

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Gentle Readers,

This is a story that is nearly all fiction. I do have Mastiff named Hector who is my lover. I have a friend named Deborah who knows about Hector and I. Deborah did make love with a near stranger in the middle of a wild party back in college. Deborah helped me write this, at least in some places. The story is her fantasy, but she says she is not tempted to try the reality. The rest is all fiction.

Please view the first two parts of this story as a kind of writer's foreplay. They set up the sex in the last two parts. Of course, if you just can't wait, jump to Part III.

Enjoy

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## **Part I: Max**

"Is this it?" Deborah asked nervously. Her mind was moving a light speed. Ever since she'd gotten in Kate's car she'd had been becoming increasingly on edge. Her stomach was a tight little ball when she thought about the audience. It relaxed and a buzz of lust shot through her when she thought about finally being breed by a dog, Ever since I saw Susan Michelle mate with her dog Hector, I've wanted to experience it too. She seemed to reach a level of sexual satisfaction I didn't know was possible. Right from that moment I've wanted to see what its like. Now I get my chance.

"Yup. This is it. We're early, the others will be here in a while," Kate replied, interrupting Deborah's thoughts.

Deborah, Kate, and Susan Michelle got out of Kate's late model green Subaru Forester. Kate moved with assured grace, but the two younger women were both nervous. It was a warm afternoon in late September and sky was beautifully clear.

Susan Michelle turned to Deborah. "There's still time to back out."

Deborah nodded. "But I'm not going to. I've been fantasizing about this for five long months. I'm scared, but my panties are soaked, just from anticipation. They only thing I'm, worried about is Allan. I have a date with him tomorrow night, and we'll end up in bed. What if he can tell?"

Kate shook her head. "Douche and take in nice long bath tonight. You won't feel any different tomorrow night to him than you would feel right now. Max will make sure that the claws on the dogs front paws are well covered. He won't be leaving any tell-tale scratches on your back and sides. I'll make sure the platform is the right height for him the dog to take you. If your sex is the right height for him you shouldn't get scratched by his hand legs either. If you get scratched, wear a garter belt and opaque hose tomorrow night; wear them to bed. Most guys get extra excited when they feel your nylon covered legs wrap around them."

Deborah nodded. "Yeah, I did that for Allan last month. He loved it. Only problem was he came so fast I had barely gotten going. He did finish me up with his mouth. It was good, but not what I wanted. I had to give him instructions too, but that was kind of fun.

As the three got out of the car they were observed by a white haired distinguished looking man inside the house. He came out to greet them. He was wearing gray slacks, a white shirt with a red and black smoking jacket over it with a black silk cravat. He walked over to the Subaru.

He knew Kate. There was no mistaking her petite figure and white hair. She was in jeans, as usual,

with and a simple white cotton long sleeve shirt. He'd known her thirty years and appreciated how trim she'd kept her figure. Secretly he'd always hoped to see one of his dogs breed her. But he'd mentioned it once, and she'd been definite in her refusal. As it was, every year or two she sent him a woman who wanted to know what it was like. He figured pressing the matter might end the stream of the willing, and cost him a friend.

Turning his attention to the two young women he saw that they were in their twenties. The shorter one was in jeans too, with a bulky sweater. She was thin, had small breasts, wore glasses, and had uninspiring brown hair that came to her shoulders. She seemed to wear no make up, not even lipstick. But he noticed something about her when she smiled. She glowed. A quality that transported her plain looks to a kind of deep beauty. Max had learned in his long life that women with that glow were very much in love with a man who loved them back. He also knew that women with that glow didn't mate with strange dogs in front of an audience. When her face turned serious the glow dimmed.

The other young woman was more promising. She was about five-six, thin, but with a nice rack, and pretty auburn hair worn in a pony tail that extended down to below her shoulders. He longed to see that hair loss spread across her naked back.

She wore black kid heels, nylons, a short dark red skirt that showed off a nice pair of attractively thin legs, and a sky blue silk blouse with a box neckline that revealed a good bit of cleavage. Her lipstick was red and very glossy. It looked wet. Her face was made up nicely and was pretty. He was pleased she would be the star of the evening's planned festivities. While not centerfold beautiful, she was very attractive and he longed to see her naked being bred by one of his big guys. Kate said this volunteer had never been bred by a dog before. The thought of seeing her first time stiffened his manhood.

"Good evening, ladies. Please come inside. Kate is this a two for one deal or something?" He laughed as he led them into the house.

"Not unless you want to pay double. Max, this is Deborah, she will be your star tonight. And this young lady is Susan Michelle, she is along to provide moral support for Deborah," Kate explained.

"Ladies, this is Max," Kate continued. "This is his home, and it will be one of his dogs that Deborah plays with tonight."

"Here you go, Deborah," the man replied. He handed her a thick envelope. Deborah looked in side and saw a thick stack of twenties. "Fifteen hundred, in cash in small bills. I don't know your address and other vital information so I can't report it."

Deborah suddenly felt like a whore. She considered handing the envelope back, she didn't really want the money, or need it. She started to, but the man understood and held up his hands.

"The money is part of the gate, and for your signature on the release for the film and still rights, Deborah. It's not for the sex. As for that, I understand we both want the same thing, and that works out nicely."

Deborah smiled and decided to keep the money. She was just thinking about where to keep it when Susan Michelle offered. "Deborah, why don't I put that in my purse and hold it for you until tomorrow, since your spending the night at my place." Susan Michelle knew the mask took so much room in Deborah's purse that there was no room for the thick envelop.

"Susan Michelle, that seems a like a long name for such a petite person?" Max commented.

"Yes, I know. It started in grade school. In fifth-grade there were six girls named Susan in my class. We all ended up being called by our first and middle name. The same girls were in junior high with me so our classmates kept using two names for each of us. By high school I felt weird if anyone called me Susan."

"Well, Susan Michelle, if you ever decide you want to make some quick money, have Kate give me a call." Susan Michelle sensed he wasn't serious, and was glade. She didn't want to even be there, but Deborah was her best friend, and she had begged her to come lend moral support.

While he spoke Max ran his hand up and down Deborah's arm. Kate decided she needed to take control before he became boulder. She knew Max well, He wanted to watch Deborah breed by a dog, but given the chance he'd have his way with her before and after.

