

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Chapter I: To Tell All

Butter was sitting at a small mahogany table in the matching straight back chair, made of the same rich tropical hardwood. The design of the chair and table were simple, yet functional and elegant. The manager of the Hotel had told Butter's friend Allison, when she'd asked, that they were from Sarchi, a village devoted to crafts located in the Central Valley. Her new book was open and turned on, upon the hardwood table were before Butter. She'd gotten up, in the middle of the night, leaving her lover asleep. She was planning to tell-all in the only way she could, by writing her story.

The loose fitting light-blue cotton shift Butter wore stopped at her knees. Her smooth tanned legs were bare. Butter wiggled her toes against the wood of the floor, enjoying the texture of the worn tropical hardwood planks. A gentle night breeze flowed through the louvered windows destroying the order she'd created earlier in her mane of brindle hair. A long strand drifted onto her face. Without thinking about it she shook her head from side to side, rearranging the thick strands. She felt her breasts move, and smiled. In the night she couldn't see the sea, but the sound of the surf breaking on the rocks below the cabana was a constant reminder. The sensation of her breasts moving reminded her of the strangeness of her hair and breasts, and the other strangeness within her that the world could not see. She'd accepted, even embraced the strangeness of her odd colored hair and even odder breasts. The things she could see. But the other strangeness always seemed like a brand new miracle when it overtook her.

She smiling, Butter was filled with joy and wonder of finding a friend and lover who took delight in them and was effortlessly able to adjust, without struggle or condensation, to the fact that Butter could not speak, or even make a sound; not even a moan of pleasure when her lover delighted her.

But will her acceptance embrace the other. Will her love wither when she learns what I am, and what I was? Butter feared to know, but knew she could no longer hide. If I loose her now, it will hurt us both less than months from now. When she is forced to face, and deal with what I've become.

Remembering their day together day, Butter looked again, lovingly, at the sleeping form on the bed across the small room. I'm so lucky to have met Allison. To have found Allison, she decided. To have found love and acceptance, where I feared isolation and contempt. It's such a joy. I must remember these days of friendship and love are what is important. If she can't accept, at least I will have had these weeks. If she rejects me now, maybe someday, she will be able to at least again be my friend. Who knows, I certainly do not. Perhaps her love and tolerance are enough to continue when she knows what I am.

Looking at the sleeping form in the bed tears overflowed Butter's eyes. Blonde hair cascaded around a lovely young face. Only part of Allison was under the single sheet they used. The breeze was refreshingly cool, but it had been hot all day, all week in fact, and it did not get cold at night. Not in March, not in the tropical rain forests of Costa Rica's Pacific coast. She looked at the expanse of lean straight flesh lying across the rumpled sheets. One very long and elegant leg was exposed. She could also see a lovely thin arm, ornamented with delicate long fingers that were capped with freshly enameled nails. The nail color was fuchsia. Beyond the arm, mostly under the sheet, was what Butter had decided were the loveliest set of breasts on earth. Firm and well shaped they rose sweetly above Allison's chest and were capped with the prettiest pink nipples. They'd contrasted strongly with her dark reddish-brown nipples, when they'd lain together, side by side, softly stroking each other's bodies, as before.

I love her. I've never known what love for a person was like. I've known kindness and affection, passion, and even lust, but this is something new. It's no wonder writers are always telling love stories. At least I know that I shall always remember Allison as my first human love. If she rejects

me, I'll have been in love once. The young woman's calm returned to her as her realized that having known love, she was lucky; even if this love ended in rejection. And even if she can accept me, it may be best to be apart from her. In another two month it will be my time. I don't think I want her to see that.

She looked down and saw the same color, Allison's color, on her own longish fingernails and toes. At dusk, in the fading light, the two young women had painted each other's nails, as they bathed in the after-glow of the wonderful sex they'd shared. Allison had laughed and giggled and talked.

The brindle haired woman had been totally relaxed, not self-conscience at all about her unusual body, or the fact that she could not speak. Allison talked enough for them both, and she'd been able to respond, when she wanted, with facial expressions, hand gestures, and lots of smiling and grinning. The young blonde had told Butter about her life in Boston, her schooling at MIT in design, her new job in an architect's office, and the man who'd recently broken her heart and abused her. Butter had frowned, hating the story of the 'Nick' guy. Looking at the beautiful young blonde girl, so vibrant with life and promise, Butter couldn't imagine what could inspire such cruelty.

Butter licked her lips. She could still taste faintly the wonderful flavor of Allison's sex. Unable to tell Allison in words what she'd come to mean to her, Butter had tried to show the beautiful blonde the depth of her affection. She'd made Allison lie passive, as she, over and over, pleased the delicate cleft between Allison's hips with her mouth and tongue.

Allison had cried out, "Yes, Butter! Yes! Oh, Butter, yes!" over and over as the exotic brindle haired mute had used skills that Allison didn't know existed, to bring the blonde pleasures that she'd never imagined could be a part of sex. Butter smiles remembering, the rain of kisses Allison had covered her face with, then her breasts, as the blonde young woman had trying to explain. As she drifted to sleep her final words captured her thoughts best.

"My Butter, woman of magic hands and mouth, I love you. I had no idea my body had such a potential for pleasure." Allison had wanted to please Butter then, but had been too tired, she'd apologizing as she drifted into sleep. "Sweetheart, I'm so tired, so tired. I'm sorry too, in the worst way. It will have to wait until the morning." The blonde had murmured as her eyes softly closed, "In the morning I'll show you how much I've learned, and try to share with you the bliss you've given me."

Butter was warmed at the memory of those wonderful words. Allison had meant them, and the brindle haired young woman had already learned that her blonde friend had a talent for pleasuring her. At least we'll have the morning. She'll wake beside me and be better than her word. Then I'll have at least one more chance to show her my love. One last time perhaps, before she reads the truth of who I am.

~~~~~

## **Chapter II: Vacation**

Looking back to the laptop on the desk before her, Butter remembered when they'd met; at San Jose international Airport three weeks before. Butter had been having trouble communicating with the customs official. Before she knew what was happening, a young blonde stranger was speaking fluent Spanish to the man. In moments the man was passing Butter back her passport sand she was free to go. Pulling out her writing pad she wrote, "Thank you," and passed the pad to the young woman who'd rescued her.

"No need for that, he just didn't believe the name in the Passport was real. I simply suggested that it

was the US Government's problem, and not his. Of course I flashed a little cleavage at him too. In this part of the world I find it always helps, at least with government officials. I wouldn't recommend doing it with anyone else, the men here are like hungry sharks." The stranger had giggled

"My name is Allison, Allison Washington. If you're going into the city we could share a taxi?"

Allison had watched the young woman as she scrawled out another note. The blonde noted that her new friend had the strangest hair color she'd ever seen. The hair was the exact same blend of mixed black, tan, white, and mahogany that they called brindle when it was on a dog; she's seen it once on a big male Mastiff. Her hair was incredibly thick, too. It fell in a cascade across her shoulders covering the tops of her breasts and reaching the middle of her back. Allison had known lots of women with long hair, but she hadn't ever imagined that hair could be both so incredibly thick and long at the same time. The hair contrasted strongly the young woman's deep blue eyes, but went well with the deep golden tan of her fine skin. The sack-like dress she was wearing revealed enough leg and shoulder to convince Allison that her new friend had a nice little figure.

I wonder why she doesn't show it off a little, the blonde wondered. She's very pretty; she'd be ravishing with the right makeup.

The mysterious young woman handed her the pad. Allison read it as they walked toward the airport exit. The note read, "They call me Butter, it's an old joke, from when I was much younger. It is a name my guardians gave me after my parents died. I think that is what was upsetting the official. Thank you again for your help. I am going into the City, at least for today. I have a reservation at the Hotel Europa. I'd like to ride in with you, if you are staying there or nearby."

Looking up, Allison smiled warmly; her light-pink lipstick glistened as the two left the shade of the airport and emerged into the afternoon's intense tropical sun.

"I like your name. There's nothing wrong with it. It's special and somehow it suits you, Butter. I came down on the spur of the moment and don't have a reservation. But a friend suggested the Europa would be ideal. It's right in the Center of town, near the opera house, market, and museums. Why don't I try my luck there."

Butter smiled and nodded yes, enthusiastically.

The extra time they'd spent in customs had allowed the crowd to thin. The two were in a taxi headed down a palm tree lined highway in minutes. Traffic was light and the road was well paved. But fifteen minutes later, when their cab entered the city, traffic became a nightmare.

"Wow! I'm glade I'm not driving," Allison commented. Butter shook her head in agreement and the quickly made another note. "I'm glad I'm not driving too," it said. Their driver seemed to be used to the traffic and in another fifteen minutes pulled up in front of a large colonial style building.

At the hotel Butter handed her confirmation to the pretty young woman handling the desk. "Ah, Senorita Buttercup, such a strange name, no?" When butter only nodded shyly in reply the women realized her mistake. "Ah! I remember, Senorita Buttercup can not speak. It is here in the reservation book. I should have read the note. A thousand pardons. We have a lovely suite for you. It is on the fifth floor with a veranda that overlooks the square.

"Any you Senorita, do you too have a reservation?" The young woman said turning to Allison. Allison shook her blonde head no, and smiling sweetly asked if there was a room available. Both young women were a little disappointed when the girl at the desk said, "No, Senorita Kennedy, we are booked solid. It is festival and we have been booked for weeks. I'm afraid you will have the

difficulty finding a room in San Jose this weekend.”

Allison looked at the ground dejectedly. She'd hope to rest in the city and see the sights before heading back to the airport for a flight to Quepos on the Pacific coast.

Looking at the disappointed look shared by both young women the hotel clerk had an idea, “But Senorita Buttercup’s suite is grand. It is plenty large enough for two, with two grand beds in its bedroom. Perhaps Senorita Buttercup would let you be her guest?”

For a second Butter looked worried, then Allison started to shake her head no, thinking that her new friend wanted her privacy, “You are very kind. Thank you for the suggestion, but I wouldn’t want to impose. Perhaps I should go on. Is there somewhere in the hotel, or nearby, where I can book accommodations and a flight to Quapos? I’m really headed to Manuel Antonio National Park, anyway.”

Allison began to pick up her one light bag and was stopped. Butter had reached out and taken her hand. The strange beauty was smiling pleadingly at her. She shook her head no, and letting go of Allison’s hand quickly scribbled another note.

When Allison read it she smiled. It said, “Please, Allison, stay with me. I’d love to get better acquainted. I didn’t know I had a suite. My employer made the reservation for me. I’m alone here, on my first vacation. Please, say yes!”

Allison smiled and said a quite, “Yes.” The look of relief on butters face convinced her that the offer was sincere. Good, I made the right choice.

“Ah! That is grand. We shall have two lovely Senorita’s with us.” The Girl at the desk rang a bell and a tall young man in a bellhop’s uniform appeared. The desk clerk gave him two sets of keys and he picked up Butter’s two bags and Allison’s one and led them to the elevator. The group remained silent as they rode the elevator up to the fifth floor. When the bellhop showed them into the suite Allison gasped. The sitting room was huge, at least sixteen by twenty feet, and to the side she could see an equally large bedroom with a bath beyond. But what held both girls attention was the wide veranda that stretched in front of the sitting room and the glimpse of the treetops above the busy town square that they could see, beyond the railing.

The bellhop showed them the bedroom, with its two queen sized beds, the adjoining large bath, where the light switches were located and how to open the French doors that lead out onto the terrace. Then he showed them the bar and pointed out the many bottles of liquor and juice, the small refrigerator with its ice dispenser. He gave the room service menu and pointed out the kitchen hours; 6:00 AM to 12:00 PM daily.

“Senoritas,” his English was slow but perfect, “your reservation includes an open bar. It is paid for, see? The staff will restock it each morning. Also the room service is taken care of. You may order what ever you like.”

The two young women could hardly wait for the young man to leave. Butter tipped him with four, hundred colon bills, and hoped it was enough. The man smiled as he left. Allison and butter nearly rushed out the French doors to the terraces railing. The terrace was twenty feet long, and eight feet deep. It was equipped with a table and chairs, a large umbrella for shade, and two reclining loungers. The loungers were provided with thick cushions, covered in a dazzling white cotton.

Allison commented, “Wow! Those will be great for tanning.” Looking around Allison saw that the recliners couldn’t be seen from any direction. “It’s very private, I could sunbath nude, and no one

could see me.”

Butter nodded her head in agreement and continued to gaze through the trees at a crafts market underway in the plaza below. Besides people displaying crafts dozens of blankets spread out along the edge of the square, there was a large platform almost right below them. A Peruvian flute band was performing there. She found the sounds relaxing.

“Wow, Butter?” Allison asked, a broad grin on her face, “You must be rich if you can afford this!” The mute woman shook her head, no. And wrote another note.

“Allison, I’m not rich, but my employers are. This is there way of saying the want me to come back.”

“Why wouldn’t you? I mean, Butter, this is great. What kind of work do you do.”

Butter scribbled another note and passed it to the young blonde, “I’m sort of a servant. I’ve been with them for ten years working on a single contract. The contract is over, and I must decide if I want to sign on for longer. The work is very unusual and in some ways difficult. I’m sort of on call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. This is my first break in ten years.”

Allison looked shocked, “No weekends off and no vacations?”

Butter nodded.

“They must let you sleep?”

Butter wrote another note, and passed it to the blonde. “I get to sleep and rest. But its like I’m on call. If they want me at four in the morning, they wake me up. If they need something that takes all night, I don’t get to sleep.”

“I see, I’m not sure any job is worth putting up with that for.”

Butter quickly wrote another note. “The medical benefits are great, and when I took the contract I was sick. They paid a fortune to get me well. Besides, sometimes whole days go by, even weeks, when I’m completely free to do as I please, as long as I stay on the estate.”

“It all sounds so mysterious. Almost like you’re in a special branch of the military or something?”

Butter shook her head no, and turned back to the view of the square. The young blonde saw tears in her new friend’s eyes, and realized that there were aspects of the job that Butter wanted to keep private. At least while they were still nearly strangers.

Perhaps in a few days, when she knows me, she’ll tell me more.

Allison put her arm around Butter’s shoulders, “I’m sorry, Butter, I guess I was prying. I’ll drop the subject unless you want to talk about it. OK?”

The young woman smiled at Allison. It was a very warm smile.

Allison’s right hand was on Butter’s right shoulder. The brindle haired young woman took the hand with her left and softly squeezed it, smiling again at her friend.

Allison knew that it was OK. She felt the mass of Butter’s soft hair around her arm. It felt like a heavy sheet of cool silk against her skin. Although the individual strands seemed very thick, the hair was surprisingly soft. Like no other hair she’d ever felt. Looking at the narrow shoulders and

delicate long neck under the hair Allison was struck, She's maybe the most feminine woman I've ever met. She's a little shorter than my five-five. Why she can't be over five three, and in spite of her loose fitting clothes I'm sure she barely weighs a hundred pounds, maybe less.

Allison felt her new friend's body relax against her. Butter made no attempt to pull away. She continued to hold Allison's hand softly. The blonde continued to enjoying the feel of her new friends delicate smooth skin and amazing hair.

The blonde leaned closer until the two young women's hips pressed lightly together. She sensed that there was a narrow waistline lurking within the fabric of the sack-like dress.

She thought to herself. I guess her name is just Buttercup. No wonder the customs guard stopped her. She must have had another name once; she's such a mystery. But she certainly is sweet. Thinking about the warm hand delicately holding hers Allison's thoughts went on, She's very attractive, in an exotic way. I wonder if she'd be OK with a little girl-to-girl romance. I know I'm not ready for a man again. I may never be. But holding her has me feeling all tingly. It would be nice to mix a little romance into this vacation. It might even help me really believe that I've put Nick behind me.

Allison remembered her college roommate, Nancy. They two had explored lesbianism together while they explored the male student body at MIT. Allison remembered realizing that she liked their girl-to-girl sex play, much more than she liked what the men she met could do. Having man's shaft inside her had been nice, when the man knew something about how to use it, at least in some ways. All too often she'd found that those college men were done before her body was even fully aroused. Allison had found that the things Nancy did with her tongue and fingers, often for an hour or more, were the experiences she treasured and that seemed to drain all the tension from her.

The blonde young woman remembered the sadness she'd felt when Nancy announced that she was engaged to Jason, the boy she'd been dating for six months, at the end of their junior year. The two had parted good friends, and Allison had been Maid of Honor at Jason and Nancy's wedding.

After the wedding, Nancy had gently told her that their sex games were over. She was now Jason's. Allison had cried for days. For weeks she'd sought another young woman on campus who might take Nancy's place. She'd failed. There had been a series of rejections mixed in with a few one-nighters with girls who didn't seem to be able to get on the same wavelength with the blonde. Later she'd limited herself to sex with boys, which she sometimes enjoyed, yet she always yearned for and could never recapture the tenderness she'd felt, making love with Nancy.

After years of trying to find it with the right man, she'd finally given up, and settled for a successful extremely good to look at man; a choice that had become a complete disaster.

Looking at the Butter's soft cheeks and blue eyes made her wonder.

She seems so gentle. I can tell she cares deeply about things, yet also wants to be loved; perhaps as much as I do? How do I approach her? Without scaring her. She seems very comfortable touching me, and being touched. I don't want to frighten her. Even if she's not interested is a little lesbian tryst, I don't want to lose her as a friend.

Allison decided to not press things. First well become better friends. Maybe in a day or two I can walk in on her while she's showering and join her, offering to wash her back or something. We can wash each other and I can sneak a few innocent caresses. If Butter seems offended, maybe I can make it a joke. If she seems to accept them I can be bold.

Allison looked at Butter's full pink lips, tiny nose, blue eyes, and thick eyelashes, and delicately

arched brindle eyebrows. God! I wanted to kiss her, but I must wait. Better to wait and maybe get to, than press to soon and never feel her lips on my own. The blonde felt a slight contraction within her abdomen. Her panties were soaked. She looked again at Butter with wonder. Wow! Just touching her and thinking about kissing her gave me a little climax. I want more!

Butter was enjoying the feel of Allison's arm around her. It was reassuring and seemed to promise friendship and maybe more. Looking at the pretty blond Butter smiled. It might be nice to make love and have it be my idea for a change. Allison seems to have accepted my name easily enough. She can see my hair and seems to like touching it; but could she accept me nude, and in her arms.

I can smell her arousal, but will my difference frighten her, repeal her, or will they maybe excite her? I wonder? No matter what, she'd be getting involved in more than she can imagine.

Butter slipped her left arm around Allison's waist and hugged the blonde, lightly. Allison smiled at her and thought, Maybe I won't have to wait!

Allison whispered, "I just know were going to be good friends." She squeezed Butter's hand and enjoyed the feel of the other woman's arm around her waist.

~~~~~

### **Chapter III: A Friend**

The two young women spent the following two-day touring the City, seeing the Gold Museum and enjoying their sunny veranda. Breakfast, on the veranda was wonderful. The cooler morning air, and bright sunlight mixed with fruit and thick black coffee was the perfect way to start the day. As they ate breakfast on the third morning of their stay in San Jose, Allison suggested the sights and activities they might do that day. Butter would agree by smiling, shaking her head yes, and squeezing the young blonde's hand. Allison's enthusiasm was infectious, and Butter agreed with all the blonde's suggestions.

Allison knew she was chattering, but Butter didn't seem to mind. The young blond was amazed that she didn't even seem to notice that Butter never spoke. The mute girl's eyes were always smiling at her. The blonde had come to feel that somehow Butter was talking as much as she was, without ever saying a word. Each moment with the mysterious young woman Allison felt more relaxed and happy. Nick was fading, but slowly. She reached out and squeezed Butter's hand, as the memory came flooding back.

He'd wanted her to quite her job and let him keep her. The pretty young blonde might have agreed, except for her fear. Nick liked to tie her up when they made love. She wasn't sure she wanted to be dependent on Nick. His kinky tastes worried her. She didn't know how far he'd go, given the chance.

One night, a week after she'd told him she wanted to keep her job, he'd had a friend over after she was securely tied, nude, and spread-eagled on the bed. Nick had laughed at her protests and then gagged her. Then he invited his friend to play with her breasts while Nick coupled with her. He'd used a cock ring so that he could keep pumping for a long time. He'd let his friend put clamps on her nipples. They'd hurt so much Allison had almost fainted. Later, after Nick had finally come, his friend wanted to do her too. Nick laughed and let him use her breasts.

Allison had cried throughout the experience. She cried from the moment the friend had walked into the room. She was still crying when she felt his seed on her chest.

Later when they removed the gag and untied her, Nick was surprised she was angry. After yelled for a few minutes, Allison had rushed into the bathroom to wash. The men's semen, leaking from her,



and dripping down her thighs and chest made her feel like dirt, used and cheap. Yet, she knew, Nick would do worse if she stayed. That night, when Nick came home, Allison was gone; along with all her things. She'd left a note breaking off the relationship, and explaining that she never wanted to see him again. She'd left everything that he had any reason to think was his or partly his, except herself. She hoped she wasn't pregnant. Nick hadn't used a condom, although he always had in the past.

Nick had called her, at work, every day for weeks. She'd asked him to stop, but he wouldn't. The frequency of the calls diminished to once or twice a week. This vacation was intended to last long enough to discourage him completely. Allison's boss was understanding and wanted her back. Allison hoped to set Nick and his kinky sex behind her forever. She knew if he kept calling she might have to move to a new city, just to get away from him.

Allison squeezed Butter's hand again and was pleased when Butter returned the squeeze. Looking up Allison saw a look of concern in Butter's clear blue eyes. The blonde laughed. "Oh, Butter! I'm so happy we met. You know how to chase the blues away."

The two spent the morning touring the colonial part of the city. Allison used her Nikon to document one 19th Century house after another. At first Butter thought Allison was being silly. Then she remembered that her new friend was an architect. She's working, butter thought. The brindle haired young woman was very patient the rest of the morning. She used her pad to ask questions and learned a lot from Allison's explanations of the stylistic elements of the different buildings. The most interesting was a strange two-story school. It was built entirely of metal. Allison explained that it was a prefabricated building, designed by Eiffel, the same man who'd designed the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

When they returned to their suite, after lunch, Allison announced she wanted to work on her tan. The blonde spread a large fluffy white towel over one of the recliners. Allison carefully looked around, making double sure the part of the veranda where the recliners were placed was private. She couldn't see any nearby windows that would view that part of veranda. A mile or more away there were some concrete office towers. The blonde mentally shrugged her shoulders, Well, I guess is someone, that far away, wants to get out their binoculars it's OK with me.

She lowered the back so she could lie out flat on recliners, and the thick white towel. Sitting on the edge of the recliner she proceeded to strip out of the running shoes, tan shorts, and the white cotton blouse she was wearing.

"Butter, were just girls here, right?" Allison asked as she unclasped her pink lace bra. When Butter smiled, Allison grinned, enjoying the sight of the sensual fullness of Butter's lips. She removed the bra and slipped out of the matching pink lace panties. Her pink nipples enjoyed the release from the bra's confinement and extended in the light breeze. Allison blushed a little, seeing Butter looking at her. But I'm being so silly. I wanted her to look, and she is looking. I hope she likes what she sees. I hoped that Butter's smile is promising more than kindly friendship.

The blonde knew she was pretty, and her flat stomach and pert breasts had turned more than one other girl's head in the past. The young blonde had found that it took almost nothing beyond being young, thin and female to turn men's heads. Grinning Allison walked out onto the veranda. She was completely nude. She climbed on the recliner, lowering her chest into the soft towel. A few minutes later Butter, wearing a yellow sundress with an empire waist, joined her. The dress was orange with a print with little yellow and pink roses. The hem was well above Butter's knees. Butter's legs were smooth and trim, Allison longed to see more. Butter held up a plastic tube of SPF 30 sunblock and offered it to Allison.

Allison sighed, "Good idea, Butter. Would you be a lamb and apply it. I'm so comfortable and relaxed right now, I don't want to move. Allison stretched like a cat, inviting, hoping for the feel of Butters soft hands on her skin.

Butter smiled and sat down beside her friend on the recliner. A moment later Allison felt soft hands massaging the cool cream into her shoulders. From time to time the hands would move off Allison's body, only to return a moment later to bring delight to more of the blonde's skin. Butter was slow and thorough, as she massaged the cream into Allison's shoulders and arms. As she worked down Allison's back she heard the blond breathing harder.

Allison tried to stay calm. She wanted to control her breathing. But the motion of those soft hands across her skin, had her wet before the hands reached the firm pink mounds of her bottom. She sighed with pleasure, as she felt Butters hands moving across her rear. The mute beauty was carefully covering everything. Allison moaned lightly when she felt fingers spreading her cheeks and covering the deep valley with the cream. Butter was feeling exited too. Her own panties were wet by the time her hands lifted from the blonde's body, their mission accomplished.

Allison rolled over, smiling at Butter and spreading her legs slightly. The blonde triangle at her groin was damp. Allison's pink nipples were erect. Both young women were felling excited.

"Butter, want to do the front, too?"

Butter smiled broadly. In a moment Allison felt those same delightful hands massaging the cream into her legs and thighs. A mischievous smile on her face, Butter leaned forward and carefully applied the cream to Allison's face and neck. The blonde almost begged for more as she waited. Next Butter spread the cream across her arms, shoulders and down onto Allison's breasts. Butter took much longer applying the cream to Allison's breasts than was needed. She caresses and lightly squeezed the blonde's pretty mounds to confirm to the nervous blonde that her friend knew she was doing much more than applying sun-block.

When Butter's hands reached Allison's narrow waist, the silent young women moved to Allison's feet and began applying the cream again, working up the blonde's slender legs. Waiting, with rising anticipation, Allison couldn't help letting a few soft moans of pleasure escape her lips. When Butter's hands reached her upper thighs they gently spread them apart, revealing the very moist cleft of the blonde's sex. Allison held her breath as she watched the smiling mute woman lowered her mouth onto the exposed pink fold below her pubis. A moment later Allison's view was of Butter's exotic hair spread out across her own thighs and abdomen, and Butter's delicate hands holding, then caressing the naked blonde's hips, as the strange exotic girl began to first lick, and then gently suck at the blonde's sex.

"Oh! Butter! Oh, that's so good, sweetheart! Yes! Yes!" Waves of pleasure crashed across Allison's mind. Her eyes closed and her world filled with the feel of a pair of soft lips tenderly exciting her rigid clitoris, and an expert tongue finding, over and over, just the right place to lick.

Butter ministered to Allison's sex for over half an hour. Enjoying the pleasure of feeling her new friend shudder in orgasm after orgasm. When she withdrew Allison lay exhausted. For a moment the blonde just looked at Butter, with love in her eyes and the expression of sexually satisfied woman on her face.

"That was the best, Butter. I've been with a few men who tried to please me, there were a couple of sweet girls, too. But that was the best. Sitting up Allison wrapped her arms around Butter and pulled her to mouth to her own. Butter answered the kiss with passion and didn't object when she felt Allison's tongue probing her. But when Allison's hands slipped under her dress and started to lift if off, Butter pulled back, a look of panic in her eyes.

"Butter, what's wrong? It's my turn now. I let you play with my toys. Now I want to play with yours," Allison grinned as she began to lift Butter's dress up again. But the mute young woman pulled back a second time. She stood up, taking Allison by the hand, and lead the puzzled naked blonde indoors to the bedroom and her large bed.

Dropping Allison's hand she grabbed her pad and scribbled something quickly. Shyly she handed it to the nude blonde.

"Sweet Allison, I'm different. I'm put together differently than other girls. I want you to see, before."

Allison looked up, feeling curiosity almost equal to the desire she felt to touch her strange new friend. Butter reached behind her and undid the tie at the back of the dress. Then, still looking fearfully at Allison, she lifted it off her and let it settle onto a chair by the bed.

Allison gasped. Her eyes inventoried Butter's body. She had to concentrate to see the brindle haired girl's delicate narrow waist, nicely rounded hips, the hairless pink lips of the girl's pubis, and two large breasts she'd sensed where under the blue dress. But there was more. The blonde's mouth was open as she gapped at three extra sets of breasts that extended below the two lovelies on Butter's chest. The strange breasts filled the front of Butter's torso, dominating the entire space between her collarbone and her pubic bone. They were in ever-closer pairs that extended Butter's cleavage almost to the beginning of the delicate cleft that tantalized the blonde. The lower three sets of breasts were small. Cute, the blonde decided.

Allison knew she was stalling as she tried to absorb what she saw. She looked again, trying to believe. Just below Butter's full, clearly B-cup breasts, were two more, probably AAA-cup breasts, they rested on the bottom of Butter's rib cage. Below them, at the top of the strange girl's abdomen were two breasts framing her navel. These were also small, the same size as those just above them. Located just below the third set of breasts was a fourth set, located where Butter's thighs began, and only a few inches above the strange girl's sex. But there was more, just at the top of Butter's sex was a little triangle of brindle. It was downy, but solid.

It looks like more like fur than hair. Allison stared in wonder.

It covered maybe three square inches of the white delicate flesh above Butter's mound of Venus. In the small space between the triangle of fur and her two lowest breasts, was a tattoo. A single word surrounded by little yellow flowers. Allison realized the word was, Buttercup, and the flowers were little buttercups.

As Allison realized that she was seeing clearly; that Butter did have eight breasts, the blonde also realized it excited her. Looking at the eight breasts she wanted to touch them. The thought of touching them, of nuzzling the lower ones as she made love to Butter's pubis caused a sudden contraction of Allison's cervix. The blonde felt moisture dripping onto her inner thighs. The curly wisps of hair around her cleft were dripping her lubricant. Another little orgasm took her by surprise. The blonde began to grin as she continued to look at Butter's wonderful breasts. This is going to be ten times better than I imagined!

Looking up, Allison saw tears in her friend's eyes. Knowing what was most important, the blonde crossed to her, and enfolded the strange creature in her arms, covering her lips with her own. Butter's arms were around Allison's waist the next moment. She returned the blonde's kiss with a fierce passion. Allison felt their bodies melding together. It was a strange, but a wonderful sensation to feel Butter's eight breasts pressed into her naked flesh. Allison giggled feeling Butter's eight nipples, extended and hard. The kiss lasted minutes, and both women felt their passion rising. Allison pulled away, and taking Butter's hand, pulled the brindle haired girl down onto the bed with

her. She pressed Butter's back to the bed and slowly began to caress and fondle each breast, in turn. As eight dark pink nipples became wet with her saliva, the blonde's kisses became more passionate. When she reached the little triangle of fur she was wild with desire. Butters scent was thick in the air. It was the sweetest most delicate perfume Allison had ever found at a woman's secret place.

Butter was quivering with desire. Allison paused and giggling. "Oh, Butter, you're a treasure. Later, you must tell me, write me, of yourself. But for now I must taste you."

Allison's tongue then slipped into the wet pink folds of flesh.

It was dark when the two arose from the bed. Now perfectly aware of the sweet wonders of each others' bodies.

~~~~~

## **Chapter IV: The Cabana**

Butter smiled as she remembered the days they'd spent swimming and snorkeling of the little tropical beach below their cabana. They were in the little fishing village of Dominico. Butter had worn a slightly oversized tankini, that effectively concealed her three extra sets of breasts, although Allison had complained that it hid Butter's figure, as well.

Butter remembered the conversation they had started on the beach. Allison talking and Butter nodding, gesturing, and occasionally writing short notes. Allison had asked Butter to come back to Boston with her; to live with her and to be her mate, lover, and friend, always.

The two had hugged and kissed and hugged more. Butter had been filled with pleasure by the offer. She wanted it. But her life was so much more complicated than Allison knew. Butter had put Allison off with a note; asking for more time before either of them made decisions. The Blonde had agreed, but she'd also pouted until Butter handed her another note promising to write her story, so that all Allison's questions would all be answered before they began planning their future.

The blonde had repeated the phrase Butter had written over and over, 'planning our future'. It had made the blonde happy.

Butter remembered the guesses that Allison had already made about her strangeness. The blonde's curiosity was raised and she seemed determined to know the origin of her lover's strange hair and, and her much stranger extra breasts. I have lived through an experience that is perhaps unique. Butter reflected.

Allison's first guess, a teasing one, in Butter's bed the morning after their first night of love, had been predictable.

"Butter, are you an alien?"

The brindle haired girl had laughed, her strange soundless laugh, and shaken her head. The movement had shaken her breasts, all eight, so delightfully that Allison had forgotten all about her curiosity for some time. Eventually they'd decided they must get up, at least to eat, and the questions had begun again, over a very late lunch in the hotel's dinning room.

"Are you a mutation, Butter? Are you an exotic little mutant girl?" Allison had quietly asked over a cold cucumber soup. Again, Butter had shaken her head, 'no'.

"You're sure, I think you'd look darling in one of those exotic X-men supper hero outfits. Tell me, sweet thing, what kind of super power do you have. I know! The milk that comes from your breasts makes the drinker invincible!" Allison had giggles, and Butter had blushed at her friend's game.

I wonder what an X-man is? Butter had thought.

The next morning, as they flew in an ancient DC-3 to the little coastal town of Diminico, Allison had run her hand over Butter's thigh and asked, just loud enough to be heard over the big plane's engines, "If you aren't an alien, and you aren't a mutant, Butter, you must be a part of an whole race, all of whose women have eight breasts?" Butter had smiled again, it was a soft gentile smile that Allison loved; a smile of reason, of tolerance, and of benevolence.

The brindle haired beauty had pulled her pad out of her purse and wrote for a moment. Grinning she gave the note to Allison. It read, "Yes, and no. All of my kind have eight breasts, and I'm the only one of my kind, at least that I know of."

Allison had laughed. "A riddle! I haven't tried to figure out a riddle since grammar school! Oh, but this is such a mystery. Let's see if I can guess."

Butter had squeezed Allison's hand and shaken her head no. She's written another note and passed it to Allison.

"Please, Allison, don't try to guess. I want to tell you. But I've never told anyone. Please give me a little time." Looking up after reading the note, Allison saw tears in Butters soft blue eyes. She hugged her friend and promised to wait until Butter was ready.

"Dearest, if that's never, it's OK. It's a teasing mystery, but your happiness is so much more important than satisfying my prying curiosity." The other passengers had seen the two pretty young American women, holding each other, quietly touching, and caressing each other. The love shared by the two was so clearly in its first and freshest blossom, that no one in the plane had the heart for an unkind thought.

When the two had decided they'd seen enough of the City, Butter had asked Allison to accompany her for the month she was staying on the Pacific coast. The two had gotten out Allison's map of Coast Rica and found that Dominico was just fifty miles south of Manuel Antonio National Park, Allison had quickly agreed. Of course she would have agreed to go to the South Pole, if that was where Butter was going next.

Butter's note had explained, "My employers booked me a cabana at the Hotel Punta Dominico. I have it for a whole month, starting tomorrow. It's one of only five cabanas at the hotel; they said it sites on cliff overlooking the sea, separated from the other four cabanas and from a small restaurant. It's supposed to be very private. If you can, Allison, please stay there with me; for the whole month if you can. I want us to get to know each other better so much. What we have could be so important. But we don't really know each other, yet.

"We could hire someone to drive us, for a day to Manuel Antonio, if you really want to go there." Allison saw a fearful look in Butter's eyes and quickly hugged her friend, "Let's see what the Hotel Dominico, and the surrounding area, have to offer. Manuel Antonio is supposed to be breathtakingly beautiful. Manuel Antonio Beach has been described as the most beautiful beach in the world. But, Butter, as far as I'm concerned it couldn't be more beautiful than you. I'd trade a thousand beautiful beaches for one extra day with you."

Butter had hugged Allison and kissed her. One kiss led to more kisses, which led to caresses, that in tern led to the bed. It was later that afternoon that Allison discovered that while all eight of Butters

breasts were femininely sensitive, the lowest two, the two that were almost in Butter's sweet groin, seemed to have the strongest link to the delicate cleft nearby. The blonde discovered that when she focused her attention on Butter's two lowest breasts she could flood Butter's sex with her body's excitement and bring the strange beautiful brindle haired woman to climax after climax.

In the afterglow, as Allison softly licked and sucked on Butter's eight breasts, each in turn, being careful to not neglect any, she giggled. I'm certainly becoming quite the little breast fetishist. I always thought that men's obsession with breasts was so infantile. I guess I finally know what it is that's so fascinating. At least in part, it's the mystery of such amazing organs to one who doesn't know what it's like to have them. I guess it must be more of a mystery for men. At least I know what it's like to have two. Butter's magic is having eight.

The plane ride over the mountains was bumpy, the two young women were surprised, and a little worried, when the plane dropped between the mountains, instead of going over them. The flight was otherwise uneventful. Both young women were nervous when the ancient plane set down in what appeared to be a long vacant lot. As the plane stepped out they saw that there was a layer of gravel below the layer of short sparse grass that the plane rested on. A car was waiting for them. The other passengers were envious of the luxury, as most had to wait for a bus that would make the circuit of Dominico's hotels and guest houses.

The young women were a little surprised when they found that their hotel was on a narrow point of land that jutted far out into the sea nearly a mile south of the town. The hotel's office was in the small restaurant. The only person there, a man with white hair, who was repairing a fishing net. When the two came in he greeted them warmly, and gave them the key to cabana five. He explained to Allison, whose excellent Spanish was a great pleasure to his tourist's abused ear, that Cabana five was the most secluded of the five accommodations they offered, although it was only 100 meters away.

He helped them with their bags, Butter's largest bags really. Allison was traveling with only a small knapsack, and Butter carried the smaller of her two bags. As their host guided them through the lush plantings the Allison was struck with the beauty and the tranquility of the place. In the distance she could see the blue ocean through the riot of green vegetation and brightly colored flowers that they moved through. Above them in the foliage they heard parrots chattering, the green birds among the green leaves were invisible to the eye. The sound of the birds was set off by the sound of the surf in the distance.

When they came upon the steps leading to their cabana it was a surprise. Their guide parted some ferns and there it was; hidden and special, a place in the neo-tropical jungle. They went up a half-flight and found themselves on a wide wood decked veranda that looked out over the sea. In the naked branches of a tree, part way down the slope below the deck they could see a flock of small green parrots eating a brownish fruit that the tree seemed to possess in abundance. The cabana's roof came out covering the entire veranda, creating cool shade over the south-facing veranda. Two hammocks were suspended at its far end and there were two hardwood chairs and a small table. The chairs and tables were mahogany, and the hammocks were made of a woven thick multi-colored cotton threads in a bright geometric pattern.

When they entered the cabana they found a single large room with an open raftered ceiling. Its sides were made up of many narrow louvered doors that opened in. Most were open and the two saw that an insect screen was stretched from the floor to the ceiling. Beyond they could see a large walk-in closet with built-in cabinets and another door leading to a bathroom. Setting down Butter's bags their guide explained, in Spanish, that the electricity went off at ten in the evening and came back on at eight in the morning.

The restaurant was open when the electricity was on, and their meals and drinks were already paid for. There were no fixed times for meals and they were free to dine when ever it suited them. After a lingering smile, that contained more than a touch of leer, he looked over the two pretty women a last time and left.

~~~~

## **Chapter V: The Laptop**

After they were alone Allison had slowly walked through the cabana, smiling. She looked through every louvered opening and could see no other cabanas, people, not even the path they followed to find the cabana.

"Well have absolute privacy here." Without looking at her friend the blonde kept up a monologue as she perused the spaces that were to be there home for the next month. "Goody! We can try seeing what fun we can have playing together in one of those colorful hammocks on the veranda. Just think, think, the sound of the surf, lapping on the beach, me lapping on your cleft, in time with the waves." It was the first time that Allison had ever used that word talking to a lover. It made her feel naughty and erotic at the same time. She giggled as she continued to examine the cabana's interior.

"Butter! This whole place is made out of tropical hardwoods! Even the shower." Glancing over at her friend, Allison saw that she was unpacking. Sitting on the large bed was a laptop computer.

"A laptop. Wow, Butter, we can talk to each other. I didn't know you had that. It might not be convenient to haul around with us, but here in the cabana we can use it to talk. No more writing notes."

Butter looked sheepishly at the floor. Then she wrote another note and passed it to her increasingly curious friend.

"It's new; another gift from my employers. They wanted me to be able to e-mail them while I'm gone. They're very eager to know if I'll be returning to them. They said I could negotiate with them as I thought about things this way. Allison, I've never used a computer. I haven't typed in more than ten years. I wasn't very good at it then. Could you show me how to use it?"

Allison laughed, "Sure. Butter, you amaze me. I didn't think there was an American woman in her twenties, that wasn't addicted to e-mail! They must really want you back! Let's see what you've got under the hood."

The blonde walked over and picked the computer up. "Butter! This is an Apple iBook! They're so cool. Do you have anything else? I had an iMac in college and it was a breeze to learn. You only needed information on your inter-net settings."

Butter pulled out a little notebook and handed it to Allison. The young blonde woman flipped through it quickly.

"It's all here, Butter. They even gave you dial up numbers for San Jose, and most big cities in the states. You have your own e-mail account. [EMAIL REMOVED - USE THE PRIVATE MESSAGE SYSTEM] Wow! The mystery deepens. I know I said I'd stop asking questions, but all of a sudden I have so many."

She glanced at the brindle haired girl, and saw her lip was quivering, and tears were in her eyes. Allison knew that her curiosity wasn't worth Butter's tears. No! Not one of them!

"Butter, you don't need to ever tell me anything. But if you decide to trust me, I'm dying to know!"

"We can't get you on the inter-net from here, there's no dial-up number for Dominico." Looking around she laughed. "And there's no phone either!"

"But, by the time we get back to San Jose you'll be an expert. Are you stopping at the hotel Europa again? I saw there was a phone jacks set up for computers in your suite."

Butter nodded yes, and wrote another note. "Allison, I have another week booked in the same suite at the Europa. If you can, and want to, I'd love you to share the suite with me again."

"Sure, Butter. My boss will let me have as much time as I want. He wants me back, and knew I was going through a rough time, breaking up with Nick. Really the only thing limiting the length of my stay is my budget. So far I haven't spent much. You've been so kind about sharing. I guess it can't make any difference about the rooms, but are sure it's OK with your employers that they're picking up the tab for my food, bar bill, and even my laundry?"

Butter nodded that it was and scribbled another note.

"They're very rich, and they want me to have a good time. They encouraged me to feel free to take new friends out to dinner, or even to have them stay with me."

Allison read the note and mentally shrugged her shoulders. She'd brought two thousand dollars with her, mostly in traveler's checks. If she was careful, she'd figured the money might last a month. But thanks to Butter's generosity she spent less than a hundred dollars in the first week. If she spent the next four weeks with Butter, as her new friend had asked, she'd still have most of her money. I'll need to buy her something really nice. Something very special, that shows her how important she is to me. But it'll be tough. As near as I can tell she isn't into material possessions, not even clothes. The computer is the first thing I've seen that was Butter's that wasn't totally utilitarian. Well, maybe art would work. I've seen her smiling at some of the paintings we've seen; especially those showing the local wildlife.

"Butter, if you'll share your new toy, I'll just e-mail my boss my new plans when we get back to the Europa. If you can stay longer when your reservation's are up we could use my money. Maybe we could stay an extra week or so?"

The mute young woman quickly handed Allison another note. "I can't stay in Costa Rica more than a few extra days. There's something I need to get back to the State's for. It's one reason it will be difficult to leave my employers."

"OK, Butter, we can go back when you need to. If you don't return to your job, maybe you'll come spend some time with me in Boston. I've a nice little apartment in the Back-bay. There's plenty of room for two, and I've got a big bed!"

