot when I was going out with the last deadbeat, Frank."

I laughed. "So, Debbie, are you going out and get a nice puppy whole grow up strong and teach how nice it can be to be his bitch?"

Deborah shook her head. "No, my life is too complicated. I like men and I like girls too. Having to

juggle a nice studly dog with a boyfriend and/or girlfriend would be more trouble than I could handle. I wouldn't have seduced you, except I know you love Hector, and the fun we have will stay friendly and avoid all the possessiveness that human relationships seem to always come with.

"But maybe, if it's OK with you, I might let Hector have a go at me?"

I started to cry. Deborah didn't understand. She said she didn't mean it, and hugged me and after a while I calmed down enough to tell her about the schedule for Hector's breeding Brandy, and how terrible I felt about it and how terribly jealous I was, and that I was only allowing it because Brandy was a rotten mother and I would get to take over from her with Hector's pups as soon as they were born.

"So that's where the puppies are coming from. I wondered, I mean I figured puppies had something to do with your trying to bring on your lactation.

"Susan Michelle, I've got some vacation coming. If you'd like, I could spend the time with you here while Hector is doing the-dirty with Brandy. We could get lost in lesbian play."

Remembering how good we'd made each other feel I begged her to come. We talked for a long time. She cuddled up to Hector and he kept us both warm. A big sexually satisfied pile of girls and dog. I told her about my plan to give Hector my anal virginity and she giggled and said it was a cute idea. It turned out she'd done anal sex for years as a way of satisfying boyfriends and saving her vagina for that special guy. But when she turned 21, and that special guy was nowhere on the horizon, she gave it up to a real nice guy who broke her in gently.

I felt more confident after we talked about my anal venture. Deborah said she liked it that way and still had guys do her there, now and then. "It's great if they use their hands on your sex and breasts while they do you, at least if there's any good at it;" she told me. Deborah gave me a lot of pointers on how to not just have anal sex, but how to enjoy it.

Before we went to sleep Deborah treated my breasts to another sensual suck fest, then I pleased her breasts until she climaxed. In the morning we did it again, and then I let her watch as Hector took me doggy fashion. She thought the missionary position looked like it was better for me, and I told her it was, but that the feeling of being held and controlled by my mate was special too, and that I thought Hector liked it a little better.

When she left, Sunday evening we hugged and kissed a lot before I'd let her drive away. Later in the week she called and we worked out the dates for her visit. The time when Brandy would go into heat wasn't 100 percent predictable, so she took two weeks vacation. We also planned for her to 'fluff' me for my anal surrender.

It seemed like the days flew by after that. I was working hard but taking a half hour off every four hours to prep my breasts for lactation. It's difficult to schedule, but I worked at it knowing my work schedule would be much more difficult once I was feeding a litter of hungry puppies. I was worried about how many puppies there might be. I knew mastiffs have large litters and I careened back and forth between fearing a dozen puppies to feed and wanting 20. By the time Deborah returned for her vacation I was getting a funny feeling in my breast, like they were almost ready. I'd also prepared for my big surrender to Hector. I'd ordered several toys, on the internet, that were designed for anal use. At the drug store I purchased an industrial quantity of edible water-soluble vaginal lube, and an enema kit (Deborah's suggestion). I'd been using the toys, well lubed, to train my bottom to relax and allow penetration. I found it more exciting than I thought I would. Especially when I let the breast pump do its suck-suck thing at the same time. It hadn't take long for me to decide that as

much fun as the anal toys were, they were better when my insides were really clean.

When Deborah arrived she was all over me. I giggled and laughed and we went to my room while Hector was sleeping after our morning walk. Deborah went right for my breasts and after more than a month with just the breast pump, her lips and mouth felt like heaven. When her talented tongue and mouth moved to my vaginal lips I felt a well-lubricated finger pressing into my anal track. I tried to relax and the finger slid right in. Then another finger slipped into my vagina and Deborah began massaging my insides in both places. I loved it. Later I treated her to the same thing until she was purring.