"Not much chance of that. Susan Michelle is a married to a wonderful guy," Kate responded, she then turned to Deborah and Susan Michelle.

"Girls this is Max, one of the biggest perverts in the state. He's the dirtiest 'dirty old man' you will ever meet."

Max bowed. Susan Michelle and Deborah didn't know what to say; they remained silent. The man conducted them to an elevator that took them to the basement. Max led the way down a short hall and through a green door into a very large room.

One side of the room was a stage, raised three feet. It was roughly twenty feet wide. There was a glass wall along the front of the stage. Beyond the wall was a triangular shaped area. Its two back walls were covered with mirrors. The stage was well lighted and there was a padded platform in the middle. It was upholstered with a rich red fabric that looked like velvet. Surrounding the platform were dozens of pillows, all colored either a soft yellow or orange. The platform was about four feet long and a little more than a one-wide. Its sides tapered out softly and were also upholstered in red velvet.

To the right and left of the stage were doors. Looking in front of the stage and set back about five feet, there were a series of crescent shaped wide steps, or risers. Each one was a foot higher than the riser in front of it. The risers were three feet wide and roughly thirty feet long. Susan Michelle counted six. They were covered in a dark gray deep plush carpet. There were hundreds of the same yellow and orange pillows scattered around the risers similar to those on the stage. The walls were dark rose. At the closest end there were steps connecting the risers, and at the far end was a large wet bar set up to have a bar tender preparing drinks.

Max smiled. "My guests will start to arrive in a half-hour. They will all be here in an hour. The glass is a one-way mirror. I've found that it helps a women forget the fact that they are being watched; leaving her free to focus on enjoying the experience. There are cameras behind the two mirrors at the back of the stage. They are one-way also."

"What do the two doors lead to?" Deborah asked pointing at one side of the stage.

"The one you're pointing at leads to what I call the prep room. It's where you go to undress and do what ever else you want to get ready. There are some very good quality beauty products there, not makeup, more like moisturizers. I do hope you'll use them. They will give your skin a lovely smooth texture. The other leads to a similar space where your partner for the evening is. He needs to be prepared some too. Both rooms have doors that lead through the mirror and onto the stage.

"Deborah, did you bring a mask to wear?" Max asked.

Deborah nodded and tapped her purse.”

“I’ll give you another five hundred not to wear it, interested?”

Deborah smiled but shook her head. “Sorry, Max, I’m not doing this for the money, although it will be nice to have. I don’t know where your pictures and films will end up, and I don’t want people who see them to be able to figure out it’s me.”

“We’ll, Deborah, if you change your mind the offer stands. I’ll give Kate a copy of the films and still images on a couple of DVDs and she can give them to you. I assumed you might like to see them, at least once. Maybe watch with your friend, Susan Michelle here.

“I don’t sell the images, live or still. They do get posted on a very hard to get to pay sites on the net. A site’s only open to members, and the members must pay and be approved through a screening process to join. It’s secure.”

“She said no, Max.” Kate commented. “Give it a rest.

“Tell me who is going to be Deborah’s date this evening?”

The man beamed, “My favorite dog, Samson.”

“Samson?” Deborah said.

Max turned to Deborah, “No don’t you fret about Samson, dear. He’s big, but he’s a lover. He has lots of experience with women, and likes making love to them, very much. He even seems to like the special booties he’ll wears to protect you from his claws. I like him because he does a real good job of breeding a woman. He lasts a long time and if you’re up for it, he’ll do you twice.

“Some girls like to try it in both the doggy and missionary position, and Samson knows how to show a woman a good time both ways.”

Deborah thought about the different ways she’d seen Susan Michelle taken by Hector, and smiled. She was curious about both. “I’ll think about it, Max. I’ll have to see how I feel after once, before I decide to try twice. Is Samson big, you know, down there.” Deborah blushed.

Max nodded. “He’s a Great Dane, and a very a big one. He weighs 128 pounds and stands 34 inches tall. He’s got a big enough knot to tie with a woman who has had children and/or has no pelvic floor muscles tone. He’s big the other direction too. Once he’s tied, he’s never failed to get the tip into his lover’s womb. When he grasps your shoulder, he will have a very soft mouth. You’ll hardly notice his teeth. At least one lady said feeling his mouth on her was the best part.

Susan Michelle was surprised. Her lover was a mastiff. She loved that he was twice her size. Deborah weighed 120 herself. “Why a Dane? I mean their tall, but why not a really big dog?”

“Like as Mastiff,” Deborah teased her friend. Then she turned to Max. “But why not a Mastiff?”

“I like Danes because their hair is short and it doesn’t block anyone’s view of the breeding. Their height also makes for good views of their partner. What I enjoy is watching a woman’s reaction to being bred. Danes don’t block the view of the woman their mating with as much as a heavier, or furrer, breed could. Although, I know some ladies love the real furry ones; like a Newfoundland or a Great Pyrenees.

“Deborah, if you don’t feel like trying it both ways tonight, you can always call me and we can do this again. But, if you agree to film again, I’ll use a different dog.”

“Max, I’ll consider it. But if I like it, I may want to get a dog of my own.

Max nodded, a sad look on his face; “That figures.

“One more question, Deborah. You’re here because you want to be. But, some woman who want to be dog breed, want to be forced. If you’re one of those, I can bring a breeding frame in, and strap you into it. Samson has breed women in a frame and it won’t phase him.”

Deborah shook her head. “No, Max. I don’t get off on bondage. I imagine your right, I know some girls who like their boyfriends to tie them up, and then do things they can’t admit they want, but I’m not like that.”

“Fair enough. Why don’t you three go into the prep-room. There are instructions there, supplies, a bar, and snacks. You’ll also find the release that gives me the right to post the pictures and film. Please sign it, first thing, and then slip it under the door. If you don’t, I can’t take pictures, and remember, you said I could.

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Part II: Preparations

The three went into the small room, closing the door behind them. It was six steps up and they found themselves in a room of about fourteen by twelve feet with a padded massage table in the middle, a couple of overstuffed chairs and a series of clothing hooks hanging on the wall. The floor was covered with a thick gray rug. There was a small wet bar in one corner and a tall thin cabinet in another. Another door faced them from the opposite wall, this one red. There were papers on the table. After they had entered Max closing the door behind him. When the door closed the three heard the latch lock.