Butter looked lovingly at Allison and nodded her agreement. Yet the blonde sensed that the exotic girl was worried. She's not sure that I'll still want to be with her when we return to San Jose. I guess she is planning to tell me her secret, and she doesn't know I love her so much it couldn't matter. Oh, how could she doubt me? How do I let her know how much she means to me?

Allison leaned over and hugged Butter. Holding her tightly she kissing her neck and the area of naked shoulder exposed by the silent girl's sundress. "Butter, I love you. If you don't want me, I'll go. But I love you, and want to be with you every second I can; even if you're an ax murder in hiding, a dope dealer, or a hooker. What we feel for each other, in bed and out of bed, is special. Whatever secrets you have, you're the warmest most loving person I've ever known. If you'll have me, I'm your friend forever."



Butter hugged Allison tighter, and the blonde could tell the strange girl was crying. They hugged for a long time before Butter was calm enough to release Allison from her arms. When she did, she smiled sheepishly and pointed to the laptop.

A moment later the two were sitting on the bed with the computer between them. Allison had shown Butter how to change the dial-up number for each city she might be in. Twenty minutes later Butter was carrying on a very verbal, although written, conversation with Allison. Butter would hunt and peck in a statement or a question, and turn the computer to Allison, who then would type in her reply. The blonde very carefully stayed away from asking any questions about Butter's mysteries past, satisfying herself with a long discussion centered on making plans for their stay in Dominico.

As they silently chatted, Allison was amazed at the things Butter didn't know about. The exotic young woman knew next to nothing about fashion, makeup, current events, Hollywood gossip, or even trends in restaurants. She had seen many movies but nothing new. Allison decided that for whatever reason, Butter's employers must have kept her as a live in servant on the farm. Her new friend seemed to have missed most of the events of the last decade. The blonde decided that Butter hadn't really been off the estate, farm, or whatever it was in ten years. Her only contact with cinema had been through cable TV, or rented movies.

They don't seem to have even let her read the newspapers. They treat her well, but make her live like some kind of cloistered nun. She seems healthy, yet she seems to know almost nothing of food. Thinking about it, Allison recollected that Butter always ate things that were very plain: salad with no dressing, fresh fruit, beans and rice, with almost no seasoning, meat without any sauce or even ketchup. Although Allison had made a dent in the well stocked bar in their room, Butter had never had more than one bottle of Imperial Beer, on any day.

The two discovered that they both loved Sandra Bullock, and Tom Hanks. They had both cried at the ending of Turner and Hooch. Allison thought that Butter had almost opened up when they written to each other about their distress at the film's end when the dog had died. Butter, had become very quite and only after thinking for several minutes had typed, "Such a beautiful male."

Allison had wanted to laugh and asked, "Tom Hanks, or the dog?" The look of pain on Butter's face prompted the blonde to change the subject.

The next three weeks were a mix of swimming together and sunning on deserted beaches. They did hire a car and driver to take them to Manuel Antonio for one day. The drive was an ordeal; down narrow graveled roads and across frequent bridges that were barely more than two logs tossed across the many jungle streams they crossed. Once they arrived at the fabled park, they thought that the beaches were very beautiful, but rather crowded. The half mile long crescent must have had fifty people swimming or sunning on the sand when they arrived. Allison felt silly for thinking the almost empty beach was crowded, but compared to having the private beach at Dominico she share with only Butter, it seemed cramped. The two spent a very pleasant day sunning and swimming in the warm waters of the sheltered lagoon the beach open onto. Hiking out of the park, back to the car and driver, they were thrilled to see Capuchin and Squirrel Monkeys above their heads, and to hear in the growing twilight, the songs of a tribe of Howler Monkeys. That crowds and the difficulty of the bumpy drive had convinced the two of the superiority of the little secluded beaches they'd found around their isolated hotel.

In Dominico, they seemed to always be alone with each other. As the days progressed Allison was finally able to convince Butter that she could safely sun and swim in the nude. The brindle haired woman was terrified of others seeing her breasts. After two weeks of nude sub bathing, Allison's tan was nearly as deep as Butter's, and covered every square inch of her skin. It was looking at her

friend, nude on the beach, that Allison realized that Butter already had an all-over tan. She must get to nude sunbath a lot on the farm or what ever it is, she decided.

The two sometimes would engage in some mild sex play on the beach. But when things started to really heat up, Butter always sweetly insisted that they return to the security and the comfort of their bed in the cabana. Only once in the first three weeks had Allison managed to really make love with Butter in the sand.

It had been a very hot afternoon. As the light faded and a cool breeze swept in off the sea, Allison had inched slowly over to Butter. Before the bridle haired woman could object, Allison was doing her magic on Butter's bottom two breasts with her soft mouth, while she expertly used her fingers to caresses the exotic beauty into climax after climax. As Butter had come, for the fifth time, Allison had tasted something odd in her mouth. She's sucked, just a little bit harder and realized that Butter's breast was feeding her a rich creamy milk.

Allison giggled, remembering teasing Butter about the milk from her eight breasts imparting super powers to those lucky enough to nurse at Butter's there. She quickly resumed sucking the milk into her mouth. The blonde decided that she liked the flavor. As she nursed she noted that giving her milk seemed to relax Butter, although the scent of the brindle haired girls arousal was growing delightfully more insistent.

Later Butter had typed her a message, explaining that her breasts had been so stimulated by Allison's frequent attention that she was lactating. Coyly, the brindle haired girl had typed, "Allison, all my breasts are now lactating. You must either suckle enough to relieve the pressure, or stop sucking on them all together. I must now either wean you or feed you!"

Allison had laughed, and replied on the laptop, "Then you shall nurse me until we must part. I won't be weaned as long as I can be near you!"

It had seemed natural for the two to converse on the laptop after a week of using it. Although Allison knew that Butter understood every work she said, since Butter could only speak through notes or the computer, Allison almost gave up talking; preferring to respond to Butter's written comments and questions in kind.

She did add; "I know it must be part of the mystery you hesitate to tell me, Butter. But when you can, please tell me about your children. I want so much to know about them. The fact that you're able to nurse, after the mild stimulation I've ministered to your beautiful breasts, strongly hints at your having a family."

Tears had filled Butter's eyes. She typed just a few words, that added to Allison's wonder, "Allison, my sweet lover, I have sons and daughters. I love them. Yet, I'm permanently separated from them; it is their way. Please don't ask me about it, not now anyway."

Allison had cuddled the young woman in her arms until Butter's tears ceased. Then she had used all her skill to please her lover again. Later Butter insisted on Allison accepting her attentions. She caressed and licked the blonde until Allison's body was vibrating with pleasure. Like a silver tuning fork whose sweet sound made a perfect cord with Butter's vibrating spark. Butter didn't stop until Allison insisted it was time she dine on Butter's milk. Both girls were lost in the soft afterglow of sexual release and contentment as Allison nursed at each of Butter's eight breasts.

~~~~~

## **Chapter VI: The Letter**

Butter was thankful for the ibooks's near silent keyboard as she began to write. Glancing over at Allison's nude sleeping form she resolved to continue. If she doesn't know what I am, how can she really know how she feels; if I was merely someone mistress or a mixed up in prostitution, I know she would find a way to hold on to our love. But, she must know the whole truth, or we can have no future. Then she began.

My dearest Allison,

I write this while you sleep. Sitting a few feet away from you.

Butter again stopped to look lovingly at Allison, before her fingers moved back to the keyboard. She was frightened of losing her newly found love. But to not tell her now may mean that I'll lose her later. With a mix of fear and determination she returned to her task.

I'm writing my story because I must tell it, and I no longer can speak. You have told me you love me, and I have tried to make you understand that I love you. The life together you have offered me is sweetly tempting. But it would be unfair to you for me accept without your fully understanding what I am.

You have asked to know my story. I love you. Loving you means I must tell you things I fear to disclose. I know that it is possible that even my sweet open minded and accepting Allison may not be able to accept me, once you know who I have been and what I've become.

Many will feel that my life must have been a ten-year long nightmare. Yet, some parts of the last ten years have been sweet and filled with pleasure. I've experienced pleasures that are beyond human experience and beyond most people's imagination. There are pleasures I have freely enjoyed, that perhaps you will find unacceptable. Allison, I'm on vacation, my first ever, and I'm wearing clothing for the first time in a decade, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

Sitting, feeling the cool breeze coming in off our veranda, I'll write my story on the new laptop computer the Pembrooks gave me. It is written, just for you, so you can really know who, and what you have loved.

I remember when we watched the parakeets feed in the fruit trees, the ones just below the cabana that we see when we look down at the surf, earlier today. I was struck at how they were paired, mated to each other so strongly that they were never more than a few feet apart. I have shared that feeling in the past, and when I look at you, your lean beautiful body asleep a few feet from me, I feel it again. If I were to separate from you I would ache. Yet, we may part soon, and if we do part, we may never be together again; our lives continuing as they were before; our love slowly becoming only a faded memory. If I should lose you I hope that your memory of me will be a pleasant one.

I have a little time, less than three weeks, to decide if I wish to return to my life of the last ten years, or go on to something else. If I return, I must be back at Pembroke Farm by the end of the month, roughly twenty days from now. The Pembrooks would let me take longer, but I can't afford more time. I know you'll wonder, 'Why?' But that is something you need to know the whole story to understand.

In telling the story I must tell you of others. Including some things that happened between the Pembrooks before I knew them, as well as of my life with them. Their history, and my history with them, is our private business. I choose to share it with you, knowing I can trust you to respect their privacy, as well as my own.

Before telling you my story I ask you to accept my assurances, that the Pembrooks have treated me

with respect and kindness. Much more than I expected when I made my bargain with Grace Pembroke. I'm really rather fond of them. Although our relationship is far from normal, it is one in which I've come to trust that they will protect me, in some ways cherish me, and never seek to cause me pain. I feel you may think they need a defense for what they have done with me. Please be assured, I hold them accountable only for saving my life. They did that in more ways than one.

To begin, I should go back to the beginning. I seem to have been avoiding that. But that is the point of this letter.

I was born into this world to a poor family that named me Barbara. My family lived in Portland, Oregon. In a poor and rough neighborhood that city calls Lents. My parents were poor and harsh. When I was twelve my father began beating me and as he did he railing at me to not be with boys. He warned me against the evil of sex and of my female body and the sin that female lust had plunged all mankind into.

It was not surprising when it began. I was the youngest. I'd seen him with my older sisters. I felt, it was my turn. My mother seemed to ignore the abuse. Perhaps she was only grateful that she was being left alone. When I was sixteen I ran away. For years he'd threatened or beaten me weekly. I shall remember until the day I die, his screaming and tirades, as he struck me and swore he would kill me if he caught m with a boy. I left with the clothes on my back, and nothing else.

I don't think they even looked for me. I lived on the streets, pan-handling, stealing, and doing odd jobs. There was a youth shelter I could stay in when it got too cold or wet for sleeping outdoors. Nearby there was a free clinic for homeless teenagers. I came to be known well in both places.

When I was almost eighteen I feel ill. In time the doctors at the clinic diagnosed my condition as kidney failure. The told me, that without a kidney transplant I'd be dead in a year. As a homeless girl, without insurance or even a job, my chances at getting the transplant were zero. With each passing day I felt myself becoming weaker. By my eighteenth birthday I was no longer strong enough to take the occasional day jobs I'd relied on before to allow me to say no to men who wanted to use my body. Shortly after I turned 18, I began saying yes. But a few months later I looked so debilitated that the johns were no longer interested.

Allison, I'm ashamed to admit it, but I promised myself to tell you everything. I've slept with many men. The johns were kinder to me than my father. They used my body for their pleasure, but didn't beat me and they left my mind alone. Once in a while a woman would want me. At those times I always hoped for friendship, but afterwards they often seemed ashamed of what we'd done. Like the men, they left money on the bed, and walked out of my life.

At eighteen, I had no notion of whether I was gay, straight, or bisexual. All I knew was that I was young, slight of build, and attractive to older men and a few middle-aged women. The homeless girls and women I knew avoided contact with me. They were friendly, but they saw me as competition to their own prostitution. I know now that there are other, kinder women, I just never knew any until I met Grace Pembroke.

The free clinic was able to supply me with drugs that slowed the progress of my dieses. But slowing they were not curing it. Some days I saw the medicine as a way to protract the growing torture that life was becoming. Living on only the food that I could beg, I realized I would be die soon. I gave the few possessions I had to those I considered friends. I wrote a long letter to my father, telling him I forgave him. The letter didn't tell him how to find me or informed him that I was dieing. I didn't want to see him. Telling him that I would soon be dead seemed pathetically revengeful.

I called my mother, who was drunk at the time, and told her I loved her. She cried, but didn't ask to see me. I was ready to die. The pain I was in made death a welcome, if terrifying prospect. It seemed a blessing that it would all be over in a few weeks; the doctor had said, maybe two months, if I was lucky.

A week later I went to the clinic for what I thought would be the last time. It took me an hour to walk the mile between the shelter I was in, and the clinic's door. The doctor I'd been seeing, Doctor Canon, helped me into his office and sat down beside me. I was down to ninety-five pounds. My blondish hair was thinning, and the other kids in the shelter had started calling me the walking corpse. Although I'd told them what was wrong with me, the generally accepted reason for my decline was thought to be AIDS.

Doctor Canon told me I was near the end. I admitted that I knew. Doctor Canon, sitting in his starched white coat, apologized. He was embarrassed to be living in a time when there was a cure, a kidney transplant, but also a time when lack of money meant I would die.

I told him I understood, and thanked him for the extra time he'd bought me with the drugs the clinic dispensed.

Then he surprised me, Doctor Canon asked me if there was a way, a desperate way, through which I might live, if would I would consider it.

Allison, I was afraid to die; afraid of the darkness, the rotting, and most afraid of the never-ending lack of awareness. I said yes, I would eagerly consider anything. Doctor Canon helped me into a nearby examination room, and told me to wait. He suggested that I rest. It would be a while, perhaps hours. There was a cot and chair in the room. I laid down on the cot, and was soon asleep. I noticed, as I got onto the cot that the black arms on the wall-clock read eleven in the morning.

I woke-up sometime later. Doctor Canon was in the room, lightly shaking my shoulder. Looking up I saw two things. The clock now read four in the afternoon, and we weren't alone. Behind the doctor was a woman. She was middle-aged, still very pretty, with dark chestnut hair. She was slightly plump, but she retained a clearly discernable waistline and nice figure. Her breasts were looked firm and large; riding high on her chest. I remember thinking she might be wearing one of those bras that add shape. But as we talked I realized she was braless. As she talked I could see her breasts bouncing and moving with her body. She was very animated; her hands and head were constantly in motion as she talked. The other girls I knew, working the streets, had taught me enough about the trouble it took to be attractive, for me to appreciate Grace Pembroke's appearance. Her carefully styled hair, in combination with the expensive blue silk suit she wore, and her perfect pink fingernails, screamed high-maintenance and pampered. I knew she was rich.

It was such a strange conversation I think I should recount it as close to word-for-word as I can. The conversation seems to have been burned into my memory.

Doctor Canon began by introducing me. "Barbara, this is Mrs. Grace Pembroke, she asked to meet you. I've already told her a great deal about you."

Turning to the woman the Doctor continued; "Mrs. Pembroke, I'll be here for several more hours. Feel free to use this room as long as you need it. I'll make sure that the two of you are not disturbed.

"Remember, if Barbara accepts your offer, you must act quickly. She hasn't much time." Doctor Canon then turned and left, closing the door softly behind him. As he left he glanced at me, there was a strained look on his face, like he wasn't sure whether he was helping me or not.

"Barbara, I'm sorry that you are sick. I'm hoping that we might help each other. Doctor Canon

assured me that you wanted to live enough to seriously consider what may seem a very strange, even perverted proposal.”

“Yes, Mrs. Pembroke. I don’t want to die. Yet, I don’t expect to live for more than a few more weeks. I’ll consider, I’ll do, anything. Whatever you want from me? It can’t be worse than dieing.”

“Some might think so, Barbara. Doctor Canon has also informed me that you have worked as a prostitute.” Seeing the shame in my face Grace hurried on, “It’s only that which makes me think that you might accept my offer. If we make our bargain that life is behind you, and I promise, we’ll both forget your shame. It is true, isn’t it?”

“Yes, I’m not proud of it, but when you’re cold and hungry it doesn’t seem so wrong.”

“No, it isn’t wrong, Barbara. It’s never wrong to choose life. You’ll soon understand how it’s relevant. You see I’m forty-two year old. We, Brian my husband and I, are rich, or at least Brian is. We’ve been together for more than twenty years. During that time he and I have indulge our every whim. When we were younger we freely experimented with everything life has to offer. Beginning before we married and continued after our wedding we have always worked at experiencing the wild side. We tried drugs, dangerous sports, and every sexual abortion and fetish we could imagine or heard about.

“Barbara, we found that we didn’t care much for drugs, and that only a few of the dare devil sports we tried were satisfying. Now we sail and swim. Sex is the area where we found things that truly thrilled us. We tried everything, from threesomes, to [SPAM], to strap ones, to cross-dressing. There were things we liked. Threesomes were great, but we didn’t like the group scene. We both greatly enjoyed having another woman share our bed, but Brian felt neglected, sometimes, when we slept with another man.

“In many ways we built our whole relationship around the bizarre sexual practices we came to love; to what some might call the point of addiction. If we’d had children things might have changed, but after trying for several years I found I was barren. Brian was wonderful, completely supportive, and caring. His response was to rush us both more deeply into what most would call a very perverted sex life. Yet ours is a warm and cheerful home.

“Barbara, it must seem very strange that a stranger is telling you such intimate details of her life. I’m not trying to burden you with my past. But, to decide whether you will accept my offer you will need to know who Brian and I are.

“Unfortunately, I find that I recently seemed to have lost my taste for some of the activities that I introduced into our relationship. Things that have become the heart of Brian’s sexuality are difficult to give up, even though I now find them a chore. I love my husband. I want to stay with him, and I love it when we make love together, the old fashioned way. Yes, we do that too, as well as the more bazaar things.

“What I want you to do, Barbara, is take my place in some things, in activities that I have lost my taste for. In other ways I want you to become a creature that satisfies the deepest carnal desires my husband has. I know them all. We have shared our fantasies with each other and experiences that we thought we might find interesting. I want Brian’s every sexual whim fulfilled. I want him happier than he has ever been. But with my passive, rather than active, participation in activities that I have grown tired of or to old and stiff for. It’s not that these activities are painful, or demeaning; at least not to us.

“I want to use my wealth, to bribe you to take over those activities with my husband that either I no

longer wish to do with him, and those he has always longed for that I have never been able to provide.

"Do I shock you, Barbara?"

I shook my head, and asked her to continue. "Mrs. Pembroke," I assured her, "I'd much rather live as your husband's sex slave, than die." I was crying as I said the words, for I knew they were true. I was ashamed that they were true, and of the fact that I hoped that she was going to offer me life in exchange for slavery

"Well, Barbara, it will be different than you imagine. Probable much better, and still much worse. Let me tell you more, before you give me your decision. If you agree, contracts and other arrangements we'll be quickly make.

"Brian and I are not into pain. Not ours, and not yours. I don't think sexual slavery conjures up the image of what we want from you.

"You see, what we loved, and what Brian still aches for is bestiality, to come to the point, sex with dogs. I can see you're shocked. I quite understand.

"Yet, it is a common fantasy, and, among women, perhaps the most common fantasy that is fully indulged.

"It started with us one lazy morning in bed, back when we were still in our senior year of college, I told Brian that I'd had a long time fantasy about being bred by a really big dog.

"The idea had come to me when I was eighteen. I'd been spending the summer between high school and college on my grandparents farm. One day something strange, different than the other days, was going on in the horse barn. I asked what it was, but embarrassed, my grandmother told me to not ask.

"She only succeeded in increased my curiosity. Weeks before, I'd discovered a way from the horse barn's loft, into the attic of the adjacent chicken house. I said nothing to my grandmother and discreetly, but as quickly as I could, I made my way through the chicken house and into the barn's loft. I crept in as quietly. Hiding behind a bale of hay, I peered down. What I saw there was my grandfather and another man. They had my grand parents dog, Angel, a big male mastiff with them. There was also another dog, also a mastiff. Both dogs were on tight leashes. As I watched the men let the two dogs free. The strange mastiff and Angel circled each other.

Watching them, I realized that the other dog was a bitch, and that she must be in heat. I'd seen dogs mating before, in the alleys of the City, and I'd talked about it enough with my girlfriends to understand what was going on. We'd all wondered if someday it was our destiny to go into heat. Some thought it wasn't something that happened to girls. Some were afraid it might. I and, a few other girls, had been eager for it to occur. That's until I learned that the extra interest I felt in sex during my fertile period was as close as human's get to going into heat.

"The bitch presented her rear to Angel who began to lick it. The sight excited me. The dog's big tongue working across the bitch's bottom reminded me of how wet and soft that tongue was when he'd licked my face. I confess, that my hand found its way into my pants, and panties as I watched. When Angel mounted the bitch I could see his penis as he found the way into her. Watching and listening, hidden in the hay-loft, and fingering myself in time with their coupling; I felt I was somehow part of their mating. When Angel stopped moving, and then shifted his body off of the bitch, I realized that they were tied. They stayed that way, for nearly a half-hour, and all the time the

bitch was making little moaning sounds. They were rear-to-rear, and I could see Angel's body pulsing. I had my first experience with multiple-orgasms that afternoon, as I watched. When it was over I laid still in the hay, breathing hard, for almost an hour, trying to get my breath back to even. My panties and pants were soaked through with my juices. I felt like I was the bitch that had just been bread. The idea sent a quiver through me that ended as a spasm in my uterus. Not only had I just had my first multiple orgasm, I also had had my first orgasm that came from the image of sex in my mind.

"Later, I managed to get back to my room without being seen. It was one of my chores to do the laundry. I was glade. I knew if my grandmother had seen my soiled panties, she would have at least known that I'd been aroused.

"Ever since that afternoon, my most stimulating fantasy had been to imagine that I was the bitch being bread by Angel.

"When I told him about the fantasy, Brian was quick to admit that the idea excited him. In fact it excited him into an almost instant erection. He insisted that we pretend he was a dog as he took me. We both loved it. After I thought he was spent, he was ready again. This time he insisted that I was a bitch, and that he was a man servicing a bitch in heat. The sex was even better than the first time. After that we often played the game where one of us was a dog. We never tired of it. When Brian was worn out or sleepy, and not interested in sex, all I needed to do to get him hard and eager was describe to him my fantasy of what I thought it would feel like to be bread by a really big dog."

~~~~~

## **Chapter VII: Stoner**

Allison, Grace's story had gotten me excited; for the first time in months I felt life in my sex. I wasn't wet, not near that, but I did feel excited. I had no idea what she wanted from me. I imagined many things. They were all wrong. Grace continued her story before I could ask her any questions.

"Later that year Brian was asked to pet-sit his cousins Golden Retriever over spring break. A big male named Stoner. We were living together, and when Brian brought Stoner home, the first thing he did was to ask me if I'd let Stoner breed me. I laughed thinking he might be joking, but secretly hoped he was serious. I told him that I'd need to think it over. Looking at Stoner I saw that he was clean, looked really cuddly and had a big red bandana tied around his neck. I went over and petted his big wide head and he looked at me with a big grin on his doggy face. He was charming and I dropped to my knees and hugged him around the neck. Stoner responded by wagging his tale and licking my cheek. The feeling of the big dog's tongue on my cheek was very exciting. It brought back to me, the feeling of Angel's tongue, and the memory of Angel breeding the bitch. I was tempted to offer Stoner more than my cheek. But I decided I needed to be sure of Brian before I did anything sexual with Stoner. I got up and Stoner barked, still wagging his tail. He wanted to play.

"Brian gave me the dog's pull-toy, and Stoner and I had a great time for the next twenty minutes trying to pull it away from each other. While we played a realized that Stoner was very strong; much stronger than I was. As the dog and were playing, Brian kept urging me to undress. I' asked over and over, 'You're sure you want me to let Stoner mate with me'. Brian always emphatically replied, 'yes'. After hours of Brian urging me to try it, I agreed.

"I was eager, but I managed to convince Brian that I was not sure it was a good idea, and made him promise that he would love me as much after, as he did before. He promised, and I was almost sure he meant it. I figured if he wasn't, at least I'd known if the fantasy was as good, as I'd always felt the



reality would be.

"We were totally inexperienced. I'd watched films, and seen pictures of women being done by dogs. But I really knew nothing about how to proceed. The films and pictures had always left out so much. They just sort of focused on the humping. I was sure they used trained dogs too. What to do to get a dog that had never had a woman, to breed her was a mystery. Stoner helped a lot. We decided that it might give the dog the idea if I was nude.

"I undressed, feeling a little strange to be nude, while Brian was still dressed. I feeling my nipples extend in the room's cool air, and watching the growth of Brian's tool, in his pants, I realized that my nudity was exciting to me. I'd been getting wetter and wetter all the time Brian had been trying to talk me into it. When I slipped off my pants and panties, the scent instantly attracted Stoner attention. I got down on all fours and presented my bottom to the dog. A moment later, I felt a huge warm tongue caressing my sex. I was wet before I undressed; I was dripping, the minute I felt that tongue run through my cleft.

"I gasped, and nearly collapsed from the pleasure. Glancing up I feared that Brian would know that I wanted the dog to do me, just as much as he'd said he did. But all I saw was his eyes rolling in their sockets, his zipper undone, his Shaft out and hard, as he stroked it with his right hand. We'd made love many times. I knew that look meant that he was deep in the midst of sexual abandon. It surprised me that just the sight of Stoner's tongue caressing my naked bottom had taken him so far. At that moment I knew that if I went further, Brian was mine forever.

"Stoner's licking was getting increasingly insistent. I groaned when I felt his velvet tongue slip between the folds of my vulva, and enter my vagina. At that moment, I didn't care what Brian might think. The sensations that filled me were exquisite. Stoner worked his tongue in and out, lapping up the juice that was collecting between the lips of cleft. I'd never been so wet. I felt my uterus contract, and I cried out as a mini orgasm raced through me.

"A moment later I gasped as Stoner stopped licking me, and nearly jumped onto my back. I almost buckled under his weight. He defiantly out-weighed me by a few pounds. I felt his claws scratching my waist. I didn't care. A moment later his front legs were locked around my waist, his paws bent down until they were between my thighs, and I felt his hot wet penis stabbing at my bottom. It felt much smaller than I'd hoped, but knowing it was a dog's, and it was trying to enter me had me turned so far on, that I climaxed. With each of his thrusts his paws were pulling my hips closer to him. He kept missing his target and it still small but I wanted it. It was missing the mark, over and over in the same pattern. It was always too low, although he was spraying his hot pre-come all over my bottom. The feel of his hot meat sliding through my vulva was exquisite, but I wanted him inside. I dropped my chest lower and spread my thighs wider apart. The next thrust slide into me. I moaned, and as I felt the dog's cock sinking deep into me, I had another orgasm.

"Stoner didn't feel any better entering me than Brian, or any of the other men I'd slept with, except that his tool and pre come felt hot. But the excitement of living my secret fantasy made it the best sex of my life. I was so lost in my climax that it was moments before I realized that he'd started thrusting. As he worked me, I felt his penis growing. It seemed to get bigger with every thrust, both thicker and longer. I had orgasm after orgasm as I felt each thrust stretching me wider and sinking deeper.

"It wasn't that the sex was that great. It was the idea of what was happening that was getting me off. For more than three years I'd fantasized about a big dog doing me. It had become the idea that was most exciting to me when I thought of sex. And it was happening! I was imagining every thing Stoner was doing as he breed me, as if I was seeing it a movie. When I felt something really big

pressing, trying to push its way into me, I knew it was Stoner's knot. I pressed back and tried to relax. When Stoner thrust again, the knot made it in and I screamed. It hurt, but my scream was more lust than pain. Stoner's thrust became very short then and slowed. With the knot in me he only could push in an inch or two, before his doggy balls were nesting in my pubic hair. But with each thrust the knot got bigger. It was pressing against my G spot and I started a long series of mini-orgasms that came with each thrust. The thrusting continued for a couple of minutes. By then I felt like the knot had grown to the size of a basketball within me. Although I'm sure it was no bigger than a softball, maybe smaller.

"The strangest thing came next. I've always hated the part of a gynecological exam where the doctor presses an instrument through my cervix to get a look at my uterus. Well, I felt the tip of Stoner's penis press through my cervix and into my womb. It was totally unexpected and wonderful. Then Stoner held still, I felt his hot seed spurting into my uterus, filling it. He climbed off of me and we were almost tied, rear-to-rear. I realized that I was too loose to hold him in, so I reached back and held him within me, wishing I had bitch muscles at the entrance of my sex that would allow me to really be tied to him. His penis was pulsing as more and more of his seed shot into me. I was lost in a series of orgasms that seemed to be getting stronger each time I felt his hot semen squirting. Then I felt hands on my head. Brian was in front of me; his hard penis was almost touching my lips. I knew what he wanted, and I wanted it too. I leaned forward a little and sucked the stiff member into my mouth. I licked and sucked it in time with the little explosions Stoner's cock was having within me. Brian was in heaven. When he started to come and let his cock slip out from between my lips and grabbing it with my right hand; I hosed my face with his cream. I'd never done that before. Brian just loved it. He stayed hard and a minute later he was thrusting into my mouth again. He hardly noticed when Stoner's cock slipped out of me. I had a giant orgasm again and pushed him away. The feel of the thick strand of hot dog come, dripping out of me and onto my inner thighs was driving me wild. The idea of what had just happened was what excited me; the idea was much more exciting than the actual sex. Although, later, I decided that Stoner was a good lay, even compared to Brian. What he lacked in knowledge of how to make a woman happy, he made up for with the foreplay of his tongue.

"Brian, I said. I can feel Stoner's come running down the inside of my thighs. Mate me, like this," I told him. "Tell me what it feels like to slip your cock into my vagina when it's overflowing with dog come."

Brian was quick to move behind me. A moment later I felt him his hands on my bottom and then enter me. He felt a little small but I loved the feeling of his member, within me, knowing it was sloshing about in all that dog seed.

"For the rest of spring break we kept at it. Stoner caught on, and three or four times a day he'd come and start licking my crotch. I started wearing loose skirts with no panties, so that I was always ready for him. We also put each of Stoner's front paws into a pair of heavy socks when he wanted to breed me. The scratching had been kind of nice while it was happening, but when I saw my back and thighs afterwards, I knew I'd had enough.

"On our last day, I had Brian on his back on the floor. I sucked him hard and then mounted him. Then I called Stoner. The big dog looked confused but started to lick my bottom. A few minutes later he mounted me. I reached back to help him, and guided his shaft to my anus. I'd coated my bottom with vaginal gel, and squirted some inside me earlier. When the cock entered me, it hardly hurt. Of course I'd been having anal sex with Brian for years by then. Brian went wild. He could feel Stoner moving inside me through the membrane that separated my vagina and my colon. I didn't let Stoner tie with me. But the three of us did come together. Of course I'd been coming for a long time, when Stoner came. Feeling the jets of hot dog come shooting into me, from inside me, set Brian off. Later I

cried, all the time Brian was gone taking Stoner back to his cousin.

"When Brian got home he found me crying, still. We talked, and he promised we'd get our own dogs soon. When he said dogs I almost rapped him. I was happy that he hadn't said just dog. I imagined getting gang banged by dog after dog, as I rode Brian to orgasm after orgasm.

"A year after we graduated, Brian came into his money. His grandparents had left him a huge trust fund, but he'd been on a tight allowance until he was twenty-two. We'd gotten married right after graduation. Now we bought a big farm down the valley and went into business, breeding mastiffs.

"Mastiffs?" I asked.

"You don't know about breeds of dogs, do you Barbara?"

"No, Mrs. Pembroke. Not beyond knowing that there are different breeds." I was very nervous. It hadn't been hard to figure out that what she wanted me to do, in exchange for saving my life, was let her dog do me, and then let her husband do me. Probably for years, if not the rest of my life. Between feeling disgust and revulsion, it hit me, I was willing to do even that, for a single month of life.

"Well, it is relevant, Barbara. You may think, after what I've told you, that you have some idea what I want, but I assure you that you don't.

"Mastiffs are one of the oldest breeds of dogs; they go back thousands of years. They are also the largest breed; not the tallest, or longest, but the heaviest. A mature male weighs from 120 to more than 200 pounds. They are very mellow, and easy to get along with, if you are part of the household. They are fiercely protective, and will die to protect their people and their home. I can tell you that they can be very cuddly with someone they love.

"We breed them. We always have a couple of males that are our pets, and usually a bitch. When I say we breed them, I mean one or two litters a year. We're much too rich, and too picky, to breed them as a way to make a living. We breed them for fun, and because Brian finds the sight of a bitch being bred mesmerizing; I do to, I guess, or at least I did up until a few months ago. Something about menopause has really put a muzzle on my libido."

Grace Pembroke laughed at her pun.

"We have two males right now, Thor and Ajax; and a bitch, Buttercup. Thor and Ajax are real sweet guys, still in their prime. Unfortunately Buttercup has a heart problem. She's young, but our vet thinks that having another litter would kill her. In any case, she doesn't have long. Brian is really upset about Buttercup. She is a Grand Champion with a great pedigree. If we raised dogs for money it would be awful. With her championships and bloodlines we sold her last litter of six puppies for \$1,800, each. The money was nice, but losing Buttercup will be terrible in ways that don't relate to money. We both love her so much.

"She's one of the few bitches we've had that likes Brian to breed her. In fact she comes looking for him, wanting him to do her, even once in a while when she's not in heat. That makes her very special to him. Brian would never force a bitch, but he always feels down, when one of our bitches rejects his advances. He'll let them alone, and tries to be satisfied with our games. He's even left bitches alone that accepted him, if it became clear that they were doing it just to please him, but didn't take any pleasure from the experience. Enthusiastic cooperation is important to him.

"We have developed a whole network of friends who share our tastes. In fact we find it rather fun

sometimes to swap dogs. Never wives or husbands, we tried that years ago and found the sex wasn't that good, and the after taste was always bad. But we have had parties where the dogs, if they want, can have someone other than their owner. Brian has always felt very frustrated. Most dogs will enjoy breeding anything female they can mount. Women or bitch, it doesn't seem to matter much to a dog. Most dogs will be happy to mount a man who offers them access. Brian has tried it, but it really isn't what he wants. What he loves is watching a dog breed a woman, and then either breeding her himself, or having her blow him while the dog does her. Most bitches will only mate when they're in heat, and generally they don't seem to feel excited by what a human has to offer.

"Barbara, does all this interest you, or are you creeped out?"

I wasn't sure what to say. Some of what she'd told me had been stimulating. Some of it was stranger than I thought people could get. But the bottom line was I wanted to live. I replied, "It doesn't creep-me-out, Mrs. Pembroke, but it's very strange."

"Call me Grace, Barbara. I think we're going to be great friends. When Doctor Canon told me of your need for a transplant, it gave me what may be a great idea. Tell me, with your experience and background, if we was kind and gentle, do you think you could be enthusiastic with Brian?"

I just looked at her. She'd put it on the table, finally. She'd save my life, if I'd be her husband's bed-mate. I was a little surprised how easily I answered.

After thinking I replied, "Yes, Grace. I think I could be that. I'd at least be thankful to be alive. I've never been treated with kindness, and anyone being gentle with me has been rare. The men I've been with, they made it clear that my feelings and reactions were not important. I don't want to talk about it, but I'll just say that between the strangeness and the pain, I've never climaxed during sex."

Grace looked at me with horror. "Never?"

I shook my head.

"Barbara, not even with a girl?"

"I've never been with a girl, Grace. The other street kids, the girls, they see me as competition. Most of the girls aren't friendly."

"You poor dear. But, do you like girls?"

"Sort of, I fantasize about girls when I'm alone. I sort of have lost interest in men, at least as a fantasy. I mean after you have whored yourself to a man, and he's spilled his seed in you and then left a twenty on the bed on his way out the door you can have no illusions about romance."

"Barbara, do you ever like what men do?"

"Sometimes, it's nice when it's over sometimes, a few have wanted to hold and cuddle me. I liked that. Sometimes I think about one of them taking their time, and really pleasing me, I mean getting me excited and then making sure that I have a good time too. I used to fantasize about coming together."

~~~~~

## **Chapter VIII: To Sell Yourself**

I felt like a rabbit in the road, caught in oncoming headlights, doomed but not dead yet. If Grace

Pembrook's idea was kinkier than what I'd come up with, I could believe that she wasn't sure that I wouldn't rather die.

She looked at me for several minutes. "Barbara, I've already told you more than may be wise. If you want me to go, just say so. Before I tell you more, I need you to tell me that you're seriously interested. I know enough about you now to tell you that I'm very interested in seeing if we can work this out between us."

She was just talking to me, real friendly. But I started to cry. She just starred at me for several minutes, watching me. I could see she wasn't sure what my tears meant.

A few minutes later I stopped sobbing enough to speak, "Mrs. Pembrook, I mean, Grace," I began. "Could I have a few days to think it over?"

She looked at me with sympathy for a minute then shook her head. "Barbara, Doctor Canon doesn't think you have a few days. The transplant can't be done if your condition gets much worse. Every day we delay, your chances of surviving the operation decline. I'm afraid that if were to proceed, we need to start today."

I was angry. This woman had the financial means to save my life. But she'd only do it if agreed to be her and her husband's sex toy. I knew it was a bad idea, but I had to ask, "Grace, why can't you help me, without my having to become some kinky kind of sex toy for your husband?"

She looked at me for a long moment. There was softness to the look, but I could tell it was pity, and not sympathy. I'd seen that look too often on the faces of the people I asked for spare change.

"Barbara, I found out about you because Brian and I are the largest financial contributors supporting this clinic. Brian and I donate over a million dollars a year to charity. Most of it goes to programs aimed at homeless youth. Your one of 5,000 young people this clinic has helped in the last year. Barbara, I'm neither without charity or heart. When Doctor Canon called me, with a special request for funds for your transplant, I considered it. Brian and I talked it over. He said no, and the bottom line is, it's his money. He's not with me today because he doesn't want to meet you. But, if spending that money could make his dreams come true, and fill the void in his sex life that my new reluctance has created, he'd spend the money, and much more willingly, oh very willingly."

I began sobbing again, knowing that there was no choice; not even time to understand what would happen to me.

She sat patiently while I tried to stop crying. She gave me a box of tissues, and slowly I was able to stop. When I was composed I spoke. "Then, Grace, OK, I don't want to die. I'm very interested in whatever you have to offer. If you can promise it won't be a life of pain, I'd agree to it, if it just bought me only a few more months."

She smiled, "I can make that promise, Barbara. There may be some pain, once in a while. But it will never be intentionally inflicted on you. Certainly not much more than you experienced with those men, you've let use you. That's if, in return, you promise to do all that you're asked.

"Barbara, trust us just a little, and you'll find that Brian and I will do our best to give you a warm and loving home. Not just a place to sleep, a real home. Doctor Canon said that, if we can do the surgery by the day after tomorrow, he thinks your chances of surviving are better than ninety percent. That's surviving for twenty years or more. Perhaps much longer, if you're loved and receive proper medical care. Barbara, I promise that you will be loved as much as you'll let us, and receive the best health care possible, as long as you're with us."

I looked at her, amazed. "I never figured to have that. OK, I'll trust you Mrs. Pembrook, Grace. What

happens now?"

Allison, I know I should have asked more questions. But there didn't seem to be any point. It was a choice between a few more painful weeks followed by a painful death, and a promise of life.

It had hurt enough, just walking to the clinic that I dreaded the pain that would accompany the walk back to the shelter. When I was there, I knew that I'd need to stay in bed for hours, just to gather the energy to go back out and try and pan-handle money to buy something to eat. The previous week, I'd been attacked and beaten-up once by another kid who wanted the few dollars I'd begged from strangers. I was weaker now. The other kids knew it. I'd be a target the minute I hit the street. I wasn't sure, but I thought if it happened again it could kill me.

She clasped my hand and smiling, kissed me on the cheek.

"Barbara, if you were feeling up to it, I'd do more than kiss you. But that will have to wait until you're better. For now, let me help you to my car. The driver will take us to my attorney, all the papers are prepared, after we sign them, and have them notarized, we'll be going right to the Downtown Heliport, on Everett Street. There will be a helicopter waiting to take us to the airport, our private plane will take us from there to the City near the clinic where the transplant will be done. A car will be waiting for us by the time we arrive. It's a seven-hour trip. By tonight you'll be being prepped for the transplant surgery. By this time tomorrow you'll be being having the surgery. By the following afternoon, you'll be recovering with a set of new kidneys, and hopefully, your health problems behind you.

I got up, with Mrs. Pembrooks help, and after thanking Doctor Canon, who wished me good luck, she lead me out to her car. It was big new red Mercedes, parked at the curb, just outside the clinic on Southwest 15th Avenue. It was raining, a light drizzle really. I felt like the sky was crying for me.

Five minutes later she was helping me out of the car in front of the Fox Tower, on Park Avenue. The building was brand new. It's aluminum and green-glass exterior glowed in the warm afternoon sunlight. I'd watched it being built, forty stories high, thinking that I'd never see the inside. I looked pretty rough, but the security guards just stepped back when they saw Mrs. Pembrook. It's amazing what money can buy.

Her lawyers were on the 35th floor. The elevator ride was so fast I almost lost my balance when we stopped. Mrs. Pembrook held my arm, and kept me steady. It seemed only moments later when we were in a big office with a woman attorney and her clerk. Her name was Jill Lovejoy, and she explained the clerk was a notary.

"You must be Barbara," the blonde attorney said, extending her hand. She was in her early thirties, and had deep blue eyes, and her hair was cut short, in a pageboy style. She was wearing a gray wool skirt that was part of a business suit. The Jacket was draped across the back of her chair. Her blouse was ivory colored and looked like raw silk. It was sleeveless, revealing thin arms, a thin neck, and attractive shoulders. She filled out the front of the blouse nicely; the v-neck of the blouse revealed a hint of cleavage, although it was modest, almost prudish compared to what the girls I knew were wearing. Most of them were Goths, who delighted in wearing tops that revealed as much of their breasts as possible, without flashing their nipples.

I took her hand and was instantly reminded of how much strength I'd lost. She shook my hand with much greater power than I could return. Yet I knew her grip was softly feminine. Looking at myself in the reflection of the wall of glass behind Ms. Lovejoy, I realized that although she was thin and her shoulders were narrow, I was thinner, and my shoulders were less wide. My arms were much thinner too.

"Barbara, Mrs. Pembroke, please sit down. Would either of you like something to drink, coffee or perhaps tea?"

"Nothing for me Jill, but if you have any, Doctor Canon said the juice would be good for Barbara." Ms. Lovejoy made quick phone call, ordering a glass of orange juice. An attractive young woman with short auburn hair wearing a black skirt and pink blouse brought the juice in a moment later, and handed it to me.

"Thank you, Susan." Jill Lovejoy said softly. As the pretty girl left the attorney turned to me. I was hesitantly sipping the juice. I was frightened, but also I had hope for the first time in months. "Has Grace explained the details of the offer she is making to you, Barbara?"

"No, Ms. Lovejoy, I only know that she has offered me life, and that in return I'll be living with her and her husband and having sex with her husband."

The young Blonde attorney turned to Grace Pembroke, "You were to tell her before you brought her here. I'm uncomfortable enough with my involvement in this, Grace."

"Jill, I was telling him, when all of a sudden we reached an understanding. I know you didn't want to have to do this, but I'm paying enough that I think you should. Besides, I want him to hear about the financial arrangements at the same time he is informed of the details of what will happen to him."

The young blonde looked angry for a moment, then she shrugged her shoulders and turned to me.

"Barbara, Grace may be right. An attorney should be sure you know enough to lawfully consent to what she has planned.

"My clients, Grace and Brian Pembroke want to engage you to work at their home, as their pet. The first part of the compensation is the two new kidneys that you will receive. The kidneys you will receive are not human, it will come from a large dog. The surgeon who will perform the transplant is using a new technique, to allow the successful transplantation of non-human organs to humans. He will introduce into your body a virus that will mutate your cells causing them to accept the transplant. If successful the risk of your bodies rejecting the transplant will be reduced to near zero. The approach has been successful with the inter-species transplants attempted over the last two years. You will be the first human to undergo the procedure. The advantage to you is great. Without this technique you must wait for a donor kidney that is a good match. My understanding is that the waiting list is months long. Time that you don't have.

"The advantage to Grace and Brian Pembroke is that the virus will also allow other organs to be transplanted at the same time. The surgeon is interested to the doctor because it offers him an opportunity to document a success with a human test subject, as part of his effort to get the FDA to allow human trials. The clinic where the transplant will be done is in South American. There this experimental procedure may be done legally, based on your consent and the surgeon's license to practice in that country."

I understood part of what I was being told, part was just so much noise. Ms. Lovejoy continued and soon came to a point that did focus my attention.

"As part of the kidney transplant, they will also transplant a female dog's sex organs transplanted to you; the same dog donating the kidneys. When they are done, you will be female; capable of bearing young, but not children. Additionally, you must agree to the removal of your vocal cords. You will become a mute, not just for a while, but for the rest of your life."

I suddenly started to panic, "Why? Why is it important that I be a mute?" I was surprised that the

idea of not being able to speak bothered me more not being able to have children; so was Ms. Lovejoy and Grace Pembroke.

Jill Lovejoy held up her hand, "I don't know why, and I'm not sure I want to. What I understand is that you will be their pet bitch, and pets don't talk. It's a very strange, even bizarre demand. Do you think you might agree, if the rest of the offer is attractive enough?

"Although its very strange, Barbara, it may be a choice between being a live mute and dead. The dead are mute too, as well as blind, dumb, and without sensation or thought.

Hesitantly I nodded, "Yes, better a live mute than dead."

"Good. The rest of what is wanted from you is behavioral, rather than physical change. You will not wear clothing, you will receive a new legal name, which you can change later if you choose to, you will wear a collar, and behave and be treated just like a well loved pedigreed bitch. You will be obedient and willing in doing those activities that are expected of a dog, as well as the sexual activity that you will be told to engage in. You will not leave Pembroke Farm, unless taken of the premises by one of the Pembrooks, for the ten years the initial contract will cover.

"The only difference between your life, an any other pets, is that you may not be sold, without my consent. Pets are property, and you will be treated as such. But you are not legally an animal, even though you may agree to live as one.

"If the Pembrooks think you are not living up to the terms of the contract, and I agree, they may sell you're your contract with a \$10,000 severance package placed in trust for you. Money that you will not receive until the end of the ten years.

"Barbara, the worst thing that could happen to you would be for the Pembrooks to sell your contract. You could find yourself making porno bestiality films, or working in a live sex show, or as an exotic whore in a Mexican Bordello. None of these things can happen to you as long as you keep up your end of the contract."

Grace Pembroke took my hand reassuringly and added, "Barbara, we think that is best, given you will be living as our pet, that you not leave our farm. But the farm is large. Over twenty-six hundred acres, and it's next to a large wildlife sanctuary. You'll have the same run of the place that out other dogs do."