In the afternoon we played again and after, Deborah watched Hector do me, smiling all the time. She gave me a massage that ended with her slipping first one then two, and then three fingers in, stretching me more than any of the toys had, thanks to lots of lube. After I administered a similar treatment to her, she went to her bag and got out an odd looking device. Explaining it was a strap on dildo. She helped me put it on. I looked really strange to look down and so that thick long pink thing rising from my groin. Then she had me lube it up and press it into her bottom. I remembered what she'd said about hands on her sex and breasts and found it very exciting when my handy work and hip thrusts took her over the edge.

The next night we had a dress rehearsal for my coming surrender to Hector. I gave myself three enemas, two with a soothing herbal mix and a final one with a lot of lube added to the mix. First I made love with Hector. Deborah helped by licking me clean. Then Deborah and I played for a while, she put on the strap on thing and had me take the doggy sex position. As she pressed the tip to my bottom she asked it was as large as hectors bad thing.

I laughed and said; "Yes and no."

I explained that dogs start out small, then get bigger once they are inside of you, and then get even bigger as you tie with them. Deborah was amazed. She giggled when I told her that the knot on a giant breed, like Hector's, could be five inches across. We both laughed when I explained that I'd never been in a position to do more than estimate the size of Hector's, since it only achieved its maximum size while it was inside me. Then I told her how the dog's penis tip is tapered and that its designed to insert through the cervix, so that when he comes his seed will go directly into the womb.

Deborah said, "Sold, girl I've just got to try that someday! But I understand how it can't be with Hector. Although he is real cute." We both laughed.

As we were laughing Deborah pressed the dildo into me. It was certainly bigger than my new toys. I gasped and she stopped until my breathing was even again. Then she began sliding it slowly back-and-forth inside me. Each thrust went a little deeper, but I realized the best feeling was at my entrance. That made me smile; I figured that Hectors knot just inside the entrance would feel even better. Deborah road me until I climaxed, then, after a lot of hugging and kissing we went and cleaned the toy all up. She had me put it on and then led me back to the bed where she laid on her back, spread her legs and guided the plastic phallic to her vaginal lips. I pressed it into her and smiling at me she wrapped her legs around my back and pulled me to her. As we kissed she taught me how to move so that our nipples stimulated each others'. I was amazed when we came together. It was exquisite; almost as nice as when I come as I feel Hector filling my womb.

The next day I reframed from sex with Deborah and Hector. I wanted to be fresh and virginal, at least in mind, for my gift to Hector. Knowing how little will power I had I didn't let Deborah nurse at my breasts that day, using the breast-pump instead. Hector knew something was up and I knew he was horny. I spoke softly to him, hugged him a lot and promised him a special treat, soon.

I skipped dinner, used the breast pump and then retired to get my outside and insides sparkling clean. Every hair on my body in an unaesthetic location was gone when I was done. After cleaning my insides I squeezed a large amount of gel into my bottom to make double sure my lover would find the pathway way open to him. I moisturized until my skin couldn't absorb another drop, then powdered myself with a honey flavored powder (eatable), I knew Hector liked the scent and flavor and figured it would do more to put him in the mood than any perfume I could buy. I slipped into a new sleeveless satin shorty-night-gown with matching panties, I was leaking a little so I put a maxi-pad in the panties. The gown was a shimmering gold with azure lace at the hem and neckline. Last I put on a pair of gold mule slippers with two inch heels. Walking felt sexy and strange because I could feel the well-lubricated sides of my buns rubbing past each other with each step.

When I emerged Deborah took one look at me and then let out a whistle. It attracted Hector's attention he looked at me quizzically, knowing something was up. Deborah had been busy too, and the floor was cleared of furniture in the middle of the room and there was a suggestive pile of pillows. Deborah brought me a glass of chardonnay. She had a glass for herself.

We clinked them and Deborah said; "To the end of virginity."

When my glass was empty I got down on my knees and petted and cuddled Hector's head while I drank another glass of the wine. It hit my empty stomach and I found my reserve evaporating. I got up and facing Hector I smiled at him and slowly slipped off the panties, curtsied to him, and then raised the hem of the gown showing him my smooth front. Deborah clapped and giggled when she saw how naked I was there.

Hector knew I was willing and his nose and mouth flew to my sex. I spread my legs and let him feast until I knew my balance was coming into question, then dropped to my knees and Deborah handed me Hector's socks. I slipped them on him, turned around, lowered my stomach onto the cushions, pulled the gown up onto my back, and spread my legs as wide apart as they would comfortably go. Moving my hips I positioned them on the pillows so that my vaginal cleft was covered.