“He locked us in!

“What is this place, Kate?” Deborah asked, a note of desperation in her voice.

“Max said it was a prep-room, we will get you ready in here. When the room lights blinks you go through the red door. We have almost an hour before that happens. We’ll go out on stage in a little while and adjust the platform and cushions.”

“But, why did he lock the door?” Deborah asked.

The green door will unlock when you go through the red door over there. Max likes to have his attractions trapped. He is hoping it will frighten you.”

“Oh, well I guess I was a little;” Deborah admitted.

“Thanks, Kate, Susan Michelle for doing this with me. I really want to know what its like, but I’d be to scared to come here alone.”

Deborah went over to the table and picked up the release form. Feeling she was beyond the point where she could back out, she signed them, folded them, and slide them under the door.

Kate went to the bar and poured three fingers of a dark amber liquid onto a tumbler that was half

filled with ice.

“Here Deborah, better drink this now, and another one later.”

Kate passed Deborah the glass.

Deborah hesitated holding the glass and looking at it.

“Kate, are you positive I will need this? I mean that’s a lot of alcohol for me. Is this really going to be so awful that I won’t be able to go through with it unless I’m drunk?”

“Of course it’s not awful, and two drinks will not get you drunk. But it will be a very unusual situation for you, and it will be in your interest to be able to relax and go with the flow. Not just a new kind of partner, but the whole idea of an audience might keep you from having the experience you’re hoping for. You’ve seen Susan Michelle and Hector, and know it can be pleasurable, I assume that’s why you’re here.”

Susan Michelle spoke up; “I’ve always enjoyed it, immensely, but we all have inhibitions. Most of those who try sex with dogs have major feelings of guilt. It took me a long time to get over those. Deborah, you don’t have time to rationalize yours away.”

Deborah hesitated another second then raised the glass to her lips and drank. She found that it tasted surprisingly good; like a fine liquor made from exotic fruits. It filled her body with a warm glow. But thanks to her already aroused state, instead of spreading through her body evenly then dissipating, the warmth seemed to sink down into her womb and grow into a heat that Deborah instantly recognized as lust. She’d felt the same feeling many times before, always when she was particularly horny. Deborah suddenly felt physically hot. When Kate suggested that she take off her clothes she complied almost immediately. She also took the ponytail out of her hair and let her long tresses fall across her back.

Before setting her purse aside she opened it, and withdrew the mask she’d made. She’d spent hours on it. The mask covered her eyes, the top of her nose and her eyebrows. It was made of a stiff black felt with two red silk straps on each side, allowing her to tie it behind her neck and at the back of her neck. She’d embroidered a thick edging of gold around the eyeholes. There was a thinner edging of metallic red embroidered around the gold. The area covered on the sides of her face she’d embroidered a dog on each side using silver thread. It was a Mastiff and Susan Michelle’s lover, Hector, had been the model. On the left side he was sitting and on the right he was standing. Around the edges of the mask she’d embroidered a border using sky blue thread.

“It’s not much, but I think if we use a little make up on my moles and beauty mark it will hide my face well enough. It will also help me feel like I’m not completely naked.”

“It’s really lovely,” Susan Michelle, commented. “But maybe you’d rather be bred by a mastiff than a Dane?”

Deborah shook her head. “If I had the heart, I’d rather be bred by Hector, because I know him and he’s such a dear. But he’s yours, and you are his. I have so many pictures of him that he made a great model for my needlework. I’m sort of looking forward to knowing what a Great Dane is like. If Allan doesn’t work out I may be in the market to find a dog lover, but I think I’d want to try several breeds before deciding. Max’s comment about some like their dogs real furry rang a bell.”

Kate came over and looked at the mask. “You do nice work, Deborah. I didn’t think modern young women were into needlework.”

"I learned from my Grandmother, when I was eleven. Ever since then I've enjoyed it. But it takes a lot of time. I only embroider one or two things a year."

Susan Michelle looked at her concerned, "So, Allan is still pretty commitment shy?"

Deborah laughed then said, "That's putting it mildly. He's not even willing to spend the night after we make love at my place. Last week, I offered him a drawer to keep a few things in, so he wouldn't have to leave. He freaked, and nearly ran out the door. I've been to his place, but only during the day, and he doesn't want to bed me there. Seems afraid I might nest or something. It's always my place we end up at.

"It gets worse, I told him I was on the pill, I showed him the pills, I let him watch me take the pills, and we both had a complete check up for STDs before we went to bed the first time, (his idea). Anyway, he still uses a condom every time we make love."

"When I was at his place last week I checked it out careful. There is no sign that a women has ever been there."

Kate shook her head. "Sounds like he's a waste of your time."

"If what I wanted was to get married right away, he would be, Kate. But Allan does show me a good time, he's good looking, take to nice places and in bed displays a nice level of endurance that makes up for his lack of a sense of adventure.

"No, Allan is not marriage material, but he'll do for a steady date, for a while."

Let's go adjust the pillows." Kate suggested. "It will allow you to get a feel for the stage and we should do it before the audience arrives."

"Should I wear my mask?" Deborah asked.

"Yeah." You never know when Max is running film after you've signed the release.

Deborah put on the mask. It fit her well and Susan Michelle thought it looked cute on her friend. They went through the door and out onto the stage. Deborah felt very nervous, knowing that a hundred people could be watching them and she'd never know. She was naked, except for her mask, and even the one time when, flush with wine, she'd had sex with a near stranger in the middle of a party, she'd been mostly covered. They'd been making out on the couch and her skit had found its way up around her waist, the guy had pulled her panties off while kissing her, and doing it really well, and then next ting she knew she felt a nice sized penis filling her. He'd been good, using his tool well. Good enough that she came in front of a group of about fifteen people, who applauded. But this seemed so cold and impersonal, at least so far.

Kate led her to the middle of the triangular shaped space. The walls looked like mirrors and for moment Deborah wasn't sure which side the audience would be on. Sensing her confusion she pointed to the longest wall. "That wall over there will be where the audience is. See, it's longer than the others. For the audience the mirrors on the other walls assure everyone good view of whatever part of the action they are interested in. Susan Michelle and I will be out there, and if you get into any difficulty we'll be right in to help, Max too."