~~~~~

## **Chapter IX: The Contract**

My head was spinning, I started to stand up, the whole scene was getting really weird. Even if it was the only way to save my life, all of a sudden I really wanted to get out of that office with its dark-wood, light gray carpet and walls of green tinted glass. Ms. Lovejoy stopped me.

"Barbara, that's only half of what you need to know. Please sit down. You want to know what the Pembrooks will do for you in return, don't you? I promise, that you really will be glade you stayed and listened to the whole offer."

I sat back down and nodded my head.

She continued. "First they will pay all cost of the transplant. The treatment and kidney transplant will cost about \$225,000. The strangeness of their request may be understood, given such a considerable initial outlay of funds. You will live with them for ten years, entirely at their expense. Food, shelter, and medical attention will be provided. You will sleep indoors, have access to their



library and their electronics, such as their big screen television, and although you will be living as a pet, you will be kept warm, and be well fed with a diet that is both good for you, and tasty. Someone else will cook for you. Someone else will clean up after you. Pets don't do those things for themselves.

"In addition to paying for the transplant the Pembrooks will also pay you a salary of \$40,000 the first year. If you keep your end of the agreement the salary will be increased by five percent each of the nine subsequent years of the contract. The funds will be held in trust for you and invested in a balanced fund consisting of stocks and bonds. Conservatively, at the end of the ten years, your account should have a value, after taxes, Social Security, and Medicare in excess of one-half million dollars. The money will, at that point, provide you with at least \$35,000 a year for the rest of your life. You will also have worked enough to qualify for Social Security and Medicare. The annual figure should grow, as there will be enough money earned to offset the impact of inflation. A trust will manage the funds for you for five-years following the end of the contract. This is to allow you time to reenter the world and learn to handle your own affairs. At the end of the five-years you can decide whether you want to manage the funds yourself, or allow the trust to continue to manage your money.

Should you wish it, this office will handle the work of legally change your name to what ever you desire, without charge, at that time. Anytime after the contract is complete. So you see, the legal name the Pembrooks give you, need not follow you through life, unless you like it.

"A half-million dollars?" I asked, in shocked disbelief.

"Conservatively, Barbara, it could be much more. Perhaps double that."

"You see, Barbara," Grace Pembroke added, "We know we are asking you to trust us, and willingly live as our pet; live as an owned animal for ten years. We picked ten years because Brian and I feel it will take that long to get out value out of paying for the transplant. Assuming all that is implied by the understanding that you will willingly live as our dog for a decade, we feel it must be worth your while. We wanted the financial arrangement to be of interest to you, and we wanted to be absolutely sure the law wouldn't see the contract as unreasonably exploiting you.

"There's more," Ms. Lovejoy interjected. "The contract also contains a renewal clause, allowing it to continue for three extensions of five years each. You, Barbara, and the Pembrooks would both have to agree that you want the contract to continue. There is a \$100,000 signing bonus each time you extend the contract. The bonus is paid into your trust, \$20,000 a year at the start of each of the five years. Your salary would continue increasing at the rate of five percent each year. The eleventh year it would be \$65,000, and the fifteenth year \$79,000. The salary is intended to be generous compensation and make continuing the contract attractive.

"A final aspect of the five year renewals is that if you sign on for another five years you can change your mind. During the initial ten years of the contract you can't resign. That's because the cost of the surgery will have already been paid. The only escape would be if the Pembrooks fail to meet their responsibilities. You can terminate with six months notice. Of course you then forfeit any remaining part of the signing bonus.

"Barbara, what do you think? Do you want to enter into the contract?" Grace Pembroke said.

Ms. Lovejoy, stopped me from answering. "One more thing, Barbara. When we conclude this contract I will be on retainer as your attorney. I'm terminating my association with the Pembrooks, and they have agreed that I should. It will be my responsibility to make sure that they keep all aspects of their agreement with you. I will want you to write me, at least once each month, and let me know how you are doing and whether the Pembroke's part of the contract is being kept. In addition I will visit you every six months, to confirm what I hear in your letters.

"These were my terms for helping the Pembrooks. You see, you won't be alone; you'll have someone who will be your friend, and fight for your interests if the contract is not followed. I don't think I could live with myself if I didn't personally make sure that the Pembrooks keep all aspects of their agreement with you."

I started to cry again. Both women looked at me with concern. They had no idea why I was crying. Neither did I.

After several minutes I was able to speak. "I'm sorry to make such a fool of myself. You see, no one has ever been interested in being my friend, or looking out for me. Of course I'll agree. I might even if I wasn't dying."

There were lots of papers to sign. Susan, the secretary, came in and notarized each one as it was completed.

The signing took almost an hour. I agreed to the experimental surgery. I agreed to the transplant of a female dog's reproductive system to my body. I agreed to the removal of my vocal cords. I agreed to live as the Pembrooks dog for ten years. I agreed to let them change my name to anything they liked. I agreed that I would accept and be obedient to all the activities and experienced that could be normally expected from a pet dog. These included the sexual use of my body by my owners. I signed papers until my hand hurt. I agreed to seek no punitive or other damages against the Pembrooks or Ms. Lovejoy, during or after the contract period. The last paper gave Jill Lovejoy my power of attorney, and instructed her to manage my money for moderate growth.

When all the papers were signed Jill Lovejoy gave Grace Pembrok some papers, "These are 'her' entry visa and identification papers for your trip to the clinic.

"Barbara, the next time we communicate you will have a new name. I expect to receive your first letter five weeks from now. Grace will ensure that you have pen and paper, stamps, envelopes, and my address."

She offered me her right hand, I took hers, and she clasped it covering it with her left and giving my hand an affectionate squeeze. "I hope this all turns out for the best. If it wasn't a matter of your life and death, I'd never have agreed to be part of this.

"Grace, we have a deal. There's no point in my telling you how kinky I think this is. As of now I'm Barbara's attorney. Keep all aspects of your bargain with Barbara, or what ever 'her' new name will be, and we'll be fine.

"Barbara, I'm sure that Grace and Brian intend to keep all aspects of their agreement, as long as you hold up your end. What you must always remember, is that anything they tell you to do, that an owner might have their bitch dog do is within their rights. You already understand that this will include, in the Pembrook's case, sex."

I was almost in tears. Her warmth and caring were nothing like what I'd learned to expect on the street from an attorney. I thanked her and promised to write, faithfully every month.

Grace Pembrook took my hand and guided me to her waiting Mercedes. Twenty minutes later I was getting into a helicopter. One-half hour later I was getting onto a Lear Jet. My stomach was upset. Grace gave me something she said Doctor Canon, had said I might need. My stomach had giving more and more trouble over the last few months as the number and amount of drugs I was taking had increased. What ever it was, it knocked me out.

The next thing I new Grace was lightly shaking my shoulder. It was the next morning and we were on the ground. As we left the plain the temperature and the humidity told me I was a long way from Portland. There was a mud covered Land Rover waiting for us. Looking around I saw palm trees. Grace talked to the driver in another language. It was Spanish, but the few words that I'd picked up on the street were not enough for me to understand the conversation. We got in the car and were soon on a gravel road going through what must have been a tropical jungle. The bird sounds were amazing. And there were other calls, sounds that I knew must be animal, but that were alien to my experience.

It was a long drive and after the first hour I had time to think. I was not sure what all I'd agreed to. Thinking about the strange conversation, and all the papers with there legalize, I wondered what really was going to happen to me. At that time I had no idea of what some of their references in the conversation had meant. I had no idea what Jill Lovejoy had been talking about when she mentioned my not being able to bear children.

My thoughts were interrupted by our arrival at a large building. Its walls were white and its roof was red. Slowly I realized it was a colonial style hacienda. The surroundings were jungle; tall green and noisy, full of birds and the buzz of insects. The air smelled moist and full of flowers. It was cooler than it had been at the airport. We had been driving steadily uphill.

Several young women emerged from the building. They quickly scooped up Grace's luggage, I had only the clothes on my back. They spoke Spanish, and by then I realized that it was a language Grace was fluent in. They lead us into a large heavily planted courtyard, then into the building. It seemed more like a hotel than a medical facility. The floors were red tile and the ceilings were tall and made from heavy wood timbers. We went up a flight of stairs. The second story looked more like a hospital. It had the same tile floors and wood ceilings, but the halls were cluttered with hospital equipment. I was lead to a room with a bed and several medical machines. A young woman dressed in a nurse's uniform was waiting.

"Barbara, this is Elizabeth. She speaks some English and will be with you when ever I'm away. I'll try to be with you as much as I can, but you'll be here for at least two months, perhaps longer. I can't stay away from home for all that time."

"Hello, Barbara. I will do my best to see that you are comfortable." The young nurse greeted me.

They had me take a long bath and gave me some special soap to use. I was surprised when Elizabeth came in to the bathroom with me. She insisted on both helping me undress and then bath. I protested, but she calmly explained that given the upcoming surgery, and my week condition, my feeling modest around her was pointless. Having no choice, and actually feeling very weak, I didn't protest. After my bath I noticed clothes were gone. When I asked about them I was told that I wouldn't be needed them again. Elizabeth gave me a hospital gown to wear. It was pink with lace at the neckline and short sleeve arms. Elizabeth led me back to the bed, and then proceeded to take what seemed like dozens of samples of my blood. She left the needle in my arm explaining she'd use it for my IV later.

Grace was there. They told me that I should have all the water I could get down. They needed to purge my system, and that later I'd wouldn't be allowed water. I rested and drank water for a while. After a while I started to feel better. The trip had been very tiring. An hour later Elizabeth had me get up and took me to a treatment room. She had me undress and then lay down, sort of spread-eagled. The nurse covered my hair and my eyes with something, tapped it down and then tied me in place. She explained that they were going to permanently remove all my body hair. From my upper lip to my ankels. She also told me I'd need to go through the procedure again in about six weeks. It

was a new form of laser hair removal that was not yet approved in the United States. Elizabeth told me that two treatments would destroy the roots of all the hair in the treated areas. The next two hours were mild torture. I felt like someone was slowly burning my skin off. Elizabeth had me turn over once and then continued. When she was done she helped me stand and look at myself in a full-length mirror. I hadn't had a lot of hair before, but seeing myself without any was a shock. The weight I'd lost had reduced my bust and combined with my denuded skin made me look twelve years old.

"We do this procedure for many patients from the USA. Many ladies have told us it is completely effective. Your skin will be tender for a day or two, but it will also be much smoother and softer. We removed your body hair today, because not having it will make the surgery easier. In a little while I'll hook you to an IV that will make the irritation go away. First you must visit Doctor Smithy."

She led me to another treatment room and had me sit down on the padded table. It was almost an exact copy of the one I'd become used to in Doctor Canon's office. She left, but promised to return soon. I spent some time looking out the window at the dense green of the surrounding jungle. It was beautiful.

A while later a tall thin man entered the room. He wore a doctor's coat, and had bushy gray hair and eyebrows, and a full silvery beard. I felt naked dressed in only the pink lacy gown. He shook my hand and sat down.

"Barbara, tomorrow I'll do your transplants. The procedure will take several hours, but I don't want you to worry. I've reviewed the blood work up we've done on you, I think you'll come through fine; better than new. Even the sex organs aspect of the surgery doesn't worry me. It will be much less dangerous and complicated than what they do up north, and it should work much better. I've done this before, dogs and chimps, wolves and tigers. It always works. The hardest part will be waiting for surgery and not eating or drinking before hand is something all patients dread. The first few days after the surgery there will be some pain. We'll control it, but you'll feel terrible. It will mean your healing. Try and be brave. The pain will be over and you'll feel healthy again in a week or two, at most. Can you do that for me, Barbara?"

I told him I would and he said, "Good. In six to ten weeks you'll be out of here, a new person. I promise that you'll feel better than you have anytime since your kidney disease began." Doctor Smithy had me turn over and raise the hem of the gown to my waist. He then gave me four injections, two in my hips and two more in my thighs.

"These injections are the agent that will allow your body to accept the transplant organs." Elizabeth came back into the room, and then helped me down the hall and back into my bed. She hooked up the IV and gave me more water to drink. A few minutes later Grace Pembroke came back into the room. Doctor Smithy followed her a few minutes later.

When she saw the Doctor, Grace almost jumped to her feet. "Is she . . ."

Doctor Smithy took her hand and interrupted her. "Yes, Grace, the donor is here, and she's resting comfortably. I promise there will be no suffering."

The Doctor was carrying a small box. He gave it Elizabeth with the instructions, "Put this in the patient's IV. Do the green tube now, the yellow tube in three hours and the red tube at nine."

"Barbara," the doctor explained, "The first tube will help you relax while it helps your body clear itself of waste. The second set of drugs will further relax you, and also reinforce the injections that I gave you a little while ago. The final set will make sure you get a good night's sleep. I want you rested and as healthy as possible in the morning. The drugs will calm you and help you deal with

your natural fear. If you feel panicky tell Elizabeth and she will increase the dosage.”  
Out of the corner of my eye I saw Elizabeth hooking the IV to the needle in my arm.

“I guess there’s no backing out now,” I replied.

The doctor shook his head, “No, Barbara, the donor is here and has been prepped. She’ll die soon in any case. If her death isn’t to be a waste, we must go forward.”

Grace grasped my hand, “Barbara, remember, we have a deal.”

I really didn’t have anything to say in reply. I was the rabbit caught in the oncoming headlines. The next moment Elizabeth turned a valve on the IV and I felt a chill flowing into my body. The next moment a sense of calm filled me. I wouldn’t have objected if they were going to execute me the next day. I was in sort of a daze for the rest of the evening. I remember that Elizabeth kept pouring water or some liquid into me, and then escorting me to the restroom. After a few hours I felt like my insides had been flushed and then squeezed clean. When they cut me off of water, Elizabeth changed the IV, and in seconds I was gone. I slept deeply, with no memory of dreaming. It was morning when I awoke. Elizabeth was there with Grace Pembroke. They let me have a swallow of water, and then helped me get onto a gurney. Grace kissed me on the cheek and wished me luck. The sense of well being the drugs had created persisted. The Elizabeth rolled me out into the hall. A few moments later we were in an operating room. Doctor Smithy was there, masked, as were several nurses, and another man, also masked.

Doctor Smithy said hello and introduced the other man as Doctor Jones. Elizabeth and another nurse move from the gurney to the operating table I know I didn’t weigh much. They hooked my IV up again and Doctor Smithy told me not to worry again. They had me start counting backwards from ten. I think I got to seven before I sank into darkness.

~~~~~

## **Chapter X: Buttercup Rose**

What seemed like moments later I came to, back in my room. Grace and Elizabeth were both there. My whole body hurt and I felt like I was dying of thirst.

I started to try to speak, but Grace stopped me. “Don’t try to speak, dear. You can’t, and your throat is still bandaged. Trying to talk could hurt you, and make your recovery longer.”

I remembered that I was now mute, and would never be able to utter a word again. My eyes filled with tears. My whole body felt bandaged. There were dressings on my face, neck, my whole torso, down to and including my groin. My arms and legs were in restraints, and my legs were spread wide apart.

God! What have they done to me! The idea filled my mind. I wanted to rip off the bandages to see. Then it hit me. That’s why I’m restrained.

Grace took my hand and smiled warmly at me. “It’s been three days since the surgery, dear. You’re doing just fine. The transplants and other procedures are a complete success. This morning’s tests showed your new kidneys were functioning perfectly, with no hint of rejection. It looks like you’ll live for a very long time. We know your throat feels dry but that’s the surgery. Your body is getting all the liquids and nourishment it needs from the IV. Doctor Smithy thinks we can let you have some water to drink in a day or so.

“Dear, squeeze my hand if you’re in pain.”

I was, and I did.

A tear came to Graces eye, "I'm sorry about the pain. It will pass soon. Squeeze my hand if you want to go back to sleep."

I did, and almost instantly slipped into darkness again.

When I awoke again, the restraints on my arms were gone. I hurt but it was more of a whole body ache than sharp pain. Elizabeth was there, but Grace Pembroke wasn't.

"Your awake, good. It's been two days since you awoke the first time; you're doing very well. You remember that you can't speak?"

I nodded my head, realizing that although I was still bandaged, some of the dressings had been removed. I could feel cool air on the skin around my mouth and my lower cheeks, although my mouth was taped shut. Looking down I saw that I was wearing the pink gown again, except it looked lumpy as it laid across all the dressings on my chest and abdomen.

Elizabeth handed me a glass of water with a straw. "You can have water now. Were still giving you nutrients through the IV. It will be at least another week before you can eat food. Will start you with juices and things like milkshakes.

"Mrs. Pembroke had to leave for a few days. She said to tell you that she would be here, when the dressing's are ready to come off. She doesn't want you to have to meet your new body until she can hold your hand. She's very nice.

"You're doing very well. Doctor Smithy is pleased. There is no hint of rejection, and the transplanted organs are knitting themselves to your body as if you'd been born with them."

I drank the water slowly. It felt wonderful at first. Then I realized that my throat was very sore. Seeing the distress in my eyes, Elizabeth handed me a pad and pencil. I wrote, "It hurts," and handed her the pad.

"I know. But the water will help your throat heal. Please try and drink some more. I'll give you some more pain killer, but it may make you sleep again."

I saw her adjust the IV and the pain lessened. I finished the water and lay back down. A few moments later I was asleep.

The next day I was a better. I was able to drink the water and a little orange juice without additional pain-killer. I wrote a note asking about Doctor Smithy. Elizabeth explained, "He was here earlier, we changed your dressings, and he checked to see how you are healing. He is very happy with your progress. He said you could live to be a hundred. Changing the bandages and his checking the healing would be painful right now, if we did it while you're awake. We're letting you sleep through it. We've been doing it every day. Doctor Jones is also very happy with your surgery. He's a cosmetic surgeon, and said he was sure you'd turn out to be quite lovely."

I started to panic. What else did they do!

I wrote a quick note, "What did Doctor Jones do to me?"

Elizabeth looked hard at me, "They didn't tell you?"

I shook my head no.

She looked at me for several minutes, she was almost crying. Then she seemed to make up her mind, "They should have told you! Doctor Jones took away your voice. That was the most difficult part of his work. But he also changed your face. You looked how you say, plain, before. Yes, that's the word. When the bandages come off you will be pretty. Doctor Jones thinks maybe beautiful. He softened your face, raised your cheekbones, narrowed your nose, made your chin a little bit more pointed, and made your lips fuller. Your new face will be very feminine and your neck will be thinner.

I hadn't realized that they were going to do that much. As I thought about it made sense, Grace Pembroke wanted me to be attractive for her husband Brian. Making my face prettier was consistent. The whole idea took a lot out of me. I wrote Elizabeth another note, saying I was tired. She tucked me in and worked with the IV again. I was asleep in moments.

Each day I was awake a little longer and was able to more comfortably drink liquids. The restraints were removed from my legs and, with Elizabeth's help I started to get out of bed and take short walks around the buildings second floor. She alternated dressing me in the pink lacy gown with a lavender one that had even more lace and lots of purple and blue ribbons. I had to walk with the IV, and there was an amazing mass of tubes and plastic bags hanging in front of me. I was told it was a catheter and a bag to collect my waste.

Each day I walked a little farther. The fifth day I made it to a lovely screen porch that overlooked the jungle. Elizabeth helped me to a chair and allowed me to watch the birds. Someone had set up little platforms outside at the edge of the jungle and loaded them with bananas and other fruits. As I watched a big bird that was yellow and black, with a long brown banana like beak landed and started to feed. Elizabeth told me it was a Toucan, and gave me a pair of field glasses and a thick book. The book was titled, 'The Birds Of Venezuela'. Over the following week the screened porch became my favorite place. I went there as early in the morning as Elizabeth would let me, and I stayed until she insisted I return to my bed. I saw several different kinds of Toucans and lots of parrots, but the birds I liked best were the pretty yellow and black trogons.

I was awake more and, without thinking, several times felt embarrassed at not being able to speak the thoughts that were in my mind. I feared to find out what would be revealed when the bandages finally came off.

A month after the surgery I was joined in the screened porch by Grace Pembroke. When I saw her I knew that I'd missed her. But her presence frightened me. I felt that the pleasant days I was having learning about birds were over. My debt was coming due. Grace greeted me warmly, kissing my head and cheek, called me 'Dear', and apologized for being away so long. As she sat down beside me I realized that since the surgery no one had used my name.

"Dear, I've been very busy. Your new identity is now in place; you have a passport and all the other papers you will need when we return to Oregon."

She saw the look of shock in my face and continued. "Your name is now Buttercup Rose. Your passport reads just Buttercup. That took some doing. Remember, I told you about our poor bitch Buttercup, she was the donor. In many ways you are now her. So in addition to having a U.S. Passport, you're also AKC registered as Grand Champion Buttercup Rose of Pembroke Farm, a pure-bred brindle mastiff bitch with great bloodlines. Actually the AKC was a little harder than the passport. I wanted you to have your own identity; I think Brian will want to call you Buttercup Rose, or maybe just Rose. Buttercup was Pembroke Farm's Buttercup. As I think I told you, he was very fond of Buttercup."

A wild feeling ran through me. Grace saw the terror in my eyes and took my hand, holding it gently.

"A Buttercup died as the donor of the new kidney's that saved your life. She died so that you might live, and you will be taking her place. You are now Buttercup Rose. In a way you are her sister.

"I wanted to be with you, but I needed to be with Brian. Loosing Buttercup was more difficult for him than most people can imagine. Loosing a pet is always hard. But Buttercup was also his lover. She did love him, and he loved her, maybe as much as he loves me. They had a rich and mutually rewarding sex life. I miss her nearly as much as Brian does. She wasn't averse to a little girl-bitch fun, and we pleased each other many times. I couldn't leave Brian until I felt he was dealing with his grief. He is now.

"He thinks its time you began to learn to deal with who you now. Your no longer a homeless girl named Barbara. You're a mastiff bitch whose name is Buttercup. Do you understand?"

I shook my head, and she kissed my cheek. I must have still had a wild look in my eyes, because she took my other hands and kissed the back of both. She was gentile, and she lingered. There was a promise in her kiss, but I had no idea of what.

"Buttercup, that's your name now. Everyone here will address you by that name from now on.

"Buttercup, tomorrow the bandages come off, and you'll see all the changes. Those you can't see you'll be told about. Elizabeth told me of your shock on learning of the cosmetic surgery to your face. I should have prepared you for that.

"I want you to think about how you are a new creature for the rest of the day. What you'll see tomorrow is permanent. It won't go away, and it won't change. You'll age as what you now are; a pretty young woman in some ways, and a champion bitch mastiff in others. You'll age like a human, but you must always remember that your a mastiff. Be proud. It's a noble and ancient breed and you are a Grand Champion. In its way that's better than being nobility. You're very special. Of course we can't really show you, accept to a few friends who'll really appreciate you, but you have the genes. Salvaging Buttercups bloodline was the argument that convinced Brian to allow Buttercup to be your donor.

I wrote a note, and passed it to her, it said, "That's a lot to accept Mrs. Pembroke. But, I will try. I feel better than I have in over a year. I know our deal. It will take me awhile to get used to being 'Buttercup Rose of Pembroke Farm.' Please be a little patient. I am trying."

She squeezed my hands again and helped me back to my room. Elizabeth helped me into the bed and the two left me to think. I didn't sleep much that night. I went from anger, to denial. I tried to bargain, first trying to come up with something to trade Grace Pembroke good enough to get my life back, then with God. I cried for hours. Toward morning I drifted into a deep sleep. The last thought that went through my mind was, "I'm Buttercup now." A sense of resignation flowed through me. I was alive and healthy. I felt better every day. I'd agreed to it all in advance, and so far Grace Pembroke had kept her bargain.

When I awoke I decided. "As long as she keeps her word, I'll keep mine."

Later that morning I wrote a letter to Jill Lovejoy. I explained that the surgery had gone well, and that I was no longer Barbara. I was now Buttercup Rose. I admitted it was a nice name, for a dog. Finally I expressed my acceptance of the change and my commitment to meet the terms of the agreement. I signed it, 'Sincerely Yours, Buttercup Rose,' with a note saying that I was looking forward to seeing her.



## Chapter XI: The Unveiling

That afternoon, Doctor Smithy came in with Elizabeth.

"Buttercup," he said. We're going to remove your bandages and all the tubes and appliances that are now attached to you. It shouldn't hurt, no more than the feel of tape being removed from your skin."

He took my hand, very gently, "Do you want Grace Pembroke here when we unwrap you. She'd like to be, but I want it to be up to you. She may be paying my bill, but you're still my patient."

I nodded and he sent Elizabeth to get Grace. They were back in moments. She must have been waiting just outside the door. She took my hand and lightly squeezed it.

They had me sit up and Grace and Elizabeth helped me out of the lavender gown. They began by cutting away the bandages that remained on my face. Then Elizabeth washed my face and rubbed it with a soft cream. My face hurt, where the bandages had come away, but the cream soothed the pain. Soon it was forgotten in my fear.

I closed my eyes, and was softly crying as Doctor Smithy bent and spread my legs. I felt something long being pulled from my body. I knew it was a catheter.

I turned my head toward Grace as they cut away the rest of my bandages and, again they washed me and applied more of the soothing cream. My eyes were closed tight.

The bandages on my neck, and chest were next. I felt them come off, and the procedure of cleaning and soothing my skin repeated. As the air hit my chest I knew it was different. I felt my nipples. They felt bigger, and they were extended. I was feeling more than two nipples!

A sense of amazement filled me, I couldn't help it, although I wanted to hide, I also wanted to see. I opened my eyes, and looked. Then I fainted.

When I came around, I was sitting up in the bed, and back wearing the violet gown. But the bandages were off. With every motion I could feel alien flesh on my torso rub against the fabric. A larger motion and I felt something more than I'd ever been used to bounce on my chest.

Grace was sitting by me smiling, "You have six new and very pretty little breasts, Buttercup. The top two are larger than they were before. That's because you're healthy now. Soon they will have the size of a mature woman's, rather than the undernourished deathly sick girl you were. The other six, are little puffy areas with lovely cute pink nipples. You'll have your six new breasts for the rest of your life. I think they'll give you some sensations that are really wonderful. I got a better look at you and them, than you did.

"You're very pretty, and your eight breasts are charming."

"I was wondering, if your ready for a complete survey of the new you? I know what you have seen has been a shock, but there is more, and it's all really, really, neat."

I wanted to know it all. But, I was afraid too. I hesitantly nodded to Grace, and she said, "Good."

"Buttercup, you've been out for five hours. Doctor Smithy sedated you and you have had your second and final hair removal treatment. We also made two small additional cosmetic adjustments. I'll tell

you about them in a few minutes. Doctor Smithy gave you a mild pain-killer, so that you would experience any discomfort.

"I also couldn't resist seeing what a little makeup could do for you. Once you get used to the new you, I think you'll agree, you've become a major dish. You won't be using makeup while you're with Brian and I, but Doctor Smithy and I agreed that today you should see yourself at your best. After all, you'll still be a young woman in ten years when our contract is completed.

You're very pretty now, and you aren't done yet. Your body is just starting to heal. Over the next year or two you should become very curvy, with attractive full breasts, at least the top two. The others won't develop until they're needed. When you have completed your obligation you will be a rich and stunningly beautiful woman with decades of life stretching out before you."

It was almost a year later before I understood her last comment, about my new breasts being needed.

Hesitantly I let Grace help me out of the bed. She took me to an adjacent examination room where there was a full-length mirror. Before I looked in the mirror, she had me sit in an armchair that was there and then scoot the gown up around my waist.

"You need to be sitting down for this, Buttercup. I wanted to do this with you, just the two of us. Doctor Smithy insisted that you be sitting if there wasn't someone to help here with us. He's afraid you might faint, again."

Looking in the mirror I saw a young woman sitting in the chair. I moved my legs and the girl in the mirror moved hers. My legs were smooth, hairless, thin and feminine. Better looking than I remembered them ever being. Looking at my face I saw I was pretty, with an upturned narrow nose, dimples, and lips that were perhaps a little too full. The girl in the mirror was wearing a pink glossy lipstick and a warm gray eye shadow, mascara, and dark blue eyeliner.

"Doctor Smithy will visit you once a year to monitor your health, bodies adjustment to the transplants and general recovery.

"Now lean forward," Grace directed. I did, and she lifted the gown entirely off of me and set it aside. My mouth fell open. If I could have made a sound I would have screamed. Without my vocal cords all I could do was gasped.

Although still small, my top two breasts looked huge to me. The areolas and nipples were very pink. That pink flesh seemed to be puffed out like little pointed cones on top of the mounds on my upper chest. The new growth on my chest seemed to extend up. Where once I'd been able to see ribs on my chest, above my breasts they were now obscured by the swell of my enlarged bosom. The six nipples below the top two matched the areolas and nipple color of the top two. The puffiness under them was relatively slight. There was just enough developed breast flesh so that they moved a little when I did.

My knees were together and raised, by the low seat of the chair in a way that blocked my view of my groin. I could see that my waist now looked thinner. I realized that I'd continued to lose weight, even though I was feeling healthier.

Grace placed her left hand on my right shoulder and brought her right hand to my left breast. She softly caressed it, then she slid her cool palm up and captured my nipple between two of her fingers. She closed those fingers, squeezing my right nipple and I gasped. Men had squeezed my nipples before and it had always hurt. Grace was squeezing, but not as hard. At the same time a soft

sensation of excitement and heat seemed to fill my whole chest and my nipples extended. They looked bigger than before and what Grace was doing felt really good. As she continued to play with my nipple the sensation of heat in my chest grew both warmer and seemed to spread. Then I saw, and felt my other six nipples extend.

"Feels good, doesn't it, Buttercup Rose?" As she was speaking Grace stepped behind me and caressed my other breast with her left hand. Holding both my new breasts in her hands, Grace squeezed my upper nipples. I gasped again, and felt a wetness in my pubic area.

Grace laughed, and after gently caressing my breasts again before stepped back, "I can smell your arousal, Buttercup. That's very good. It means that your transplanted organs are already melded with your body. That includes your new kidneys. Doctor Smithy said it was a sure sign that the transplant is a complete success. You should live a very long time, sweetheart.

"Now, I want you to stretch those lovely legs of yours out and scooting forward a little and spread your legs wide apart. Aim your groin at the mirror, so that we can get a real good look. Your sex is alive and what I just did with your pretty breasts has your vagina getting itself ready for penetration. Can you smell it too, Buttercup Rose?"

I smelled a musky fragrance that I could tell was coming from between my legs. The sense of slippery wetness I'd felt was increasing. I nodded my head. Grace saw the motion clearly in the mirror.

"Good, Doctor Smithy said you would. Becoming a bitch will improve your sense of smell. Now let's see what treasures you have between those lovely legs."

Slowly I extended my legs and spread them apart and looked at the mirror. It took a minute to resolve itself into an understandable image. I saw, just below and between the bottom two nipples some cursive writing. Around it were little yellow and pink flowers. Just below the writing was a little triangle of brindle fur. Below that the protuberance with a deep pink crease down the middle I remembered, but the outer lips seemed fuller. My inner lips were wet. I also felt something wet and slippery sliding down and across my anus. I'd never lubricated so much.

I could see Grace's face in the mirror, she was grinning. "Buttercup, that's your name, I had it tattooed above that cute little bush of brindle fur they transplanted to you. I wanted to have it read 'Buttercup Rose', but there wasn't enough room, unless we made the letters too small to read. Both the fur and the tattoo are permanent. I had the tattoo done just a few hours ago. At the same time we tattooed your doggie nipples to have areolas and to match your human nipples. It gets me wet, just to see your eight pretty pink nipples. Can you smell my arousal?"

As she said it, I realized that I could, although she was fully clothed. She smelled like me, but different; I nodded. I realized that she was right. But the difference in smells scared me. Grace's scent was human. Mine was that, and something else, something I realized that must be dog. I began to cry.

Grace saw my tears, but continued talking as if she was giving a tour of her home, intimate, and yet casual. After she's explained she ran her right hand back and forth through the crease until I gasped again. She'd pushed a finger into my vagina. But it was different. My opening had never been that tight. When she massaged the opening with her finger pleasure spread into my abdomen and then to my breasts. My nipples extended again, all eight of them. I stopped crying.

Then she held her finger to my face and had me lick them clean. I liked the taste, and wondered if I would like her flavor. It smelled and tasted different but healthy.

"Buttercup Rose, you know have a dogs sphincter muscle at your vagina's entrance. People don't have them, but dogs do. It's full of nerve endings so we thought it would feel nice when massaged. I see we were right. It will act automatically to hold a dogs knot tight within you when you mate. It should give your human lovers a lot of pleasure too."

Later I found that my heightened sense of smell augmented my appreciation of the sent of a woman's arousal. I fell in under the spell of Grace's scent early. And, Allison, I'm totally, head of heals in love with yours. I felt surrounded by your sent from that first taxi ride into San Jose, to now. It is an intoxicant to me. Now as I write this, your wonderful scent perfumes the air of our little cabana and I feel my nipples extending, and smell my own arousal.

But to go on with my story, Grace asked, "Can you stand up now, Buttercup Rose?" After her little demonstration of the potential for pleasure my modified plumbing.

I nodded, and slowly got to my feet. Standing up, in front of the mirror, I saw that my shoulders looked very narrower given and my wider hips and larger breasts. Grace stood behind me and ran her hands down my chest caressing all eight of my breasts and pressing slightly on my pubic area. I gasped and felt that heat again, radiating through my body. I felt some of my lubricant drip out of my cleft and onto my inner thighs.

"When they gave you a bitch's reproductive system they combined it with most of your own. That's why you're more sensitive to stimulation. You'll find your sex makes itself ready for penetration more readily than it did before, and it will provide you with more lubricant, to ease your lover's entry.

"You'll find out later how useful having a bitch's eight breasts can be. But much sooner I hope to help teach you the fun of having six extra breasts. The pleasure from eight of them should be incredible.

"I have a present for you, Buttercup," she said. I watched in horror as she fastened a black leather collar around my neck. It was one inch wide and had steel studs in it every two inches. There were also three rings, also made of stainless steel, spaced equally around the collar. I heard a click and understood that the collar was locked in place. As it fell into place, around by neck, I could feel that there was a liner of very soft leather on the inside that also covering the edges of the collar.

I remembered the contract I'd signed; it wasn't a dog's choice of when it wore a collar and when it didn't. The softness of the collar around my neck was reassuring, it seemed to promise that my life as a pet would be soft rather than hard. When I'd first seen the circle of black leather I'd been afraid it would scrape or scratch. Over the preceding week I'd already learned that my skin seemed more sensitive than it had been. Elizabeth had explained that with the return of my health many things would change. I would feel more alive and appreciative of sensation, tactile, scent, sound and even seeing.

Dangling from the front of my collar was a round stainless steel disk. It was about two inches across. In the middle was some writing and around the edges were little yellow and pink flowers. It felt heavier than I expected.

"This is your dog license, Buttercup. It identifies you as Buttercup Rose, property of Pembroke Farm, and gives our farms phone number and address. You are licensed, as a dog in Marion County, Oregon. There is also an identification chip, with the same information, implanted in your hip. If you get lost, or run away, anyone who finds you will know who's dog you are. Since you're mute, people will think the collar is intended to make sure that you can find your way home. We have already

been letting people know that were taking in a poor disturbed mute girl, who thinks she is a dog. The police and animal control people have promised to get you right back to us should you stray. Not that you would. I know you will keep our agreement. Having come this far, it would be silly to pass up the financial rewards.

"As a sort of promise, your license is made of white gold, and the little flowers are enameled roses and buttercups. The enameled flowers are recessed below the surface of the license. They should last for a very long time. The license is worth almost a thousand dollars, just in the value of the gold.

"Buttercup Rose, even if you don't like being our pet, just think! Before you're thirty you can be financially independent enough to live on your own and never have to work. You'll be a young person still. You can go to college, or travel, or find some nice man or woman to settle down with; someone who'll appreciate your special qualities. Besides, Buttercup, please take a moment and think what might happen to you if you ran away, and then went into heat. You'd end up on your hands and knees letting any passing male, dog or man, service you."

I tried not to, but I couldn't help it; I cried again. I felt trapped, and I knew I was completely alone. Elizabeth was becoming my friend, but I knew that soon I'd leave the clinic and never see her again. Grace saw my tears and for a moment I saw pity in her face. It vanished almost immediately.

"Buttercup, would you like to put your pretty gown back on?" I could tell she was being conciliatory. She's giving me a little time to get used to it, before I have to live as a naked, colored, and leashed dog, I realized.

I nodded vigorously. I didn't want Elizabeth to see me naked, yet I knew she had already. But she was my only friend, even if our friendship was transitory. At that time, I felt a nearly unbearable humiliation at having been made to be less than human. It was bearable because I was alive, and felt healthy. I'd made my bargain, and would keep my end of the deal. But I had no desire to celebrate it.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XII: Obedience**

The next two weeks seemed to go quickly by. Each day I felt stronger and healthier. But each day my dread of the life before me grew. As I became stronger Grace began joining me in the large screened porch. We seemed to always have it to ourselves. Each day after we reached the porch, she had my remove the gown, put a choke chain around my neck, attached a long heavy leather leash to the chain and schooled me in 'obedience'. I learned to respond to both voice and hand commands. It only took a couple of times when Grace pulled the chain tight to convince me that instant obedience was necessary.

She began with healing. I learned to walk at her left and slightly behind her, mirror her movements exactly. When she stopped I fell to my knees. I learned to stay where I was, even if she dropped the leash and walked away from me, until she commanded me to move. If she said, 'stay,' I learned I was not to move until I was verbally released. Grace would tell me to stay, and then go to lunch, leaving me in one place, kneeling for over an hour. After several hours a day, for three days, I found that my eyes automatically followed her every movement and gesture. Her release word for me was 'pretty nipples'. I listened for that phrase as if it were a cool wind on a scorching day.

Whenever I performed well, she heaped praise on me, petting and caressing me, and saying, "Good, Buttercup. Pretty, Buttercup." All the time stroking me body. I learned to accept her touching me. Soon I found that her touching me was a pleasure that grew in its intensity. As the days passed her hands became increasing free in touching my breasts, bottom and vulva. At night I cried, knowing

that I was becoming a dog.

I remember one day I'd performed perfectly for a four-hour obedience session. Grace hand fed me a sweet each time I did something right, putting it directly in my mouth. At the end of the session she caressed me for ten minutes, including using her fingers to probe the secret inner places of my cleft. I became happy, to have pleased her, and excited that she was touching me. It was only when she stopped that I realized that my inner thighs were coated with my lubricant. I looked at her longingly for the rest of the afternoon, wanting her to touch me again. To take my enhanced pleasure zones to a new level. A level of pleasure and release I sensed was there, but which I hadn't experienced.

I didn't sleep that night. I cried till dawn, and what made me most distressed was that I didn't know if I was crying because of feelings of humiliation, or sexual frustration.

At the same time these lessons began Grace insisted that I only be allowed to dress when I was walking through the halls. Each morning she brought a gown for me to wear, and each afternoon, after leading me back to my room, she took it away.

By the tenth day I no longer felt embarrassed to be naked with her. She had taught me other commands by then. "Come," meant I was to rush before her, kneel, and placing my forearms and my head on the ground just in front of her feet. I also learned sit, which meant kneeling where-ever I happened to be, fetch, carry, and roll-over.

The fifth day Grace had Elizabeth watch me go through my paces. I was mortified. Elizabeth I think was as embarrassed as I was. She stormed out of the screen porch screaming obscenities in Spanish. That night, after I was in my bed, she came to my room, undressed and slipped into bed with me. I was crying and she petted my hair and softly comforting me with stories of growing up in a small village until I stopped crying. I held her all night and she held me back. When I awoke in the morning she was sleeping in my arms. Our breasts were laced together. The feeling of closeness was wonderful. I reluctantly awoke her when I saw the clock on the wall turn to eight. I knew Grace would be coming to my room soon. She liked the morning best for obedience class. Elizabeth hugged me, and called me poor child, and repeatedly kissed me before she, crying, got out of the bed, dressed and discreetly left through the adjoining exam-room.

Each afternoon Doctor Smithy examined me. I hated the pelvic. It always hurt when he forced his fingers through the new muscle guarding my sex. One afternoon he explained. "Buttercup, I'm sorry this is difficult. The female part of you is a bitch. A bitch's vagina has a tight muscle encircling the entrance. It only relaxes when she is aroused or when she is in heat. Once a penis is inside her the muscle gradually tightens, squeezing the penis, and if the dog has gotten his knot in her, capturing it, tying the male's body to hers. The biology, now your biology; It will ensure that the dog's sperm is deposited either in the uterus or held in the vagina long enough for much of it to make its way into the uterus. A dog's penis is relatively small when he enters a bitch; smaller than most men's. Once he's inside, it expands, both in length and thickness. At the base of the dog's penis is an area that is called the knot. It starts small too, but can expand to be quite large. In a giant breed, like a mastiff, the knot is bigger than a softball. Both the dog and the bitch seem to enjoy the feel of the trapped dog's penis depositing its seed.

"While there is a great deal of liquid deposited all through the sex act, the sperm is only present in the semen the dog shoots after he is tied with the bitch. The two are normally tied together like that for ten to thirty minutes. In some cases the tie may last much longer, over an hour. It looks like nothing is happening, but in reality the whole time the dog's penis is pulsing and shooting more and more of his seed into the bitch.

"Knowing your circumstances, Buttercup, I've read up on these matters; so that I, your Doctor, could

prepare you. A bitch would know these things instinctively. You must be taught them. Humans have no muscle at the entrance the vagina that tightens after penetration. While in a virgin, or after a woman goes through a period of disuse, a human vagina will be initially tight, during sex it becomes looser and looser, seeking to take the male shaft as deeply as possible. There are exercises a woman can do to tighten her pelvic floor muscles. They can allow her a fraction of the ability to hold a dogs knot inside that your dog's vaginal entrance now has.

"I'm sorry that this exam must involve some pain. The pelvic exam allows me to monitor the degree of internal healing, and the extent to which you, and your new sex organs have become a single organism. The alternative to my working my way past your tight vaginal muscle would be for me to arouse you before the exam. I think that would be cruel." I'd nodded my head in agreement.

The doctor had continued his lecture, "A woman like Grace Pembroke, who takes a dog's knot within her, doesn't really tie when the knot is pushed deep in her, it expands within her pelvic bones. Most women lack muscles strong enough to hold the swollen knot within her. For those who can, I've read it can be pleasant, it also can be quite painful if the dog pulls out before his knot has deflated. Dogs are strong and try to pull out. Grace is in the early stages of menopause. Her bones, and pelvic muscles are not as supple as they once were, and her muscles are weaker. These combine to make the pain from the knot pulling out much worse than it was for her just a few years ago. Another factor affecting Grace's enjoyment of canine penetration is the fact that dog semen is more acidic than human. It tends to dry out the vagina. Now that Grace is older she isn't producing enough lubricants to offset the drying, making sex painful for both her and the dog.

"Buttercup, your vagina has the muscles it needs to hold the knot within you until it deflates. You also won't have the dry vagina problem. Your hybrid canine-human vagina will produce just the right kinds of lubricants to ensure that your mating is not painful, if you're properly prepared.

"Penetration and tying is becoming increasingly painful for Grace, leading her to recruit you to replace her in her husband's sex play with dogs. I'm telling you this to reassure you. With your modified vagina, when you are aroused or in season, neither a dog's or a human's penis should be painful, including accepting a dog's knot within you. If it is, make the male stop and spend more time arousing you. That is what any bitch, even the most well trained obedient bitch would do, were her lover a dog or a man.

Grace has assured me that her husband will be tenderly careful of your comfort and pleasure. It is permissible to lightly nip at a male who persists in trying to breed with you before you are ready. You'll know when you are ready. You should be able to feel the muscle around your vagina's entrance relax."

I wanted to know more about my hybrid sex organs, but was so embarrassed by the subject that I simply wrote a note, thanking the doctor for the information, and also for distracting me from the discomfort I was feeling as he conducted the pelvic. After he read the note he smiled, and patted me on the head. Then he looked surprised. He started examining my hair. After a few minutes, he said, "My word, this is unexpected. I'm sure the Pembroke's will be pleased.

Doctor Smithy, took my hand and led me to the mirror. He had me bend forward and then parted my hair so that I could see down to the roots. That's when I saw that my hair had changed. There was a new undercoat that was thicker, both the number of hairs and the thickness of each hair. It was also multi-colored, brown, red, white, and black. Shocked I realized it matched new the little triangle of brindle fur at the top of my cleft.

Grace was ecstatic, at my new hair color. The Doctor's theory was that the transplant at my groin coupled with the gene therapy that convinced my body to accept K9 sex organs had somehow

changed the genetic pattern for all my remaining hair. He was fascinated. Over the next few days the new hair grew enough to begin changing my brown hair to brindle. I also noticed that my eyebrows were also taking on the brindle pattern. It shows up less than my hair because they'd used the laser to thin my eyebrows.

At the end of the sixth week following the surgery, Doctor Smithy told me that the transplants were a complete success. He recommended, to Grace Pembroke, that I stay at the clinic another month, so that I could completely recover my strength, and become secure in my new identity. I was surprised when Grace agreed. It was getting used to listening to them talking about me, as if I couldn't understand anything they were saying.

I couldn't talk, and I learned that although I could write a note with my questions or requests for information. Grace discouraged it, and Doctor Smithy seemed to go along with her. When we were alone, the Doctor talked to me, and seemed very interested in what was in my notes. When we were with Grace they both treated me as if I could not understand anything they were saying.

One of the most interesting things that Doctor Smithy told me, was that my blood, like my hair, was changing. It was becoming some kind of hybrid between human and canine. He said he'd thought it might happen. He explained that if I needed blood, human O+ would work, but that I could also receive canine blood. He seemed pleased about it. When he told Grace Pembroke, she grinned from ear to ear. I found the news upsetting, and couldn't imagine what good Grace saw in it. It was one more proof that I was no longer human. The ever-present reality of not being able to speak was a constant reminder of how far from humanity I had slipped. I welcomed the diversions each day offered. Even the obedience training became welcome. When I was alone I cried.

A week later, seven weeks after my surgery, after a session of obedience, Grace had me slip into a gown. When I expected Grace to take me back to my room, where Elizabeth normally would bring me dinner. In stead she took me to her room. Once we were inside she removed my gown, and leash, leaving me naked, except for my collar and license. I hardly noticed the collar after three weeks of wearing day and night. It was comfortable. It also protected my neck when she had me wear a chock-chain. Grace had me sit, which meant I was to sit on the floor. A few minutes later Elizabeth brought in a tray. Grace told her to put it on the floor and leave. She set down to dishes on the floor, one held the food and the other water. They were dog dishes. Tears in her eyes my nurse did as she was told. Grace walked over to me and looked down at me.

"Buttercup Rose, from now on you eat on the floor. When I release you, go to your food and eat. You'll have to eat on your hands and knees. You won't have a fork, knife, or spoon, but you may use your hands."

I looked at her in shocked disbelief. Slowly I dropped to my knees and began to eat. It was beans and rice, with vegetables. To a human it would have tasted bland but good. My enhanced taste buds really added to my enjoyment, it tasted divine. Although, it was hard to eat with fingers; I remembered well enough what it felt like to be desperately hungry and appreciate the food.

As I ate I cried, silently of course. The idea that I was now less than human, an owned animal was brought home by having to eat from a dog's dish.

Grace noticed my tears and came over and sat down on the floor next to me. "I know this seems harsh, Buttercup Rose. I guess maybe it is. But you must remember you are a dog. As much as is practically you'll live that way. You'll eat on the floor, you'll have your own ceramic dog dish and water bowl. They'll have your name, Buttercup Rose, glazed onto them. But you'll get specially prepared food, designed both for human and dog consumption and to keep you in the peak of health with extra protein to keep your doggy parts happy.



"You'll seldom wear clothes, never at the farm. But you'll sleep indoors, on a special soft dog bed in the corner of Brian and my room. You'll have a warm blanket, for those nights when it's cold and we don't have you join us. You'll have your own room and bathroom where you can rest, write letters, use the toilet and wash up.

You'll be allowed to bath yourself, unless Brian or I want the pleasure of bathing you. Dogs don't clean up after themselves so neither will you, other than taking care of your person. We'll provide you with everything you need to take proper care of your skin and hair. Every day you'll have time to bath and moisturize your skin, as well shampoo and condition your lovely hair. There will also be time for exercise.

"We'll provide you with lotions that will keep your lovely skin firm, trim, smooth, delicate, and with a pretty rosy color. Each day you'll have exercise, either outdoors or indoors depending on the weather. Buttercup, in some ways you'll have the best of being a pet, and the best of being a young woman who is a well tended mistress. Both realities mixed in with lots and lots of very safe sex, during which your pleasure will be an objective.

"Although you will only be able to listen to the music and see the movies and television that Brian and I select, you'll have complete access to the library. Buttercup, there are over three thousands books in our library.

"While I'll expect you to come, when called, and to obey, when told to do something, you'll have lots of time to yourself.

"So you see, dear Buttercup, while some aspects of your life will be difficult, there will be compensations. On top of everything should be the knowledge that you are alive. Had we not done the transplant you would have died by now."

As she talked, Grace started to softly cry. I knew she was internally torn up about making me something less than human; an animal, or a bond slave, if not a real slave. I heard in her words and sensed again that she cared about my happiness. She was explaining things to me as her way of helping me understand, and maybe accept my situation. It was a kindness. I leaned over and licked her right hand; knowing that it would let her know that I understood, and appreciated her trying to help me adjust. My action stopped her tears and the next minute she was hugging me and softly kissing me on the lips. She gently pulled me into her arms and then, after helping me stand, took my hand and led me to her bed.

Grace guided me, onto the bed, on my back. She dropped my hand, and then slowly undressed. Other than my own breasts, and sex, I'd never seen a woman naked before. Although she was over twenty years older than I was, she retained a trim figure, and I thought, well-shaped breasts. I remember seeing hers, and then glancing at my own, and realizing that mine weren't nearly as big. I'd seen lots of Playboy foldouts, and Grace's breasts were a little small compared to those models. My own were much smaller than Grace's. At that time my human breasts cup size was A. Before the transplant I'd been wearing AA cups, but as my health had declined they had become too large. My doggy breasts didn't have a cup size; they were small cones of flesh with thick puffy nipples perched on top. They looked a lot like mine had when I was thirteen.

Seeing her two orange-pink nipples and areolas reminded me of how different I'd become, and I glanced down to gaze at the eight nipples lining the sides of my torso. When I looked back at her I felt desire for physical contact. It was my first sexual feeling in months. My nipples firmed, the lips of my vulva swell and become moist. Perhaps it was a consequence of her rewarding me for performing well by touching me; I don't know. What I was sure of at that moment was that the sight of Grace Pembroke, nude, filled me with desire. Later I learned to feel desire for males, but after my experiences on the street, it was a learned taste. Not unwelcome, but a taste that was not existent at

the time, even given my past. It took the gently approach of Brian Pembroke, to teach me that relations with human males could be a pleasure.