My lover began using his tongue to please me. He went after the tasty powder on my legs and thighs as well as my bottom. When he heard me moaning he mounted me. I reached back and guided him to the well-prepared opening. He was eager and still small so he slide right in. Then he began thrusting and I felt him growing. I knew if I wanted to tie I had to keep my bottom relaxed until his knot was formed and inside me. As he grew it did hurt, but not as badly as I'd feared, and I reminded myself this was a deflowering. I wanted to offer him some pain mixed with my lust for him. Deborah was watching from three-feet away, but I ignored her. This moment was between my love and I.

When I felt the knot growing, and sliding in and out the pain and the pleasure both grew. Hector's pre-come was mixing with the lubricants in me and I felt him moving easily as he claimed me. There was a penetration where the pain was almost more than I could bear, and I knew it was time. Once the knot was in I clamped my muscles around Hector's shaft trapping his knot. I felt it continue to expand and knew we were tied. Hector's motioned slowed as his thrusts became shorter and his shaft sought my cervix. For a moment I regretted denying him that, but then remembered that I was giving him the most special thing I had left.

His tool lengthened more and I felt him striving to find my depth. The slow short thrusts were starting to feel very good, even as his knot was filling me beyond anything I'd ever experienced before. Then I felt the heat of his seed as he lining my insides with it. I climaxed and Deborah later said I screamed and she couldn't tell whether it was from pain or pleasure. I came again when I raised my head and shoulders on my arms and felt Hector's soft mouth around my neck. He knew I was his, letting me feel just enough of the pressure of his teeth on my neck to let me know he owned

me, body and soul.

We were tied for 68-minutes, Deborah times it. I was too lost in our mating to care. When his knot began to shrink, he let go of my neck and tenderly licked it, my shoulders and back as he withdrew. When he pulled out I clenched my opening tight, wanting to hold his seed within me. Hector began cleaning my bottom and that was it for holding onto anything. I climaxed again and the liquids inside me gushed out. Hector seemed to like it. When I was clean, he laid down. I was sore and felt very well used. I managed to turn and nestle down next to him and then clean him with my mouth. I'd done such a good job of cleaning myself that there wasn't any thing unpleasant, besides a little of my blood. When he was done I sighed contentedly; sort of glade that there'd been some virgin blood spilled. I turned around and gave my lover a full body huge, smiling contentedly at him. He licked me, but I could tell he was as tired as I was. I cuddled into his fur for a nap. The last think I remember as I drifted off was Deborah kissing me on the cheek and saying, "You guys are beautiful together."

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## **Part Six - Puppies**

I awoke the next morning sandwiched between Hector and Deborah. There was a blanket partly over me and fully over Deborah, who had repositioned the pillows in the room for us after I was asleep. It was dawn and I realized what had awakened me was Hector moving. He needed to go out, and I tried to get up without waking Deborah. As I tried moving I felt a deep pain that radiated from my core. It was much worse than the soreness I'd had the day after I surrendered my vaginal cherry.

Deborah turned over and grinned. "Sore, aren't you?"

I nodded. She jumped up, revealing that she was nude and told me to stay still while she let Hector out. She was back in a minute and then helped me get up on the couch, on my tummy. Then she carefully examined my bottom. Her touch was tender, but it still hurt. She got a damp-warm-washcloth and gently wiped my bottom clean of the dried liquids that had seeped out during the night.

"Susan Michelle, I looked closely and the bleeding has stopped. I suggest you stay right where you are for a while. When you feel like a challenge I'll run a nice hot bath with lots of soothing things mixed in. A good long soak should do a lot to put you right. I'm afraid nothing but liquids for you today, juice, and puréed soup. I'll take Hector for his walk, I think it will be at least tomorrow before you up to walking farther than from the bed to the bathroom. You're to tell me right away if you find fresh blood coming out of your bottom.

"So, was it worth it. I mean, it's one thing to have some nice two-inch thick organ pleasuring your bottom. It's quite another to have something as big as you say Hector's knot is, in a spot not designed for it."