"Now, Deborah, which way do you want Samson to take you, missionary or doggy position?" Kate asked.

Deborah looked embarrassed for a minute and then said; "Well, both. I've been thinking about what Max said, and I want to know how I like both. I've seen Susan Michelle and Hector do both and every time I've wanted to know how it feels. If Samson is really up to it, we'll do it twice, even if I'm feeling sore after the first time."

Susan Michelle giggled. "You will feel fine after the first time. I'm sure that Samson will be a gentleman and soothing your vulva with his tongue after you've let him breed you. After a few minutes of that the idea of doing it again with him will seem great. It's tomorrow morning when you will feel too sore to move. But, since your spending the night with me, I promise to minister to your needs and kiss it until it's all better." She giggled again and blushed.

Kate smiled and turned again to Deborah. "I get it. Both, but which first?"

"Oh, Susan Michelle, what do you recommend?"

"Doggie first. He will really take you and you will feel very nicely massaged afterwards. He will be in control holding you and filling you up, but you will only feel him on your back and bottom and inside. It's great sex, but it never feels to me like I'm as close to Hector as I want to be that way. Then do him missionary style. You can wrap your legs around him and hug him and have some control over events. I especially like rubbing my breasts into his furry chest while I hold him around the neck. Holding him as close as I can and then feeling his hot mouth on my neck or shoulder as we are tied together and his tool presses into my womb."

Kate stared at Susan Michelle for a minute. She'd known she and Hector had sex, but he suddenly realized the young woman was deeply in love with her big mastiff, romantically in love. Something she hadn't quite grasped, even when she'd seen the young woman nursing his pups. "Susan Michelle, you almost make me want to do it. I think it's maybe seeing you with Hector that has brought Deborah here."

She turned to Deborah. "Girl, there is still time to back out. The romance you see between Susan Michelle and her Hector won't be here for you this evening. You'll be bred. It will be just sex, maybe good sex, but don't expect more.

Deborah calmly answered. "I know that, Kate. God, to see them together, is to know how special what they have is. I'm not here to try and get that. I'm here for what should be some good kinky sex. I'm hoping it will be great kinky sex. I'm very curious, and I want to find out what it's like and if I like it. Maybe, if I like it, and I keep meeting men like Allan, I'll give up on the critters and settled down with a nice strong dog who'll love and protect me."

Kate shrugged her shoulders. "So, doggy first?"

Deborah nodded. Kate had her lay over the platform with her bottom high in the air. She used a tape to measure how high up Deborah's sex was above the floor. It was too low. She had Deborah slip a pillow under her tummy and the height was right but her feet didn't reach the floor. Kate and Susan piled pillows up so that Deborah could rest her knees on them and spread her thighs wide apart. Then they piled up pillows on the other side of the platform to offer support to Deborah's torso and head. When they were done her head was slightly below her bottom.

Kate explained that she must appear submissive, and if Samson seemed to hesitate she should turn her head to face him, smile and tell him it was OK. "I don't think you'll have to do that. Samson has bred more than a couple of women, but you don't know each other and he might need a little encouragement.

"If he is thrusting at you, but missing your entrance, reach back and guide him in. Once he's in, he will take over. That probably won't happen. He's experienced, but he might need help."

"OK," Deborah said and slightly bit her lower lip and blushed again.

"The missionary is easier." Susan Michelle commented.

She had Deborah get up and had lay down the long way on the platform and scoot around until her position was right. When her sex was over the edge Kate put a pillow under her bottom and then measured again. She put another pillow under her head and then Susan Michelle built up piles of pillows on either side so Deborah would have support when she spread her thighs and invited Samson to do her.

"Comfortable." Kate asked.

"Yeah, more than I thought I'd be. This thing is really padded and the pillows are nice.

"OK. If you still want to try the missionary after the doggie, let the liquids in you flow out for a while. Samson my help get you fresh again by lapping at you, soothing you and getting you ready for another mating. Max and some of his guests think the best part of watching is seeing the dogs seed flow out of you after the dog's breed you.

"I hear its sort of nice. You'll want to relax and savor the moment for a while and Samson will need a little time to recover. After you feel a little energetic, get up, rearrange the pillows, lay down like you are now, spread your thighs, and call Samson to you. If it's been more than ten minutes since he pulled out of you he should be ready.

"If you want him again, and he isn't eager, get down off the platform. Sit by him and pet him for a few minutes. Tell him he's a good boy and hug him. I know him, hell love it, then rub your hand through your vulva and offer it to him. If he licks your hand eagerly, get back onto the platform in position and softly call him. If not, hug and pet him for another few minutes. When he starts licking your hand, or tries to get his nose and tongue to your sex, he's ready to breed you. It may feel a little frightening when he moves over you, but remember, he won't hurt you.

"After you do the doggy position, if you don't want to go on, don't. During the first breeding you can bail too, and give Max his money back. At least until Samson'e is inside you, when that happens you're stuck riding it out."

Deborah nodded. "I understand, Kate. Thanks."

"Your welcome. Now let's go back in the other room. The audience will start showing up soon and we still have to get you ready."

The three women went back into the prep room.

The drink was doing it's work, and Deborah was feeling relaxed and very agreeable. When Kate suggested that she lay down on the massage table Deborah readily complied laying down on her back.

Seeing Deborah nude and laid out like that gave Susan Michelle a little flutter in her bosom. They'd played together often, and suddenly Susan Michelle felt the desire to press her face and tongue into Deborah's partly exposed sex. Kate interrupted her thoughts by handing her a large jar of whitish cream.

"Susan Michelle, I want you to give Deborah a massage. Rub some of this onto your hands and then into Deborah's skin. Start with Deborah's toes and work it up to her head. Be careful, the stuff will soften Deborah's skin, remove her body hair, and lighten her skin's color, particularly her moles, beauty marks and freckles."

"I'll stay by Deborah's head and make sure none of the stuff goes where it shouldn't. The cream is very expensive, but Max gets it as a treat for the women that let him watch them with a dog."

"In a while will wash this stuff off you and then rub another cream into your skin. It will neutralize the action of any of the first cream we don't get off you, moisturize your skin, soften it more and cover any little blemishes that are still visible."