~~~~~

### **Chapter XIII: "Lick!"**

"Buttercup Rose," Grace continued. "Tonight I'm going to begin teaching you the most important part of your obedience training; sexual obedience." Grace continued, as she slipped out of her panties. "Like what you have learned already, there are voice and hand commands. They will only be important initially. Once you know and understand us, Brian or I will tell you specifically what we want. Like all good lovers we will also be alert to your needs.

"Your first command will be 'lick', Brian or I will always point or tell you what we want you to lick." Grace climbed onto the bed and laid down beside me. She pointed to her left breast and said, "Lick."

I hesitated a second, then leaned forward and began licking her breasts, gradually working my way to her nipple. As I licked her breasts, Grace told me what she liked, what I should emphasize, how long I should continue with a particular pattern, and how to tell when I was giving her pleasure. Watching her nipples extend, and seeing the flesh of her breast and chest flush was amazing. When Grace thought I'd learned the lesson she pointed to her right breasts and again said, "Lick."

She only had to give me a few instructions this time. When she said, "Pretty nipples," to release me I just kept licking. I was enjoying the pleasure of touching her and seeing her aroused by what I was doing. I was also teasing her, 'Pretty nipples,' meant I could stop, but it didn't mean I had to. I was on my hands and knees and I could feel that my own inner thighs were coated with my lubricant. Grace laughed, and pushed me away. She giggled, "Good, Buttercup," and covered my face with kisses. Then she laid back down and spread her legs wide. She grinned and pointed at her very damp cleft and said, "Lick."

I was eager, and enjoyed the next hour of instruction, as Grace taught me how to excite her to climax in several different ways, all with my tongue and mouth. She explained that as her pet, I wasn't to use my hands when pleasuring her, only my mouth and my tongue. When she said stop, she rolled me onto my back, climbing onto me and began kissing and licking as her hands roamed over my body, caressing me softly. I was already aroused. As her mouth moved down my torso, lingering for a time on each of my nipples I discovered that my six small breasts were as sensitive as my two human ones. I was breathing hard, and arching my back when, grinning at me, Grace ran her tongue through my little patch of brindle fur, and down into my cleft. In the next hour Grace made sure that I climaxed. I found myself shuddering to release after release.

She was careful and checked with me, over and over, about what felt best. I realized that the Doctor was right, when my arousal almost peaked, Grace was easily able to slip two of her fingers deep into me and caress my insides. As she massaged the flushed walls of my vagina my excitement increased and she easily added her third finger. I was amazed. The sensation was so much different than I remembered it having been.

I'd thought it would feel like it had when men. While that had felt sort of good a few times, it generally had been painful. Grace's fingers pressing into my vagina produced a totally different feeling. It was a revelation. The sensations were fuller and when Grace did it just right, she caused these very pleasant contractions deep within me. The experience made me curious to know what a penis inside my new and seemingly wonderful sex organ would feel like.

Over the following days I began to learn to control the muscles at the entrance of my vagina. I could

voluntarily relax them and contract them. Later I learned that I could control the amount of contraction, making it possible to caress and tease the body part that was penetrating me. Still later, I learned that when a dog's knot swells within me, it causes those same muscles to contract, and that I would have no ability to relax them until the knot shrank.

The following week Grace taught me how to pleasure her, and how I could be pleased. Judging by her response and my own I felt that I was becoming proficient. It surprised me, but at the time I realized that I very much wanted to give Grace pleasure. What surprised me more is how I thought about it. In my mind my objective became to give my 'Mistress' pleasure. Increasingly I thought of her as, 'Mistress.' I realized that I was becoming very much her pet, but the experience seemed rather positive. Almost constantly while we were together Grace was praising me, petting me, calling me pretty, and finding ways to both touch me, and ensure that each touch was a pleasure.

During that week I also learned that there were possibilities in anal sex that I'd never been aware of. I was very surprised, having been had that way by dozens of men. But they had all been in a hurry, and were completely disinterested in whether I enjoyed what they were doing. Grace used her fingers to do things within my bottom that none of the men who'd used me had ever tried. She knew how to bring me to orgasm through anal stimulation, something I hadn't thought possible. Although like all hookers, I'd learned to fake it. I was surprised, having decided that anal orgasms were a fantasy perpetrated by writers of pornographic novels.

For the next weeks Grace kept me with her almost 24 hours a day. She didn't let me wear a gown again. The hospital staff became used to seeing me nude, healing as Grace walked me on my leash. I wanted to see Elizabeth alone, to hold her, and let her know that I was all right. I didn't get that chance. Grace gave me lessons in pleasing her every other night. Each night, after she was satiated, she would spend time teaching me to appreciate my new body, and rewarding me for pleasuring her by pleasuring me in return.

On alternate nights she had me sleep by her feet on top of the bedding. She gave me a blanket and I was warm enough. By the end of the week I was becoming sexually addicted to Grace Pembroke. When she slept I stayed awake watching her, hoping that in the morning when she awoke, she'd call me to her with the magic word, 'lick'.

At the beginning of the second week of what Grace called, "sexual obedience," she surprised me by pulling a strap-on dildo out of her suitcase and putting it on.

"Buttercup," she said, "today I want to start your instruction in how to please a man. I know that you have experience with men, but this is different. Getting most men to come is quick and easy. They do most of the work themselves. I'm sure the men you've been with were pretty much satisfied and done with you within fifteen minutes of the time when they took off their clothes. But there is an art to making love with a man that can do so much more. I've already taught you ways of pleasing a woman that will have any girl in love with you after a few nights. Giving a girl pleasure beyond what she had imagined was possible is a special gift that a girl will appreciate. Just as you appreciate the pleasure I've given you."

She looked knowingly at me and I realized the sensations of need I felt for her, my addiction to her touch, and my craving to please Grace; were responses she'd worked to develop in me. I found that the knowledge of how I'd been manipulated tempered by the understanding that as she had bounded me to her, so also the pleasures she'd taught me to give her were binding her to me.

My dear Allison, I know I may have done the same to you. Particularly given your unhappy background with men. Please believe me when I assure you that my own feelings are filled with my

complete love for you. Writing my story, across the room from your sleeping form, seeing you, my hearty is in my throat. You are so completely lovable.

Grace continued her explanation; "It's the same with men, Buttercup. What I'll teach will be the difference between a man using you for his pleasure and then leaving, indifferent to you after his lust is spent, and having him beg to know when he can be with you again. If I had a daughter it's what I'd make sure she knew before she became sexually active.

"What I'll teach you is how to linger over love, drawing it out over hours, as we have when we practiced how girls please each other. When you get good at it, and you will, you'll be able to prolong a man's time within you to an hour or more. I presume that you are experienced with giving blow-jobs as well as vaginal and anal penetration?"

I nodded.

"Good! We'll start with giving-head. Most of what we will review is technique. You won't really be able to know how well you're doing until you get to practice with Brian. I considered asking Doctor Smithy to act as training subject, but decided against it. After all, he is your doctor. Besides I really want your first sexual experience, with a male, to be with Brian. He will decide whether any other man gets to enjoy the pleasures of your body while you are our pet."

Smiling at me she giggled, "But what you learn will bond Brian to you so tightly, that I'm sure he won't let another man touch you." Grace strapped on the dildo and then opened a condom, and stretched it over the six-inch shaft. "Buttercup Rose, I want you to give me the best blow-job you know how to. After you're done I'll tell you how to do better. Assume that I'm, a typical John and that I will climax about when you'd expect. Of course, I won't have, although the sight of your pretty mouth on my little pet here may get me hot and bothered. While you may have done this before dozens of times, my own experience extends into the thousands. I've given at least one-hundred blow-jobs a year for over twenty five years. Mostly to Brian, but to other males, a few men back when Brian and I tried group sex and swapping, and to our dogs."

Grace sat down on the edge of the bed facing me, and said, "Begin."

Grace spread her legs. I went over to her and dropped to my knees. I looked up to her blue eyes for reassurance and she ran her right hand through my hair smiling at me, "Good girl! Now show me what you know about giving-head, Buttercup."

I leaned forward and began. I licked, sucked, and otherwise made love to the shaft for twenty minutes. I even took the whole length down my throat, remembering that Grace had wanted me to show her everything I knew. Most of the Johns I'd sold myself to had wanted me to deep-throat them. After a few tries I'd gotten the technique of breathing between the John's thrusts down.

I did my best and only quite after a point beyond where and any of Johns had come. Most of the Johns I'd done had worn a condom so the experience with the dildo was very much like doing one of them, all but the lack of climax. Grace looked over the condom very carefully.

She smiled at me, "Very good, Buttercup. There are only a few small teeth marks, and I was pleased to see that you already know how to open your throat and take the full length inside. I picked a six-inch strap-on because the size matches Brian's. We'll work on your pace, and getting you perfect at preventing your teeth contacting the shaft. When you do this for a dog, controlling your teeth is important. A dog's penis is more sensitive than a man's. Any contact with teeth would hurt a dog; maybe permanently injuring it.

"I'll also teach you things you can do that men will love, but that delay their climax. You'll find that

you can give pleasure with your mouth for over an hour with less stretching of your jaw and fewer penetrations than you just experienced. You can also expect that Brian or another male partner will find ways to pleasure you in return for what you do for them. For example Brian is every bit as good at using his mouth on your vulva as I am. I taught him. He will take pride in making sure that your enjoyment equals or exceeds his own."

Over the next week Grace had me practice on her strap-on two or three times each day. I found that if I interspersed taking the shaft down my throat with extended periods of kissing and licking I could easily continue for over an hour. After each session Grace would take time to pleasure me in return, although she refrained from pressing the shaft into my vagina or anus.

At the start of the second week she used the strap-on dildo to penetrate my bottom. She was both gentle and slow. I was surprised when she was able to bring me to climax that way. She interspersed her other lesions with 'teaching' me how to accept and enjoy the anal sex that had always been something I'd only tolerated before.

During the week she surprised me again by having me wear her strap on and use it in both her vaginal and anal orifices. Grace explained that she, and sometimes Brian would want me to do them, "To add verity to our love play." She had informed me between giggles. In both places Grace had me proceed slowly, advising and directing me of how best to please her. It was a revelation to find how different what she wanted was for the two forms of sex. I found that I took pleasure from giving her the climax she craved.

For the last two weeks of my training in sex obedience, Grace spent hours with me each day instructing me in the use and application of various lotions and hair care products. I notice that the brindle coloring of my hair was becoming more pronounced. My hair was already shoulder length. The brindle coloring was showing on the three inches of the hair just out from the roots.

Grace told me, as she taught me how to care for long hair, that I wouldn't be getting a hair cut during the coming ten years. "Just a light trim, now and then that I'll do, to get rid of any split ends," she'd said.

When I left the farm, just a few weeks ago, my hair reached below my waist. One of the first things I did was have two feet cut off, and the remaining mass of hair styled. The new character that my hair developed isn't prone to split ends. Trimming my hair is something Grace did only once.

At the end of the third week of my sex training Grace announced that we were leaving the next day. "I know its been fun playing here together, but I miss home, especially Brian. I can hardly wait to see the look on his face when he first sets eyes on you. We'll be in public while we travel, Buttercup Rose, so you'll be allowed a dress, undergarments, hose, and shoes. I've had a special velvet cover for your collar made, so that it will look like a soft choker, the kind debutants sometimes wear to balls. The dress will be loose fitting and should perfectly conceal your new breasts. While most of the trip will be made in our private jet, I'll let you stay in the clothes until we get to the farm. I don't see a point in making you get dressed and undressed several times in one day.

"Don't get to expecting to wear clothes much in the future. I'll have you strip the minute we reach home. But I'll keep clothes at the house for you. If we take you with us on trips or have visitors who might be shocked at seeing you nude, you'll be allowed clothes, or kenneled with the other dogs until the coast is clear. In public, and when you're around people who might interfere, if the understood that you are our pet dog, you'll be allowed clothing. In such a case it will avoid difficult questions, like how do you come to have eight breasts. I'm sure you'll want to avoid strange people starring at your breasts. From time to time we will have guests that appreciate our relationship and approve of it. Such friends will enjoy seeing you in the nude."

During the night Grace played with me constantly. If she hadn't first distracted me, then tired me out I probably wouldn't have been able to sleep. She didn't get her strap-on out, instead she took pleasure in what she called, 'girl-to-girl love'. I remember that night as having been very sweet. We caressed and licked each other until we were too both too tired to do anything but sleep.

Grace explained that the next night she'd have Brian to satisfy her need for penetration, therefore we didn't need the strap on. She cuddled me in her arms as we enjoyed the afterglow and drifted into sleep.

At that moment I realized that I was pleased to be her pet. The exhaustion of the sex made it easy for me to set aside my trepidation at the changes in my life that would begin with my arrival at Pembroke Farm.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XIV: Strip Searched**

I awoke the next morning feeling Grace's mouth and hands on my breasts. She kept kissing, giggling, and licking until she was sure that I was aroused. When she had each of my eight nipples erect, Grace turned around, and plunged her tongue into my vulva as she pressed her own sex to my lips. It was a half hour later, after we'd both climaxed when she pulled away, and after turning and kissing my lips softly.

"Buttercup, the car will be here to take us to the airport in two hours. I had one of the orderly's pack my things yesterday, while we were taking our walk. But we need to bath, and dress. I'm sort of looking forward to helping you dress. It will be kind of like having a daughter. Of course, if you were my daughter, what we just did would be naughty. But as you may have guessed, I really am rather naughty."

Grace laughed, and taking my hand led me into the bathroom where she told me to prepare our bath. I turned on the water, adjusted the temperature to be slightly hot, and added bath oil to the tub. The bathtub was big; large enough for us both. When it was two thirds full I turned off the water and we got in. Grace handed me a bar of moisturizing soap. I washed her and then she washed me. She told me to sure that every nook and cranny of her body was perfectly clean. When she was bathed to her own satisfaction, she took the soap and washed me. I was amazed at how thorough she was. She washed the parts of my vagina and anus that her fingers could reach.

After we were out of the tub and dry she showed me my small wardrobe, laid it out on the bed. There was a matching set of pink panties, bra and garter belt. They were very lacy with little dark pink ribbons marking the edges. Grace explained they were made from a material called stretch lace. The bra had soft cups, which proved to be the right decision. Since my top breasts partly rest on the breasts just below them, something with wires would have been uncomfortable. There was also a matching garter belt and a pair of dark gray opaque hose. Next to the under-things was a pink full slip, a gray jumper and a white blouse. On the bed by the dress were a pair of low healed black sandals, and a small black leather purse with a shoulder strap.

Grace helped me dress having me put on the bra first, which she adjusted for me. I was unsure about the hose. The whole garter belt hose thing was new to me.

"Buttercup, if I had you put these on yourself you'd ruin at least a pair or two in learning. I know I did when I starting to wear hose. It would be worth the investment if you were going to wear hose often but this may be the last time you have use for them for some time. Most women prefer pantyhose to nylon stockings, but I thought knowing you were in having to in garter belt and hose

would add a little extra spark to my thoughts about you as we travel today.”

Looking at myself in the mirror and seeing my collar was a shock to me. I’d never seen myself in clothes and the collar together. Grace saw a look of distress, she unlocked my collar and slipped a black velvet sheath onto it and then, after flipped the license around put it back around my neck and locked it in place.

Grace had me look in the mirror as she dressed. I saw a young woman looking back at me. Her neck, arms, and legs looked very thin. The slightly baggy jumper perfectly concealed my extra breasts. The license flipped over, was an attractive medallion depicting a mastiff bitch dog and her puppies. It was sweet and for a moment I almost looked forward to getting to play with Grace’s dogs. Then I remembered that I was to be the dog’s sex partner, perhaps as soon as that evening and started to tremble; I had to sit down. When she was dressed Grace noticed me sitting and trembling.

She came over and petted my hair a minute. She was wearing a black velvet pants suit and pink blouse.

“Nervous, Buttercup.”

I nodded my head and felt my eyes filling with tears.

“About flying.”

I shook my head.

“Ah, about what comes after, when we reach Pembroke Farm. I think I understand.

“If I promise that nothing will happen, nothing sexual, until you think you’re ready, will you work to get yourself ready as soon as you can, Buttercup Rose?”

I nodded and threw my arms around her waist shaking with relief. I knew what was expected of me, and intended to keep my bargain. But I was so relieved I didn’t have to embrace it, and the travel, and a new place to live, and new people, and the dogs, all on the same day.

She kept petting me and softly tried to sooth my nerves. “No young female, human or bitch, should be expected to become intimate until she has a chance to become acquainted with her new home and her new family. That includes you. Now can you stop crying?”

I nodded and tried to smile at her. I did stop crying and Grace went to do her makeup. She gave me my purse, to look over while she was busy. Opening it I found a woman’s billfold, and passport, a tub of lipstick, a comb and brush set, a nail file, and a compact. There were also four tampons. I remembered that I was long past due for my period and wondered why. I knew I wasn’t pregnant. Then it occurred to me, my period would be different. I was a bitch and bitches menstruate as part of being in heat, once or twice a year. Finally, something I liked about being a bitch. Once or twice a year seemed great compared to every 28 days.

I opened the passport and found a picture of me that must have been taken a day or two before, my own birth-date, and the name, ‘Buttercup Rose’.

I looked inside the billfold and found two-twenties, a ten, a five, and five ones. There was also a letter that explained that I was lost, that I was a mute, where I lived, and how to contact Grace and Brian Pembroke. It offered a thousand dollars to anyone who helped me get home. There was nothing else.

I looked up and Grace was grinning at me. "It's a woman's basis supplies; how to get home, enough money for an emergency and to buy something small on impulse, identification, and a basic makeup kit. It's yours to keep, although you won't have any use for it when we're at the farm. The tampons are there in case your purse is searched by customs. It would be odd if a young woman didn't have a few in her purse.

"At Pembroke Farm, you'll have your own small study where you can keep things that are yours, rest, invite friends to, and write letters. Brian and I won't read your mail, but Jill Lovejoy will. It's her job to make sure that you have as much freedom as is consistent with our contract. Remember, Jill will be visiting twice each year, and she will be visiting you, not Brian or I. She is your legal guardian and takes that role very seriously.

"Now, I want to do your makeup. I've wanted to put lipstick on you again for weeks. I think you'll look adorable with glossy hot pink lips."

She led me to the vanity and had me sit while she applied things from 'my' purse, and her own makeup kit to my face. It was strange to have her do my make up. I turned out better than I could have done, but when I was walking the streets I'd only used lipstick, and before I left home my father had screamed that makeup was a work of the devil.

"I want you looking so innocent and pretty when we get home, that Brian will think he's died and gone to heaven." She kept talking, giggling and explaining what she was doing as she worked. When she let me turn and look in the mirror, it was a shock. Looking back at me was a pretty girl with very unusual hair. I was amazed. The image in the mirror did look virginally innocent and young, with just the kind of sexual teasing I'd seen other girls achieve with makeup, but had no idea how to do. My thick brindle hair added the look giving the innocence look an exotic flavor.

Grace had us stand up in front of the full-length mirror together. She was much taller than I was, especially in the two-inch patent leather black pumps she was wearing. She looked mature, sophisticated, and elegant. I looked like her daughter or niece, who was still unsure of myself and slightly frightened of the whole idea of being grown-up. Or maybe I saw what I felt. At least I felt very unsure of myself and had to try to not think about sex to avoid collapsing in abject terror. At that moment I wished they'd just give me something to make me sleep until we were at the farm. At least then I could avoid thinking about what was coming for the hours and hours it would take to return to Oregon.

There was a knock at the door and Grace beamed at me, "Perfect timing. We're ready to go and the car is here to drive us to the airport." She collected her handbag and a small suitcase that she placed her makeup kit in, gave my handbag, and taking my hand led me out the door. As we came out the clinic's front door we saw the waiting Land Rover. Doctor Smithy, and Elizabeth were also there. Doctor Smithy came over and hugged me lightly, kissing me on the forehead.

"Buttercup, you're perfectly healthy now, and a stunningly young woman. I hope the future offers you only happiness. I think it will, if you can fully accept who and what you now are. Never think of yourself as less than human. You are more than human, not less. Always remember that."

He let me go and then hugged Grace. "I'll be visiting you and Buttercup on the Farm in six months, to make sure that she's OK, then every year for her annual exam. If I can't make it Doctor Jones will come in my place. But I can't imagine anything that could keep me away."

As soon as he started to hug Grace I found a crying Elizabeth in my arms, holding me tightly, kissing my cheek, and whispering. "Sweet girl, I will miss you more than I can say. If you ever need a friend, know that you can count on me."



As she let go of me she slipped a card in my jumper's pocket and hugged me again. "The card tells you how to contact me using the E-mail, and if you need to, how to find me. I know you have made the deal. But if you can't stand it, come to me, and we will find a way to make it better.

After hugging Doctor Smithy and Elizabeth again we got into the back of the car and the driver headed out to the road. In spite of being very worried about the changes occurring in my life, I found myself really enjoying watching the jungle roll by during the long drive. When we'd come from the airport to the clinic I was so sick I hardly noticed the beauty of the tropical forest. Grace pointed out a sloth on an overhanging branch and I was able to see three more during the drive. She knew the names of several colorful birds we passed. I remember particularly the Rosetta Spoonbills. They were bright pink, long thin legs and a duck like beak that was very long. We saw them standing in an open marshy area, and the birds pink color contrasted wonderfully with the blue of the sky being reflected on the dark water's surface.

When the car pulled onto the airfield, Grace's jet was there, waiting for us. She explained that she and Brian didn't actually own the plain. They belonged to a group that owned it and their part ownership gave them the right to its use several times each year.

"It's only a little more expensive than flying first class would be, and the luxury makes airline first class seem like coach on a commuter flight."

Since I'd never been on a commercial flight I was left wondering what she meant. Just as I wondered what Doctor Smithy and Jones real names were. It wasn't hard to figure out that the two men didn't want anyone to know what they'd done to me. I might someday be a footnote in a paper written by one or the other, but the experiment they'd done on me I was sure was unethical if not illegal.

A customs agent was waiting for us by the stairs leading up to the entrance of the jet. Grace gave him her passport and told me to do the same. The man flipped through Grace's, found something, and stamped a page. He did the same with my passport. Once we were on the plain I looked and found that the passport had two stamps. An entry and exit stamp, both from Ecuador.

I was a little surprised, I knew we must be south of Mexico, but I really didn't know quite where Ecuador was. The inside of the jet had large chairs, a couch, and a bar that Grace told me was well stocked with food as well as a variety of drinks. Grace had me sit down in one of the chairs and fasten my seat belt. She then went to the bar, mixed herself a drink, and brought it, and a glass of sparkling water back and sat down, fastening her own seat belt. She passed me the water, and said it would be good for my stomach.

"I'm having a martini, Buttercup, but as a pet, you don't drink alcohol. You're not of legal age, anyway and the pilots that come with the jet, tend to be sticklers about that rule. When we were on the Farm you can have a little beer whenever we let the other dogs have some. Ajax is very fond of beer.

"We do give the dogs a sedative when we fly with them. Buttercup, would you like a sedative?" Grace's comment had come as she'd observed me digging my fingers into the arms of my chair. I nodded, and she opened her purse and passed me a pill.

"This is valium, Buttercup Rose. Doctor Smithy gave it to me in case you needed it. It will relax you."

I took the pill, knowing that the level of tension within me was mounting with each stage of our journey back to Oregon.

The first leg of the flight lasted five hours and was smooth and uneventful. Within a half-hour the Valium had me feeling so relaxed that the prospect of what would happen at the end of the journey seemed remote and free of threat.

We stopped in Los Angeles and refueled. The U.S. customs agents also came aboard, with drug two drug-sniffing dogs; they were both German Shepherds. They looked at our passports, asked about the value of items we were returning with, and then did a slow walk around the jet letting the dogs sniff everything. If I hadn't had the Valium I would have panicked. Whenever one of the dogs got near me it would pull toward me. I smelled the dogs and then I smelled myself. I smelled like a dog but different. It was at that moment that I understood the distinct difference between the scent of a dog and that of a bitch. The customs agents became suspicious.

Grace jokingly explained that I must be 'ovulating'. She said that when she did, her own dogs always behaved the same way. The agents weren't buying it.

They used their walky-talky to ask for a woman agent. When she arrived the two men left with Grace and the dogs, while the woman agent strip-searched me; Grace informed her that I was a mute and asked her to be gentle with me, as I was still rather innocent and shy. It was terrible. The woman had me undress completely, and then snapped on a pair of surgical gloves. When she turned back and saw my eight breasts and the tattoo on my lower abdomen, her chin nearly hit the floor. She kept trying to ask me questions about my strange body, and then remembering that I was a mute.

Her name tag said she was Agent Walters. She became very frustrated and angry and proceeded with the search. She was rough, especially when she insisted on feeling inside my anus and vagina. She was surprised at how tight my vaginal entrance was. Then she became embarrassed. I was crying from the pain and humiliation. She told me I could get dressed and sat down on the couch, waiting and watching me.

I was so upset that I fumbled a little with the garter belt and bra but was able to get them back on in time. I was crying the whole time. I was making silent gasps for breath between my sobs. When I had my clothes back on, she patted the place next to her and had me sit down. Taking my hand in hers she apologized. Tears continued streaming down my face. Agent Waters continued, although she clearly was surprised that I made no noise when I cried. After ten minutes I was able to stop crying. All the time the agent held my hand repeating her apology.

"You're a virgin, aren't you?" She asked when I was calmer. I nodded and felt there was no deception. I would have been surprised if any thirteen-year old girl's sense of her own virginity was stronger than the feelings I had about my vagina at that time.

"And you're a mutant. Are your many breasts and inability to speak all part of the same mutation?"

I nodded again, and didn't feel like I was lying.

"I'm, Agent Waters, I should have figured it out sooner. I didn't mean to be harsh with you. We get so many people trying to smuggle drugs into the county that if the dogs behave strangely we automatically do a strip-search. You would be surprised at the number of times I've found plastic bags filled with drugs stuffed in a young woman's body. That's the reason I didn't connect the tightness around your vaginal entrance to your being a very young woman, at least for a while.

"I don't want to hurt you, dear. I didn't feel anything inside you that shouldn't be there. Will you promise me that I didn't miss anything that, I'll take your word for it. Otherwise, I'll have to do my job, and search your anus. Do you promise?"

I nodded and put my hand on hers to emphasize my thanks. She hugged me, and kissed my cheek, then left. A few minutes later Grace returned. She found me crying and doubled over in almost a fetal position. She was upset too, but came over and sat beside me and started to pet me. She spoke soothingly and her voice and her gentle petting helped me stop crying. When I was composed, I smiled at her and kissed her hand. Grace explained that Agent Waters had asked her many questions

about my strange anatomy.

"I'll have to remember this, if Brian and I ever take you out of the country. But it's OK, Buttercup. Agent Waters was very sympathetic. She explained that she had discovered that you were a virgin, only after she had searched you. She apologized and recommended that you get some kind of Doctors letter to carry with your passport. I showed her a letter I had from Doctors Smithy and Jones, and she asked why I hadn't shown it to her before.

"She was upset believing that she'd hurt and embarrassed you. I know that was difficult for you. It should be the worst experience of this trip, and it's over. Do you want another Valium, Buttercup?

I nodded and Grace handed me another of the pills. By the time the plane was again in the air I was feeling calm. Grace brought me a sandwich and some water. She even allowed me to eat sitting in a chair, explaining since I was wearing human clothes I may as well, this one time, eat as if I were a human.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XV: Pembroke Farm**

The second leg of the flight took seven hours. Grace gave me another sandwich to eat, and insisted I get up and walk around every hour, and made sure I drank lots of water and juice. I was a little surprised when we landed in Salem, Oregon. We'd taken off from Portland and I'd expected that we would return through that airport. When we went down the stairs to the tarmac a black limousine was waiting for us. The driver collected Grace's bags, of course I didn't have any, and loaded them into the trunk.

"Sam, this is our new bitch, Buttercup Rose," Grace said indicating me. My cheeks become hot, but I managed to neither run away nor cry.

"She is very pretty, Mrs. Pembroke. I'm sure that you and the master will enjoy adding her to the household kennel. We have all missed having a bitch in the Kennel. Thor and Ajax are so much more at peace when they have feminine company."

Sam was about sixty then, with thinning white hair and a large handlebar mustache. He was a good six feet tall and quite thin.

Grace turned to me, "Buttercup, Sam is part of the household. He's been with us forever. He's chauffeur, valet, butler, and friend. He manages the staff and sees that the farm is well maintained. He wouldn't think of taking advantage of you and you may count on him to protect you. He has read our contract and has agreed to treat you as is prescribed. He does not share Brian and my sexual tastes. Neither does Lilly, our cook or her husband Peter, who is the handy man around the farm.

Not knowing what to do, I bowed to Sam, who laughed. "Mrs. Pembroke she's completely charming. It will be a great pleasure having her at the farm."

Grace had me get in the back and then followed me in. Once the door was closed she reached over and unlocked my collar. Grace removed the velvet collar, flipped my license around, and put it back on me. Then she startled me by attaching a long leather leash to the collar.

Throughout the time on the airplane I became increasingly aware of a change in Grace Pembroke's manner toward me. Before we'd left the clinic she had been very friendly and playful. After the disaster in Los Angeles, as we flew toward Oregon she became increasingly distant. She seemed to

find more and more opportunities of reminding me that I had agreed to live, completely as her dog. Even with the Valium, I became nervous about what the future would bring. I found myself constantly reminding myself that I had been promised, in a contract, that aside from the oddity of living as a well cared for, even pampered dog, the worse that would be done to me was sex, and that an effort would be made to ensure I enjoyed it.

My salvation was remembering that Jill Lovejoy was my attorney now, and would be taking care of my interests. I decided that I must write her again as soon as possible. Suddenly, I found myself longing for her first visit to be the next day, although I knew it wasn't planned to occur for another three months.

Reflecting on my situation, I realized that I had already lived for nearly a year by offering sex to strangers for money. I reminded myself that my future couldn't be as bad as that had been. Grace had already shown me that she cared about my pleasure, as well as her own. Even the dogs would always be the same dogs. Although strange, even bizarre, I knew the experience would not match the terror of climbing into car after car, not knowing if the john would hurt me, kill me, give me AIDS, or pay be when he'd finished using me.

For an hour the car drove through the rolling and then flat country that lies southwest of Salem. Grace explained that Pembroke Farm was located near the Finally National Wildlife Refuge. In fact one edge of the farm abuts a marsh that is part of the refuge.

We had been driving beside a well-maintained barbed wire fence for ten minutes, it was nearly dusk when we turned through a gate onto a smooth gravel road. The fence had been six feet high with a strand of barbed wire every foot from its base to the top. The gate was galvanized metal frame with chain link filling the area from the top, also six feet high, to the bottom. Across the top of the gate were the words, "Pembroke Farm," wrote in heavy black iron. The gate swung closed behind us. I was in shock for a moment, I suddenly had a glimpse of how big Pembroke Farm was. Later I learned that the Farm covered roughly four square miles, over 2,600 acres. At the time I couldn't imagine anyone owning so much land. After years of living on the Farm, and explored it, its size become comprehensible.

When we'd traveled about a one-quarter-mile from the highway, Grace told Sam to stop the car. She had me get out of the car with her, all the time holding my leash. Then she surprised me saying, "Buttercup, it's time to get undressed. I'm sure you remember, you don't wear clothes at Pembroke Farm."

I hesitated for a second, somewhat embarrassed to undress before Sam, who was watching the proceedings with interest. The air was cold, and the idea of being nude seemed less appealing than it had in the heat of the tropics. A stern look came across Grace's face and I understood I didn't have a choice.

I quickly took off my dress and blouse. The bra came next, but then I hesitated. I was cold and I didn't want to sit on the colder ground to remove my shoes and hose.

"Buttercup!" Grace said firmly. Remembering that I had agreed to obey, I slipped my panties down my legs. The garter belt and shoes came next. Finally, I was able to slip the hose off my legs balancing on one foot at a time. Without knowing if I should, I carefully folded the garments and putting them in a neat stack, handed them to Grace. She wouldn't take them.