I grinned and nodded. "It's not sensible, Deborah, I know that. But I love him. I wanted to give him something I'd never given to anyone before. He doesn't really understand, but he knows it was special between us and I think it's brought us closer. That's why I did it."

"Yes, I could see it. And it makes sense that before he does the work of knocking-up that bitch, Brandy, you would want to let him know how much you love him. I think you did.

"After you were asleep last night, the phone rang. It was your friend Kate and she said Brandy just went into heat and she's bringing the needy bitch by today.

"I guess that's good. While your recovering, Hector will do his thing with her. By the time her heat is over, you should be ready to reclaim him."

"Sooner than that!" I insisted. Already I was feeling that I couldn't wait a week or more to have my lover inside me again.

Deborah giggled then softly kissed me. "Remember you wanton, for this time only, your my lesbian lover, and while Hector is busy, you and I are going to do just about everything that two girls can do to give each other pleasure."

I'd had my bath, and did feel better by the time Kate arrived. I was in my robe in a nest of blankets on the couch. Kate wondered if I was sick, but Deborah told her that Hector and I had been a little rambunctious the night before. Kate laughed and said she understood. I was glade I was sort of trapped on the couch. Deborah and Kate took Brandy around to the backyard and introduced her to Hector.

Later Kate came back in and told me I had to say something to Hector. He seemed to want to do Brandy, but he stopped every time he started, and he looked confused. "I think you need to tell him that it's, OK." Kate suggested.

Kate and Deborah helped me hobble to the back yard. My guy was looking stressed. When he saw me he came bounding over grinning. Deborah helped me sit down and I hugged him and he kissed me. Hector was all smiles, and ignoring Brandy, who was following him around and presenting herself for breeding every time he stood still. I talked to him, told him what a pretty girl Brandy was, and urged him to play with her.

He kept glancing at her, and I kept telling him it was OK. Finally he went over and investigated her sex. That did it. In less than a minute they were mating. I managed to get to my feet and to the bathroom, in time to through-up in the bowl rather than on the floor. It was only the thought of our puppies, mine and Hectors, that allowed me to stand what was going on in the backyard. I figure this was how a barren woman feels when she has to let her man do another woman who is to be a surrogate-mom for them. It sucks!

Deborah took good care of me that day. I didn't ask, and she didn't tell me how Brandy and Hector were getting along. I tried to focus on the fact that Hector was having a good time, and I should be happy for him, but I couldn't. I kept thinking of ways to kill Brandy, although I knew I would never really hurt her. I admitted to myself that she was a very nice mastiff bitch, about 160 pounds. Well proportioned, with all the rights marking. I'd learned enough to know that she easily met the breed standard. They should make some very special puppies. I kept telling myself. But in my heart I wanted it to be me that Hector impregnated.

By evening I was feeling better and after letting Hector and Brandy into the kitchen for the night, Deborah took me to bed and very softly returned me to my breast stimulation routine. I found while we were pleasuring each other I was able to not think about what Hector was doing with Brandy, at least most of the time.

Two exciting things happened the following weekend. Most important to me, Brandy went out of heat. That left Hector all to me again. The second thing was, while Deborah was stimulating my breasts, I felt something strange, and then Deborah was telling me she'd just had a taste of my milk. I was lactating! I realize the strange feeling was me, letting my milk down. Deborah went back to sucking and I was able to do it again, and then again with the other breast. There wasn't really much milk she said, maybe a tablespoon full.

By then I felt completely recovered from Hector taking my anal virginity. Although I wanted to mate with my lover right away, I decided to wait a day, and be sure the taste and scent of Brandy was off him. Deborah used the day to get as much of my milk as she could. She seemed to really like it. I tasted some, in her mouth when we kissed a few times. It was not as 'milky' as cow's milk, but the cream content seemed pretty high. We weren't measuring, since it was being consumed, direct from the nipple, but Deborah said there was a little bit more each time.

My most surprising reaction was that I liked nursing. It felt very warm and calming to feel my milk being drawn from my body, at least by Deborah's soft mouth. I began looking forward to having lots of milk and lots of puppies to feed.