"Wow!" Will the changes be permanent?" Deborah asked.

"Yes and no. Your body hair will start to grow back in about six weeks. But it will be lighter and sparser than it was. Your moles, beauty marks and freckles will appear again in about a week. But they too, will be lighter and less noticeable.

"Cool! Deborah giggled. "I may do this again, just to get the beauty treatment."

Susan Michelle looked at her sharply. "Now that, Deborah, would be whoring."

Deborah laughed. "I guess your right. Don't worry, dear." She reached out and squeezed Susan Michelle's hand. "I wouldn't do it for that reason, really. But if I decide that a dog lover is what I want, I might come back to try different breeds.

"What Max said about some girls liking the real furry ones hit a chord with me. You know I still sleep with a giant plush lion, when I sleep alone. I like cuddling into his mane." She got a far away look on her face and Susan Michelle started to gently massage the lotion into Deborah's skin. When Susan Michelle arrived at the blonde's public area Kate instructed her to us lots of lotion.

"Max wants her as smooth there as they day she was born. It's the same reason he likes Danes. No hair to block the view."

Deborah giggled. "You weren't kidding. He is a real dirty old man. I've never met one that dirty."

"Max is tops in the kinky department. But he does believe that no one should be forced to do anything, and he also believes in paying for his kinky pleasures. We're still friends because his dogs are well cared for and loved, and the woman who breed with those dogs always tell me they felt they were well treated and that the experience was rewarding. I've never referred someone to Max who just wanted the money."

"Susan Michelle, don't miss a single pour of her delicate pink flesh, including her anus. There's no point in leaving any hair growing there." Kate instructed.

As she worked on Deborah's sex Susan Michelle felt her nipples extend. Deborah too was becoming aroused. Susan Michelle was doing wonderful things to her vulva. The smell of aroused female filled the room as Susan Michelle's hands caressed the little hood over her magic button.

By the time the cream had been massaged in, sponged off, and the second cream applied Deborah wanted to be filled. More than ever before.

"Wow! That stuff really feels good! I feel like a pack of wolves wouldn't be too much for me."

Kate nodded. "That's another reason Max likes his volunteers to get this treatment. He wants to see you enjoying being breed."

"I think I'm ready," Deborah whispered. "God! Kate, is it time yet? I want to get laid in the worse way."

"OK, it's time." Kate replied. "Right through that door. As soon as your inside Samson will be allowed in. You can still back out if you want?"

"Yes! I understand! Don't worry, there won't be any problem. All the time Susan Michelle has been touching me I've been thinking about what will happen and wanting it more and more. The idea of being taken by powerful dog has become like a erotic drug."

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### **Part III: Samson**

Deborah got up off the table. She hugged Susan Michelle and kissed her a long and lingering kiss on the lips. Then she checked her mask, making sure it was secured in place. Turning she said, "Thank you, Kate," on her way to the door.

Without another word she walked through the door. Once Deborah was in the adjoining room she hesitated a second before closing the door behind her. The mounting need in her groin told her she had to go through with it. With a firm resolve she slammed the door shut.

Deborah found herself in again in the mirrored triangle shaped room. She guessed, correctly, that an audience was already present and watching her.

Well let them watch, she thought to herself. I'm horny enough to do it in Time Square at noon.

The room was filled with a soft pink light from a luminous ceiling.

The pillows were right where they'd left them. Just lean over those and my whole body will be supported while their stud does me. Where is he anyway? If he doesn't get here soon I'll either have to start without him or climb the walls.

When Kate heard the door lock behind Deborah she quickly led Susan Michelle out of the room to the audience area. Through the one-way mirror they could see Deborah. The masked women was standing pensively with her back to the wall.

On the seating stretching back from the stage were about sixty people sitting or reclining on the curved risers. All were fairly old, at least compared to Susan Michelle. They were equally split between men and women. Almost everyone was drinking and a few were smoking. Max was there and seemed to be the center of attention. As Kate led Susan Michelle up the risers he turned a smile at them.

He asked, "Is she ready?"

"Yes, she is, you can turn on the camera and let Samson in any time."

"Just as soon as you two are comfortably settled."

Kate thanked Max and sat down on the top tier. Kate arranged a number of large pillows to form a back and neck rest and Susan Michelle followed her example.

Are you comfortable?" Kate asked.

Susan Michelle looked around before he replied. She could clearly see Deborah, still leaning against the door in the triangle shaped room. Below them were some ten couples, all obviously in the process of getting high, and fondling each other.

"I'm as comfortable as I expect I'll get, Kate. This isn't really my kind of scene. No one will expect is to do anything, will they?"

"Of course not," Kate whispered. "If they did we'd collect Deborah and leave.

"Max, would you be a lamb and get us a couple of drinks." Kate said in a louder voice.

After the man had given them the drinks he returned to his seat and picked up a remote control unit. A hush fell on the room, Max dimmed the lights, pushed some additional buttons and set the thing aside.

Susan Michelle was surprised when she saw four huge plasma televisions slowly descend from the ceiling above the stage. When they were fully exposed they flicked on. Each displayed a different view of Deborah. One zeroed in on her groin. When Deborah's sex filled the screen moisture could be seen dripping from the lips of her vulva onto her inner thighs.

Kate leaned over and whispered, "The screens show the feed from the four cameras Max is using to film the performance."

"It looks like they're being controlled by someone. Is Max somehow directing them?"

Kate shook her head. "No there is a camera operator working each one. Max pays them well and gets good talent. I once asked him why he paid, since lots of folks would love to do it for free. He said he wants high quality film."

The cameras were slowly panning over Deborah. Kate realized Deborah was a very well put together package. Her breasts rode high on her chest with perky upturned nipples. Her legs were long and thin, but her hips flared out to give her a very womanly waist. Deborah's skin looked very white and smooth, and it made her thick hair look almost red.

In the triangle shaped room Deborah was startled when she saw one of the mirrored wall panels start to rise. She could hear something moving on the other side of the rising section of wall. The opening continued to get larger until it was about four feet from the floor, where it stopped. Then he entered the room. The naked woman backed against the wall, her mouth open in shock.

"Oh God! Oh my God! What have I gotten myself into?" She cried. Before Deborah stood the massive body of a huge dog. The dog sniffed the air and started to move toward her.