"Sam, please take the clothes Buttercup is holding. Have them laundered and put them in the closet in the little room that she is to have as her own.

"Brian said he'd have you move a small chest of drawers in there?"

"It's there, Madam, along with the low writing table you requested." Sam said leaving the car and coming around. In the failing light of the day he saw me standing nude before him, holding out the smile pile of fabric and my shoes. Sam stopped dead in his tracks and starred at me.

"My God!" Was all he could say after two minutes of looking without blinking at my eight breasts.

"Are they all real?"

I felt the blood rushing to my cheeks and wanted to hide. This was the second time in a day that I'd been forced to expose to a stranger. Standing in the growing dark, with the cold seeping into me, I wished for more Valium.

"Sam, that's quite enough. Yes, they are all real. You can look at them all you like later. Right now Buttercup is getting cold. I hadn't intended this taking so long.

"Buttercup, you can get back in the car now. I only wanted you to arrive at the house, in your role as our pet. It wasn't my intention to freeze you."

I followed her to the car and got in, after placing my clothing in Sam's hands. He was still starrng and hadn't moved when I sat down. Although we were out of sight of the highway, my experience with Sam, and earlier with Agent Waters, had me looking around for others who would be surprised by my appearance. I was lucky. After Sam recovered his composure, he got back in the car and drove us another half mile down the drive to the front of a large house. It was almost dark, so I wasn't able to tell much about the building other than it was very big and one story high. I could also make out the shape of a large barn like structure and another smaller building. The sound of barking came from the smaller building. The barks were deep throated and very loud, but they didn't sound angry. Then I caught it. A scent that was new to me. Without knowing how I knew, it was clear to me that it was the scent of dogs, large male dogs.

As we got out of the car, Grace patted my shoulder. "Buttercup, that's Thor and Ajax barking. They can tell it's me and they are saying they have missed me. After you've met Brian and settled in a little, I'll go visit them for a little while. Unless you really want to go with me, I was thinking we'd put off your meeting them until tomorrow or the next day; after you have gotten a good nights sleep and settled in a little. Do you like that idea?"

I nodded vigorously, realizing that Grace had become adept at asking me questions that had only a yes or no answer. I decided it was a good thing, given that she didn't like me to always be writing notes.

"Are you ready to go in and meet Brian, and the rest of the household?"

I was naked and it was cold. Perhaps it seemed colder than it was. After all, I'd just returned from more than three months in the tropics. The prospect of warmth overcame my reluctance to face still more people who were sure to stare.

Again I nodded.

She turned to me, still holding my leash, and said "Heal, Buttercup, I want to show you off to Brian. He'll be really impressed when he sees what an obedient little bitch you are."

I fell into the heal position and followed her, to her left and slightly behind. I was careful to notice

and respond to her every change of pace and direction. My focus on Grace also helped me forget my fears, at least for the moment. She lead me up the stairs onto a wide deep covered porch; then through a set of double doors into what seemed a vast entry hall. The floor was slate, and cool, but much warmer than the pavement outdoors had been. As soon as the door closed the warmth of the room surrounded me like a warm blanket.

"Buttercup, I had Brian raise the house's temperature for your arrival. We normally keep the house at 68 degrees, but it's 75 now. We'll be slowly dropping the temperature back down over the next week or two as you get used to being in Oregon.

"We're meeting Brian in the living room. Lilly and Peter may be there also. If they aren't they will go meet them in the kitchen."

Grace unclipped the leash from my collar, "We're going in off-leash. Do it just as we practiced. The commands are the same, and your response is to be the same. Being off-leash means that I trust you to obey my commands. The purpose of the leash is to either compel obedience or reassure strangers that you are under control.

"If you are as obedient as you were in Central America, there will be no need for me to ever put the leash on you again. Do you understand, Buttercup Rose?"

I nodded. In the weeks that we'd practiced following Grace's commands had become more than a habit. Grace had heaped praise and affection on me when I'd obeyed. I'd become eager for chances to obey that would charm her into additional praising.

"Will you be obedient and justify my confidence in you?"

Again, I nodded.

Grace smiled and petted my hair and said, "Good girl! Good, Buttercup!" She then lightly caressed my breasts and kissed me softly on the cheek. "I'll find a way for a really nice reward for you soon."

She turned and started down the hall. Without thinking I fell into position just behind her and to her left. I didn't need to know where we were going. I only needed to hold position. I remember at the time my only problem was not losing concentration. Grace's suggestion of a reward had me excited. I wondered which of the ways she'd demonstrated for bringing me ecstasy she'd use.

Grace entered a room on her right about twenty feet down the hall. The opening was through a set of wide oak double pocket doors and the ceiling in the room beyond was over ten feet high. For a moment all that I saw was books. The walls were lined with books from the floor to the ceiling and the gathering darkness outside windows had become mirrors reflecting walls of book. The bookcases and moldings in the room were all in the same light amber colored natural oak that the double doors were made from. Later I found that the entire house was trimmed with light oak using the same mellow finish.

Entering the room I smelled it. It was familiar yet strong. Understanding came to me in an explosion. It was a man. One who used this room often and was in it. I knew at that moment that I would always be able to recognize the man by his scent alone; although I knew that most people would think it impossible. My head moved, following the scent, and I saw him.

He'd been sitting in an overstuffed Morris chair, evidently reading. On seeing us enter he set his book aside and, grinning at me, stood up. He was looking at me closely, but didn't seem surprised by my unusual brindle hair or my breasts.

Grace stopped in the middle of the room and I stopped in perfect heel position. We were facing the man. He was tall, nearly six feet, and had longish white hair, a well-trimmed white mustache and goatee. I realized that he was older than Grace. He was wearing black slacks and a charcoal gray sweater over a cotton turtleneck. His body was thin, and lightly muscled. He looked like he exercised a lot.

I was studying him as much as he was looking at me. I was amazed at how much information my nose provided. I could tell that he had recently bathed and shampooed his hair. His cloths were fresh and smelled slightly of soap. There was a musky sent also. Startled I realized that it was his genitals and that he was becoming aroused from looking at me. I was amazed that my sense of smell had improved so much. I remember hoping that his arousal was his response to Grace's return, and had nothing to do with me.

"Brian, this is Buttercup Rose, " Grace said as she almost absent-mindedly petted by head and gently massaged my neck. "She really is just the sweetest little bitch, and I know your just going to love adding her to our kennel."

"The man held out his hand toward me and said, "You're a very pretty girl, Buttercup, come over and get my sent. I know we're going to be great friends. You're clearly a perfect addition to the Pembroke Farm kennel"

I glanced at Grace Pembroke, I hadn't been released, and knew I must stay in position. She smiled at me and said the release words, "Pretty Nipples.

"Buttercup Rose, go over and meet Brian. I know you two are going to be great friends."

Hesitantly I slowly walked over to the man, the feel of my breasts moving with each step and the carpet on my feet were constant reminders that I was naked. When I was three feet in front of the man, I stopped and bent over slightly to sniff his outstretched hand. His smell was strong, but pleasant. A could plainly see that he was erect, and if I'd been blind my nose, with its new abilities, would have told me he was ready for sex. I felt the muscles at the entrance to my vagina relax and caught the sent of my own arousal. I hoped that I wouldn't become so wet that it would show. I was glade that neither Brian, or Grace, could smell me, the way I could smell them. In the background I noticed that Grace's scent had changed; she too was aroused. Caught between the passions of these two people, that I'd sold myself to, I shivered.

Although my anatomy was priming itself for sex, the idea was terrifying. The realization that I'd been lulled into a false sense of security by my time with Grace, as she'd prepared me by fostering my desire to be touched and petted. That had been only a pleasant taste of sensuality. Now, here at the farm it was an all-consuming reality.

My body was out of my control. I had no desire to be aroused, but the thing they had made me into, scented the ready male and it, not me, was in control of my reactions. As Brian reached out and stroked my hair, an involuntary shudder of pleasure moved from his hand through my body. His stepped a little closer and his hand moved to the back of my neck; another, stronger shudder, moved from my neck down to my vulva. I felt a heat there and the entry to my sex relaxed still more. The man stepped closer and began softly stroking my naked back and the sensitive flesh on my exposed rump. My nipples extended and I felt by chest flush and swell with excitement. Wetness dripped out of me and began to spread across my thighs.

As he continued to pet and caress me Brian kept murmuring, "Pretty Buttercup, sweet girl, good doggy, pretty doggy." He kept speaking softly to me and petting me until I felt the excitement in my

sex turn into desire. I was frightened but I wanted him to take me, filling the special place within me.

This was the real beginning of my life as a dog. One of the kennel, kept at Pembroke Farm.

Butter looked up as a message came onto the screen. Her battery power was low and the white box told her to save her work or lose it. She followed the machine's instructions and looked around for the plug in. Then she remembered, her light was on battery power, and the wall outlets would be without power until eight in the morning; when the small coastal town's generator would be turned on again. Glancing outside she realized that it was well past midnight, and she'd been writing for at least over two hours.

I'm tired, she realized. I'd have to finish this tomorrow, even if the laptop battery wasn't empty. A soft look filled her eyes as her eye moved to Allison's sleeping form. I love her. But will she understand? The only way to know is to tell her. If we were to stay together she'll find out, and then be upset that I hadn't been honest with her, even if she accepts what I am. But I don't know if I can risk telling her. If she believes me, she may feel I've become a monster.

Butter was too tired to think. She stood up and turned off the dim gas light she'd had on. The stars were so bright out that she could easily make out the bed, and Allison's shapely form. She walked to the bed, took off her light satin robe, and slipped between the sheets. The sound of the surf on below their little cabana was calming. Nude, she cuddled next to Allison. Butter felt comfortable. Her last thought as sleep overwhelmed her was, I don't know if I'll ever get use to wearing clothes. Especially here where it's nice and warm and the air is so soft.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XVI: A Revelation**

Sunlight streamed through the louvers of the cabana's east facing wall, warming the room and adding a soft glow to the soft sheets and satin skin of the two sleeping women, while cuddling closely together on the double bed. A mass of blond hair and a softly brown tanned shoulder rested on one pillow, a leg that matched the shoulder's tan projected out from between the sheets. The soft toes on the end of the leg were slowly swallowed in the bright sunlight that was filling the mahogany paneled room. On the adjacent pillow a softly feminine face was surrounded with a thick main of shoulder length brindle hair. Butter's skin was darker, and her tan was more golden, than Allison's. A pink nipple adorning a small breast punctuated her tanned skin, with only a rosy hint of lighter tan near her navel. The view of skin extended to reveal a golden abdomen ornamented with a small colorful tattoo and a little wedge of brindle colored fur located at the top of a completely hairless vulva with its delicate dark pink lips. One long naked leg was exposed below the pubis, resting on top of the sheets.

Allison awoke, feeling the sunlight on her foot. She grinned. Butter's hand rested softly on her shoulder and the exotic beauty's hip was wedged lightly between the petal like cheeks of the blonde's soft bottom. Allison carefully rolled over and softly kissed her lover's slightly parted lips. A moment later she felt those lips come alive as they answered her kiss. The kiss went on for some time as the two young women's hands began caressing each other. The blonde let her right hand drift down to Butter's exposed breasts and softly teased the nipple until she felt it extend and throb between her finger and thumb erection. Warmth bathed the room as the morning light baked away the slight chill that night had left. Allison swept the sheets back and smiled at the exotic feminine beauty of her friend's curvature.



Butter tried to bring her right hand to Allison's breasts, but the Blonde firmly grasped the hand and kissed her more fiercely. A minute later the two sets of lips parted and Allison murmured, "Remember, sweetness, you sent me to the moon last night. Now it's my turn to be the pleasure giver. You know, it can be at least as good to give as it is to receive."

Butter grinned and lay back down on the bedding, allowing the motion to part her thighs. Smiling, Allison lowered her lips to the petite mounds of the two breasts that were just barely above Butter's groin. As the blonde's lips teased, first the right, then the left pink nipple into further swelling, she heard her brindle haired lover begin to breath heavily. Dropping lower, the blonde pressed her tongue between the dark pink lips of Butters vulva, finding the already aroused clitoris and exciting it more.

Butter was gasping for breath when her lover gently pried her thighs further apart, and lowered herself between them. Hands slipped under Butter's thighs and grasped her hips. The brindle haired girl clasped her eyes shut, surrendering to pleasure as she felt Allison's tongue begin probing in and out of her entrance.

The blonde alternated between licking the length of her lover's cleft, sucking lightly on the little erect bud, and then probing Butter's insides with her tongue. Allison noticed how different Butter's flavor was. It was different before, but she'd never been able to drink so much of Butter's lubricants before. She felt intoxicated by the flavor and her own mounting passion. When her lovers whole body shuddered in release a sudden flow of Butter's liquids gushed into her mouth.

The taste was strong, and somehow wild. Like no other girls she'd ever known. It was completely different from her musky flavor. As she savored the moment she thought she could taste cool nights and deep woods and moonlight flowing across her tongue. Mixed in were longings, strong and alien. So different she hardly knew how o describe them. As Butter's body relaxed, and Allison had more time to savor the flavor, she thought that at least one of the longings were for little mouths nursing at milk rich breasts.

I'll have to ask her about that, If I can do it without frightening her. Oh! I wish she would trust me enough to tell it all to me. I know she's frightened she'll lose me somehow. But that's so silly. Nothing she could have in her background would change the fact that she's the sweetest, kindest girl I've ever known. I wish we'd met years ago. It would have saved me all the time I've wasted trying to find the right man. Now I truly know. What I'm seeking is the right woman, and its Butter, if she'll just agree to have me. I want her to be mine, and I want to be hers, more than any love I've ever felt.

When Butter was still, Allison lifted her head and grinned at her lover. Instantly Butter was on top of her, holding Allison down, and softly licking her face clean of the coating of girl juice that covered the blonde.

When she was completely clean Butter began to work her way down Allison's throat. The blonde laughed and stopped her, gently taking her hands and pulling them together in a lingering kiss.

"Butter, if you do that we'll miss breakfast. Besides, I want to stay all hot and bothered. Through our shower, and breakfast, and lunch too. I want to stay excited until we come back her for a nap after lunch. It will be a great tease, just being near you will keep me hot and eager. Then, this afternoon, we can play. And not stop till we're exhausted."

Butter hugged her and kissed her neck, then winking at Allison she jumped out of the bed and ran for the shower. The blonde was quick to follow. In the shower there was plenty of water, all warmed

by the sun to a temperature that was slightly cooler than their skin, but warmer than the air in the cabana.

The two carefully washed each other, spending a luxurious amount of time on each other's hair. Butter kept trying to slip a soapy hand down Allison's pubic area, but giggling the blonde pushed her hand away.

"I said, no! I want to spend the whole day needing you. Then when I finally let you have your way with me I'll be like a bitch in heat." Allison's own laughter caused her to miss the look of mixed pain and concern that crossed her lover's face as she spoke.

By the time they were drying each other Butter was composed again. There was something about her that bothered the blonde. A sense of determination, that was almost feral.

Allison slipped on a yellow string bikini, as underwear; followed by light cotton shorts, and an oversized long sleeve light cotton shirt. The shorts and the shirt were light blue. Looking in the mirror the blonde smiled. Her bikini was noticeable under her outer clothing; noticeable enough so the kitchen staff in the hotel's little restaurant would be able to tell her bikini bottom was a thong. She felt very naughty and smiled. The sense of excitement in her core remained, and was building.

Butter slipped into her own somewhat baggy one piece white bathing suit, and put a loose green sundress over it. The dress looked a little odd, given her slim neck, narrow shoulders, and trim legs. It looked more like the kind of covering a fattish woman would wear to camouflage her bulk; rather than something a trim twenty something girl would choose.

As they were about to leave Butter's eye was caught by her iBook. She frowned, then almost marched over and plugged it into a wall outlet to recharge.

The two young women collected their purses, and slipped into sandals. Locking the door behind them, they walked, holding hands down to the little air restaurant. It was late, and they were able to get their favorite table. It looked out over the sheltered lagoon and beach just north of the hotel; the place that they would go to sun and swim in an hour. As they went to the table Allison was careful to let the three men that staffed the restaurant get a good look, with the morning sunlight behind her. She almost laughed as she gawked at her, but felt it was a kind of like tipping them; giving them a little morning sexual thrill. Butter grinned at her and after they were seated, wrote a note and passed it to the blonde.

"You're being naughty, girlfriend. But I can't keep from smiling; I'm so completely in love with you it seems cute."

Allison grinned and blew Butter a kiss.

The staff had quickly figured out that the two pretty young women were lesbian's; that didn't keep them from looking and enjoying the sight of two such pretty girls. The pair were clearly in love, that they'd been treated with indulgent courtesy. Allison had suggested that the men were hoping to get to watch them together. They had caught several, trying to spy on them as they played on the beach. Of course, they'd never let them know they'd been caught. Once and a while they even put on a little show for their hidden watchers. Several times, Allison had gone out of her way to turn her nicely rounded bottom, covered by only the hint of fabric that the bikini's thong provided. She'd also been a little slow to retie the bikini's top when she'd been sunning her back, allowing the watching men to get a nice view of the side of a breast.

Remembering the fun she'd had teasing the men, Allison realized that Butter had never teased the men. She'd always been completely modest. Although Allison knew that the brindle haired girl was

more comfortable nude than in clothing.

Carlos, the waiter, brought Allison her usual mug of strong Costa Rican coffee. Butter always had sparkling water. The exotic girl treated the carbonated water like it was a great indulgence and seemed to enjoy it immensely.

As they waited for the plate of fruit with granola that they always shared for breakfast, Allison determined to try and get Butter to trust her. She was very surprised by the result.

"Butter, I wish you'd trust me with your story. You know I love you. I'm much more afraid of losing you than you think. There is nothing that you may have done that could change how I feel."

Across the table Butter looked back at Allison. There was surprise, fear, and relief all mixed in her expression. She opened her purse and pulled out her pad of paper and a green pen. Allison saw it was the small pad Butter had purchased from a shop in San Jose that specialized in Costa Rican products. The paper was a yellowish brown and was made from banana palms. The pad was three by four inches; it was perfect for short notes. The pen was new too. It had green ink that for some reason Butter thought was very novel and amusing.

Butter wrote for a minute, and then tearing the sheet off the pad, passed it to Allison.

"My, dear sweet Allison," it began. "I decided I must tell you my story and my secrets. I love you too, and between lovers secrets should be shared. I wrote my story, at least the first part of it on the laptop last night. I wrote all I could before the battery ran out.

"The laptop is charging now. You may read what I wrote, whenever you want. After you have read what is already there, if you want to know more, I'll finish the story. I could do so tonight. But, Allison, I'm so frightened. My story is strange and you may find it repulsive. If you read it you must promise not to hate me. You can leave me, or not want to touch me, I could live with that; but I think I'd die if you hated me."

Allison read and then reread the note. When she looked up she saw tears in Butter's eyes. The young woman's lip was quivering. Allison knew that Butter, her lover, was terrified.

She reached across the table taking Butter's hands in her own and said, "Sweetheart, I love you. You have nothing to fear. The only thing that could have kept us apart was hiding things from each other. Butter, don't you see! You've done the one thing that insures that nothing will separate us.

"Why don't I read it right after breakfast. Then you can set aside all the silly fears and insecurities your feeling." Allison leaned forward and kissed each of Butter's hands.

There their breakfast arriving interrupted their moment of intimacy. As they ate, Allison smiled and chatted, but could tell that her lover was still frightened.

I must be as good as my word, she decided. If I read what she's written, and then reject her she may never trust me, or anyone again. Looking at the frightened girl across from her she was suddenly filled with fear. What can her secret be, that she fears my learning of it so much?

Allison took Butter's hand for the short walk through the jungle to their cabana. When they were inside she turned and hugged Butter, kissing her softly on the cheek. She walked over to the laptop and opened it, then turned it on. As she waited for the screen to come-alive she looked up smiling reassuringly at her lover.

Then the screen lighted up, the system and extensions booted, and the hard drive opened. There it was, under 'Documents', a file titled, "My Story." Allison was surprised. The file was huge, nearly 250K. She looked up.

"Butter, you must have written all night?"

The brindle haired girl tried to smile and nodded.

Allison sat down, she considered putting off reading the story, the sound of the surf below the cabana with the bright sunlight that was all around her, beckoned. But the look of fear in Butter's eyes decided her. She will be tormented until I've read this and then pronounced her fit to be with. I must read it now.

She opened the file, and then looked up. "Sweetheart, you wrote so much. It will take me hours to read it. Why don't you take a walk on the beach or go for a swim in the lagoon. I promise I'll be here when you return. No matter what is in your story, I promise I won't hate you. Oh, Butter. How could you think I might? Hating you would be like hating the sunlight."

Butter came over and hugged Allison, kissing her cheek. She typed, "I'll trust you and be brave."

Then she picked up her towel and left, for the beach.

Allison began to read. As she read her look changed from surprise to shock to horror. She read without a break for two hours. When the file was at its end she sat back in the chair. She was crying, and had been for over an hour, reading, between her tears.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XVII: An Empty Cabana**

Buttercup returned to the cabana three hours later. She'd started back, and stopped three times before she made it as far as the door. She stood, terrified looking at the door; afraid to go in, and afraid not to.

If I wait too long, it will make it worse. She must have finished it by now. Then the girl realized what she was doing. If she's packing to leave, I don't want to walk in on her. But that's cowardly. I made her promise not to hate me. She's a wonderful person. Allison promised, and she'll keep her word. She really doesn't know how to hate anyway. Do I hate myself? Is that why I think she'll hate me?

Butter pushed open the door and went in. It was the bravest thing she'd ever done. The entry was empty. Hesitantly Butter glanced into the bathroom. It too was empty. She slowly walked into the living room. Allison wasn't on the bed or at the desk. On the desk was her laptop. She stepped over to the desk, the computer's screen was blank but the sleeping light was blinking. She tapped the space key, and watched as the screen came back on. Her story came up. It was on the last page.

Allison read it all.

Again the brindle haired girl looked around. There was nowhere else. Glancing beyond the bed, Butter saw Allison's bag. She stepped over and looked. It was open and half filled. Stepping to the wall of louvered doors, Butter went out to the veranda. Allison wasn't in the hammocks or the chairs. Below Butter heard the surf, beckoning. It was 150 feet down to the jagged rocks.

She's packing to leave me. She probably left to arrange for transportation.

Butter heard the sea again, calling. It would be over quick, Butter thought. But I can't do that, not unless I know she hates me. If she hates me then I must choose. I'll either die today, or live the rest of my life as a dog. I know I couldn't stand coming out into the human world again.

Tears burst from her eyes and she staggered to a chair, falling into it. Sobbing and crying; Butter was lost between fear and self-loathing. She was as fearful that she'd hurt her sweet Allison, as much as she feared she'd lost her. How could I hope she'd love someone who isn't even human?

She silently cried and cried, unable to stop. She held herself, shaking and sobbing. Butter felt lost. Only her hope; that Allison hadn't left yet, kept her from the railing. She must come back to get her bag. She will tell me she doesn't hate me. She must!

She mustn't hate me! She mustn't hate me! Butter said to herself over and over as she began rocking back and forth. She heard the sea calling. Its voice grew louder until her world contracted to the sound of the surf and her own repeated thought, She mustn't hate me!

Butter rocked back and forth lost in her pain and the call of the sea. She didn't hear the parrots that flew overhead. The faint sound of mariachi music playing at the little restaurant Punta Dominica, a hundred yards away didn't register. Much later, when the cabana's door opened, she didn't hear it. She hadn't heard anything since she started to rock back and forth.

Allison returned to the cabana. She'd stopped at the restaurant and been told there, that her friend had come back from the beach, more than two hours before. Standing in front of the hardwood door Alison froze, unsure of what she would do when she went inside.

Two hour. She's been there two hour. She found me gone, after I promised she'd find me here. She found my bags half packed after I told her that nothing could shake my love. What kind of a monster am I; to tell her I love her, and that there is nothing that could shake my love, only to abandon her when she so vulnerable. That's as bad as the betrayal I felt when Nick, abused me!

Tears of shame filled her eyes. Still unsure of just what she would do, Allison pushed open the door and went in.

She'd walked for hours, trying to understand her own near violent mix of feelings. Reading Butter's story had made all the little hints and anomalies about her exotic lover come together. The first horror had been learning that Butter had been a prostitute.

But she's not a whore now! Seeing her, touching her, it's impossible to imagine her ever having been one. In some ways she's the purest girl I've ever known.

The second horror was that she'd been kept mistress of a couple that, from Allison's perspective, took the grand prize for kinkiness. But, reading the story of Butters abused life as a child, and then as a homeless street kid who was dieing of kidney failure had wrung Allison's heart; it had made the pain of learning that Butter had once been a street walker evaporate.

Allison tried to imagine the pain of knowing you were dying while trying to stay alive, for just a few more weeks, by selling her body. It left her shaking and a [SPAM] of tears that had erupted from her eyes.

Allison had sat on a driftwood log, at the tree-line, next to the beach and cried. Who am I to judge the terms under which Butter should accepted life instead of death?

The blonde searched her heart, and realized that her own desire to live would be enough to accept

life on terms, as degrading as those Butter had.

But she's not human. Not only has she engaged in bestiality, she's part beast herself! The thought had been with her since she finished the story. She felt revulsion, as she remembered the unusual taste of Butter's sex. She didn't understand her feelings about it. If it was exotic and intoxicating a few hours ago, why is it so repugnant now?

As she pushed open the door she had no answers. Her mind was a maze of conflicting emotions and desires. Looking around she saw that the cabana appeared empty. Her eye drifted to her half empty suitcase and she recoiled. How could I have started to pack, Butter has been generous and loving. I owe her at least an explanation.

Where could she be?

"Butter, Butter are you here?" Allison said aloud.

She glanced into the bathroom. It was empty. She remembered the wild look in Butter's eyes when she'd begged not to be hated. Then a fear arose in her that surpassed all her other emotions. The cliff! And the rocks! Please, God! Not that!

As Allison ran out onto the veranda she imaged Butter's silent plunge. No one would hear her because she can't make a sound!

Looking over the railing Allison scanned the rocky beach below. "Thank, God!" She said when she was certain there was no body on the sharp rocks of the cliff, or the stone strewn beach at the waters edge.

Turning she stopped. There was Butter. She was sitting and softly rocking back and forth in a chair ten feet away. Her lips were silently moving. Allison took a step toward the brindle haired girl. Looking closer she saw that Butters eyes were fixed, unmoving.

"Butter. Butter, we need to talk. I want to talk about it, Butter. Butter!"

The blonde began to worry. Butter continued to rock back and forth, hugged her legs to her chest, in a near fetal position. The blonde stepped over to the chair and looked down.

"Butter, it's Allison. Can't you hear me?"

But the girl in the chair just continued rocking back and forth. Allison watched her lips, trying to figure out what Butter was trying to say. Then it became clear, "She mustn't hate me. That's what she's saying. Saying it over and over! Oh my, God! What have I done?"

Allison stepped back in shock. "How could I have been so cruel?"

She came back and wrapping her arms gentle around the girl in the chair kissed her cheek. "Butter, I don't hate you. I could never hate you. You're my sweet kind lover. Oh, Butter. Please, let me know you hear me! Please!"

Butter didn't seem to hear Allison, or even know that she was there.

A deep fear was forming in Allison's chest. She feared that something inside Butter was broken. Something in her mind wasn't working and that damage was her from connecting to reality. As the blonde began to caress Butter she said the kinds of reassuring things that she'd say to a frightened animal or child.

The blonde kept hugging her and speaking calmly and then she remembered. In the story, Butter learned to like to be petted. God! I guess I'll try anything.

"It will be OK, Butter. Just come back. Sweet girl. Pretty girl. Your Allison was foolish, but I'm here and oh, Butter! I could never hate you! Butter, I love you. Don't you know that you, silly. I'm your Allison, and I'll always be your Allison. Just come back to me, please, Butter. I love you. We'll find a way to make it OK. I don't know how. But we can't work anything out until you're here with me.

"Oh, Butter. I'm so sorry. It was wrong of me to not be here waiting for you when you got back. I just freaked out. Your story was so strange. I felt so terrible for all the pain you've been through. And, and, I was confused. Please, Butter. Come back, please. Be a good girl. You're such a pretty girl. If you come back there is still time to play in bed this afternoon."

For nearly an hour Allison talked, and petted, and apologized, and begged. She held the rocking girl in her arms and slowly, so slowly that Allison wasn't sure for a while. Butter's rocking turned into a shake. She was shaking, like she was frozen. But it's warm on the Pacific Coast of Costa Rica, even in winter. Butter's eyes moved and her mouth opened in what Allison at first thought was a scream. Then she held the shaking girl trying to read her lips.

It wasn't hard, "Allison, help me. I'm cold." The girl's silent lips made the shapes over and over. A sense of relief ran through the blonde like wine. Butter, is going to be OK.

"Yes, sweetheart. Of course I'll help you. Let's go inside and get you under some covers."

Butter was shaky on her feet and Allison had to almost carry her inside and to the bed. She helped Butter sit on the end of the bed and carefully undressed the still shaking young woman. All the time gently touching Butter and softly telling her how pretty she was and how lucky they were to have met.

The cabana was well ventilated, but they were still in tropical Costa Rica. Allison was amazed when she had Butter's clothes off. In spite of the eighty-five degree temperature Butter was shivering and there were goose bumps all over her. Allison slipped her own light flannel robe around Butter and helped her get under the covers.

When she had Butter all tucked in she started to get up, only to feel Butter's icy hands grab her wrists. She looked down and the brindle haired girl was crying and her mouth was saying, "No! No! No!" There was a panicked look in her eyes.

"I'm not going anywhere, Butter," Allison reassured her friend. I'm just getting undressed so I can snuggle with you. Slowly Butter's hands released their grip on Allison. The blonde slipped out of her shoes, shorts top and the bikini she had on underneath, and under the covers wrapped her arms around her lover. Butter turned to her and buried her face between Allison's breasts. Her body was continued to shake as she clasped the blonde to her with in steel-like embrace. She was cold; frighteningly cold.

Oh my, God! She's in shock! Allison knew that the closest Doctor was a two-hour drive away. She remembered from her Girl-Scout first-aid class; for shock you keep the person calm and warm.

The blonde held Butter to her, and used her hands to softly pet the trembling girl, and her voice to keep calming her. Two hours later Butter drifted into sleep. She wasn't cold anymore. In spite of her improved state, Butter's arms were still locked around the blonde, holding her tightly.

Allison relaxed a little. Then, as the sense that the crisis was past, she softly began to cry. Her

thoughts turned to her own feelings. How could I have considered leaving my sweet Butter. When I thought she might have jumped it was suddenly so clear. I love her; her strange biology, her past as a street walker, her life as a sex toy for a rich couple, these things mean nothing. If I'd lost her I could have never been happy again. Every time I saw a happy thing I'd remember that I'd abandoned the sweetest girl I've ever known.

She hugged Butter back and slowly was able to relax. In time exhaustion won, and drifted into a deep sleep, her own emotions having taken a heavy toll on her. When she awoke it was dusk, although it was still warm in the room. Something was wrong. The blonde came to complete wakefulness and knew; Butter was gone. She looked around in a panic and found her. She was sitting, wrapped in the flannel robe, across the bed from the blonde, her back to the mahogany paneled wall. Butter's eyes were open, they were very puffy, almost bruised, and her cheeks were stained with tears. She was looking strangely at Allison.

Then the Allison understood the look. Butter loved her, but she was ashamed. Not what she'd been, but of her breakdown. She's probably very frightened that she was that close to the edge of sanity. I know it would frighten me.

"Butter, are you feeling OK? Should we get you to a doctor?"

She shook her head and wrapped the robe more tightly around her.

Allison started to sweat; suddenly she knew what was happening. It's not over. She's still terrified that I'll hate her, if not for her past, for her emotional brake-down.

"Dearest, I'm not leaving you, and I don't hate you. I love you, Butter, I love you very much." The blonde spoke very softly but looked her lover straight in the eye. Everything about her was saying that it was true.

Glancing at the half-packed bag on the floor Butter showed her doubt.

"I was crazy this morning, Butter. I panicked and started to pack, but then knew it was wrong. I needed to think. I felt so sorry for you, and completely confused about how I felt. I meant to be back before you returned. I sat on the beach thinking through my own emotions. I, I, lost track of time.

"I apologize, Butter. I promised to be here when you got back and I broke that promise. After reading your story I know that was terrible of me.

"But, sweetheart, now I know. I want to be with you, always. I can't stand the idea of being apart from you. But we have to figure out what that means! That's if you still want me."

As she spoke tears formed in Allison's eyes, and started to stream down her cheeks. Instantly Butter was beside her, holding her and kissing her cheeks dry. They cuddled and kissed whiles sitting up until it was full dark. The kisses were tender and soft. The caresses were light. When they were both calm again, Allison began to giggle.

Butter reached over to the night stand on turned on a light. The blonde was happy to see her lover was smiling. Butter found her purse and pulled out her little banana-paper pad and a pen. Her face became serious as she wrote a long note.

Allison was worried as the note was passed to her. The look in Butter's eyes told her it must be read, although she would rather have gone back to kissing and hugging.



"My sweet, Allison,

"Thank you for coming back. Thank you for not leaving. Thank you for taking care of me.

"Knowing you are my friend is my salvation.

"I don't know what happened to me. I've never blacked-out like that before. I remember moving toward a chair on the veranda, feeling very miserable, and then waking, happy in your arms. But it was noon when I went for the chair and it's night now. I don't know what happened, I don't even know when or how I came inside or how I got undressed and into bed. Or why I'm wearing your pretty robe. Although it's full of your sent and I love being surrounded by it.

"I think I must have had some kind of brake-down, and my pretty, sweet Allison saved me. I don't know how. Now I'm worried. You said you love me and I'm sure that you at least don't hate me. I know we'll be friends forever. But it wouldn't be right for me to trick you into being my lover by having a brake-down.

"I'm better, and now that I know you won't ever hate me, I can live with knowing that you don't want to be more than good friends. It would be cruel to trap you. I can't be happy being with you unless it's your thoughtful choice to be with me.

"Yours always, Buttercup Rose."

Allison looked up at Butter when she'd finished. "Butter, it's not like that. You haven't trapped me. Seduced me maybe, but not trapped. I want to be so much more than your friend. I panicked when I woke up a minute ago, and you weren't beside me. I need to be with you, and to touch you. Right now I'm nearly wild to kiss you.

"And oh, Butter. I long to taste your vulva again. It's exotic and different. I think I'm addicted, and poor me, I love it. I'm not trapped, not at all. Butter, I don't care that it's not a completely human vulva, or that you're more than human. You are the most kind and loving person I know. As far as I'm concerned the special taste of your sex is my ambrosia."

The two fell into each other's arms and their lips met. It was magic. Butter felt her uterus contract when her lips touched Allison's. Allison felt a wave of heat move from her lips down through her breasts, her nipples extended and the wave of heat spread down to her sex. Then she crested and the climax seemed to go on and on. For an hour they touched and licked and caressed. They couldn't get enough of each other. The bed was in complete disarray, and the sheets were soaked by the sweat and other liquids.

When they were calm again, lying next to each other, Allison heard Butter's stomach gurgling.

"Butter, I'm starved, and I can tell you are too. We missed lunch, and it's way past dark. Let's get cleaned up and get some dinner. I could eat a whole tuna.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XVIII: "You must know it all!"**

Butter was starved too, she nodded and the two young women, holding hands, went to the cabana's shower. They only played a little in the shower, knowing they would be back together in the privacy of their cabana soon. When they were clean, and had dried off, then dressed. Allison, who was seldom ultra-feminine, put on her prettiest lingerie. It was a mass of pink lace and satin. On top she

slipped into a white sundress that showed just a little cleavage.

Butter slipped to yellow lace thong panties, and a matching soft cup bra. She put on a yellow peasant cut blouse that was made from light cotton. On top she slipped a pale pink cotton jumper. Both then combed out their hair, and hand in hand made their way down the winding path to the open-air restaurant. It was late and they had the place to themselves. They took a table on the south side that overlooked the sea. As they sat down they saw that the moon was full and very yellow, almost orange.

To the great pleasure of Carlos, the waiter, the girls each ordered a big meal. As the man walked back to the kitchen he was thinking; It's so pretty and so sad. Two such lovely ladies; it is clear that they love each other. It is charming and sweet. But it is hard not to want to teach them that they should be with a man. Girls should play together when they are very young. And if their play includes secret touching and kisses, no harm is done. Grown women are different. It is their job to learn to take the pleasures of the bed from a man who can move them and give them his children. Ah, to be such a man to these two would be a great pleasure. Carlos shrugged his shoulders, knowing that it was not to be. At least I shall have the pleasure of watching their succulent bodies move. It is something, if only a little taste.

At their table Allison and Butter were grinning at each other and talking. Allison would say something and then Butter would write her reply. They continued, after their meal arrived. But the half spoken, have written conversation turned serious.

"Butter, now that we've found each other we must find a way to stay together!" Allison softly asserted, grinning at her lover.

Butter's note had replied, "You mean live together?" When the brindle haired girl passed the note to Allison she had a worried look on her face.

"Yes, Butter, don't you want to live with me?"

Butter nodded vigorously, then she wrote another note. "But, Allison, living with me is complicated."

"How could it be complicated, Butter? The information in your story indicated that you have enough money to live wherever you want."

Butter looked around, and then wrote another note.

"Allison, let's talk about it when were back in our cabana. There is a reason, and I think you need to know it before we decide anything."

Allison agreed and the rest of he meal passed pleasantly. Allison chatted and had become proficient at asking Butter to respond with a nod or shake of her head. But the blonde curiosity was raised and she was in a hurry for the meal to be over.

When they returned to the cabana, Allison asked again. "Butter, why can't we live together? Now that we know it's what we both want, what could keep us apart?"

Butter went to the laptop, opened the file that was her story, and spaced down to a new page.

"Allison, I go into heat, once or twice a year."

Reading the message Allison giggled. "Well, I kind of get that way every month when I ovulate. I'll

just have to get used to playing with you full time for a few days.”

Butter grinned, but then frowned and started typing again.

“When I go into heat, it’s different than it is for other women. Grace gets especially horny when she is ovulating too. Or she did before she came out of menopause. But I really become a bitch in heat. Comparing what happens to a woman ovulating to a bitch in heat, is like comparing a candles flame to forest fire.”

“Oh, but Butter what really happens?”

The brindle haired young woman blushed. Then she slowly began to type.

“Allison, I’m due next month. It starts out with me just getting real horny. That last a day, sometimes two. Then the need to breed overpowers me. I know what I’m doing, but I can’t stop or even control it. For about a week I’m overcome with the need to feel a male inside of me. Girl-girl stuff won’t satisfy me; even if the other girl is using a really big strap on. I need more than just to be filled. Even a man can’t satisfy me. The only way I can describe it is a need to breed. I read a book, a funny mystery, where, the authoress described it as a need for sperm.

“When I go into heat I’ll go find a dog, unless I’m literally chained up. One won’t do it. After the first one, if I can, I’ll keep going to a new one until my heat is over. I’ve always been tightly controlled during a heat. If I wasn’t, and ran loose I might do a several dogs in a day, or one dog several times. Then, later there is the consequence to live with.”

When Allison read the note she shuddered, and then started to softly cry. She hugged Butter possessively until she calmed. “Poor dear, they have done such a terrible thing to you. Every women should be left enough control to choose.”

Then she read the text again.

“Butter, what is ‘the other’?”

The mute girl blushed again. She’d hoped that her lover would have figured it from all the hints she’d given. It must be too strange. So strange that she can’t consider the possibility.

Turning back to the laptop, Butter typed one word. “Puppies.”

Allison read that single word, and for the first time in her life fainted.

She came around ten minutes later. She was on the bed, and Butter was leaning over her, with a worried look on her face. Poor dear, I can tell she wants to talk, so much, and she’s limited to notes. Well, we will just both have to learn sign language. The monsters that took away her voice should have at least seen that she learned sign language.

Then the blonde remembered, ‘Puppies’. She almost passed out again. Slowly she took Butter’s hand and squeezed it. “Butter, I love you. Nothing can shake my love. But you have really surprised me. I guess I should have figured that part out myself; you told me enough. It’s just so incredible. I know it’s not possible for me, for women. I should have realized that you might be different.”

She slowly sat up and hugged the brindle haired girl. “Let’s get some sleep and talk about this in the morning. I’m tired and you must be exhausted. I love you and we’ll find a way. Tired minds don’t think well. We’ll find a solution tomorrow.”

Butter nodded. She helped Allison get up and then the two young women helped each other undress.

The slipped between the sheets, Butter was nude and Allison wore only panties and cuddled together, kissing and hugging briefly, before they both drifted into sleep.

Butter awoke very late the next morning. She felt for Allison's warm skin and found she was alone. She looked around the room in near panic; then she saw Allison sitting in one of the room's two rustic mahogany chairs, reading a novel. The blonde heard Butter and came over to the bed and leaning over, smiled and kissed the mute girl lightly on the lips. When Alison pulled away Butter sat back up and smiled at her. She reached out and taking Allison's right hand into hers, Butter leaned forward and kissed her lover's open palm, reverently. Then let it go, grinning sheepishly.

So soft and devotional had the kiss been that it frightened Allison. I'm her first human friend in ten years. It's a wonder she's not mad.

"You've slept a long time, Butter. But I remembered that you didn't get much sleep night before last night and decided not to wake you.

"I was right; a good night of sleep has really cleared my mind.

"I've been up for hours thinking. I've discovered some remarkable things about myself. I've also had a couple of ideas. Why not get up and shower, then we can get dressed and go get us an early lunch. It's a little late for breakfast."

Butter sat up, kissed Allison again, and smiling nodded. The two showered together, with only a few kisses, and quickly dressed. When they reached the restaurant it was almost empty, only two other tables were occupied. They picked a table away from the other couples and sat down. After Carlos had come and left with their order, Allison reached across the table smiling at the brindle haired girl.

"Butter, I awoke feeling much better. The first thing I did is put the clothes I started to pack, back in the closet. You aren't getting rid of me with your little announcement. In the light of morning, and with eight hours of sleep, I'm looking at the whole situation with a mix of curiosity and bemused wonder.

"The idea of puppies, was so strange, and completely unexpected, that it took me a while to actually start to realize how I felt about it. I thought about it, and surprised myself. The longer I thought, the more I remembered how cute puppies are, and how there so much less work than a human baby."

Butter looked very surprised, but smiled after a minute and wrote a short note.

"Allison, there more than cute. There adorable."

"Yes, well, Butter, you may have a mother's bias. For now I'll take your word for it.

"Well, then I reread part of your story. You know, the part where Grace told you about her experience with Stoner. I read it over four times, and each time the idea that sex with a dog is a terrible thing, became less important, and the idea of it became more interesting. You know, sort of beauty and the beast thing. By the fourth reading I was convinced that dogs might have more to offer than men, at least the men I've known.

"Reading I could understand how a woman might do it, and given what Grace told you, how a woman might really like it. One thing I thought was strange was being willing to share yourself with your human and canine lovers at the same time. But, I think that might just be my dislike of men. If it were two girls, and their canine lover, I think it might be rather sweet.

"Butter, is a dog better than a man? You know, in bed?"

The mute girl looked at her lover with surprise in her twinkling eyes. She wrote another, much longer note. Her expression was very serious when she passed it to Allison.