Now that Brandy was out of heat we started taking her on our walks. I had to admit after a few days, she was a very nice bitch, and she and Hector seemed to be friends. I still felt pangs of jealousy, but these lessened every time Hector and I made love. After I had him to myself again, I tried to make our love sessions very special and long. We did it three times the first day, twice doggy and once missionary position. Deborah liked it when we did the doggy position. She'd slide under me and nursed while Hector and I were tied. I was heavenly for me, and after Hector and I were done, I'd go down on her as my boy cleaned me and tried to return the pleasure she'd given me. Then we'd clean Hector. I'd relented and let Deborah join my in licking his male tool clean, after sex, but wouldn't let her go farther. She said she liked his taste, although she liked mine and at such times my taste was all over his shaft.

After the first day back making love with Hector I was sore, again, and returned to one love session a day with him. Deborah and I played several times. Hector often watched us, and if he wanted to participate I'd orally please him. Deborah offered to help, but I said no. Although, I did let her lick his seed off of me afterward; there was always more than I could swallow and it tended to get all over my chin, neck, shoulders and chest. When she got to my chest she ended by nursing and had commented that it was nice to mix the flavors.

Brandy was with us a lot and she seemed amused by our sexual antics. Deborah offered to make oral love to her, but she wouldn't have any of it. Deborah approached her, caressing her, and became slowly bolder in where her hands moved, but every time her fingers approached the dog's sex, Brandy moved away from her.

The night before Deborah had to go back to town we played until we were too tired to go on. The next morning she wanted to watch Hector and I again. Hector sensed something was going to change, and took my hard, actually leaving the impression of his teach in my shoulder. I hadn't minded. I felt, when we were tied, his extra energy had pushed his shaft deeper into my womb than ever before. Of course I may just have been feeling romantic. I was a little bruised the next day, but good as new by the next weekend.

My life settled into a new routine. Hector, Brandy, and I went for two longish walks a day. I kept them on leash, but only did so to avoid upsetting my neighbors, who let us walk across their farms. They were both perfectly behaved and would walk in heel position with me and respond to both voice and hand commands. Four times a day I would use my breast pump, and was pleased to find my milk production steadily increasing. While my breasts were slightly bigger, my nipple and areolas seemed huge. My nipples were almost always extended and I needed pads for my bra to deal with leaking, especially when we were on our walks.

Most of my day was split between walking the dogs, feeding the dogs playing with the dogs, making love with Hector and using the breast pump, but I was able to keep up with work, barely. I even cook a little for me, making dishes that I'd found that were designed for the nursing mother. Kate came

by once a week and would handle shopping for me, check on Brandy and discuss my milk production. She remained confident that I'd have plenty. Kate confirmed that Brandy was pregnant two weeks after the bitch came out of heat.

An odd thing happened soon after that when I got my period. Normally, Hector and I would make love orally at that time of the month. We were doing so and suddenly I felt a second tongue on my sex. Glancing down I saw that Brandy had joined Hector, who was letting her, and was going after the liquids flowing from me like it was the best thing she'd ever tasted. Two giant dogs tonguing a girl's vulva at the same time were sent me over the edge, and it did, big time. Brandy continued joining us for oral sex until my period ended, then lost interest.

Deborah was visiting about every two weeks. But staying for the day mostly. We still played a little at girl-to-girl love, but she had a new boyfriend and was driving back to town to spend her nights with him. She was thinking he, Allan, might be the one, but she wasn't about to tell him that until she was sure his feelings were similar to her own. I told her about Brandy's reaction to my period, and she did spend the night (Friday and Saturday) when she was menstruating. For a change I got to watch as Brandy gave oral pleasure to Deborah; who tried to reciprocate. However, Brandy wasn't interested. We'd also make love together, and even when Deborah was only visiting for the afternoon, she was eager to nurse.

Kate and I took Brandy to the vet when she was a month along. The vet, Susan, assured us that Brandy was doing fine. We tried ultra sound to count the puppies, but could only be sure that there were at least nine, maybe ten.

A couple of weeks later Deborah was visiting when Kate stopped by. She and the two started chatting about dogs and Kate wondered if Deborah was joining Hector and I in our coupling. That was Deborah's opening.

"Well, no. Susan Michelle nixed the idea, Kate. Although, I'm interested. Have you ever seen the two of them when they're making love?"