"Samson?" Deborah asked.

The dog's ears pricked up at the mention of what was clearly his name. Samson had a tan coat with black ears and muzzle. He looked friendly and stepped closer. Deborah could now see the large animal from the side. There, the dog's impressive sheath promised what she thought would probably be the largest male tool she'd ever had. The idea appealed to Deborah and her fear began to fade as her desire increased. She felt little streams of her lubricants running down the inside of her thighs.

He can smell my arousal, she thought to herself. So be it. I've got a fire in me and this looks a boy

who can put it out.

Deborah was horrified at her thoughts, but her body's lust was in control, and events were starting to occur faster than she was aware. Deborah knew it was the drinks, but that knowledge didn't change the effect. She felt like a voyeur watching herself as she walked to the platform and positioned herself on it the way Kate had told her. Her head low and looking over her shoulder at the huge dog she smiled and softly called to the male. "Here doggie, doggie. Come here Samson."

As Deborah moved away from the wall one of the big screens changed views and was displaying her nicely rounded bottom.

Kate leaned over to Susan Michelle and whispered. "Deborah is really a very good looking woman."

Susan Michelle nodded and blushed. "I know I just love touching her and looking at her, particularly when she's naked in bed. Sometimes I lay awake, petting Hector and watching Deborah sleep."

The dog circled her and stopped behind her. Deborah could hear him sniffing the air, tasting her scent. She decided more encouragement was called for.

Smiling again she softly called. "Here Samson, I hear you like girls. This one can't wait to find out what you offer. Come on boy, make love to mommy."

Susan Michelle could hear every word Deborah spoke in the auditorium. She leaned over to Kate and whispered, "You didn't tell Deborah that the audience would be able to hear her, or about the big screen televisions."

"I know. I figured she was nervous enough."

On the stage Samson stepped up between Deborah's wide spread thighs and began licking the young woman's vulva.

"Oh, that's good, Samson." Deborah said to reassure the dog. But then she realized she meant it as the dog's giant tongue began exploring all her creases, folds and ridges. His tongue was huge and warm, and Deborah felt her pulse increase as he paid equal attention to her anus and vaginal openings. She felt her nipples extend, her chest flush and her bosom swell with arousal.

"Good, Samson. Good doggy. You're making me feel so good!" Deborah moaned.

Her moans continued and she felt her body approach an orgasm. She'd never had one so soon after someone started licking her sex. Even her most skillful girlfriend in college had needed a quarter-hour to bring her off.

He can only have been licking me for about five minutes!

Samson continued licking and the audience watched with rapt attention. They could tell, along with Susan Michelle, that Deborah would soon go over the edge.

On stage Samson began probing the strange female's vaginal entrance with his tongue. As he pressed it into her she quivered in release and his tongue was covered with a gush of her lubricants.

Deborah was shaking with passion as the orgasm swept through her. Her uterus had contracted, something that had happened only with the very best of climaxes. But Samson continued licking, seeming to want to lap up every drop.

"Oh-my God!" Deborah cried as a second, and more intense orgasm enveloped her.

Still Samson kept licking, probing her vagina and anus with his hot tongue. Deborah had a string of orgasms that left her moaning for more. Samson stopped, and she was just getting her breath back when he jumped the front of his body up onto the platform and wrapped his front paws tightly around her waist. The socks they had on him protected her from scratches, but she was amazed at how powerfully he held her.

She suddenly wanted to escape, but then she felt him probing at her rear, seeking her opening. His penis was shooting hot pre-cum onto her sex and hips and it renewed her passion. She realized it would be silly to try and stop now, after all the arrangements and preparations. Besides, he may not let me stop. He's already holding me and I know I can't get away unless he lets me.

The probing continued. One bump was almost painful. Deborah took a minute to think and decided. He's earned some pleasure. That was one wonderful series of orgasm and so far I've returned nothing. I guess I owe him, and if the licking is any indication, I'm going to like the breeding too.

Hesitantly she reached back under her and grasped the probing erection. It felt small and thin, but Susan Michelle had told her it would grow once it was inside of her. Samson seemed to calm down when he felt her hand on his shaft.

Deborah remembered he was experienced with women. He slowly leaned forward and let her guide his shaft to her entrance. She let go as soon as her vagina was entered, but just able to get her hand away as Samson began to rapidly piston inside her. It was during the fourth or fifth thrust when she started feeling comfortable with the experience. Even in that time she'd felt the moving shaft sheathed within her growing in length and width with each powerful thrust.

A few minutes later, after maybe one hundred thrusts, she felt the pleasure within her rising higher. She began moving her hips back to meet Samson's shaft, wanting to take him deeper. Samson seemed to sense the human he was breeding had surrendered to him. His thrust became faster as he strove to reach her core.

Deborah was able to feel the knot forming. First, just a wide spot at the base of the shaft, a shaft that was already thicker than any she'd experienced before, then a still wider spot. A few more thrusts and it was the size of a tennis ball. Bigger than any shaft she'd ever imagined using her vaginal entrance. Samson slowed his thrusting slightly, seeming to enjoy the feeling of his knot moving inside the woman's sex.

It grew to the size of an orange, and he pressed it into her again. There was a sharp pain and Deborah cried out as Samson forced it through her entrance. But then, as her body closed around the shaft sealing the knot within her, another orgasm took her as the knot pressed against her G spot. This one was like a river of pleasure. It went on and on. She was sweating and could hear Samson panting as he breed her.

She wanted to hold him, and promised herself that soon she'd be on her back and able to wrap herself around the powerful male who was filling her. Deborah felt more feminine and yielding than ever before, as the hot jets from his shaft coating her vaginal canal.

She remembered, grinning, that it was still his pre-come. His seed would start when his knot reached its full size. She felt the growing knot swelling within her stretching her sex and impacting the surrounding flesh and organs, deforming her abdomen, and still it grew. It was strange, but so very pleasant.

Drops of hot moisture were landing on her back. Deborah realized it was Samson's saliva. He's drooling on me! The young woman was surprised at her reaction. The idea of dog saliva dripping onto her and running over her skin was not disgusting. It felt good. Deborah giggled and pushed her hips back. I like it because it's Samson's. God! I can't wait to be able to wrap myself around him. She felt her nipples throb as she imagined rubbing her hard nubs into the fur on the dog's chest as his shaft poured his seed into her.