"If there is no love, then it doesn't matter. If you're horny both can be satisfying. A dog has one thing over a human; there are no head-trips. They're totally matter of fact. Dogs are built different, and if you like the difference, dogs are better.

"I've never been loved by a man. Brian is very fond of me, but he loves Grace and thinks of me as a pet. He's very gentle and kind, but it's clear that he doesn't love me. But there are no head-trips with him either. He is an attentive lover, who takes time to ensure that my experience is pleasurable.

"Allison, without being loved by a human male I can't be sure of the comparison. But I have been loved by, and been in love with, a dog. Thor was his name. He was tender, caring, protective, solstices of my feelings, and had a great sense of humor. Thor was a 205-pound male mastiff. With an intruder or someone who threatened me, or the Pembroke, he was brave and fearless."

Allison looked shocked when she finished the note.

"Butter, I had no idea. Where is Thor now; at the farm?"

The mute girl started to softly cry, it took several minutes for her to stop. When she did Butter slowly wrote another note.

"May I wait to tell you about Thor until we're back in our cabana? I don't think I can do it without crying."

Butter looked pleadingly at Allison while the blonde read the note.

"Of course you can wait, Butter. I wouldn't press you on the matter, except it seems like it might be very important for me to understand."

The brindle haired girl smiled at the blonde and taking Allison's right hand she leaned forward and kissed the open palm.

Allison smiled back at Butter. In more ways than I realized she's very dog like. I guess that could be a problem. But I don't think she'd ever be unfaithful, or stingy in her love. That's a lot in exchange for loving her.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of their food. Allison chatted with Butter over their meal, about her job, and her apartment in Boston. Butter responded with nods and shakes of her head, and big smiles. Whenever her eyes rested on Allison, she smiled, and her smile seemed to light up the room.

When they were back in the privacy of their cabana, Butter looked coyly at Allison, and then slowly undressed. When she was completely nude she curtsied, and smiling wrote Allison a note.

"It's so soft and warm. You won't mind if I don't wear clothes, will you?"

The blonde laughed, and responded. "Not if you don't mind if I don't get quite so natural. I'm a city girl, and not used to going around all starkers." Allison slipped out of her clothes until she was down to just her stretch cotton bra and panties, but winking at Butter she kept those on.

Butter went over to the laptop and turned it on. After waiting for it to come fully to life she, started to type. Butter typed with three fingers on her right hand and one finger on her left that worked the shift key. It was a little painful for Allison to watch, but the odd technique seemed to work.

Allison walked behind her, and saw that Butter was writing about Thor. She picked up her book sat down in a chair near butter and read while the long note was being written out. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Butter was crying softly as she typed. When she was done, the brindle haired girl stood and turned placed the ibook next to Allison.

Allison smiled, she hopped reassuringly, and set her novel aside and started to read from Butter's text.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XIX: Thor**

Dearest Allison,

Thor died two and one-half years ago. He was eleven. That's old for a big dog. Near the end, all he had energy for was an occasional walk. He loved a walking on a warm afternoon, and I loved being with him. But, Thor had arthritis and we had to keep our walks short and stop for him to rest every quarter of a mile or so.

Thor and I were out for a walk when he was killed. It was late summer and a very warm afternoon. There's a nice little trail near the house that Thor loved. I was nude, as always; I hadn't worn clothes for seven years and was very relaxed about being naked, particularly near the house. I was feeling very relaxed. The puppies I'd had in early spring were whelped, weaned and adopted, and I was over missing them and had my figure just about back in shape.

We were walking slowly down the wooded path, enjoying the warmth of the day. We were a half-mile from the closest edge of Pembroke Farm and felt like we had complete privacy. Brian and Grace were away for the day and Sam was with them, and the rest of the staff had the day off and had gone into Salem. I had every reason to believe we could have a very quite walk, one where we could rest often and Thor would let me cuddle him. He got embarrassed if I babied him in front of Brian or Grace, but when we were alone, he'd let me hug and kiss him all I wanted. Thor was feeling a little spunky, so I hoped he'd feel strong enough to mate with me after we rested.

We were about 150 yards from the house when two men stepped out of the woods in front of us. I could tell that they were poachers; they had rifles. There'd been problems with people poaching before. Brian had the fence around the farm posted, no trespassing and no hunting every fifty feet. These two were closer to the house than intruders had ever dared come. Their cloths were rough and dirty, and neither had shaved.

I tried to run, but they moved quickly, one ran at me and grabbed my arms as the other raised his rifle and shot Thor, who went down, bleeding from the side. I tried to get to Thor, but the man holding my arms slapped my face and dragged me to the ground. The one with the rifle walked over to me. I kicked at him and he used the rifle's butt he knock my legs wide apart. Then he dropped his pants and I saw that his penis was erect. He told me be to be quite and it would be over soon. Then grinning he lowered himself to a kneeling position between my thighs. He joked with his friend about how he was sure 'she is really going to like it'. He lifted his hardness in his right hand and waiving it at me laughing and saying something about how it was candy for me. I cried from fear and frustration that I couldn't scream. I knew Thor was badly hurt, that he might even be dead, and I was wild to get to him.

I'm strong, for a woman, but my struggles were no match for the big man holding me down. I kept trying to scream, but could make no sounds. I tried to get at the man holding me with my fingernails and kicked at the groin of the man getting ready to rape me. Dropping one of my hands the man holding me punched me in the face and kicked my head with his knee. Then he grabbed my right hand again and put it under his right knee, leaning on it hard, as he alternated between slapping and playing with my breasts. He put my other hand under his left knee and began playing with my chest with both hands. As he did he ground my hands into the loose gravel on the path. The man with his cock in his hand slapped my top breasts, hard. The pain of them hitting me had me gasp for breath. I tried rolling to the side to bite the man's arm that was holding down my hands. It was useless.

I knew what was going to happen and didn't want to watch. Feeling it was going to be bad enough. I looked away from the two men, tears in my eyes. Looking over at Thor, I saw that he was alive! His eyes were open and looked very sad and angry. I wanted to hold him. I struggled more and was slapped across my mouth, then across my human breasts again.

The man between my thighs laughed and talked to his friend, as he shoved his nasty thing at my sex, trying to force it into me. I tightened my muscles and kept him out for the moment. He shoved harder and I felt something tearing, but I was still able to keep him out.

"It's all true Jeff, just like that guy said, the bitch has eight tities and she can't make a sound!" His friend laughed too, and squeezed my upper breasts in his dirty hands as hard as he could.

"You're right Rich, we can take all day to play with her. Let's teach her what being had by a couple of real men is like!"

The man named Rich, laughed and leaned forward, pressing hard thing to my sex and trying again to force it into me. I tried to push him out, clamping the bleeding muscles at my vagina's entrance as tightly closed as I could. I kept him out, but he pressed harder and harder until he almost forced his way into me. He commented on how tight I was to his friend. I'd used all the strength I had to keep the thing out of me. He'd seemed to like it. He was pumping and breathing hard, rubbing himself back and forth between the lips of my vulva, and then he came. I wanted to vomit as I felt his vile seed on dripping onto the lips of my sex and spewed across my abdomen. He laughed and left his spurting cock on me, and grinned at his friend.

"God damn, Jeff. This bitch is so hot! You're just going to love creaming on her. After you get your rocks off, well have her suck us hard and then do her again. Then we'll do her hard and deep. Hell, it's a nice day and we've got hours!" Then he leaned back and laughed as his limp thing slipped off of my sex. I was crying so hard I couldn't see, but the feeling was unmistakable, cum was dripping off of me. I knew some would find its way into me and was happy, for the first time since I'd become a bitch that a man couldn't get me pregnant.

Then Thor was there. He'd gotten to his feet and charged, knocking the man away from me; the next second he was after him. They rolled on the ground for maybe ten seconds, struggling. Then Thor got a grip on the man's throat. I'll never forget the sound of the man's neck, snapping as Thor bit down. He shook the body and the man's head fell off, blood was spurting from the stump that had once been his neck, still in Thor's mouth, and Thor looked like an avenging angel.

"Then there was another shot, and Thor fell, again. Another bullet had gone through his chest. Amazed that he was still standing, I tried to get to him. But Thor turned and attacked the second man, leaping onto his chest, knocking the gun from his hands, and scratching the man's face. Then Thor was on him. The man died the same way his friend had. Only Thor didn't have enough strength

to bit his rotten head all the way off. He collapsed next to the body with a loud groan. Thor's blood was flowing down his chest and sides, mixed with the blood of the two men.

I couldn't stand, but I crawled to him and used my hands to try and stop the flow of blood. I could feel his heartbeat weakening and knew he was dying. Then the flow of blood slowed and I wrapped my arms around his big neck and hugged him as he died.

I held him for hours, not willing to let him go. It slowly got dark and I still couldn't let go of Thor's stiffening body. I prayed that I was wrong, that somehow he'd be OK. That we'd have many more walks and times to be together. I couldn't stop crying.

Brian found me about ten that night. He called out and when Grace joined him, he left her to take care of me while he went for help. Grace kept petting me, and talking softly to me. She took off her sweater and wrapped it around my shoulders.

"Butter, you're so cold," she said as she held me, trying to get me warm again.

Peter and Sam came back with Brian in five minutes. They made me leave Thor and go back to the house. They'd seen the bodies of the men, the blood and stains on my thighs, the two bullet holes in Thor, and the rifles. They had a pretty good idea of what had happened.

The three of them had a makeshift stretcher with them. They helped me onto the stretcher. Suddenly I realized I was cold, and curled into a ball, hugging the sweater and the scent of Grace tightly around me. They carried me back to the house and put me on the living room couch. Grace had followed us back to the house. A minute later she was wrapping me in blankets. She sat down beside me holding my hands and I saw that there were tears in her eyes. I was still crying, I'd tried to stop, but couldn't.

After a few minutes, Grace hugged me and got a very serious look on her face. "Butter, I understand that you're devastated. We all are. We're all going to miss Thor terribly. He was so special." Tears were streaming down her cheeks as she talked.

"But, Butter, two men are dead and the police will have to be called. Now tell me, did they rape you?" She looked hard at the blood stains on my groin as she wrapped me in the blanket.

I shook my head.

"Did they try?"

I nodded.

"Did they leave their seamen on you?"

I nodded again.

"Did they shoot Thor?"

I nodded and started to cry harder.

Grace hugged me.

"One more thing; Butter, did Thor die defending you?"

I nodded and became a cascade of tears. Grace just held me, hugging me, and trying to comfort me.



A few minutes later Brian came into the room. He came softly over, and kissed my cheek. He hugged me and petted my hair, caressing my back. It was the first time that he ever touched me, without the slightest hint of sexuality. I loved him for it.

Grace told him what I'd been able to tell her of what happened.

"Butter, I've called the police," he said. "They'll be here in a few minutes. We have the letter from Doctor Smithy, but I was thinking you might want to wear something. They'll want to question you, and take you to a hospital. They'll want seamen samples. Butter, will they find them?"

Grace interrupted him, "Brian, Butter said they tried to rape her. I've seen her in the light, there are seamen stains all over her abdomen and thighs. The cops will find there God-damn samples."

Grace left the room and came back a few seconds later with the jumper and blouse I'd worn on the trip back from Central America. It was the first time I'd seen those clothes in more than seven years. Brian was holding me, and trying to comfort me. I felt torn. He was being perfectly gentle and his arms were comforting. But all I smelled was man. At that moment I hated men. All men.

It was a relief when Grace took me in her arms and was hugging me again. I calmed down a little and Grace helped me into the blouse and jumper. I that noticing the blouse was tight around my bust, while the jumper was loose around my waist. It hit my as wildly funny; my figure had gotten better. I started to silently laugh, almost hysterical. I was still crying. Grace took my collar and license off and somehow I felt worse. It was like my connection to Thor was broken.

Grace hugged me. That's how the police found us. They were from the Marion County PD. There were two of them, a male and a female officer. The woman came over to Grace and I.

The man gestured to Brian. "Show me where it happened, Mr. Pembroke. Not real close. I'm just to put up the tape until the crime scene unit gets her." The two left and the woman officer kneeled on the floor next to me.

She started to ask me a question, but Grace interrupted her. "Butter's a mute. She'll need a pen and paper to answer any questions that aren't yes or no."

The officer turned back to me. "I'm Officer Casey, Pam Casey, is Butter's your name?"

I nodded. "Butter, do you feel up to making a written statement?"

I shook my head vigorously.

"Were you raped?"

I shook my head.

"They tried to rape her and spent their lust on her. The only thing to be glade of her is that they didn't do it inside her."

I hopped I wouldn't have to answer that question again. I felt so dirty. All I wanted to do was take a shower and then be alone and cry for Thor. The officer touched my face, gently. "I understand. I need you to come with me to see a doctor. It will seem terrible but we need to examine your body for evidence. Have you bathed?"

I shook my head again. "Butter, can you come with me, to see a doctor?"

I grabbed Graces arm and held on tight.

"Butter, Mrs. Pembroke can come with us, if she wants to. If we wait too long the evidence may not be damaged."

I stood up, uneasily, with Graces help, and nodded my head. I was holding on to Grace's arm for dear life. Like it or not, she was coming with me, or I wasn't going anywhere. Grace made the officer wait while she went and got some papers and put them in her purse.

Grace smiled at me. We went out to the police patrol car. Officer Casey called her partner on her cell-phone and said she was taking us to the hospital. As we pulled out onto the highway a convoy of police cars passed us and turned into the farm. The drive to the hospital took an hour. I was a little calmer when we got there. Only, every time I thought of Thor I started to cry again. They took me into the emergency room and a woman doctor said something about a rape kit.

Officer Casey and the doctor led me into an exam room. The doctor told me to undress and get up on a padded table. I looked at Grace, and she nodded. The doctor and Officer Casey just looked at me in shock when they saw my extra breasts. Grace handed the papers she'd brought to the doctor. They were the letters from Doctor Smithy, and adoption forms indicating Brian and Grace were my adoptive parents.

The doctor was all business, she commented, "That's remarkable," then she proceeded to take samples from my thighs, and from my vulva. She was very professional but also gentle. Then Officer Casey took pictures of my bruises. There were more than I realized. My legs and inner thighs were black and blue, all my breasts were badly bruised, there were more marks and purple areas around my wrists and on my face was swollen and covered with marks. The backs of my hands were scrapped and bloody. Finally, Officer Casey took five shots of the bruises and tears on my vulva, and said she was done. They left me with Grace and sent in a towel, sponge, and warm soapy water so I could cleaned up before getting dressed again. When I was dressed Officer Casey returned and asked me if I was feeling able to make a written statement. Grace interrupted her and suggested I should contact our attorney first.

Officer Casey said to let her make a phone call. "She was brutally raped and beaten, Mrs. Pembroke. Unless the evidence at the crime scene suggests that things may not be as they appear you might consider getting the formalities behind her. I've investigated several rape cases and generally the victims are traumatized again if they have to relive the story days later when they make a statement. Let me find out what there finding at the crime scene."

Officer Casey made a call asking her partner for a summary of the situation at the farm. As she listened her eyes got very wide and her mouth fell open. All she said after that was, "Oh my, God!" She said it several times. The call lasted fifteen minutes. When it was over she said nothing for a minute. She turned to me very softly and asked, "Butter, did the men shoot your dog?"

I nodded.

"Did the dog kill the two men?"

I nodded again.

"Butter, did the dog kill the men after it had been shot?"

Again I nodded.

"How many times was the dog shot?"

I held up two fingers.

“And after it was shot twice, it killed the two men?”

I nodded and started to cry again.

Grace was crying too, as she put her arm around me to try and calm me down.

“Mrs. Pembroke, Butter, I hate to say this, but it’s a good thing the dog died. It killed two men, and would probably have had to be put-down if it had lived. Although for my money, I’d give it a medal. Two bullets in it and it still killed the men who attacked its owner. It’s a good way to go. As fine a way for anyone to die as there is. I wished I’d known the dog. It must have been very special.

Grace said, “His name was Thor, and he was. Special. He was Grand Grand Grand Champion Thor of Pembroke Farm. He was the best friend any of us ever had. He took best of show at Westminster when he was three. But he was eleven, and that’s very old for a mastiff.”

“Well, no one will ever be able to tell me a show dog don’t have grit, Mrs. Pembroke. I would recommend the written statement now. There won’t be any charges filled against Butter. I swear to you, if there are, I’ll disqualify the statement as evidence.

I wrote a note asking for water and they brought me a pitcher with ice in it and a glass. I wrote out what had happened. I didn’t mention that I was nude when they attacked us. When I was done Officer Casey took us back to Pembroke Farm. When we arrived, Officer’s Casey’s partner met us. He bowed slightly to Grace and I, and said, “Ladies, the crime scene is crystal clear. That was a hell of a dog. I know you’ll miss such a wonderful friend, but it’s the way I’d want to go. Knowing I’d saved someone I loved from an attackers.”

I cried off and on for the next ten days. Grace and Brian were very gentle and left me sexually alone. They even offered to let me stay in a separate room. But I didn’t want to. Although I generally slept in a small bed on the floor in a corner of their bedroom, they offered me their bed and I accepted. I needed the comfort and warmth of contact. Grace and Brian were great, they cuddling me, held me, and had me sleep between them all night.

Allison, I had seven litters with Thor. He was a great father, a wonderful lover, and my best friend. He died to save me, and I’ll never forget him.

Allison was crying when she finished reading the story. She glanced over and saw that Butter was asleep on the bed, her cheek resting on her open book. The blonde suddenly felt that her own, semi consensual bondage session was not as bad as she’d thought. She went over and softly kissed Butter until she awoke.

“I finished it. Your Thor was wonderful. Let’s take a nape now, Butter, I’m tired. It’s been a long day and its not even lunch-time. We can take a walk on the beach before dinner.”

Butter nodded and the two undressed and slipped under the sheet, holding hands. Butter went quickly back to sleep, but Allison stayed awake, holding Butter’s hand, trying to decide what she wanted.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XX: A Pact of Honesty**

Allison was still awake when Butter awoke two hours later. The brindle haired girl smiled and rolled

into the blonde's arms kissing her lightly and moved to let her human nipples rub against the blonde's.

Allison laughed, she'd decided what she needed next, and was feeling relaxed.

"Butter, sweetness, let's take that walk on the beach. I've been thinking, and I've got something to talk with you about.

The two young women slipped into their swimsuits, shorts, and baggy lightweight cotton shirt-jackets. Butter put a pencil and pad in the shirts big waste pocket, and was ready. Hand in hand, and barefoot, they took the quarter mile trail to the beach on the north side of the little peninsula that the hotel was perched on. Butter enjoyed the warmth of the afternoon and especially being with Allison. But, she was concerned about what her lover's long silence might portend.

After they'd walked for nearly a mile, almost reaching the little fishing village of Dominico, Butter gently pulled Allison into a shady area that was sheltered from the breeze. She sat down on a driftwood log, and tapped the spot beside her, inviting Allison to join her. The blonde smiled and sat down. Butter pulled out her pad and pencil and wrote a quick note.

"Allison, what have you decided?"

The bluntness of the note surprised the blonde, but then she remembered how she loved Butter's complete lack of pretension.

The blonde hugged Butter, kissing her softly on the lips. Then smiling began. "Not so much decided as figured out, Butter.

"For example I know that I love you and to loose you would be more than I could stand. But I also know, particularly after you told me the story of Thor's death, that I really don't comprehend the life you have lived or the reality of the being that you are."

Butter's lip started to quiver, and Allison rushed on. "Sweetheart, it won't change the fact that I love you. But before we can see what kind of a life we can build together, I need to really understand your needs." Watching Butter's anxiety fade, Allison reminded herself that Butter had lived as a dog, was part dog, and she should expect to see Butter's emotions displayed as they changed, just as she'd seen dogs do. Dogs don't hide their feeling, and that's something I love about Butter.

Butter looked like she was calmly following, so Allison continued. "For example, dear, I know you have had litters of puppies. I need to know whether you will want to have more litters. Or if it's not a question of want. Perhaps you will feel you need to have more. Yet again, you have to tell me whether it's an issue of 'must.' You mentioned that when you go into heat, you loose control, and although you know what is happening, you'll accept any male.

"These differences, in a discussion between women, can't be dealt with lightly. Between us they must be discussed in depth. If we're living together I must know what to expect, and you must be confident that I know, and that we agree on how things are to be handled.

"I think I also need you to tell my more of your feelings and inclinations regarding the Pembrooks. They have been very important in your life for a long time. What relationship do you want with them in the future - our future? I presume they want you back. You explained that they have offered to make it financially very rewarding for you to return to a life of living as their pet. What do you want? Can you just leave them? You seem attached to them. Because of your special nature, I don't think I can assume what the attachment means to you.

"Butter, what I want is for you to answer all these questions by finishing the history you began. Not now, tomorrow.

"Tonight I want to be with you and, my sweet dear, Butter, I want to make love with you. I long to feel your hands on my body, and I can't wait to taste the special flavor of your sex. Now that I understand what is different about it, I find that your flavor is intoxicating and addictive."

Butter wrapped her arms around Allison and gently kissed the blonde. She could scent Allison's arousal and knew that she was not lying. Kissing the blonde deeply, Butter enjoyed the growing scent of her own excitement as it filled the air.

At least there are compensations to being a dog. The brindle haired girl decided.

After a minute Allison laughed and pulled back. "Butter, tonight we play, and tomorrow we work. While you finish your story I'm going to put my thoughts in order so I can reciprocate, telling you all the things that have happened to me and as much of my desires and ambitions as I can. If you're getting psychologically naked with me, I must do the same with you. Once we know all the good, bad, and strange of each other, then we can plan for a future together.

"Sweetheart, will you promise to be brutally honest as you tell your story. If you will, I'll do the same, and tell you all my secrets, even those that are totally embarrassing."

Butter nodded and wrapped her arms around Allison's neck, pulling their lips together again.

"So it's a pact," Allison laughed pulling slightly back. "We will both be totally honest?"

Butter nodded and kissed her again.

Later the two walked back toward the hotel together, down the beach. When they reached the little quite cove just below the hotel's restaurant they slipped out of their shorts and tops and spent a pleasant hour swimming and playing in the warm tropical surf.

Later, dripping because they hadn't brought towels, the two scampered up the trail, passed the restaurant, and went to their cabana where they stripped and took a slow shower together.

They dressed in loose light cotton clothing and went to an early dinner, where they smiled at each other for over an hour, without trying to talk. Butter was almost completely relaxed, her fears of Allison hating her having slipped into the background of her mind. Carlos and the other members of the restaurant's staff sensed the intimacy between the two, and left them alone as much as possible.

The two young women enjoyed watching the sunset in a quite corner of the restaurant. As sunsets do in the tropics, it went on in a Technicolor psychedelic light show for more than an hour. Allison sipped daiquiris, and Butter had tropical fruit juice until it was dark. The two took hands and slowly wandered back to their cabana.

Once inside Allison led Butter to the bed and slowly stripped her lover's clothes off. As each piece of clothing came off the brindle haired girl, the blonde caressed and softly kissed the newly exposed flesh, lingering over Butter's shoulders, breasts, thighs, rounded bottom, and finally her favorite, the delicate folds of her vulva. She wanted to press Butter to the big double bed and lose herself in the rich flavor and scent of her lover's sex, but Butter wouldn't let her. The brindle haired young woman stopped the blonde and grinning at her, made her hold still while her own clothing was removed, with many pauses during which Butter savored the feel of Allison's body with her fingers, lips and nose.

When both young women were nude Allison took Butter's hand and pulled her onto the bed. For hours they took turns ministering to each other's body, raising each other's passion to a breaking crest, over and over, then relaxing and allowing the experience to flow back to them in a soft breeze of caressing hands and a gently kissing and probing lips and tongue.

In the morning they were awakened by the sounds of a flock of parakeets feeding in the trees on the slopes below the cabana. Their arms were still entwined and their bodies were drawn together until their breasts and thighs melded together as their lips found each other's.

Later, they separated, and after another shower, they dressed and went to breakfast, hand in hand. It was a soft warm morning with only a light breeze. The two enjoyed the coffee and fresh fruit at breakfast but Butter was becoming worried about the consequences of the brutal honesty she'd promised.

Allison wants to know it all, and I must trust her; she's stood by me, continuing to love me, even after she learned my darkest secrets. Butter reasoned. Besides, she's going to share her own dark side with me. There's nothing she could have done, or felt, that could change how much I love her. But it is frightening to tell all.

The blonde saw the look of worry that crossed Butter's face and reached across the table, taking her lover's hand. She raised it to her lips and softly kissed it. "I'm a little worried too, Butter. But we can't solve a problem until we first identify it and then understand it.

"I guess that's maybe the engineer in me talking.

"One thing I've learned, there are no problems that go away without being worked on. They grow and fester, perhaps in dark shadows; but suddenly they break out and sometimes they have grown to a frightening size. I've known I like girls, as well or better than boys, for six years. Yet I kept trying to be normal and find a man to marry me. It only made me unhappy and left a trail of broken male and female hearts behind me, including my own. I now know myself, but I have yet to let my family know who I am. With each year the task becomes both more frightening and more important. They keep expecting me to settle down with a man, and I now know I never will. It's not fair to them to let them believe a lie."

Butter squeezed Allison's hand and smiled. She felt the blonde must be right. Her mood shifted to one of fatalism. I'll tell it all and then keep her love precious to me, as she shares her secrets. I can't imagine they will be as shocking as my own. Still, it will be interesting, and maybe fun, if I can keep from panicking.

After breakfast the two walked on the beach, and then returned to their cabana. Butter set up two chairs on the veranda and stretched out on them, her iBook on her lap. The sounds of the surf and the twittering of a passing mixed feeding flock small of brightly colored birds were soothing. She opened the laptop and turned it on.

Her thoughts returned to Thor. He would have loved it here. The warm air would have eased his arthritis, and he loved to swim. The warm ocean water would have been heaven to him. But he's gone. She choked as she thought about his death. But if he hadn't been shot, he'd have died of old age soon. He'd be fifteen, mastiffs don't live that long. Except for me.

She missed him but realized that in some ways Allison had filled the empty place in her heart that had hurt since Thor's death. She returned to the file that was the first part of her story, and after reviewing the last three pages, began to type again. Butter was determined to tell all, and even more determined to give her unflinchingly love to Allison, regardless of whatever dark secrets she had.

Inside the cabana Allison heard the soft bounce of the ibook's Teflon keys as Butter began. She pulled out a pad of engineer's grid paper and began a preliminary list.

She wrote 'Things Butter must Know', with a 0.7 mechanical pencil and started.

1. I love her.
2. I want to have children, or at least a child.
3. Once in a while I need a good hard penis pounding into me.
4. I like bondage games where a strong partner takes control of me and makes me do their will. But, I don't like pain and I need to set limits.
5. I want a career as an architect with my own firm and control over design.
6. I love my parents and see them several times each year.
7. I have a younger brother, and two younger sisters who I like to spoil.
8. I've promised myself I can get a kitten when I get home from this trip.
9. I need to have an office in a city, not many clients will hunt up an architect living in the countryside.
10. I like puppies.
11. I can get real jealous, sometimes. But sometimes I don't, even when other gils think I should.
12. I have a 401K and a ROTH IRA that I put the maximum in every year, although they don't amount to much yet.
13. I still write to, and sometimes see girlfriends from college, some of whom have been lovers. Sometimes we hit it off again so well, that we end up in bed.
14. I love to travel.

The list went on for three pages. Later Allison grouped her list into topics and those into sets of related topics, and then prioritized the items in each set, listing them in order of significance. She wished she had the laptop to do the work on, but the sound of Butters slow but methodical typing reminded her that her task needed to be done when Butter finished.

But it was not to be. She finished and Butter was still typing, although she'd come inside so she could plug her laptop in when the battery got low. Allison kissed Butter's cheek and laid down for a nap.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXI: My Kennel**

My sweet, Allison,

I stopped writing this story as I was telling of meeting Brian Pembroke. In spite of my fear, and the oddness of the situation, his soft words and gentle caresses succeeded in getting me aroused. I was

nervously wondering if he was going to take me right there in the living room floor when Grace interceded.

"Brian," she interrupted. "Buttercup has had a difficult day and a long journey. Let's focus on showing her around, getting her something to eat, and letting her meet the rest of the staff. I can tell you're excited, but frankly, if you need sex right now, let's get Buttercup Rose settled and then you can do me. I'm horny too, and I've missed you."

Brian laughed, and patting my behind lightly stepped away. "You sure are a pretty puppy, Buttercup. But I'll be a gentleman and wait to do more until you're settled and use to us here. I know this all must be very strange for you."

"Grace, let's take Buttercup to the kitchen to meet Lilly and Peter. I think they have something for her to eat."

Grace turned to me and said "Heal." Her tone was soft but firm. Instantly I moved into position. Grace then ignored me as she went to the kitchen with Brian. Of course, I was right beside her left side, and slightly behind. I was so focused on staying in position I didn't really comprehend the route to the Kitchen. There was the hall, then the dining room and then we were there. When Grace stopped I looked up and found myself facing a couple who were about fifty. They looked enough like each other that it was obvious they'd been together a long time.

"Lilly and Peter, meet our new bitch, Buttercup Rose. Isn't she pretty?"

"That she is," Peter replied and held out his hand for me to sniff. It smelled of soap, and grass, and slightly of gasoline. Peter's eyes lingered on my breasts and groin and I smelled his desire.

Lilly pulled him back and looking mischievously at him said, "None of that. None of that! Just because the master and mistress have a special attachment to their dogs, that's no reason for you to be getting ideas."

Lilly turned to me and ran her hand over my hair, petting me, and ended with her hand out stretched for me to smell. She smelled of talcum powder, flower, and chocolate.

"I have something for you to eat, Buttercup. The Mistress sent me your dietary needs. Mostly you'll be eating what the family gets, but with a little more protein. Are you hungry now?"

I nodded and she smiled, and petted my head gently again, "What a smart puppy. She seems to understand everything I say." There was a note of sarcasm in her voice but I felt I wasn't directed at me. "I have something for you, sweetie. Over in that corner is where you'll be fed. There is a nice rug to protect you from the chill of the floor."

I looked down, the floor was covered with large terracotta tiles. It did feel a little cold on my bare feet.

Lilly walked to the corner and indicated the rug. I looked up at Grace and she said, "Pretty nipples," releasing me. I hesitantly walked over to the rug and sat down Indian fashion. Lilly put two shallow bowls on a low table in front of me. One had a cheese omelet in it and the other water. The bowls were at a height that allowed me to lean forward bending my neck slightly and take a bite. Then I could straighten up to chew and swallow. The water bowl was attached to a water cooler jug that kept it always filled to the brim. It allowed me to suck water over the brim and into my mouth instead of having to lap it up with my tongue.



"Buttercup," Lilly continued. "Your doctor suggested this arrangement for your food and water. Since your digestive system is built for eating while sitting. There will always be fresh water here for you and at meal times food. If you get hungry between meals just let me know by coming into the kitchen and then going to your corner, hear. I'll be monitoring what you eat and if your diet allows more I'll fix you something. I also have made some special dog biscuits for you. They are not as meaty as those most dogs get, but I think you will like them. I gave one to Peter and he said it was very tasty."

"It sure was. Tasted like shortbread with a hint of molasses and peanut butter. I liked them better than most of Lilly's cookies." Peter added.

"You go ahead and eat, Buttercup." Grace said. "I'm going to take a few notches off Brian's sexual appetite. That way we can all be more relaxed when get back together."

"Lilly, after Butter has eaten show her to her Kennel. She may want to write a note to Jill Lovejoy, letting her know she's arrived here safely."

"When you have seen your room, Butter, and it is yours. No one will come in without permission, but you must come out when called. Why don't you explore the rest of the house? You can enter any room that doesn't have a closed door. An exception to the closed-door rule is the glass door leading to the indoor pool and sauna. You can enter those areas unless the doors are locked. They almost never will be. If you want you can take a dip in the pool or do what ever you want. Stay indoors for now. I'm eager for you to meet Thor and Ajax, but I thought we'd save that for tomorrow. I'll come find you, and see how you are doing, when I'm done trimming Brian's horns."

"Lilly I suggest you do some trimming on Peter's too. We don't want the new puppy to feel like she must hide from the males in the household to escape their amorous advances."

Grace led Brian away. I felt a moment of jealousy wishing I could have Grace all to myself, but then realized I was being silly. I was there to be Brian's pet. With that thought came fear at what the evening might hold, mixed with anxiety over the mention of Thor and Ajax. But I was looking forward to some time alone, and was grateful that Grace had suggested it. Everything had been so new and strange that I wanted to think about my new life and explore the big house. As it was I was lost. I couldn't have found my way back to the front door if I'd wanted to.

The omelet was very good, if a little bland, and the water was cool and refreshing. When I was done I resisted the impulse to take the dish to the sink and wash it. Remembering that Grace had said that I wasn't to do things I dog wouldn't do. I stood, and wanted to thank Lilly but had no idea how to do it. Also I was embarrassed by Peter's steady stare. His eyes had not left me since I entered the room and they were clearly focused on my exposed groin and the puffy crease there that marked my sex. I longed for clothing and wished that Grace had either left my pubic hair or that the little brindle patch I did have was bigger. Lilly noticed my discomfort and interceded.

"Looks like I better see to Peter's needs before he gets wrong ideas. Buttercup, did you like the food?"

I nodded and tried to smile at her, although Peter's presence and attitude had me blushing.

"Peter," Lilly said turning to her husband. "You get to our room and climb into bed. I'll just show Buttercup where her kennel is and then I'll be joining you. By the looks of the bulge in your pants I won't be a minute to soon," she laughed.

After Peter left Lilly had me follow her. We went out of the kitchen and down a hall, until we came to

a narrow sliding door. Lilly pulled it open and led me in. The room was small, about eight feet by eight feet. It really wasn't much more than a big closet. Although the floor was covered with a thick light gray rug and the walls and ceiling were painted a very pale pink. The ceiling was low, about seven feet. A large window on one wall filled the room with light. The room seemed more cozy than small.

There were three pieces of furniture. Along one wall was a thick big pillow, about four by six feet. On it was a comforter and a thick pillow. On the wall above was a framed painting. Everything looked like it was black suede, but when I touched it I realized it was a high quality synthetic fabric. It was clearly a bed and it looked very comfortable and I realized I was very tired. It was all I could do to not grab the comforter and wrap it around me like a dress. Opposite the big pillow was a low desk with one drawer on either side. The desk was six feet long and the open section in the middle was just right to slip my folded legs under. There was a small pillow partly under the desk that I correctly assumed was to sit on. The desk had a very high gloss black finish that somehow looked Chinese. On top of it, on the left were a makeup mirror and some basic makeup supplies. I realized it was the makeup that I'd brought with me. To the right were a box of stationery, a stack of envelopes, a little box that held stamps, a wide cup that held a half-dozen pens, and a brass desk lamp with a green glass shade.

Above the desk was a large window that looked out on open fields and the forest beyond. The window was almost as wide as the desk was long and ran nearly to the ceiling. It was double hung in three sections. There were screens, in the windows but no curtains or blinds. I remember thinking how beautiful the view was. I saw how the shadows looked and realized that the window faced north.

Next to the desk was a narrow two-foot wide cabinet that was six feet tall. It was made out of the same shiny black material as the desk. There were two drawers at the bottom and door that opened for the top four feet.

Lilly pulled out a drawer and opened the cabinet. "I put your clothes, what little you have, in here. Grace told me that you may wear clothes, if you want, when you're in this room. But, not anywhere else, unless you're told to by Grace or Brian. The room is yours. I called it your kennel because Grace said I was to call it that. There is no lock on the door from the inside but there is one on the outside. If you're bad they might lock you in, or if they have company that they don't want to meet you, they might. That won't happen often. They don't entertain much and when they do it's generally folks as kinky as they are.

I looked at her, surprised at her describing Grace and Brian as kinky.

"Oh, don't get me wrong. By their lights they will treat you well. They're also real tolerant of my conservative views. This thing they have for sex with dogs is pretty weird, at least to me, but I see they take good care of their animal lovers and figure it ain't none of my business. They pay Peter and I well, and treat us real good. We mind our own business and take care of the place and the dogs. I guess that includes you, now.

"Pardon my going on, but I just can't see how they need more than each other. Seems to me that the things that a man and woman can do together offered enough variation to keep a person happy. Peter sees it like that too, except that since I turned 40 he's been looking at young women with a gleam in his eye.

"Don't you be worrying about Peter looking at you that-a-way. He knows if he strays I'll skin him alive.

"I understand that you're doing this because they got you an operation that saved your life?"

I nodded.

"Well, as far as it goes, I see no reason to look down my nose at you in that case. Peter will think the same. If he don't I'll educate him. I will admit that your breasts surprised me. It will take a while to get used to, but they're sort of pretty, and don't look all that odd, really, after you get over the surprise. I remember a few occasions when having more than two might have been handy.

"Anything you need or just want you give me a note. If it's something like more writing stuff or moisturizer I'll just get it for you. If it's something else I'll check with Grace. If it's something for your kennel here, or something that a dog might want or use, you can be sure you'll get it.

"Your letters you put in the silver bowl by the front door. You can't miss it. Any letters you get will be put on your desk here, unopened. Like I said, they may call it a kennel, but it's yours.

"Threw there is your bathroom. There's no toilet paper. It's got a bidet, you use it to keep clean. I'll clean the bathroom every other day. You be a little lady using the bathroom, and we'll get along fine.

"I want to ask if you have any questions, but Grace said you can't talk."

I nodded again, and felt a tear run down my cheek. I so wanted to say something, if it was only to thank her for taking care of me. She saw it and stepped over and hugged me.

"I can tell you're a good girl, Buttercup. One more thing, in your kennel here, you can write me notes. Grace may not like it, but you just give them to me whenever you want. Just don't be writing them in any other room. You going to be OK if I leave you alone now?"

I nodded, Lilly hugged me and kissed my forehead. She said, "Good, girl," and then left closing the door behind her.

I was alone and it felt very strange. I hadn't been alone in weeks. Suddenly I longed for Grace's comforting presence, even knowing that being with her while she made love with Brian could begin my sex life as his toy. The idea made me shudder with the fears I'd been suppressing since the day I'd made my strange bargain with Grace.

Seeking distraction I looked at the picture over the cushion-like bed. I was surprised. It was well drawn, but very strange. It showed a nude woman with long black hair. She was reclining on her side on a couch, and like me, she had more than two breasts. From the angle I could tell if she was meant to have eight, but I could see four. The strangest thing was that there were three puppies suckling at her breasts. The woman had a very contented look on her face. She was enjoying nursing the puppies. Looking at the bottom of the painting I saw it was titled, "The Goddess." I wondered what it could mean. At that time it hadn't dawned on me that the changes they'd made in my body were so complete that one day I might nurse eight puppies. I was far from realizing that the puppies I might nurse would be my own.

Looking away from the strange painting I went into the bathroom and found it to be all pink tile, floor, walls and ceiling. There was a big tub with a shower, a sink, and as Lilly had said a toilet and bidet. There was a floor to ceiling glass door that opened onto a little porch that faced the fields I'd seen from the 'kennel's' window. There was a set of shelves filled with big fluffy pink and white towels. I ran my hand across one and was amazed at how soft it was. I tested the bidet and soon understood how it worked and that I could adjust the temperature of the little fountain of water. Next to it was a towel rack with one of the smaller fluffy pink and white towels. There was another rack and with one of the larger towels next to the tub. The sink sat in a three-foot wide counter and on the counter I found all the beauty products that Grace had instructed me to use. Above the sink

was a big mirror. Looking at myself, and seeing my two rows of breasts, I felt very strange. For a second I was frightened. Then I reminded myself that I was alive and that so far, everything that Grace had told me had been true. In fact for the first time in my life I sensed what it might be like to really have a home, where you were accepted and maybe even loved.

There was another door with frosted glass. I opened it and found it lead into a large conservatory filled with tropical flowers and other plants. I later learned they were mostly orchids. Beyond the conservatory I saw another greenhouse like room with a large indoor swimming pool. I wandered over and tested the water's temperature with my toe. It was cool but not cold, and I was warm enough that I almost went in, right then. Looking around I saw a door that clearly was for a sauna. Just on the other side of some wide doors was a big porch with a glass roof. Under it was a large hot tub.

I went back to my little suite of rooms, although it was called a kennel it was the nicest place I'd ever stayed, lay down on the bed, and almost gleefully pulled the comforter over me. It was very cozy, and given the room's temperature soon a bit too warm. Getting up I closed all the doors and sat down on the pillow in front of the desk. I felt secure and enjoyed the sense that I wouldn't be walked in on. The pillow raised me to the right height for writing. After gazing out the window for a time I decided to write Jill Lovejoy. I looked in the drawers and found an address book, writing and sketch pad, and a three ring binders that was empty except for some blank dividers. A three-hole punch, stapler, scotch tape dispenser, a ruler and more pencils and pens. I felt rich. Opening the address book I found Jill Lovejoy's address, both at home and at her office. There was also an E-mail address, but I didn't know then what E-mail was.

I wrote Ms. Lovejoy a long letter, telling her about our trip and that I was being well treated. I shared with her my trepidation at the sexual expectations I was to meet. But I also said that I thought the experiences would at least interesting. The letter ended with my hope to see her soon, and that I already missed Dr. Jones and the kind nurse I'd had, Elizabeth.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXII: Exploring the House**

After I finished the letter I decided to explore the house. It hadn't taken me long, and knowing Grace, I was sure she and Brian wouldn't emerge from their love session for quite some time. Grace liked to linger over sex and told me Brian also enjoyed taking his time.

I put my letter in an envelop, addressed it, placed a stamp on it and set out in search of the front door. The house was in a the shape of a 'u.' My kennel was in the wing with the kitchen, I also discovered two closed doors which I correctly deduced were the rooms, later I found out suits, that were occupied by Sam, and Lilly and Peter. I also found a breakfast room that faced east.

Going around a corner I found a long hall with several sets of double doors, opening off of it. The first room I down the hall was the library in which I'd met Brian. Wandering in, I looked over the books. There were thousands and they tended toward popular fiction, genera fiction - particularly mysteries and science fiction, a few romances and classics. I was happy. I'd never had such an opportunity to read before. There were also a large section of books on dog breeding, and books on mastiffs. Above the shelf of dog books was a glass case filled with silver cups and ribbons. They were all for prize winning dogs. That's when I learned that Thor was Grand Champion who'd taken best in show at Westminster. Ajax had won several regional and state championships and there were five cups for Rose.

Seeing them was disturbing. I knew in many ways, I now was Rose. She'd been a champion too. I found one cup that indicated she'd taken a second in breed at Westminster. Looking closer I realized that several times Rose had been second or third when Thor had taken the first. It made me just a little interested in meeting Thor and Ajax. For the first time I had a sense that I was in some ways one of them, and that we were special.

Grace had said I might read any and all the books. I impulsively took two back to my kennel. They were the first Tarzan book by Burrows and a book I'd heard a lot about, but never seen, Jurassic Park. I almost curled up with the Tarzan, a book I'd read and fell in love with when I was ten, and just discovering feelings of wanting to be caressed by a man in ways that had nothing to do with my father. I started to read, but remembered I still hadn't found the front door yet.

Returning to the front hall I explored further and found that across from the library was a large dining room. It had a table with twelve chairs. Beyond the hall opened into an expansive living room. It was so big it included a grand piano that looked small in the space. Across from the living room I found the entry. It was wide and on a table by the door was a large silver bowl. Looking in I saw several letters so I dropped mine in with the others. Glancing at the bowl's outside I saw that it had been awarded to Thor when he took the west coast final, best in breed two years earlier.