"No, I've heard them, when they were visiting at my house. It sounds like they have a lot of fun."

"Don't you know it! It's like totally awesome. I mean they really make love, not just have sex. And she gets the most blissed-out look on her face when they're tied. Makes me want to try it. Although, I can't be sure it would be the same for another girl-dog couple."

Kate smiled, "It varies, just like human couples. But once the dog has learned to mate with a woman, it's always intense, especially if she has the PF muscles to create a good tie."

"You've seen other women do it?"

Kate nodded. "I've been around dogs, dog trainers and dog owners for over thirty years. A pair like Susan Michelle and Hector are special, but I've known other couples and met lots of women who try it. Some even want to know how to train their puppy dog for it when they buy a puppy from me."

"Wow! Do you?"

Kate shook her head. "No, but I know a couple of folks who will. In general I suggest they try it with another dog who's already trained to be sure they like it. After a dog has learned he likes sex with a human it's wrong time for his mistress to decide it's not for her."

"But you didn't do that with Susan Michelle?"

"I checked her out very carefully. I thought that might be in her mind, but we talked enough so I was sure she would give Hector a loving home, and companionship was her first priority."

"But, you do know where a girl can go to satisfy her curiosity?"

"Well, yes and no. I know people, who know people. If a girl really wants to try it, I can link her with someone who knows someone. Are you thinking you are interested, Deborah?"

Deborah blushed, but nodded. "Since the first time I saw Susan Michelle and Hector making love. It was awesome.

"Kate, could you help me get connected to someone who could arrange it?" Deborah was hesitant in asking, blushing from head to toe and looking shyly down.

Kate studied her for a minute. "Yes. But you should know that who ever sets it up, will want to watch."

"Oh!"

"When I say watch, they may want to sell tickets. You'd have to be sure you want to try it and that you can handle being naked and taken in front of strangers. Some guys insist on the right to film the event."

"Film, I don't know. I mean I have a boyfriend and he's a pretty nice guy, buy a stag film starring me and a dog, gulp, would be a lot for him to swallow. He's very straight laced. I mean I had to take to him about it for a week to get him to let me go down on him, and it took two more weeks to get him to reciprocate."

"Some women have told me that they wore a mask. Let me know if you want a name.

I'd sat dumbfounded as I heard the discussion. I knew Deborah was sexually adventurous, but the look on her face told me that within a few days she'd decide to do it. While I appreciated that any girl might want to know what its like, doing it with an audience wasn't something I could imagine.

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Over the next six weeks Brandy's pregnancy progressed according to schedule and my milk production increased. After lactating for nearly two months I was giving a little more than a pint in each session with the breast pump, and I'd increased to five sessions a day. Even with ten puppies I was feeling confident I could feed them.

Deborah told me she'd called Kate and was talking to a guy she'd hooked her up with. He'd connected her to another guy who was rich, and had a little theater set up in his basement. He assured her that he had an experienced Great Dane. He'd shocked her by offering to pay her, five-hundred bucks for the performance, and another thousand if she'd give him permission to take both still and moving pictures of the event. Deborah, was still thinking about it, but I knew she was going to, do it for an audience and let them make a movie of it. It was almost like an obsession. I talked to her about how she might be risking her relationship with Allan. She wasn't worried. It seems he was very commitment shy, and she was feeling like he'd be gone minutes after she brought up the 'M' word. After a few years of dating, almost all girls can tell when a guy is commitment shy. Of course, they mostly are.

Deborah said the guy, had said she could bring one or two guests, to watch out for her. She asked if

I'd be willing, after telling me that Kate had consented.

For a minute I didn't know what to say. Then I remembered that Deborah was my best friend. The important thing was she'd asked for help, and other than her taxes, she'd never asked before; although she'd been there for me many times.

"Of course, I'll go with you and make sure nothing happens that you don't want;" I finally answered.

We hugged and Deborah cried a little. I did tell her it might have to wait, until after the puppies came and were old enough to be left on their own for a few hours.

"That's fine, Susan Michelle, I want to think it over some more anyway. It's the sort of decision I want to give myself plenty of time to think over and back out of."