Her uterus contracted in another orgasm as she sensed a stream of dog drool running through her hair, from the middle of her back and onto and around her neck to drip onto the pillow under her arms. Just then, Samson thrust again, harder than ever, and Deborah felt something deep in her womanhood start to be penetrated. It was a completely new sensation.

The dog moved and before Deborah knew it her shoulder was held in Samson's huge jaws. It didn't hurt, but she knew he was holding her still to allow him to thrust even deeper. She went rigid, wanting to help the dog breach the opening deep within her. Deborah sensed she was ready to lose a kind of final virginity, eager to have the huge Great Dane take it. Deborah felt her insides penetrated as cervix was filled by Samson's very alien but welcome shaft.

"He's through! God! He's so deep. It feels so good!" Deborah yelled as another climax rolled from her uterus throughout her body.

Then she felt the hot liquid shooting into her. It's his seed! He's filling me with sperm! A tear ran down her cheek as she realized the sperm would not give her his young. Suddenly she understood why Susan Michelle had so badly wanted Hector's puppies.

Although the mouth on her shoulder was soft, but held her firmly, letting her know Samson controlled her. But as waves of pleasure continued to flow through her, she wanted nothing more than to continue with the mating, giving herself her dog lover, forever. The pleasure enveloping the young woman was sublime as Samson held her still and himself seemed quite, while inside her his shaft was convulsing and filling her womb. His ejaculation was more intense than any sensations she'd ever had as men coupled with her.

I love feeling the heat of his seed! Oh, so much nicer than when a man comes inside. I love it!

Deborah felt that she and Samson had been locked together for a long time, but when the big dog released her shoulder and she felt the knot within her shrinking, she wasn't ready for the mating to end. She wanted it to go on and on. She cried as the dog's shaft popped out of her and his huge paws released her waist.

She felt a gush of liquids pour out of her sex, and enjoyed the sensation, resting in the afterglow as her breathing and heart rate slowly returned to normal. A huge smile spread across her face, as she remembered that Samson would soon take her a second time.

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Part IV: Missionary Position

The watching audience was silent as they saw the flow of liquids from the women's exposed sex. Susan Michelle saw the look of bliss and contentment on her friends' faces and wondered if Deborah was ever going to bother with men again. Certainly not for casual sex, she decided. But the right man might get her to marry him if he offered children and a secure environment for them.

Max stood and softly said, "Friends, the young lady told me she intended to rest a moment, but as

soon as she and Samson have renewed themselves, she plans to mate with him again, in the missionary position. This might be a good time to use the restroom if you want, grab a snack, and get another drink.”

The lights came up and Susan Michelle was shocked to see that throughout the room there were naked and near naked people hugging and groping each other and more. A couple, five feet from her were sitting up, the woman with her legs wrapped around the man’s waist and her bare breasts were pressed into his chest. They were moving very slightly in a way that made it clear that his shaft was sheathed in her.

Kate whispered to Susan Michelle; “Those two are into a kind of yoga that’s about extending the act of sex for a long time. I’ve seen them here before. They consider it a form of meditation and will still be like that an hour from now. They say it maximizes pleasure.

“Amazing,” Susan Michelle murmured. “I guess its sort of like being tied with Hector, for a very long time. An unending big O.”

Susan Michelle looked at her watch. Deborah had been on the stage for fifty minutes, and Samson had been inside her for a good half hour. Glancing up she saw a blissful look on her friends face. “Looks like Deborah, enjoyed it,” she commented.

“Yes,” Kate replied, “She’s still seems to be having a good time, even with all that stuff leaking out of her.”

Susan Michelle giggled, “Now don’t knock it if you haven’t tried it, Kate. Nothing makes me feel so perfectly made love to, than feeling a sea of my lover and my own juices flowing out.”

Kate laughed. “I’ll take your word for it.”

On stage the Dane moved back to Deborah’s sex and began licking her. Deborah grinned when she felt Samson’s big tongue cleaning her. She was still excited and the dog’s cleaning of her began anew the tingle in her core that she knew wanted to build into a climax. It feels so nice!

When Samson stopped she slipped off the platform and arranged the pillows for her coming experiment with the missionary position. She looked over at Samson who was watching her. She walked over to him and sat down next to him and hugged him.

“You did me real good, Samson.

“It was especially nice of you to clean me up.”

She looked down and saw that while he’d cleaned her he was still a bit of a mess. His shaft was smaller, and his knot was very small. Deborah thought it was cute.

On impulse she hugged him again and then leaned over and began cleaning his maleness with her mouth. She tasted herself, and that was nice, since she liked the taste of girl. But she also tasted Samson’s pre-cum and seed. It was nice too. Not as thick or salty as a man’s, and slightly different from the taste of Hector she’d licked out of Susan Michelle. It was a nice strong male smell that seemed to make the tickle in her core grow. When Samson was clean she sat up and hugged him again, enjoying the feel of his fur against her bosom. His shaft had retreated back into his sheath, and he seemed to be grinning at her. She felt her nipples extending and wondered how long the big dane would need to recover. She ran her hand down to her own sex and rubbed some of her juices onto it and offered it to Samson. He licked it off her fingers like a champ.

“Well, big fella, I think you may be as ready as I am for round two.” She said and then giggled. “You make me feel like being so very naughty, Samson.”

She collected more of her girl juices and offered him her fingers again. He licked it off her and then lowered his head and tried to lick at her sex.

“You sure know where the good tasting stuff comes from, Samson.”

Deborah stood up and Samson followed her, still trying to press his nose to her sex. She took a step toward the platform and then remembered she had an audience. Turning to face the mirror that hid them from her, she curtsied and then stood and said, “That concludes the first act of tonight’s performance. Stay tuned to this channel for some brief announcements. Act two will start in just a few minutes.” She laughed and shook her long hair around her head and shoulders. Spreading her legs a little she let Samson begin to caress her vulva with his tongue.

When she wasn’t sure she could stand any longer, she turned and walked to the platform. As Deborah climbed up she glanced at Samson and saw that his penis was starting to show.

“You know what’s coming, don’t you boy?”