Continuing my exploration I found there was a media room next to the living room and opposite the dining room. It included several love seats and a huge television. The walls were covered with pre-recorded video-tapes and DVDs. There were hundreds of classic film and modern films and a large section on dogs. Looking closely at the dog films I saw that several featured women having sex with dogs. I was so curious I almost got one out to watch, but remembered that I wasn't allowed to play movies.

Seeing the films with their colorful covers and graphic titles and cover art, lessened and raised my fear at the same time. Here was evidence that what they had planned for me was not unknown, and that lots of women had done it, although I figured the women in these films had done it for money. I found that reassuring and remembering that I was better equipped for such sex than a woman was. The thought reduced my fear a little.

But cover the pictures were so graphic, I was afraid that I would hate the experience. Or at least dislike it the way I'd disliked what men had paid to do to me. The looks of pleasure on the women's faces were so enraptured I felt it was unlikely that I could mime them enough to not disappoint Grace and Brian. Setting the boxes of the films I'd looked at back on the shelf, I decided to continue my exploration.

The hall bent ninety degrees next to the media room forming the second wing of the 'U.' I found myself in the bedroom wing. There were four doors on either side of the hall, and at the hall's end, up two steps, was a set of closed double doors. The other doors were open and glancing in I found that each opened into a large bedroom with a big double bed, writing table, television, and a large private bath. The bathrooms were much larger and more elegant than the one in my kennel, but I liked the cozier feel of mine.

I rightly figured that the double doors led to Grace and Brian's bedroom, and, with a little trepidation, I realized I'd see the inside soon enough. It was where I was to sleep. Returning to my kennel I picked up a towel and went over to the pool. I felt tired and the water looked very relaxing. I waded into the shallow end. As each of my sets of nipples hit the water they extended. The water was just cool enough to have that effect.

Once I was in to my shoulders I slowly swam a few laps and then rested in the shallow end on the

steps, sitting where the water covered my thighs and my lowest and smallest set of breasts. Swimming seemed very different with my eight breasts. I was much more buoyant. The feel of the water smoothly moving between my two rows of breasts was strange, but nice.

The heavy leather collar around my throat felt a little harsh, I wished I could take it off for swimming, but I knew a dog wouldn't, so there was no point in wanting it. Grace had made it clear; if it was something a dog did, I was expected to do it. I was stuck with my collar and license. I had just decided to get out and dry myself, then try reading when Grace came in. She was wearing a Chinese silk robe. I guessed correctly that she had nothing on underneath.

"There you are, Buttercup Rose. Brian is sleeping now, poor dear. I think I drained him. I thought I should see how you are doing. Do you like the pool?"

I nodded, and smiled.

Grace came over by the side of the pool away from the steps and sat down dangling her feet in the water. She slipped off the robe and leaned back spreading her thighs wide and scooting her bottom forward to the edge of the pool.

She looked over at me, grinned, and pointing to her groin said, "Lick."

I knew what I was supposed to do and frankly had hoped that she would let me pleasure her before I had to face the strangeness that I knew was coming.

Standing, I waded over to her smiling. The cool water was around my top nipples when I reached her. I leaned forward and began to lick her vulva.

Instantly my nose and sense of taste told me that Grace's sex was saturated with seamen. I'd tasted the stuff before, often, but this was different. My sense of smell had grown so much that it was like tasting and smelling it for the first time. It was rich, salty, and slightly pungent and it had a very distinct flavor. I realized that I could tell from the smell, that it was Brian's. I also realized that I would always be able to tell his scent from that of any other man. I suddenly understood what about the smell was human, and that from then on by smell alone would allow me to tell what sort of creatures I was near.

As I licked, I found myself wondering what dog seed would be like. Knowing I was to find out in the near future. I thought I would be repealed by the idea, but now found it suddenly interesting. What else would I be able to tell with my enhanced senses?

As I began to probe with my tongue Grace ran her hand through my hair, "Good, Buttercup, good girl. You're licking mommy so sweet. Can you taste and smell Brian's seed?"

I looked up and nodded, then returned my tongue to her cleft.

"I hoped you could. Buttercup Rose, I want you to clean my sex now - inside and out. You're to find every drop of Brian's sperm that you can and eat it all up. I assure you that after real hard sex there are few things as nice as having your feminine soft tongue licking my poor used cleft. I'll do the same for you, sometime."

Grace leaned back again and enjoyed what I was doing. My sensation that the taste was strange slowly evaporated as I brought my mistress to orgasm, over and over. When she said, "Enough!" and pulled back she was laughing and seemed very happy.

"Oh, Buttercup Rose, that was one of the nicest times you've ever done me. I see you're excited too, all your nipples are erect. Or is it the water?" She laughed.

I leaned forward and licked her sex softly and anticipated that she was going to do me too. Looking at her longingly I hoped she would understand. I wanted desperately to be able to speak, or even just write a note, but knew my difficulty was intended to remind us both that I was no longer human.

Grace laughed again, and ran her hand across my moist sex and brought it up to her nose to smell. "Um, that's nice. You taste so much like a doggy, Buttercup. I just love it!"

Just then, Brian came in. The man was also wearing a red silk robe, and he had a fluffy white towel over his shoulder. The towel accentuated his white hair and beard. I realized he was a handsome man.

He looked at me, with my face between his wife's spread thighs and grinned. "Grace, I see that I wasn't able to fully satisfy you."

She giggled, "Oh, you did that all right Brian. But you were so rough! I found I needed Buttercup to lick away the little aches and pains down there."

"Sorry, sweetie. I didn't mean to hurt you."

Grace laughed, "I know, and if you had been one little tiny bite less fierce with me I would have demanded more. I really wanted it rough and you, nice man that you are, gave me just what I needed!"

"Good, because I'm far from done with you today. You trimmed my horns, but after several weeks living as a bachelor, we've a long way to go before I'm not on a hair trigger.

Brian laughed, "Why don't you and I have a swim, Buttercup can join us, or go comb out her pretty hair.

"Later I was thinking we could watch a couple of movies and have Lilly bring is dinner on a tray.

"Buttercup, would you like to see some movies?"

I smiled and nodded. I hadn't seen a movie in nearly two years and had seen lots of titles in their collection that I'd only heard of.

Grace glanced at me and look of concern covered her face. Then she reached out and touched my collar. "Oh my! Buttercup, I should have taken your collar off before you went swimming. The wet leather will be too rough against your delicate skin.

"I apologize, Buttercup. It was thoughtless of me. You don't have a thick coat of fur to protect you. Buttercup, if I leave the key to your collar on a peg in here, will you be a good puppy and take it off before you swim and then put it back on just as soon as your done and have dried off?"

I nodded and smiled; no one had ever seemed so concerned about my well-being.

"Good, well just leave the key on a big ring right by the door. You put it back on a peg before you leave the pool.

"Now go see Lilly. She has an extra key. I'll call her on the intercom and tell her to unlock your collar. You put it back in your kennel and I'll check in the morning to make sure its soft and dry

before I lock it back on your pretty throat. I started to turn to go but Grace stopped me. I was eager to get the collar off, if only for a few hours. I decided I was going to be spending a lot of time swimming in the future.

Grace giggled secretly, "Before you leave us I want Brian to get a little taste.

"You're going to just love her taste, big boy, try this!" She slowly ran her finger through my sex and brought it up to Brian's lips. He sniffed it, and then, with a look of interest on his face, he licked Grace's finger clean.

He grinned and said, "That's remarkable! Why our Buttercup tastes just like a bitch!"

I saw that his robe now projected out from his body reflecting a powerful erection. A look of lust filled his eyes, and I felt very strange knowing that it was my scent that had aroused him.

Grace saw the tent in his robe too, and went on to say, "Yes, well, Brian, it's because she is a sweet little bitch. I want you to remember that she may look a little strange, that's for a mature mastiff bitch, but that's just what she is. Buttercup is a very special puppy, and we must be carefully to not confuse her with other creatures that she may superficially resemble."

"Grace, the translation of that is?"

"Simple, darling. She is not a human whore who can be ordered onto all fours and taken whenever the mood strikes you. She's a sweet little puppy who will need coxing and gentle attention to be made ready to mate when she's not in season. Just as her namesake was."

"Are you saying, Grace, that our new puppy will come into season?"

Grace nodded, and Brian commented, "That's remarkable."

"Yes, it is, dear. You have no idea how remarkable. We will need to be very selective in who we breed her with."

Grace was grinning at her husband and something secret was being talked about in a strange coded language. I hoped and prayed that they were not planning to share me with other men. Later, when I learned the truth it seemed so much worse, at least for a time.

"Well, sweets, you have given me lots to think about. I see that you have planned a much bigger treat for me than I had ever imagined. I knew when you said yes, that you were one in million, but now I know your one in a billion." He leaned over and softly kissed her cheek. "But, let's not neglect our new puppy.

"Buttercup, why don't you go see Lilly, then get dried off and go comb out your pretty hair. Grace and I will have a short swim, and then later you can join us in the media room. I'll have Lilly bring our dinner there so that you can eat with us."

I nodded and headed for the kitchen. I was looking forward to the movies, but not so much so that I didn't keep listening. As I went through the door I heard them Brian say, "You mean she can . . ." Grace interrupted him and said, "Yes, but she doesn't understand that. Don't tell her. I want to bring her gently to an appreciation of that particular aspect of her nature."

As I left I saw that they were kissing and their robes were off and on the tile floor that surrounded the pool. I wondered if they were going to make love again, and hoped they would. The look of lust in Brian's eyes was a strong memory, and I hoped Grace would sand his horns down more before I saw



him again. Intellectually I knew I was destined to feel him taking me, yet my past experience with men had left me with nothing but disgust for the things men did when taking their pleasure from my body.

~~~~~

### **Chapter XXIII: Fed and Petted**

After drying off with a towel in my bathroom, I went to see Lilly. She got the key out of her pocket as soon as she saw me and was quick to get the lock and collar off.

"I don't know what Grace could have been thinking, suggesting you take a swim with a heavy leather collar on. Well, what's put right is right, I always say. At least she figured out the problem before you spent the night trying to sleep in the wet nasty thing.

"Now go get yourself cleaned up, Buttercup. Grace said to remind you to use all your beauty products."

I nodded and left returning to my kennel to shower. After combing out my hair, washing, and conditioning it, I rinsed off and used a moisturizing bath gel on my skin. When I was done I used the toilet, and then the bidet. I felt so clean after the bidet that I was surprised the invention hadn't really caught on in America.

I took my time and was careful to comb all the snags out of my hair and then used a moisturizing skin cream and powdered my skin, the way Grace had taught me.

As I did my toilet I thought about the last part of the conversation between Brian and Grace. Their strange discussion puzzled me, but I had no idea what Grace and Brian had been talking about. It was more than an hour later when I ventured down the hall to the media room. I'd wanted to give them plenty of time to play their games, and I'd also taken extra care to be as pretty and soft as I could; although I'd stopped short of using any make-up or coloring my nails. I let the fact that I was a dog guide me. A dog would never put on nail varnish, eye shadow or lipstick. Therefore, I shouldn't unless told to.

Grace and Brian were there ahead of me and were back in their robes. They sat bundled together on the big leather couch. Clearly they were well satisfied lovers. As I stepped into the room I smelled them and knew that they had made love again and more of Brian's seamen was mixed with the clear scent of Grace's scent. I was tempted to see if she'd let me use my tongue to clean her sex, but Brian made me uneasy and I decided that being naked in the room with him was all the stimulation I wanted to provide.

"Buttercup, come here girl," Grace said, smiling broadly at me. "You can sit on the floor, here by us with your back against the couch, or you can lay down on the couch and watch the movies with your head in my lap."

I saw there was a large blanket on the couch and slipped onto it cuddling my head onto Grace's thigh. The scent of her was much stronger, but I managed to take comfort from it. Keeping my tongue in my mouth proved easy.

Brian got up and put on a movie. It was *Sense and Sensibility*, I'd read the book and knew there was a movie, but had never seen it. As Brian sat down next to Grace I became lost in the movie. Grace softly petted my head and shoulders as we watched the film. I became more and more relaxed as the warmth of her body and the comfort of the soft blanket and couch enveloped me. I didn't even notice when Lilly and Peter brought in a large tray. They set the tray on a small table and moved two chairs

to it, then left.

A few minutes later the film ended and Brian and Grace got up and went to the table. Brian turned to me and said, "Buttercup, come sit by me and I'll feed you. You're only to do that when invited, after all, no one really likes a dog that is begging for food all the time. But this is a special occasion and you are invited.

I got up and went over and sat down on his left side, assuming that the heel position would be most likely to be right. He patted my head and said, "Good girl! Such a good, girl!

"Why, Grace, the new puppy knew just where she should sit."

"Brian, Buttercup has had the full obedience course, and passed it with flying colors. In fact if you're good, someday I'll teach you the special command and hand signals I taught her. For this evening you can assume she knows all the commands that Thor and Ajax know, I think you already heard me use her release words."

Brian laughed, and softly petted the back of my neck and head, "Yes! Pretty Nipples!" He laughed again. "You are a creative devil, my love."

"It took you this long to figure that out?" Grace responded with a laugh.

The continued their light banter as they ate, discussing the farm and things that had changed while Grace was away. Every few minutes, Brian would offer me a tide-bit from the table. If I nodded he put it in my mouth and left his hand there for me to lick clean. Mostly he gave me smallish squares of meat. There was also some asparagus, and some kind of cheese pie. Every few bites he offered me both a sip of water and another of wine. He held the glass and tilted it just enough to bring the liquid to my lips. We went on eating for some time and I was surprised as my hunger faded away. The many little bites of food had turned into a rather nice meal. Brian had been carefully diligent and making sure that I had all I wanted. In fact I had quite a bit of the wine. It was the first time in my life that I'd had wine; it was delicious. For desert Brian shared some kind of chocolate candy with me, and a large glass of something he called Port.

I was feeling quite relaxed, and thankful for all the attention he lavished on me during the meal. When I declined more of the chocolate, he put it back on his plat, and again offered me his hand. I willingly used my tongue to clean it, and just before he pulled it away I boldly took his hand in mine and turning it softly, kissed the back of his hand, then let his hand go. It was how Grace had suggested I thank her for treats.

He smiled so broadly I thought his face might crack. "Good, girl!" he said, petting my head and shoulders softly.

"Why, Grace; I think that the new puppy is the sweetest little bitch I've ever met. Being without you was difficult, but now I see it was worthwhile.

"Should we watch another Jane Austin story, maybe *Pride and Prejudice*?"

"I've seen it, but it's OK with me. Why don't you ask the puppy if she wants to see it?"

As Brian turned back to me I was nodding my head and smiling, "Buttercup, there are other Austin books that have been made into films we have. But it will be too late to watch a third when *Pride* is over. If you like these well watch the others soon."

I nodded and smiled.

Brian arose and went over to set up the movie. Then we walked back to the couch, but this time I found my head resting on Brian's thigh. I was very aware of the scent of his sex and that of Grace's, lingering on in the room so close to my nose. At first the smells made me uneasy, but as the film progressed and Brian did no more than softly pet me I began to relax.

From time to time he offered me a sip of his port, and as I drank the sweet liquid my sense of relaxation deepened. I enjoyed the film, but was disappointed at the ending. I'd always liked the way the story was continued in the book after Elizabeth's wedding .

Grace was watching me and guessing my disappointment, surprised me by promising to let me see a different version the following day. I had no idea how many film versions of *Pride and Prejudice* there were.

We'd been watching movies, eating, and drinking for hours. I knew I must be slightly drunk. It was my first time and I found the sensation pleasant.

Grace suggested it was time for bed and reminded Brian that she and I had had a very long day. When She got up, she told me, "Heal," and I was instantly in position beside her."

"Good girl! Good Buttercup," she said and reached out and softly massaged my neck and back. "I know you will need to relieve yourself, go on into our bedroom and use the master bath. It' has a bidet, so you won't need to put any harsh paper on your delicate skin. Your bed is in the corner, you can't miss it, it's a big basket with lots of pillows and warm comforter."

I looked at her waiting; she thought for a moment and then laughed and released me, "Pretty nipples! Good girl, Buttercup Rose, you remember better than I do. But maybe I've just had too much to drink. We'll be in a few minutes from now. Just pop into your bed when you're ready, I know you're tired."

As I left the room I knew that they would be talking about me, my own nipples reminded me that I was aroused, and had been ever since Grace let me pleasure her by the pool. My attitude toward my inevitable taking by Brian was changing. I almost looked forward to it. Not only was the tension about when he would do it building and upsetting me; but also my own sexual needs were growing. Knowing that Grace had manipulated me into a receptive emotional state didn't reduce the degree to which she'd succeeded.

When I entered the master bedroom I was amazed. The room was huge, at least twenty feet by twenty feet. There was a giant bed against the wall opposite the double doors. To its right I saw the basket that was to be my bed. It was clearly a dog's bed, made for a really big dog. The wall behind both the big bed and the smaller dog's bed were giant mirrors. To the left the wall were a series of floor-to-ceiling windows looking out onto the house's sheltered courtyard. The courtyard was densely planted with large shrubs and trees, but it was too dark for me to see more.

To the right and left of the double doors were more doors. I found that one led into a cavernous walk-in-closet and the other into the master bath. The bathroom was equally grand. It had two large sinks, a Jacuzzi bathtub that was certainly big enough for two, what looked like two big glassed in shower compartments and three sliding doors. I later found out that one of the big glassed in compartments was a steam bath. There were big fluffy towels everywhere.

One of the sliding doors opened into a sauna. The other two each opened into toilet compartments, each with a bidet. I used the toilet and bidet, making sure that my sex was as clean as I could get it.

It was a little difficult because I was lubricating. Whatever my mind might think, my body was anticipating sex.

After washing and drying my hands I went to my basket-like bed and tried sitting down in the middle. The surface was velvet, and the bed was incredibly soft. It was seductive and soon I was laying on my back enjoying the sensation of the velvet against my skin. I found that the bed was plenty big and the pillows made it cozy. I pulled the comforter up around me, and found that it too was an incredibly soft fabric, that was a delight just to touch. It was the most comfortable bed I'd ever been in and I was happy that Grace was taking such good care of me.

But then I smelled it. A soft almost lost scent; one that was months old. I realized that another dog, another bitch, had slept in the bed before me. It must have been the bitch that my new reproductive organs had come from. It was clear, Grace hadn't prepared this cozy bed for me. Brian had it made for the first Buttercup. "His favorite bitch," Grace had said. I remembered she'd also said that Brian liked to have sex with her, and that they had been very close. Savoring the scent more I realized that it was very like my own, that what was different about mine was the fact that I was only part dog. My feelings about that were confused. One part of me wanted to smell only like a dog. Another was happy that my scent was still mostly human. My thoughts were interrupted when Grace and Brian entered the room.

"Brian, isn't the puppy cute, in her nice bed?" Grace said with a laugh.

"She sure is, sweetheart.

"Are you all squared away Buttercup?" He asked."

I nodded, noting that he was already good at asking questions that could be answered with a shake or nod of my head. They walked into the closet and returned a moment later, both came back out wearing nothing at all.

"Don't mind us, Buttercup, we sleep in the nude and if it weren't for Lilly, Peter, and Sam we'd probably never wear clothing in the house."

They went into the master bathroom, and emerged a while later. The bed was so soft and I was very tired. I was almost asleep when they got into their giant bed. I heard them kissing as I slipped into the a comfortable sleep.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXIV: Buttercup's First Man**

The first light of morning was entering the room when I woke up. I felt wonderfully refreshed and rested. I was warm and was sleeping on my side with that wonderful soft comforter bunched up between my rows of breasts and pressed tightly against my cleft. I ran my hand across my nipples and they throbbed. My nose told me that my sex had continued to lubricate. The bedding smelled strongly of my arousal.

Slipping out of the bed I saw that Grace and Brian were still sleeping. She was lying across his chest and right arm. The covers were askew, and I saw that his right hand was between her thighs and appeared to be cupping her vulva. It looked so intimate and loving that I thought it sweet.

I went to the bathroom and used the toilet and bidet. Then quietly returned to my bed. As I passed the foot of the big bed I smelled a strong scent of Grace's scent, and Brian's semen. They had made

love again sometime after I'd fallen asleep. It amazed me that I had slept through it. Cuddling down into my basket I wrapped the comforter around me again and tried to go back to sleep. But the smell of sex was strong in the air and my own need was becoming insistent. I softly massaged my breasts, then, as my nipples extended further, I pressing them into the soft fabric, I let my hand find my cleft and slowly stroked myself. It was hard, but I avoided coming as I lay in the soft warm surroundings. I felt suddenly safe and knew, knew for the first time, that I was going to be cared for with love and attention.

It was over an hour later when Grace got out of the bed. I could still hear Brian's soft snoring. She came over to me and whispered, "Buttercup, I'm afraid I made Brian pound every once of his seed that was left after yesterday afternoon into me last night. My poor sex is feeling well used and a little sore. Would you be a good puppy and come up on the big bed and lick all the soreness away?"

Nodding I got up and Grace lead me onto the bed. She mounded a stack of loose pillows up to support her back and then lay down, spreading her thighs wide, exposing her vulva. The smell was both strong and seductive. I felt moisture onto my own upper thighs as I crept forward to press my lips to the Grace's delicate cleft. I was leaning forward with my knees tucked under me. Slowly I reached out and wrapped my arms gently around Grace's narrow waist and pulled my mouth softly to her hips.

The scent of Brian's seed was very strong. I recognized it, and began to clean Grace with my tongue. She moaned slightly. The knowledge that I was pleasing her was a delight, and after my sleep I found I was able to enjoy the sensation of probing her sex with my tongue almost enough for that alone to bring on my climax.

I felt Grace shudder in release several times. I had no idea how long I'd been licking her sacred spot, I was so engrossed in what I was doing, that I didn't notice that Brian was awake.

Then I felt a tongue sliding across my exposed anus and the tickle of a beard on my bottom. It was surprisingly pleasant, even delightful.

"Spread your thighs, Buttercup," Grace instructed me. "Brian has a treat for you."

He really did. That man licked and kissed my anus and vulva for what must have been an hour. I had trouble keeping my mind on what my tongue was doing. I had shuttering orgasm after shuttering orgasm. I was raising my bottom up and moving toward Brian's eager tongue as he took me to a level of pleasure I didn't know existed.

When I felt his tongue and face move away I felt so abandoned. I wanted to turn from Grace and find some way to reconnect his body to my own. He moved a little behind me and I felt something hot sliding through the crease of my sex, becoming covered with the lubricant my body was providing. I knew it was his manhood, and would have moaned with pleasure when he leaned forward and pressed it slowly into me, if I'd been able. He gently slipped it in and out, going deeper with each thrust, until I felt his testicles part the lips of my sex and press the base of the little valley that my vagina was in. The muscles around the mouth of my vagina tried to clamp down tight on his shaft. But there was nothing to hold on to, and he kept moving in and out, very slowly. All the time my body seemed like it was trying to grasp his shaft and hold it in me, but he wasn't built the way my body seemed to expect.

I realized that he had no knot to tie with me, and strangely, the thought was sad. Still his slow steady movement felt wonderful, much better than when Grace had used her fingers. I'd been excited when I was licking and sucking on Grace's sex, but this was sublime. At the end of his fifth trip, all the way, to the bottom of my vagina, I was taken by a powerful orgasm.

As my body shuddered I heard Grace laugh, "The puppy is so happy that she's lost track of my poor bruised sex. Let's show her how special we think she is."

I hardly knew then what they were doing, but it felt so very good. Brian pulled all the way out of me and they gently rolled me over onto my back. My legs spread wide, almost automatically, and as the back of my head pillowed down on Grace's tummy, Brian leaned forward and lifting my hips onto a pillow pressed himself into me until I felt his shaft was as deeply within me as it would go. A series of contractions exploded inside my body, and I was lost to any thought. A few moments later Grace's soft hands began to tweak and caress my upper breasts, it was enough to take me over the edge again.

The sensations were so wonderful I thought nothing could be better, but then it was better. Brian's big strong hands were ever so gently caressing my lower breasts and nipples, which were throbbing each time he caressed them. If I'd had the ability to speak I'd have been screaming in ecstasy. The two went on pleasuring me for a very long time. My mind could not think. It could only experience the rolling series of orgasms that flowed through me. All the time, Brian kept up the same slow gentle pace.

I nearly passed out from the pleasure. I was shuddering and quivering and wanting it to never stop, but I also wanting to rest; feeling like I was all used up and one more crashing orgasm and the pleasure would turn to pain.

Grace lifted her hands off my breasts and leaned over me, "Buttercup Rose, would you like to rest. You've been mating with Brian now for an hour and I thought you might be feeling a little over stimulated and maybe sore. I nodded, and was thankful she'd asked. I realized that she'd, at some time been subjected to the same pleasant torment. I grabbed her hand, and brought it to my mouth where I kissed it over and over.

"Brian, I think the puppy is getting over stimulated, maybe we should ease her down."

He nodded, and lifted his hands off my lower breasts. But his hips kept moving. "Grace, Buttercup, I've got to cum! I'll be as gentle as I can, but I can't stop, not now!"

His hands wrapped around the cheeks of my ass lifting my hips slightly as he prepared to finish. Then he began driving into me very hard and very fast. It was different, and it was wonderful too. It took him six deep strokes and then pressing his shaft as deep into me as it would go, he yelled, and I felt his manhood convulsing within me. His seed surprised me, it felt cool inside; my own warmer body temperature welcomed the cool splashes of liquid like a cool spray of water on a hot day. I'd never felt a man's seed before. Only the twitching of their shaft as they came.

At that moment I wanted his child. I prayed that his seed would make me pregnant, even as I knew I could never have that pleasure. I thought that, although I had a vagina, I was neutered, unable to breed.

His whole body quivered in release as he filled me. I was happy they'd turned me over and I had the pleasure of seeing his climax. He held still for a minute, a sweet happy look on his face. His hands were squeezing my bottom, hard, but not so hard as to hurt. Grace was using a corner of a sheet to wipe the sweat off my face and breasts. I was a magic moment in which I felt that the three of us were one.

I was silently crying and laughing at the same time. As Brian relaxed and leaned back I felt his softening shaft pulling out of me. I turned to Grace's hand and kissed it reverently again. Then I sat up and boldly wrapped my arms around Brian's back and scooted onto his lap, capturing his shaft

within me for a few more seconds as I pressed my lips to his shoulder.

Brian laughed, took my head softly in his big hands and turned my lips toward his. Then he lowered his mouth and kissed my lips very softly. It was tender and very sensual. I felt my nipples lengthen and harden again and my heart began beating faster. He kissed me so long and tenderly. I tried to tell him, as I kissed him back, that I was happy to be his. When his manhood slipped out of me he raised his head from my mouth, kissed my forehead, and tried to softly lay me back down on the bed. But I was wild! I turned and wrapped my arms around Grace kissed her with equal passion. She kissed me back and softly separated our lips laughing; then she pulled my mouth to her right breast and said, "Nurse."

Grace didn't have any milk to give me, but as I softly suckled a sense of relaxation and comfort crept over me. I looked up to her eyes and she was smiling at me. As I softly nursed on Grace's breasts my body slowly relaxed and sense of contentment blossomed. I felt happy, really happy, for the first time in my life.

"How about some breakfast, Buttercup. I know I'm hungry and I'll bet Brian is famished. We've made him work really hard since dinner last night."

I nodded, and Grace told me to go to my kennel, get cleaned up and then go to the kitchen where Lilly would feed me. I looked a little disappointed and she stopped me and said, "You won't be fed by hand every day, that way it's a treat for us all. Later I'll take you out to meet Thor and Ajax. If you like what Brian did to you, you're going to love what those guys can do."

Grace saw what I'm sure was a look of fear come over my face. She smiled and she giggled, "Don't worry, Buttercup Rose, they won't rape you. They are two of gentlest males on the planet. I just want you to meet them. I don't expect you to get intimate with either of them until you get to know them a little. Although, when you try them, you may wonder why you postponed such pleasure."

"Now, run along, you must be hungry."

I left, and while I was showering and moisturizing I saw that it was a beautiful sunny day outside. I decided I'd like to get out of the house for a walk, and hoped that it wouldn't be too cold for me. Thirty minutes later I was in the kitchen.

Lilly smiled at me and when I sat down on the little rug by the low table she brought me a bowl of soup, and a plate of corn chips with a chilly sauce for dipping. There was meat in the soup and the chili sauce, lots of it. I smiled up at her, trying to say 'thank you' and she smiled back, patted my head, and said, "I know you'd say thank you, if you could, Buttercup. The light in your eyes and your sweet smile make that clear."

"This is lunch, you missed breakfast, that will probably happen a lot, the master and mistress only get up for breakfast a couple times a week. When you're done let me know if you want more. Dinner will be more than six hours from now. You can have some doggy biscuits this afternoon if you want."

I settled down and slowly ate the food. I enjoyed the soup; it was a mushroom and beef concoction in cream. The chips and spicy meat dish were also good. There was a deep bowl of water on the table, and I almost drank the whole thing while I ate. The food seemed ample, particularly with the promise of a biscuit or two in the afternoon.

After lunch I got up and went over and lightly kissed Lilly on the back of her hand. She giggled and said, "Good girl," as she patted me on the shoulders and petted my hair.

I almost went outside then, but remembered that Grace had plans to have meet the 'other' dogs that

afternoon. So far she'd never lied to me, so I relaxed, realizing that she didn't have anything more in mind than my meeting the rest of the kennel. I was curious about what they would be like, and strangely my curiosity seemed to center on what they would smell like. I went to my little room and sat on the big dog bed, reading Tarzan, the Ape Man. Soon I was lost in the story and didn't notice when Grace came to the door, which I'd left open.

"Buttercup Rose, let's go for a walk. I want to show you around the farm while it's warm outside.

"Do you want to be on your leash?"

I shook my head and looked at her pleadingly.

"OK, puppy, but then you must be obedient. Can you do that?"

I nodded and she smiled. She said, "Heal." And I set down the book and moved into the heal position on her left. She smiled and said, "Good girl, good puppy!" Then she patted me on the head lightly and let her hand slowly slide down my neck, back and upper hip and a long caress. Her stroking felt wonderful and I suddenly longed to please her so enough that she'd do it again.

She was wearing a pair of loose pink cotton shorts, a white halter-top, and a pair of Birkenstock sandals. She smelled very clean, but the scent of her just washed sex was noticeable. I concluded, as I later learned correctly, that she wasn't wearing panties. She led me out the front door and I was found the air only slightly cool. Although, it did make my nipples stand up, but other than the slight feeling of arousal that engendered in me, I was comfortable. When we started walking I found the path were covered with sawdust and was quite easy on my tender feet. Of course after a few years of being barefoot I became able to comfortably walk across almost any surface.

Grace led me around the grounds near the house, pointing out the different buildings and pathways and explaining things she thought I should know. The first path we came to, wound down to a large marsh, about one-half mile away. She also said I should put on lots of sun-block if I was going to be out long, and insect repellent if I went to any of the marshy areas on the farm. I'd seen the tubs and plastic bottles in my bathroom.

"Buttercup Rose, it's safe to go to the marshes. No one will see you since it's shallow and we own most of the lake. We don't allow boating, hunting or fishing, and the boundaries are clearly marked 'No Trespassing'. You can go down the road toward the gate only to where I had you take off your clothes. Beyond that point, someone driving down the highway could see you."

Grace showed me many trails and told me I was free to explore them and how far I might go. She told me that she'd had Sam drive a pole with a red flag attached to it, in each trail to show me where I should stop. There were miles of trails and I looked forward to the summer and having time to explore.

Allison, I'm telling all this in such detail because I want you to know how Grace and Brian treated me. You may be a better judge than I am, for I'd never been treated with kindness before. Even Brian's kiss, I took as a special gift. None of the men that I'd prostituted myself to, had ever kissed me like that. Most didn't kiss me at all. They'd wanted to get laid, to pay out some fantasy they had, but they couldn't bring themselves to kiss me. Most of the time that was fine with me, but sometimes I got so lonely. If I felt they'd been tender, I'd beg to be kissed, but they almost always refused.

But Brian had kissed me with gusto and passion. I count it as my first real kiss from a man. It was the first to take my breath away. My lips had tingled and I looked forward to more.



Perhaps to you, the Pembrooks don't seem kind, but they are nicer to me than any other people I'd known, at least until I met you, my lovely, Allison.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXV: Meeting Thor and Ajax**

Our walk took about an hour. We ended outside the building Grace had told me was the kennel for the other dogs. As we approached it dogs started to bark. They sounded excited and happy. Then their scent hit me and I knew that there were two dogs and that they were male, and that they were my breed. I have know idea how I knew that, but it was clear to me.

Since that day I've found that my sense of smell, while not as good as a dog's, is better than I could have imagined; it's never wrong. It's almost like being able to see through walls and around corners.

Grace turned to me saying; "Remember, Buttercup, were just meeting a couple of puppies. They're big puppies, but you'll find that there just big happy puppies that are eager to be your friend. You don't have to do anything but sniff and be sniffed today, unless you want more. You, as a bitch dog, may make love with one or both of the dogs, whenever you want. There will be times when we'll expect it of you. But, after you give it a fair chance we won't make you do it often, if you don't like it.

"Buttercup, I've missed these guys so much while we were in South America; each of them is my special friend and lover. The fact that my body can't accept them comfortably doesn't mean that I don't love them and want them. If I . . ." her voice trailed off.

"God! The scent of them is driving me crazy. I can't imagine what it's doing to you."

At Graces last comment I realized that there was a sexual quality to dog's scent. My nipples were extended and felt moisture on the lips of my vulva. It was mild, nothing to what I'd felt with Brian that morning, but he'd been having sex with me. Suddenly I realized that my body at least found the scent more erotic than it had found Brian's; even more erotic than his had been after he's had sex with Grace.

"Oh, and Buttercup, Brian my join us here," Grace continued. "He knows that I may get carried away and wants to watch, if I do. He loves to see me, or any girl, couple with his dogs. Although, he said he needed to call his stockbroker, and those calls always takes a long time.

"If he does, and I do, Buttercup will you do me a big favor?"

I nodded.

"Well, if he does, and I'm sort of busy, please be a sweet puppy and give him a nice blow-job or something. When he sees me with the dogs he gets all excited. I don't like to leave his needs unmet, but if I succumb to those two in there I'll be busy dealing with them for quite a while. If you aren't too sore or tired and he comes around he'd probably love it if you got in the doggie position and let him do you as one of the dogs does me."

I nodded again, smiling. The idea of giving Brian pleasure wasn't unattractive as I remembered all the pleasure he'd given to me. After my first taste I felt addicted. Grace had assured me that I'd come to like anal sex too, but based on my previous experience I doubted it. Yet, I reminded myself that Grace had told me that with Brian it could be a great pleasure. Later I found that it was. She even proved right about my ultimately learning to like being taken that way.

As we came to the door Grace took a deep breath and said; "Ok, Buttercup Rose, let's meet the guys."

She opened the door and led me in. The kennel was the only room in the building, and it was a large building. There was a blur of brindle fur, and then it clarified into the two biggest dogs I'd ever seen. I felt tiny compared to them. I later learned that Thor, the larger of the two, weighed two hundred and five pounds at that time. Ajax weighed one-ninety-five. They were tall too. Both of their heads were so-high above the floor that they were well above my hips, almost to my top breasts.

Before we'd left the clinic Elizabeth had weighed me. I put on a little weight while there but still hadn't quite broken a hundred pounds.

As we entered the two dogs ran to the fence barking, their tails wagging. They got up on their hind legs with their forepaws high on the fence. I was reminded again how small I was. The dog's huge heads were a foot above mine; they were looking down at me with a look that was both frightening and funny. It was clear that they were friendly, but their scent and my own, made me very aware that I was a bitch.

There was a floor to ceiling fence between Grace and I, and the dogs, with a wide gate. I looked around and saw dog food, dog biscuits, leashes and grooming gear.

"Buttercup Rose, the big fellow there is Thor, and he is a real sweetie. He's as tender a lover as Brian is. The other guy is Ajax. He's a real nice guy too, but when he takes you, he makes sure you know that you're his bitch. Most of the time I like breeding with him better than Thor. I really like the being taken and possessed feeling that he gives me." A wistful look came over her face and I could tell she was remembering her times with Ajax.

Grace laughed, "Well, our public awaits, close the gate behind you. Then hold still until the formalities of sniffing are over." She picked up a couple of big pull toys and tossed one to me and walked into the kennel.

Instantly the dogs were off the fence and greeting her. She dropped to her knees and was hugging them, in turns, around the neck and kissing their big heads. At the same time the dogs were licking any part of her that was near them.

As I followed Grace through the gate in 'heal' position. I noticed that the ceiling was mostly skylights, and the top three feet of the two side walls were open to the air, enclosed only with a chain link fence. I later found out that there were shutters that rolled down and closed the opening in bad weather. The walls, before the opening were about six feet high, the floor looked like grass, although once I was on it I realized it was a very heavily padded indoor-outdoor carpet.

Grace said "Pretty Nipples," releasing me.

Following Grace's example, I dropped to my knees. Once I was kneeling I realized that in terms of protecting my sex, it was a much safer position than standing. Ajax continued to lick Grace's face, but Thor romped over to me and with a look that seemed like a smile, he circled me twice, sniffed at my bottom, and licked as much of it as he could get at. He then came around to face me and started licking my face and neck. His scent was clean and strong. It was like wet leaves after a warm rain afternoon rain after the sun has come out. Underneath it all was the scent of his maleness. It was powerful, intoxicating.

I petted his head, and then he licked my top breasts. His tongue was hot and seemed to go on forever. My nipples extended and I felt my bosom flush. My human nipples are the most sensitive. The wash of pleasure that hit me had me longing for the feel of that big hot tongue again.

At that moment, and for the first time, I felt female in a new way. It was in contrast to Thor's maleness, which seemed deep and profound, especially to my nose. The contrast of my scent with Thor's was strong. With me kneeling his head was higher than mine - I felt vulnerable, but not frightened. Thor returned to licking my face, all the time he seemed to be cheerfully smiling.

I knew I was making a special friend. I smiled back at him, silently laughed, and jumped up. Thor bounced up and we played tag, running around the kennel in a mad romp. First I chased him, and then Thor would chase me. I knew he could catch me in seconds, if he really wanted too, but he held back, occasionally dropping his front paws to the ground toward me and panted. That big smile remained on his face the whole time. I realized that dogs really do smile and frown, and can look happy or worried, just like a person.

I'd never had so much fun. Once in a while he would get close enough to lick my bottom or legs. That became the signal for me to turn and chase him. When he slowed, to let me catch him, I'd pat his rear and turn and take-off, and Thor would chase me again.

Grace and Ajax jumped up too, and Grace showed me how she played the pull-toy game with Ajax. A minute later I was playing the game with Thor, and he loved it. Although he was much stronger than I, he never pulled so hard that I fell down or lost my grip on my end of the toy. We had a great time, with our little fake tug-of-war, for a good half hour. Then Thor slowed the game down by dropping his end of the toy. He came to me and licked the outside of my thighs. I dropped to my knees and hugged his thick neck.

His scent was clean, strong and wild. It filled me with a sense of kinship and wellbeing. It was completely male and the contrast to my own was seductive. As I hugged him I noticed that his fur was the same brindle color as my hair. A sense of belonging and family flowed through my senses that I'd never felt before. I hugged him tighter. When he pulled away I leaned back and didn't object when he returned and began to lick my nipples. All eight of my nipples extended, proud and taught, and my breath came in short gasps as excitement spread through me.

Thor seemed as eager to explore me. He began to lick me from the top of my chest to my cleft. As his huge tongue caressed me, I felt myself becoming excited. Waves of pleasure were moving through me when suddenly I felt a contraction in my core. The next moment my thighs were wet with my lubricant and I had to lean forward, grabbing Thor around the neck, to keep my balance.

As I regained my composure I heard a strange sound and realized that I'd lost track of Grace and Ajax. When my eyes found them, I gasped. Grace had stripped off her shorts and halter-top and was on her hands and knees on the soft floor, her bottom in the air and her head resting on her folded left arm. Her tummy rested on a big thick pillow. Ajax was on top of her, his front paws hooked around her waist and his hips were humping vigorously. I saw that Ajax had some kind of funny socks on his front feet.

Grace was smiling. She saw me and grinned. Her right arm stretched under her, and back to her groin where I could see she was holding Ajax's shaft.

"He's deep in me, Buttercup, and it feels just wonderful. I know I'll be sore for days, but it's worth it, to be this close to such a male again, after weeks away, it's the totality of pleasure."

She changed the position of her hand; she was grinning. Then she cried out, "Oh! That was intense! I let him press his knot in. I should have done it sooner. It got pretty big before I made up my mind. But I hadn't planned on tying with him. I should have known I wouldn't be able to resist. Because I'm a human I can't really tie with him the way a real bitch can. Buttercup I envy you that special muscle

at the entrance of your vagina that can hold the knot within you.

"Poor me, I have to use my hand to hold the knot in. If I don't when Ajax is done he will pull out, even if he really doesn't want to. But it would hurt.

"It's so good to have another girl to talk about this with," Grace suddenly gasped. "I can't wait until you've tried this! I'm really looking forward to seeing your reactions."

"Buttercup, now that he's all the way in, he's getting bigger. I think that's the best part. It feels like he's swelling up to fill my whole body. He's even pressing at my cervix. If I didn't know it would hurt, I'd press back and see if I could get part of his shaft into my womb."

For a while Grace was silent, a rapt look of pleasure on her face, her breasts swayed as the big dog continued to mate with her, but Ajax had slowed down. His movement became almost gentle.

"Oh, Buttercup! He's at his full size now, and it really is filling me. His cock is pulsing, and with each pulse he shoots more of his seed into me. It's hot and it stimulates my insides in the nicest way."

As I watched Grace, she climaxed. I'd seen her come enough to know the look she got on her face when the sex was really good. After a while Ajax stepped, almost delicately, off her back, and with his shaft still within Grace, he circled around until they were pressing their bottoms together. They both slowly dropped their bottoms to the ground and lay down on their sides. It was amazing to watch. It was clear that they'd done it many times before and had learned to move as a single creature when they were joined.

As my mind came back to the moment I realized that Thor was licking my sex. My thighs had moved apart and I had my hands on his big head, petting and encouraging him. I picked up a new scent and glancing down I saw that his penis had started to project from its furry sheath. The smell seemed to well up inside me and I felt yielding.

To Thor's disappointment, I shifted my position and sat down on the floor Indian-style, effectively hiding my vulva from him and cutting off access of his tongue to my cleft. I felt giddy. Looking at Grace, it was clear that she was lost in sexual ecstasy. But I was far from sure that I was ready to let a dog breed me.

Thor stood beside me and licked my shoulder, neck, and cheek. It felt very reassuring, although when I glanced back my eyes confirmed what my nose had already told me, his erection had grown. I looked up and his big brown eyes seemed to beg me to help him.

Then I heard Grace. "Buttercup, he's aroused by you, not me. If he were all hot and bothered that way about me, he'd bounce over here, lay down beside me, and let me lick him until he climaxed. We've done it lots of times before. It's something I like doing while I'm enjoying Ajax filling me. But, Thor is staying by you; I think you've made a conquest."

I smiled and got to my knees and hugged the huge warm presence hovering at my side again. 'Yes, it's true,' I told myself. 'I have a new friend, and somehow I know that he will always love and protect me.'

With the sense of protection came a new sense of happiness and with it another contraction in my tummy. I had to hold onto Thor's big neck to keep from falling over again. More of my lubricant were on my upper thighs.

"This is the best part, when we're this way, peacefully locked together - a single being," Grace said;

there was a dreamy quality to her words.

I started to worry about Thor. He was shaking and I could scent his excitement and knew he needed relief. Keeping my thighs together, I let go of Thor's neck and dropped to my hands and knees, my head toward his rear. He was so tall, I was able to lean forward and lightly stroke his shaft without dropping down. It was hot and wet and slowly pulsing. It seemed to be getting bigger with each pulse. His scent filled my nostrils and without thinking I began to softly massage it with my hand. It grew, Thor held still, allowing me to explore at my own pace. As I ministered to his maleness Thor's scent became stronger. It was so clean and sexy, it made my nipples throb. From that day on the smell of an aroused male mastiff has always made me happy. I could still hear Grace's moans of pleasure, but my back was to her and Ajax. I was focused on learning what pleased Thor.

As I started to feel like I was pleasuring him, a liquid shooting in thin steams from his shaft. I let it coat my hands and then used it as lubricant as I continued ministering to the growing member. I let a little drip onto my tongue. It was thin and tasted clear, but a little salty. I knew it was his pre-come, but had no idea how much there would be. Scooting closer, I reached up and gently held the base of his shaft with my other hand, wondering at the large knot growing there and how Grace had managed to get something that big into her. I was rather close, kneeling under Thor and brought my head to within inches of the tip of the penis.

The squirts of the thin hot liquid increased to the point where it was too much for my hands. Streams dripped from between my fingers. It splashed and some of it ended up on my chest and more ended up on my face. I let it dribble onto my chin. Some ran down my neck to my breasts where it collected on my top set of nipples then dripped to the floor. Thor's shaft continued to expand. It seemed huge, a half-yard long and a four inches wide, from my perspective; although in reality it was much less. A series of light contractions ran through Thor's shaft and then shots of his creamy seed began to fill my hand. He was coming and I held all I could in my hands but the bulk of his seed dribble onto my thighs. The shots sometimes missed my hands and hit my chest.

Its heat felt good as it accumulated on my breasts. Thor came for a long time, and all the time his shaft was pulsing in my hand. I remembered with pleasure the feel of Brian within me that morning. I realized that if Thor was inside me, his throbbing shaft would feel much more alive than a man's. After several minutes of spurting the shaft grew quiet, and then Thor gently backed away, pulling his shaft from my hand. I tasted a drop of the seed covering my right hand and found it was like human seamen, only stronger; more earthy.

Thor turned, and seemed to be grinned at me. Then he licked my face over and over, until every trace of his spurting was gone. He continued licking until my hands were clean too, his tale wagging wildly as he washed me. Grinning back at him I leaned back, getting up onto my knees again and let him clean my neck, throat, breasts, and thighs. His tongue darted down and caressed my cleft when he was done cleaning me. Some how I trusted him, and leaned back farther, parting my knees and allowed him to clean my sex. When I was clean he pulled back and lay down on his side, with his penis facing me.

Sensing what he wanted I leaned forward, and trying to be as tender as he'd been with me, I used my tongue to clean his shaft, while I watched, fascinated as the knot and shaft shrank back into his furry sheath.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXVI: In Heat?**

I cuddled up against a tired but happy; I felt tired too. My back was to his chest and my head was

pillowed on his front paw. He licked the back of my neck and my cheek and then seemed to wrap himself around me, his paws protectively sheltering me as they created a warm furry nest for me. I felt his sheath pressed to my bottom but it was quite now, and its presence, so close to my sex was not threatening. I glanced over, and saw that Grace was still holding Ajax inside her. There was a look of profound look of happy contentment on her face. Then I saw that Brian was by the gate. He was smiling, had pulled his cock out and was masturbating.

He grinned at Grace and then winked at me. "That was some show you two bitches put on."

Grace looked at him and laughed, "I guess you found it entertaining. Why don't you bring that pretty man thing of yours over to momma, and I'll kiss it and make it better. I'd come over there, but I want to enjoy Ajax's knot a while longer."

Brian stepped out of his pants and walked, half naked, still stroking his shaft, over and sat down by Grace's head. She wiggled around a little and worked her head into his lap. I saw the length of Brian's shaft disappear into her mouth and throat. She moved her head slowly and didn't let him move, taking her time and brought him off in her mouth, just as Ajax's cock slipped from her cleft. Brian yelled in his joy, and Grace kept sucking until she'd swallowed his seed. I'd risen and was sitting with my legs folded under me watching as I continued to pet Thor's big head.

They slowly got up and Grace moaned and almost doubled over. "Wow! I knew I'd be sore," she said, as she tried to straighten up. "That will have to be the last time I tie with a dog, at least for a while. The mind is willing, even eager, but my hips are in revolt. I can't take it anymore." Grace's voice was sad and there were tears in her eyes.

She was leaning on Brian and was bent at the waste. She took a step and gasped in pain. Brian lifting her face and she kissed him, "Poor baby, you'll have to keep me satisfied by doing my bottom as one of these guys does Buttercup. I'll pretend you're a big dog breeding me. Will you like that," she teased, kissing him again.

It was clear that Brian would love the game. His manhood was hard again and his face was covered with a look of desire. Grace saw it too, and laughed. She slowly lowered herself to the soft green carpet and continued laughing. Then she shifted onto her hands and knees, and wiggled her bottom at Brian.

"Come on baby! I know I can handle what you have for me, and you seem ready. I can tell you can't wait to feel my inside when I'm full of nice creamy doggy cum." Her thighs were covered by trickles of Ajax's seed.

She didn't have to say more, Brian fell to his knees behind her and leaning forward and sank his erection into Grace's sex. Grasping her hips he pulled them to his own until his full length was in. The sight was erotic, but somehow as I sat next to Thor petting him and enjoying the feel of his fur against my skin, it seemed alien.

Ajax bounced up, and wandered over to us and began sniffing at me. His tail was wagging and when I raised my other hand and stroked the side of his thick neck his tail wagged faster, and he laid down beside me his head on my thigh. I was petting both the dogs, enjoying their wonderful male scent and the feeling a deep sense of kinship for them that welled up in my breast. As we three watched Brian and Grace mating I felt that I should be frightened of the two big animals I was gently petting. But strangely I wasn't, the idea of mating with one or both of them seemed to have lost all its terror.

My feelings of fear were replaced by a warm sense of contentment that grew as they lay beside me and surrounded me with their fur and sent. Occasionally Ajax would move his head, very gently and

then lick my thigh. Thor let me know he was enjoying the petting by raising his big head and pressing it into my hand and then moving it to get my fingers to move to his big ears.

When I saw Brian tense and pull Grace's hips back to meet his groin, I knew they were coming together, Grace's face had a look of dreamy pleasure I'd come to know meant she was climaxing. I was happy that they'd pleased each other, but wondered at Brian's lust. I knew this was at least his fourth climax of the day, and was surprised that a man of his age could keep at it. Then I remembered that for months, he'd been alone, with no female partners, and decided that a few days of steady love might wear him down to a more sustainable pace.

Grace and Brian slowly pulled apart and Brian helped Grace to her feet. She kissed him lightly and then holding him to steady herself, called. "Buttercup, Thor, Ajax, come her and clean me up. I can't go back to the house with streams of cum running out of me," she laughed.

The three of us moved, almost as one and ran to her. I dropped to my knees and went to Grace's rear, while Thor began licking her right thigh and leg and Ajax's big tongue began lapping up the streams of thick liquid running down Grace's left leg. Holding her rear in my two hands I pressed my face to her overfull sex and began lapping at the flow dribbling from her. I could taste Bran's seed, but it was in the background, the dominate taste was one that I knew was dog; I could tell by the smell that it wasn't Thor. It was Ajax's taste. It was like Thor's, but sweeter and not as creamy.

It really didn't take the three of us long to get Grace clean, although she giggled and laughed as our tongues caressed her. Brian held her steady but I saw his manhood twitch. He found the sight very erotic. I wondered if he would want to take me next, but wasn't sure I wanted that. Somehow the memory of the delight I'd felt when he'd taken me that morning was confused. When I tried to imagine watching him as he drove his shaft into me and expelling his seed, his image kept fading and being replaced by that of Thor. Not that I was seeing Thor in my mind, but I smelled Thor, in my mind. Somehow I felt it would feel would right if Thor mated with me.

My own state of excitement was rising as I ran my tongue back and forth down the delicate crease of Grace's sex. When the flow stopped, she laughed and pushed my head away, saying, "Stop," in a clear tone that I knew was a command. I stopped and then noticed that so had Thor and Ajax. Although I wanted to continue until I'd seen Grace shudder in yet another orgasm.

Smelling the air, I could tell that Thor and Ajax were as aroused as I was. I glanced at them I saw that their penises were peaking out.

Grace grinned at me, reading my mind, "Yes, the boys want more, but my poor body can't take more. If you want you can ease their tension yourself, Buttercup, but not right now, later. Let's all go into the house and relax for a while. I can rest, Brian can recharge, and we can all have dinner. Later, if we want to play we will. I know that the sight of you mating with one of these guys would have Brian wanting to do me again, and my poor puss needs a few hours, and soothing bath, to recover."

Brian laughed and I suddenly realized that a time had been set. That evening it would happen; one or both dogs would mate me. At the time my feelings were mixed between curiosity, desire, and apprehension. Somehow my feelings of fear were gone. Perhaps because I'd seen Grace mated with Ajax and although my body was better suited to his, and Thor's, it had been clear that Grace had taken great pleasure in her coupling with Ajax.

The memory of Thor's taste, and Ajax's still lingering in my mouth, seemed somehow right for me. I remembered the men and women who I'd had sex with for money, and I found that my mind associated more that memory with the taste of Brian's seed. With the memory came a sense of

distaste and shame. Perhaps I'll find dogs are better lovers than men, I wondered.

I stood up and when Grace Said "Heal," Thor, Ajax, and I fell into position on her left and slightly behind her. After Grace and Brian put their clothes on, the five of us went back to the house. Grace led us to the kitchen, and instructed Lilly; "Feed the dogs."

"Lilly, Brian and I will have lunch in the breakfast room in about an hour. There is no rush about the exact time, we have a lot to talk over."

Grace said "Pretty Nipples," and I went and say in my corner. I noticed that in the opposite corner Lilly had put down three bowls. Two were filled with dog kibble, and a third larger bowl was filled with water. Lilly pointed to the bowls and said, "OK."

I then realized that 'OK' was the release word for both Thor and Ajax. I felt sick, knowing the day would come when I would hear my own release word on the lips of Sam, Lilly, or Peter who would say 'Pretty Nipples.' My cheeks burned as I imagined the humiliation of someone other than Grace knowing that was my release phrase. My cheeks burn when I realized that they already knew. Suddenly I felt my person-ness was gone; that I really was a dog to these people. I felt tears running down my cheeks and was glade that I couldn't make sounds. I knew if I could I'd be whimpering in pain, having lost my humanness.

Lilly brought me a sandwich and seeing my tears, petted my head, and softly said, "Buttercup, Sam, Peter , and I all know you are a person. Grace and Brian are good to work for, but no mater what they say, it doesn't make you less than a person. Like I said yesterday, we know you are here as an alternative to death. None of us feel it is our place to criticize you for choosing life, even if you must behave as if you were a dog."

I turned and hugged her legs, thankful for her kind words, and fearful that she'd think differently, once she knew that I'd been surgically made into a creature that is part dog. I glanced down at my two rows of breasts and realized that Lilly must know already.

Lilly petted my more, and then I slowly released my hold on her legs. She said she'd be back in a while and see if I was still hungry, and left. I turned to the sandwich, and picking it up began eating. It was roast beef, piled thick on dark whole wheat bread with butter. It was dry and I found myself drinking often and deeply from my water dish.

As I ate, I heard voices talking. I tried to listen and realized that it was Grace and Brian discussing me.

"So it will be tonight?" Brian was saying.

I heard Grace's voice reply, "I think so. I'm worried that we're rushing her, but I think tonight will work. There is also risk in waiting; if we postpone the experience too much it could become something that she might worry herself into fearing. It might be best to quickly let her learn the pleasure of mating with a dog. So far she has shown a willingness to try new sexual things. But, Brian, don't get greedy; not both Thor and Ajax, one will be a good start."

"Why not, Grace. I've been waiting and waiting. The anticipation is incredible. I long to see her do them both. If not at the same time, then in succession."

"You'll have to be more patient. Buttercup is a small bitch; she's less than 100 pounds. Remember a full-grown female mastiff would have 40 to 80 pounds on her. Besides, it will be her first time with a dog. She's willing, but she's not me. You can't expect her to have my lust for dogs. Besides, although



I made her into a bitch, she's not in heat. Her namesake, Buttercup, was reserved about how often she'd mate and with who when she wasn't in heat. As I remember she rejected your advances more often than not. You must expect that our new Buttercup may be less lustful or even willing than I am. She will be hesitant and because she's smaller, even when she's in heat, she may not be able to take on male after male."

"But, she will be going into heat?"

"The doctors think so. She has the sex organs of a bitch. They will continue to function and, once her body finds its rhythm, she should go into heat."

"Grace, when do you think I look forward to her first heat?" Brian's voice sounded strained, as if he was having trouble controlling his passion.

"I'm not sure, Brian. After the surgery her body needs time to adjust. But it can't be all that long. It's been nearly four months since the transplant. I wouldn't be surprised if she goes into heat sometimes in the next two or three months."