I thought about inviting her to make love with Hector, but I couldn't. I'd shared him with Brandy and it was almost more than I could stand. Although it would have been an act of friendship, I felt that Deborah could seek a dog on her own. Try to find the situation I had when I'd given up my cherry to the white dog I met on the beach. But that isn't her choice. Her choice was to have someone arrange it for to happen in front of an audience. I knew she was something of an exhibitionist. I'd seen her go all the way with a near stranger at a part once, with everyone watching. No, I figured the idea of the audience appealed to her.

Brandy gave birth to her puppies, right on time. Exactly 90 days after she came out of heat. Kate had taught me how to tell when labor was near. I'd called her and she'd come over to help. We'd arranged a double nest out of old blankets and towels. Brandy on one side, me on the other. I was nude and stretched out on my side, ready to nurse. As Brandy birthed the first puppy, Kate cut the umbilical cord, clean the placenta off, clean the puppy and then hand it to me. It was a male and he latched onto my breast with no trouble. As I felt my milk let down and I looked at the little life at my nipple in wonder. Born from the union of my lover and Brandy, and now mothered and nurtured by me, for my mate. He was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. The puppy's nursing was less erotic than Deborah's. My newly adopted son meant business. Still it filled me with a wonderful sense of wellbeing and femininity. I couldn't get over how very beautiful he was.

Ten minutes later another puppy was sucking at my other nipple. Fifteen minutes later I detached the first one and offered by swollen nipple to a third. Two hours later there were nine, and the last two were at my breasts. I spent the next hour rotating their feeding and looking in wonder at how beautiful they all were.

Brandy performed as advertised. When she was done giving birth, she rested a few minutes, then stood up, licked herself a little, and then walked off. I watched her go, and wondered how she could leave her little ones. I'd only been with them for a short time and I already knew their care was my cherished first responsibility.

Kate cleaned up the room and told me I was doing well. Then she left to get me a nice milk-building lunch. She later with Hector. He was walked over to me, licked my face. Looked at the puppies gathered around my breasts, laid down beside me and smiled; the perfect picture of the proud father. I wanted him to take me right then, but I was busy.

We gave Brandy two more chances to display maternal interest for the puppies. She didn't. The next day Kate took her back to her owner. After a day of nearly non-stop nursing, eating, cleaning puppies, nursing, eating and so on, I was a very tired, but very happy mommy. Hector stayed by me and helped some my licking the puppies clean from time to time. My nipples felt very used, but they were standing up to the usage well.

By the next weekend the puppies were opening their eyes and I could leave them for an hour at a time. I was able to do a little work, take a bath get my own and Hector's food. I didn't bother with clothes. It was too much trouble since I was nursing so much. Kate had been right. I was nursing nine to ten times a day and my puppies had all the milk they wanted and were sleeping round balls of fur. I was confident they were well fed and happy. By the next weekend they were still getting all the milk they wanted. They were growing fast, and my poor nipples felt really chewed on. But they were starting to play together. Of course I named them all. There were six little bitches and three little dogs. I had no trouble telling them apart, although Kate did.

Deborah came out to help and see the puppies. Her eyes got real big when she saw them, and a crazy smile covered her face. A smile that she still had the next day when she left. She stripped and caressed herself to climax the first time she watched me nursing.

Later, between nursing sessions with my young, we talked. Deborah had pretty much made her mind up to do the performance thing. She'd talked about when with the guy. It was to be in two months. Her mind was focused on a finding, or creating, a real cute mask. Yes, she had even agreed to the filming of the event. I advised her to start working on strengthening the muscles of her pelvic floor, if she wanted to really tie.

By the time I'd been nursing for four weeks, and the puppies were over four pounds each, I was starting to look forward to weaning them. By then they were fine on their own for a couple of hours and Hector and I used some of that time to mate again. We had tried mating while I nursed. It had been exciting, and moments had felt wonderful. But I decided I could do a better job of both if I didn't mix those two activities. The fifth week we started them on solid food and I began by pushing them toward the solid food after they'd nursed for a while. I even ate some, to show that it was good. They got the idea when I started putting some of my milk on their food to help them transition. I was flowing so well by then that I didn't need the breast pump. I just aimed and massaged some milk out. The two smallest pups I continued to nurse for a week after the others and managed to get them caught up to their siblings in size.