She was giggling as she got her head comfortable on the pillow and spread her thighs, resting her feet on the stacked pillows on either side and offering her sex to Samson. Deborah’s giggled changed to moans as Samson again treated her vulva to all the pleasure his big tongue could provide.

Still aroused it took only minutes for him to bring on her climax. Sensing that she was ready Samson stopped licking and watched her face, seeming to the audience to be waiting for the woman to invite him to proceed.

As her world came back into focus, Deborah realized the wonderful licking had stopped. She looked down through her breasts at Samson. He was looking at her and she felt sure his look was a leer.

His head looked huge and she felt very small and feminine. She felt pleasure throughout her body except in her middle. There, the pleasure had grown to become need.

“Samson, come breed your bitch.” She softly called. “I’m ready and I need you to fill me.”

Susan Michelle looked around and the audience was either watching Deborah with their eyes and ears drinking up every sight and sound, or they were lost in sex, mostly with the person next to them, but a few of the women were pleasuring themselves. When she looked back to Deborah her friend was looking at Samson with passion as the big dog walked over her until his face was above the woman’s and his groin was almost to Deborah’s mound. His penis was extended and was coating her sex with shoots of pre-come.

Deborah was grinning as she reached down and grasping his shaft guided it. Once he felt her wet opening around the tip of his shaft Samson thrust forward and Deborah cried out, “Yes! Oh yes!”

She climaxed as she felt the dogs sheath against her entrance, then again as the shaft thickened and lengthened within her. Slowly her legs came up and she wrapped around Samson’s back. She was moving her hips rapidly with him. Seeking to increase the intensity with which she was being taken. Deborah felt the knot starting to form as it slide in and out of her entrance and she came again. Some of her liquid squirted out of her sex in a stream that arched over two feet from her groin before hitting the floor.

Deborah had followed Susan's advice and spent two months building up her PF muscles. When the knot reached Tennis ball size, she tightened her entrance capturing it inside. It was pressing on her G spot as it continued to grow. Deborah climaxed again, but it was different. The deep sensations of pleasure didn't end. Like the waves at the beach the climax was an endless rising and falling of delight that went on and on.

Deborah was laughing and shaking with passion as she felt Samson's shaft growing inside of her. Her arms went up encircling the dog's neck and she pulled her heaving bosom and extended nipples into his fur.

The orgasm without end continued. Deborah was enthralled. When she could think she wondered if it could get better, and for how long. But such thoughts were fleeting, subdued by the power of the male breeding her.

When she felt the shaft press at her cervix she also felt herself open to the penetration, easily allowing the entrance of the dog's penis into her womb.

Deborah suddenly knew what she must do. She'd seen Susan Michelle do it a dozen times, but never understood how it could feel right. But she knew now she must do it too. She shook her long hair to one side and hugging Samson hard, Deborah turned her head offering her neck to the big dog's mouth.

The dog gently bit her neck as his shaft began to spray the inside of her womb with his seed. She thrust her hips toward him trying for force more of his length into her core. Then the two seemed to be holding still, but the quivering in Deborah's body and the fierce possessive look in Samson's eyes made it clear that they were mating and that within Deborah the long, long, orgasm still that flowed through her as the dog's river of seed filling her.

Susan Michelle saw Deborah was crying, but it was clear from the way she was holding Samson that she was floating in pleasure. Then she knew why her friend was crying. Deborah didn't want it to end.

On the stage the woman held Samson so strongly that they were locked together until his knot had gone down and the penis that slipped from her was only slightly larger than it had been when it entered her. She held him still as she felt her sex begin to release the liquids that had been trapped inside by the dog's knot. She used her PF muscles to hold as much of the seed within her as she could. Then holding onto the experience and crying because it was over, she unhooked her legs and arms from around Samson, who gently opened his jaws releasing her neck.

The dog moved back and cleaned her dripping vulva before he laid down and began to clean himself. Deborah lay limp. Each time she breathed a little more liquid trickled out of her.

Slowly she drifted into sleep, and as she did her muscles relaxed and a stream poured from her. She dreamed of Samson, of being with him, running naked in a meadow with him and later his breeding her there, under a sunny blue sky surrounded by a forest of green pine. Her insides felt so good as he took her, over and over. Then she saw her stomach grow and six more breasts form on her. Her bosom now began with her human breasts and extended down in two pretty lines to the soft skin on her abdomen just above her sex. Suddenly she had puppies, all looking like Samson, eight of them, each suckling at one of her breasts. Wonder and contentment filled her.

Deborah hardly remembered Kate and Susan Michelle coming into the room and helping her get up, dress, and get back to Kate's car. Once they were in the car Kate drove them to Susan Michelle's home and then helped get Deborah up and into to Susan Michelle's bed.

Hector was there and Deborah later remembered how Susan Michelle hugged the dog and petted him and eagerly accepted his doggy kisses on her cheek and neck as she kissed his head.

Kate said good night and left, wondering if Susan Michelle was going to make love to Hector or Deborah first. She knew leaving was harder than she thought it would be, and if she'd stayed she suspected she would have been eager for the sex with either. Although she'd never before in her life felt drawn to women, or dogs, as sex partners.

Hector was on the bed, snuggled up to Susan Michelle, who awoke feeling his partly extended penis on her thigh. She'd denied him her body the night before. Taking time to lick and sooth Deborah's well used vulva. She'd felt her friend would need it and she didn't want Hector licking any women's sex but her own.

But it was morning and her guy was in need and Deborah was sleeping the sleep of the innocent. Susan Michelle scooted down on the bed until her bottom rested on the edge and whispered to her lover; "Take me, dear, make love to me and fill me with your seed. Maybe there will be a miracle, and we will make puppies."

Deborah awoke a little while later, and smiled as she saw Susan Michelle on her back, her arms and legs wrapped around Hector, who was holding her shoulder in his mouth. They were holding still, but Deborah had learned why her friend had said that was the best part. She watched quietly, not wanting to spoil the moment.

As she watched Deborah was thinking about Samson. That was the best sex I've ever had. Maybe I should just give up on men, like Susan Michelle has, and find me a nice furry lover. She decided to think about it more, and maybe talk it over with Susan Michelle after her coming date with Allan. He's a good lover. Maybe he'll be so good he drives the thought of dogs right out of my head. Maybe.

The End