At six weeks they were all weaned. I let Hector try my milk, and he liked it, but he really liked breeding me better. I tapered off, using the breast pump, but taking less every time. I let the puppies have the milk with their food, but I made sure the smallest ones got more. My nipples started to perk up and my breasts were losing some of the size they'd gained. At eight weeks I was dry, and happy it was over. I'd gotten behind in so many things while I was nursing. I was spending hours every day playing with Hector and my puppies and it warmed my heart to see that they recognized me as their mother.

I spent the tenth week crying. Kate came by almost every day, and one-by-one took my puppies to their new owners. Except for the first one. He was selected by Brandy's owner; it was her right, the pick of the litter, the largest male, and the one that had been first at my breast. Letting her take him was the hardest thing I'd ever done. She complimented me on what a good foster mother I'd been, and I couldn't help it; I beamed. But after she left with my first I cried for hours.

After they were all gone I was in a major funk. Even Hector had trouble cheering me up. Then Kate came by and reminded me that Brandy would be going into heat again in three to five months. If I wanted Hector to breed her again, I could be nursing a new litter of puppies again in six to nine months.

It took me about one second to say yes. A few hours later I was on my bed, on my back with Hector over me, my legs rapped around his back and his knot securely held inside me as his shaft moved through my cervix. It felt sublime. We were one unit and I know my wonderful Hector felt it too. I



could tell as he looked down at me with his beautiful brown eyes.

I made a special scrapbook. It has one page for each of my puppies and two pages for the whole litter. Kate, Deborah and I all used my digital camera to take lots of pictures of the puppies. The cover has me curled on the floor, two puppies at my breast and the other seven sleeping in a cute furry pile next to my abdomen. Hector is sitting up behind me, looking at our puppies and beaming. Each puppy's page has its names, its weight (I weighed them every week). The date it opened its eyes. What I named it. What I thought its best feature was and the name, address and phone number of the people who adopted it.

The scrapbook has lots of pages and I'm looking forward to filling them with memories. I'll be checking on my puppies. Making sure that their new family is treating them right. Kate has promised to help me keep tabs. She also suggested that when Hector gets too old to breed I might want to keep one and raise him. It's an idea that I love and hate. I love knowing that after Hector is gone, a part of him will still be with me. I hate the whole idea that he will probably only live another eight to ten years.

For now, I'm happy being Hectors bitch and raising his young. I can't imagine another foster mother being happier than I am.

Well, Hector just came over to the computer. He has his socks in his mouth and is smiling with a hint of a leer showing around his eyes. Just looking at him like that has my panties wet. I think its time to shut down and give my lover what he wants.

## **The End**

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This is the end of this story.

If folks are interested I'll start another thread on Deborah's performance.

Note: This is a fantasy, well at least mostly. While human females can nurse just about any mammal, human milk is not as good for puppies as their mother's milk. Just as cows milk is not as good for a human baby as it's mother's. If you want to offer your milk to your puppy it's fine, as a treat, and when the puppy is older as a fun way to relate together and bond. But don't limit its food to your milk. Also be advised, puppies will nip at your nipples, and it does hurt.

By the way, guys can nurse puppies or any other mammal if they want. It takes work, and doing some pretty unmanly things, but its possible. It generally doesn't make them impotent or sterile, but if drugs (herbs and hormones), even over the counter ones, are used to help the process along, regular blood tests are necessary to make sure there is no damage to the kidneys or liver.

There is a little movement among some feminists to have fathers share in nursing their children. I've met a very nice man who did it, and he said that nursing his daughter was one of the best experiences of his life, better than helping her be born. He's married to a girlfriend of mine, who loves him for sharing nursing with her. It was a real trip to watch them trade off nursing little Julia.

Of course, guys that develop mammary glands and ducts also develop small breasts; a turn off to many women, but a turn on to some. Guys, if you're thinking about it, remember that breasts are organs. If you stop nursing they don't go away, there with you for life. Also remember with breasts comes the need to watch for breast cancer: self-examination and maybe getting regular mammograms. The guy I met who did nurse said he could never go swimming in a public place. I've

seen his breasts. Real nice cute and feminine little AA cups, he's right. The only way for him to swim would be in a two piece, and he'd have to do a lot more remodeling to make that look normal.