~~~~

## **Chapter XXVII: A Fait Accompli**

When Thor and Ajax were done eating, Ajax bounced up and went out of the kitchen toward the breakfast room and Grace and Brian's voices. Thor came over to me and licked my shoulder. I patted his head and then he wagged his tail and then followed Ajax to his master and mistress.

When Ajax reached the breakfast room Grace greeted him warmly. A moment later I heard her also greet Thor. The two human's started to talking to the dogs, they way people will, as if they are talking to a child. My attention drifted and my mind was churning, thinking of what it might mean to go into heat. I knew that the phrase described a female animal that was ripe for breeding. I'd seen a bitch in heat, and shuddered as I remembered her willingness to accept dog after dog. It hadn't occurred to me that my alteration could go that far. Then it hit me like a hammer, if I did go into heat my mating with a dog might result in a pregnancy. I'd never imagined that with the changes they'd made to me I might get pregnant. Pregnant with puppies! I'd only realized that I could never have a child. I bent over suddenly sick, and began to cry.

I'd assumed that the changes they'd made in my body were cosmetic. But I'd learned that they were more. Grace expected me to go into heat. I had all the internal organs of a bitch. She'd probably planned on my mating with a dog while I was in season and having puppies. Suddenly I hated Grace. 'Why couldn't she and Brian be happy, just watching me coupling with there dogs?' I looked down at the six K9 breasts they'd transplanted to me and was certain.

It was as clear as my eight nipples! The plan was for me to have puppies. I thought about what Grace had said and what our agreement said. She had been clear, I was to be her bitch and she would have the same power over me that any owner has over their bitch.

The idea of writing to Ms. Lovejoy and asking for help occurred to me, but I rejected it. I was alive. Grace had given me life. Without the agreement, I'd be dead already, and I liked being alive.

I decided that being alive made up for a lot. Maybe even being a bitch dog, coming into season, and having puppies. But I was glad I wasn't in season yet. I'd have a chance to get used to being a dog before I had to face that.

My mind turned to Grace's expectation that that evening I'd learn whether it was pain or pleasure to couple with a dog. I took comfort in Grace's assertion that I would only have to do one of the dogs that evening. One seemed like more than enough.

Reflecting on my past, I realized that it wouldn't be any stranger than it had been to I'd hit the street, hoping some man would want me enough to give me money or food in exchange for letting him use my body. I'd been deeply unhappy then. Another realization hit me. I'd been hungry and desperate enough so that if, back then, a man had offered me fifty bucks to let him watch his dog do me, I'd have said yes.

At least Brian wasn't a stranger, and Thor and Ajax were clean and friendly, and Grace was letting me get to know them first. Grace had mated with dogs, I'd seen her do it. She liked it. And sex with Brian had been so different than it was with the men I'd sold myself to. He'd cared about my pleasure and taken the time to be sure that I climaxed. The men who'd bought me hadn't cared. They got excited, did me or had me suck them off, and then looked at me with contempt as the dropped a few bills on the bed and left.

I was quite for a minute, thinking about it all. The bottom line was always the same. I was alive. Much changed, but alive. Grace and Brian were, by their lights being kind to me. I found Thor and Ajax were beautiful, friendly and exciting.

Suddenly I knew that I wanted it to be Thor. I felt we were already friends, and I'd found being near him both comforting and arousing. I feared that I would not get to choose; it seemed likely Brian would decide.

After I finished eating I quietly got up and went to my little kennel, closing the door. I was worried and tired. I lay down on my bed and tried to read. It didn't work, after starting the same page several times; I set the book aside and tried resting. Without realizing it I drifted to sleep. It must have been hours later when I was awakened by a tapping on my door.

"Buttercup," I heard Grace's voice say. "Come here girl," her tone was gentle, but I knew I was expected to comply. I arose and opened the door. I know my hair was a mess and the fact that I'd been asleep must have been obvious.

Grace smiled and patted me on the head, "Good, girl, good Buttercup. It's time for dinner. Please groom yourself and then join the family in the media room. Brian and I will feed you tonight.

"Understand?"

I nodded, and Grace said, "Good, join us as soon as you have prettied yourself up."

She turned to leave, but then turned back.

"Buttercup, tonight you will mate with one of the dogs." Her voice was calm but she had made it as far from a question as was possible. It was what was to be.

I nodded and looked down.

"Buttercup," Grace took my chin in her hand and raised it to so I was looking into her eyes. "Just one. Which would you prefer, node your head if you choose Thor, and shake it if you want it to be Ajax."

Relief flowed through me. I found myself smiling and nodding my head.

Grace smiled back, "Alright. It will be Thor. Tonight, I will help you. I know mating with a dog will be different from mating with a man. I think it's better. I'll try to make sure that my new bitch enjoys the experience."

I fell to my knees and hugged her hips, thankful that she was being kind. Tears ran down my cheeks, but they were tears of relief. Grace, my mistress, would take care of me.

She ran her hand across my head, petting my hair. "Good girl, pretty, Buttercup. Yes, tonight will be special and different, but I promise full of pleasure." She pressed me away, still smiling at me, said, "Good girl," again and then turned and left.

I went into the bathroom and looked at myself in the mirror. I looked and felt grimy. After using the toilet and bidet, I showered, used a moisturizing body wash, and then washed and conditioned my hair. It felt very strange, but I was careful to clean my sex. I could still scent Brian's seed in me, although it had been at least twelve hours since we'd coupled. After drying I wrapped my wet hair in a towel, douched and applied an after bath cream to my skin. As my body soaked up the cream I combed out my hair and then brushed it until it was dry. Looking in the mirror, I saw my shoulder length hair was thick and shiny. My skin seemed creamy and very pink. My scent was clean, with a hint of dog, mixed with the rose scent of the cream. My eyes were bright, and I was wide-awake.

I felt feminine. Looking from my chest up, my reflection was that of a teenage girl with pert A-cup breasts, a thin neck and a face with fine features. My mouth was moist, and my lips were puffy and my eyes sparkled. My thick hair looked like I'd streaked it to get the brindle effect.

Looking down at my lower six breasts and groin, I the little patch of brindle fur above the delicate inner lips of my sex, nesting between another pair of puffy outer lips that resonated with those on my face. My arms and legs were thin and long, and my hips had a nice swell. But jarring the image were my six lower breasts. Smaller than the uppers my six lower breasts were little cones, capped with a dark pink nipple and surrounding matching areola that contrasted with my skin.

Then the parts of the figure seemed to merge, and I was able to admit, that except for being unexpected, my extra breasts were far from ugly. I thought that most boys would find them alluring.

I'd taken over an hour, and short of using makeup, I was as pretty as I could be. Knowing Grace and Brian were expecting me I left my little retreat and walked to the media room. I smelled the two dogs long before I reached room's door. I braced myself, smiled, and entered, to find a whirl of motion as Thor and Ajax moved to me sniffing my sex and bottom and smiling at me.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXVIII: Breeding**

Grace and Brian were seated at a table dinning when I entered. Both were wearing silk robes that came to their ankles. Grace's was red and Brian's was blue.

Grace turned to us and smiled. "Buttercup, you're really a lovely young bitch. Come sit by the table and I'll let you try some of the wonders that Lilly created.

"Thor, Ajax, front."

All three of us ran to the table and sat, facing Brian and Grace. They smiled at us, and Brian gave Thor a peace of something, putting it in the big dog's mouth. Then Grace put some food in Ajax's mouth, and Brian fed me. They continued praising us, and feeding us as they ate for sometime. Brian allowed me to drink wine from his glass several times. It was very fruity, and full-bodied, and tasted

better than I thought wine could. Like my nose, my pallet had become more sensitive; allowing me to taste nuances of flavor I'd never known existed.

They kept feeding us from the table for two hours. I didn't get a lot to eat, but when Lilly came in and cleared away the dinner I felt full, and I suspected Thor and Ajax were too.

As I watched Lilly leaving the room trepidation filled my bosom. I looked pleadingly at Grace and she again said, "Good, girl," and petted my hair.

"Brian, why don't you take Ajax outside, play fetch with him for a while and bed him down with a nice bone. Then please bring that little padded platform you made for me in with you."

Brian grinned and was on his feet calling to Ajax. Thor started to get up too, but Grace said, "Thor, Buttercup, stay. Were going to play some.

"Buttercup needs a lesson, so that she understands what will be happening and has the best chance of enjoying it."

Brian smiled and he and Ajax left.

Grace petted my head again, "I am kind of envious, sweetie. I'd love to take your place tonight, and I would if I were just a few years younger.

"I'm going to make a prediction." She said placing the back of her hand across her forehead. "Grace, predicts that by the end of month, if I mate with Thor, you will get jealous."

For the next hour the three of us sat on the floor. Grace alternated between petting Thor and me. Her voice was always calm and soothing as she explained, from the bitches' perspective, what being mated by a dog was like. She used a confiding tone, and smiling added little phrases, like 'the best part of that is . . ."

When Brian returned I was feeling less nervous. I was sitting next to Thor and could tell by his scent that he wanted me. But he was smiling at me and rubbing lightly against me from time to time. I felt that he might be just as happy with another game of tag.

Seeing what Brian was carrying made me more nervous than being next to Thor.

"Good, you brought it!" Grace said walking over and kissing her husband.

"Buttercup, this is what I call the happy missionary bench."

Brian set it down and she called me over to see it. It was a long and tapered padded platform; about one foot wide at one end and eight inches at the other, its overall length was about four feet long. The surface was padded, and covered with a soft suede-like fabric. Set on the ground it sat on four stout legs that raised the long flat surface over a foot above the floor. There were also a built in pillow at each end; a larger one at the wide end and a smaller one at the narrow end. Grace had told me about the platform and how it made mating with Thor easier if you wanted to face him. She'd also warned me that Ajax didn't like the face-to-face position.

"You'll have mate doggy-style with him. The truth is, most days I like doggy style better. That's how Ajax and I did it this afternoon; it really got me off. Thor likes doggy style too, so if you decide you don't like the bench he'll do fine without it."

Brian, Grace, and Thor were all looking at me. There was hunger in their eyes and Brian was wetting his lips as he gazed at me breasts and groin.

Grace took the lead, "Buttercup, I'm going to teach you a new command. It's 'Bench' and when you hear it your to go to the bench and lay down on your back. If the bench isn't around you're to find something else that will work. After a couple of experiences it will be easy to find alternatives.

"Now, bench! Go lay down resting the back of your head on the big pillow"

I did, and watched as Grace took off her robe and came over to me. She was wearing a sheer cream colored silk shortie-nighty that had lots of white lace.

She adjusted my position, moving my head to the center of the pillow and positioning my hips on the smaller pillow. Grace gently spread my thighs and knees wide apart and had me rest my arms on the pillow above my head. Then she smiled at me, moved between my legs and dropped her mouth to my sex. I was surprised but pleased, that she would pleasure me.

As her tongue began caressing my outer lips I felt my cleft moistening. Brian tossed his robe onto his chair, dressed only in pajama bottoms he kneeled beside the bench and kissed me deeply. Just as I was starting to respond he moved his mouth to my breasts and massaged my nipples with his hands, each in tern as Grace's skilled lips and tongue raised my passion.

Soon I felt a need for something pushing inside of me and knew it was my body remembering. Grace and Brian continued until my breathing was labored and I was thrusting my groin onto Grace's tongue. She moved to my side joining Brian in ministering to my breasts. My hips were writhing as my arousal sought attention.

Suddenly the huge, soft, wet and hot tongue was caressing me. I looked down surprised; it was Thor using his tongue to continue the build-up Grace had started in my body. Thor looked up and smiled at me as he ran his tongue from my anus to the little tent of flesh that housed my clitoris; I nearly passed-out from the pleasure.

I didn't notice when Grace and Brian pulled away to watch. Thor's big tongue brought me to climax, and then just kept caressing me until I peaked again. When I'd come three times, and was floating on a soft sensual cloud of bliss, I hardly noticed when Thor got to his feet and move up my body. I was just becoming aware that he was licking my breasts and then my face when I felt something softly poking at me, something thin and hot. Little streams of pre-cum were shooting all over my thighs and groin. It felt hot, but far from too hot.

At that moment I knew I wanted him inside me. I smiled up into his face as my thighs spread wider and I brought my legs up, wrapping them around Thor's waste, raising my sex to his probing member. I was smiling and had wrapped my arms around his thick neck when I felt something enter me. It was really small compared to Brian, but I felt to good to care about size. Having found his way in, Thor began flexing his hips, driving himself in and out. With each thrust I felt warm liquid filling me, it was his pre-come.

His movements became fast and I realized that the male hardness within me was getting longer and thicker with each stroke. My eyes flew open as slowly the shaft expanded to fill my vagina. The head was much thicker than Brian's manhood but it tapered to a lesser width toward Thor's hips. Then I felt something widening again as it passed between the lips of my sex. It grew bigger with every thrust.

I knew it was his knot and that it might get really big and was considering reaching down to keep it out of me. But my body betrayed my thought. On Thor's next thrust my hips moved to meet the

penetration and the entrance of my sex relaxed. Then the knot was in me and I felt my opening close tight around the hilt of Thor's staff as he pressed his full length in. My eyes were wide open looking with wonder at the fury face smiling above me. With each new thrust the knot grew in size. A sense of being one with Thor filled me.

I grinned and hugged him, grinding my extended nipples into his soft fur as our hips joined. His knot stopped growing but he couldn't really move within me much. But he seemed to grow more and I felt something in my open and his tip of Thor's shaft slide through my cervix. It was so much nicer than the dilation and intrusion I'd experienced in pelvic exams. Those were at best uncomfortable. But Thor's shaft was hot and smooth and soft and hard at the same time. It was alive!

My uterus contracted and I had the best orgasm of my life, as my cervix was massaged by Thor's little thrusts. He filled my vagina, and more, there was only a small space between where the base of his shaft emerged from me to his big balls; still rhythmically pressing forward. But with that small space he managed wonderful little thrusts of his maleness that massaged the entry to my womb as he began to deposit his seamen in me. It felt hot and I climaxed each time I felt his shaft convulse as he filled my womanhood.

Our motion became a kind of quivering of pleasure, and I felt we were becoming one flesh. Then I felt, deep inside me, as Thor's shaft continued to jerk and spasm, my womb was full. Thor's seed had filled me to overflowing. I felt some squish out and run down to my anus. I started to cry; I wanted it all. Then suddenly I came again, and again, and in the midst of coming I knew I wanted the seed to give me Thor's puppies. I wanted our mating to bear fruit and for that fruit to be a testament to our wonderful joining. We were locked together, as much by my arms and legs locked around Thor, as we were by his swollen maleness trapped within me.

Time stopped for me. I hugged Thor and felt my body climax again and again. Slowly the quivering stopped in Thor's hips and I felt his knot and shaft shrinking within me. I hugged him tighter, not wanting it to end, and Thor licked my face. Tears flowed down my cheeks as I felt the wilted member withdraw. Slowly I relaxed my arms and legs and let Thor pull away. He started to, but stopped and slowly licked me again from my cheeks down across my many breasts to my abdomen and to my sex, where he gently licked up the liquids that covered my groin and where I could feel a stream leaking from my overfull sex.

Brian and Grace came back and Thor let Brian push him aside as the man lowered his mouth to my sex and began deeply French kissing me there. He seemed as eager as Thor to consume the liquids leaking from me. He was gently, and Grace was too, softly kissing my nipples and then French-kissed my mouth. I came again, but it was peaceful, not earth shattering this time. I drifted into a light sleep when the couples' tongues withdrew. Later I awoke and saw Grace and Brian on the floor. She was on her hands and knees, and he was naked, behind her pumping his shaft in and out of her sex.

They both seemed to be having a good time, but I felt no inclination to join in. Thor walked over to me smiling. When he reached me he licked my face and lay down beside me enfolding me in his fur and scent. I rolled off the little bench and hugged him. With my arms around his neck and my head resting on his back I drifted back to sleep. His warmth and scent were comforting and I was happy.

When I woke up I was in Brian's arms and he was carrying me. Looking up I saw that Grace and Thor were in front of us and we were heading toward Grace's and Brian's bedroom. Brian squeezed me lightly and kissed my cheek.

"Buttercup, we're going to bed now and we wanted you to sleep on your bed in our room. We thought

you might like having Thor with you tonight. Were we right?"

I nodded and wrapped my arms around his neck and hugged him tight.

When we reached the bedroom Brian gently set me on my bed and he and Grace began getting ready for bed. Thor came over to me and seemed to ask if I would let him onto the bed. I smiled at him and patted the mattress and he climbed on. It took a minute but after moving around a little we found a comfortable position, with Thor on his side and my body spooned against him. When they got into bed, Brian began making love to Grace again, but I was too tired to watch. I felt very secure next to Thor and sleep came quickly.

I awoke at first light aware that Thor was with me and awake too. I rolled over and hugged him and he licked my face and whimpered. I realized that he needed to go outside and my own needs were similar. Quietly we got up and I touched my thigh and Thor followed me to my Kennel. There we used my outside door. It was cool, almost cold. Thor picked a spot and quickly voided himself. I hesitated, but then feeling suddenly free, I squatted and emptied my bladder. It was the first time since getting out of diapers that I hadn't used a toilet. It was liberating.

Grace had stressed that I was a dog now, and that using the human facilities were optional. I doubted that I'd choose the bathroom often, and it turned out I was right. Over the years if there were people around, including Grace and Brian, I used my bathroom. But when it was just me or I was out with one of the other dogs, I seldom bothered returning to the house.

As I finished Thor came over and began sniffing the area I'd wet on and my groin. He licked my mound and I felt complimented that he found even my piss interesting.

I touched my hip, and he followed me inside, occasionally licking my thighs and bottom as we went. I could tell he wanted me again, and I was willing, but was uncertain about where. Then it hit me, Grace saved my life and then had me transformed so that I could take her place in doggy sex for Brian's entertainment. I lead Thor back to Grace and Brian's bedroom, and to my bed. Before getting in, I arranged the cushions so that I can lie on my back with my hips elevated at the right height for Thor to mount me.

As soon as I was in position I felt his hot tongue on my mound. Tasting my arousal Thor became more aggressive. I would have giggled, if I could, but all I could do was let my breath come more deeply. Thor was creating delightful feelings within me, and I felt my lubricant flowing. After a while he stopped, and breathless I looked up at his huge head. He was still smiling. I grinned back and decided to see what Thor would do if I used the hand sign Grace had taught me for mating.

I'd guessed right, and Thor moved over me until his head was above mine, and I could feel his maleness against my right thigh. His pre-cum was already soaking me, and the bedding under my rear. For a moment I worried about the mess, but then realized that I was a dog, and such things were not of concern to a dog.

Reaching down I guided his shaft to my entrance. I was amazed at how small it felt knowing that soon it would seem huge within me. As soon as he felt his tip within me Thor took over. I reached up and hugged him tightly as his thrusts filled me. I worried a little about his knot, but I shouldn't have. It slipped into me with no pain. I hugged him tightly as he thrust and his maleness expanded inside my vagina, rolling my face in the fur of his hairy chest tightly as he filled me again.

As I felt my cervix open to his shaft my sense of connection to him was wonderful. I loved knowing that we were joined as one being. His shaft pulsed as he emptied his seed into me. Deep within me I felt soothing contract and then pleasure overflowed my sex and filled my body. The contractions

continued in time with the throbbing of Thor's phallus.

I wanted his puppies again. We were a mated pair and I wanted our coupling to produce more than pleasure. As the idea of puppies filled my mind I came again, and then passed out. When I came around Thor was no longer within me and I was cradled in Grace's arms. She was smiling down at me.

"Buttercup, I enjoyed your climax as much as you did. I'd hoped that you'd enjoy being bred by Thor as much as I, before my body got too stiff and old for his attentions."

She kissed me and smiled, "Wait until you're bred by Ajax. If you like it with Thor you'll love it with him, I do."

A chill ran through me as I considered her words, and felt my body stiffen. I really wasn't interested in sex with Ajax, but I knew there was no hope. Grace had made it clear that I was expected to mate with whatever dog she and Brian wanted to see have me.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXIX: Ajax**

It was four days later when Grace and Brian decided they, and Ajax, had waited long enough. Late in the afternoon Lilly told me to go to dinner in the media room. When I entered I saw Grace and Brian at the table and Ajax was sitting by the table attentively, hoping for tidbits. I didn't have to look. My nose had informed me that Ajax was there before I'd entered the room and that Thor was not.

Knowing what was expected didn't make it easy. Thor and I had made love three times since the first time. During that time Brian didn't seem interested in sex with me. He seemed content making love with Grace as they watched. By that fourth day Brian watched me was something I didn't notice, at least after Thor and I were tied.

Grace turned to me and made the hand signal for 'come.' I quickly went and knelt down on her left, looking up expectantly, wondering what she had in mind.

She lightly petted my hair, "Good, Girl. Good, Buttercup."

Grace put a cracker in my mouth and petted me as I ate it. At the same time Brian was hand-feeding Ajax. They continued feeding us from their plates as they ate and Ajax and I checked each other out. I would sneak glances of Ajax and he was doing the same as well as using his nose. He was a handsome dog, nearly as large as Thor, fully mature, younger than Thor, and less outgoing, but a real good-looking dog. His scent was strong and pleasant.

He was watching me too. His interest was obvious, but he didn't have Thor's smile. He reminded me of people I'd known who never told you anything about who they were, inside.

Grace and Brian fed us for an hour. When they, and we, were full Lilly appeared and cleared away dinner. When she'd left Grace turned to me, "Buttercup, we want to watch you being bred by Ajax tonight."

She watched me for my reaction. I really didn't want to, but was resigned. I nodded.

"Good, girl!" She responded, petting my head.



I looked around for the little padded platform that I'd used for my first time with Thor.

Grace realized what I was looking for and laughed, "Puppy, Ajax doesn't like the platform. He really likes to take his bitches doggy style.

"In a minute I want you to go over to the couch and kneel in front of it with your head and chest on the cushions and your cute bottom high in the air. But first, watch; I'm going to put some thick sox on Ajax's front paws so he doesn't scratch you. I want you to know how to put the sox on him in case you two want each other, when Brian and I aren't around."

Grace went to a cabinet and got something out. She held them up and Ajax became excited.

"These are custom made. Ajax know when they go on him he's going to get laid."

Ajax bounced over to her and sat down. Grace held up the right sock and Ajax held up his right paw. She slipped it on him. It went up to above his knee, where there was a Velcro strip that secured it in place. Then she put the left sock on the dog and secured it. Ajax was grinning from ear to ear.

He tried to press his muzzle to her panties, but Grace said, "No.

"Buttercup, go to the couch;" Grace ordered.

I did and she led Ajax over to me guiding his nose to my bottom. It was frightening. I kept reminding myself that I'd enjoyed sex with Thor, and tried to convince myself there was nothing to worry about.

Ajax got my scent and started licking my exposed vulva. Grace released him.

"Buttercup, he really is a lamb. Spread your legs wider apart. He's as good with his tongue as Thor." Grace was trying to reassure me but I was still nervous. Never-the-less, I did spread my thighs wide apart and suddenly Ajax's big hot tongue was caressing me from my anus to my clitoris. It was hot, soft and wet and felt very good.

Brian came over and sat down in a chair near me, watching. He pulled his penis out and it was already hard. As Ajax continued pleasuring me with his tongue Grace went over to her husband, knelt in front of him and began ministering to his shaft with her lips.

Ajax continued and I relaxed and began to enjoy the pleasure he was giving me. I felt my nipples extend and realized that I wanted him to breed me. As if Ajax knew it, he reared up and clasped by waist between his paws. I felt his still small shaft poking at my bottom and moved my hips to place my entrance where it was easy for him to find. He was spraying my bottom and thighs with his slippery pre-cum and suddenly I wanted him inside me. His next thrust was deeper and he was in me. Like Thor he started out small and thin. But with each thrust it got longer and thicker. He was moving in and out of me very fast, and growing with each thrust. By the time it was bigger than Brian I was enjoying it, and could feel my first climax coming.

Next I felt the knot at the base of his shaft swelling, I tried to relax as the expanding bulb of flesh was pushed in and then pulled out of me. As it grew Ajax slowed and became more intent on making sure he pressed his knot into me with each thrust. He felt his shaft pulsing and also felt my insides flooded with his lubricant as he prepared me for our tying.

There came a pulling that hurt, and a reinsertion that hurt a little more, then I felt the sphincter muscle at my entrance clamp down on the shaft behind Ajax's knot, holding him tightly inside. I came then, hard as Ajax continued pumping his maleness inside me, but limited to the small space

between his knot and testicles, about two inches. He kept moving, massaging my vaginal walls and entrance with the knot, and especially my G-spot; that two inches was heaven.

I realized I was building to another climax, as he kept moving within me. He felt as big as Thor. He pressed farther in, and I felt my womb open to his shaft. Suddenly, the feeling his shaft moving through my cervix, of his paws grasping my waste, his fur on my back and his head on my shoulder filled my mind. I knew I was possessed by Ajax, his bitch, at least while we were tied. I began to move my hips to cause his moving knot to massage my insides and soon came again. I felt the tip of his shaft pressing into the bottom of my womb and wished it could go deeper. Then I felt his hot seed pouring into my uterus.

Ajax stopped moving and surprised me by somehow twisting off of me and turning until we were rear to rear. The heat of Ajax's seed shooting into me let me know he was still coming. His motion brought on another climax as I felt my womb contract around Ajax's shaft. I floated in pleasure for minutes before I realized his member was still twitching within me, filling me to overflowing. I felt his liquid running down my inner thighs. It was a great pleasure, one orgasm after another. I realized why Grace liked the doggy position. Ajax and I were connected only by his penis, which my body had locked within me. My mind focused on the wonderful sensations of Ajax's maleness twitching and filling my womb with his seed, as my body seemed to be gathering every drop that it could.

I felt my womb contract again and another orgasm took me. It was my vagina and cervix trying to milk Ajax's sperm.

We were tied together for a half hour. I came twice more, but that was early. The last few minutes I was relaxed, and enjoying watching Grace, in the doggy position, being bred by Brian.

As Ajax's knot shrank I felt my sphincter muscle relax and then I let him slip out. Too tired to move, I stayed kneeling on the couch as I felt the fluids from my insides draining down my thighs. For a second I worried about the mess I was making on the carpet, but then remembered, a dog doesn't worry about such things.

Across the room I heard Grace call out, as she came and then watched Brian's body quiver as he gave up his seed.

He withdrew and Grace turned around and cleaned his shaft with her mouth. When she was done Brian came over behind me and used his tongue to clean my thighs and sex. I had another small climax when he began licking my insides and sucking on my vaginal lips to draw the doggy sperm to his tongue. As Brian cleaned me Ajax went over to Grace who rolled onto her back presenting her cleft to him. Ajax then began cleaning her. I watched as she had another climax, then she gently pushed him away.

"Buttercup Rose, I'm stopping because it's not fair to go on. If I let him keep cleaning me, he'll get excited again. I'm not able to take him on and I don't think it would be right to tell you to do it again, so soon."

I nodded. I was tired and didn't object when Brian picked me up and carried me to my little bed in the corner of master and mistresses' bedroom. The next morning I awoke and felt something was wrong. It was just getting light and I reached out and found nothing; then I knew, I wanted Thor. Grace and Brian were sleeping. I got up and went to my kennel. I used the toilet and bidet to be sure I was clean. Then I went outside and over to the kennel. Thor and Ajax were both there and bounced over to greet me. I petted them, but when Ajax began licking my bottom I pushed him away. Taking

Thor with me we left, leaving Ajax locking inside. I took him back to my kennel and hugged him. I wanted to tell him I was his, and my mating with Ajax didn't mean anything.

He smiled at me as I hugged and petted him and then he licked my face.

Silently laughing I leaned back and he began licking my breasts, first the top two, but then the six smaller ones that extended to my abdomen. I leaned farther back, breathing hard as my excitement built. A moment later his magic tongue was caressing my mound and teasing my inner lips. I saw that his shaft was extending from his sheath and spread my legs, wide. He moved up over me, letting me fold my arms around his neck and pet and kiss his big head. I felt his penis pressing against my thigh and brought my legs up, wrapping them around his lower back and positioning my opening in front of his growing erection. A moment later he pushed forward and we were coupling. I held him tight as he filled me. A sense of happiness rushed through me as Thor mated with me; with each thrust I felt his maleness growing within me. I welcomed it.

He sense that I wanted him to be gentle, and he was. When his knot formed he held still while it grew within my vagina. I felt the sphincter muscle at my entrance close tight around the shaft holding him and I smiled up into at him. Thor licked my face, grinned and we continued to gently couple. I was so happy I cried. He grew to his full size within me. I felt incredibly close to him when I felt the tip of his penis enter my womb and heat of his seed spilling filling me there. I climaxed again feeling Thor's shaft spasms as he continued shooting hot streams of his seed into me.

I hugged him tight and then felt his mouth grip my shoulder. He didn't bit, but he held me still as he managed to push a little more of his maleness through my cervix. I loved the feeling, and moved more of my shoulder into his soft mouth. His hot breath flowing across my skin was an exquisite pleasure and brought on another convulsion of my womb.

Thor quietly stayed within me as his passion ebbed, but I began moving my hips, massaging the tip of his penis with my cervix and keeping it hard and deep within me. We were locked together and I never wanted to separate. An hour later, that's how Grace and Brian found us. Locked together and softly moving to pleasure each other.

Grace observed us for a moment then turned to her husband. "Brian, I think Buttercup is in love with Thor."

"But, Grace, he's a dog!"

"So is she."

"But they just met, I mean she barely know him, and she is still learning what it's like to be dog;" he objected.

"It doesn't take long to fall in love. And Buttercup is experienced, at least with men. I think you shouldn't mount her again, unless she wants it."

"You're taking away my new toy! I've only had her a week!"

Grace looked at him sharply, "She's not a toy. She's a pet. You've never forced a pet into sex, and I expect you to treat Buttercup the same as any other bitch we've had!"

"OK, OK, but what if I get frustrated?"

Grace hugged him and then said, "Just bring that nasty old frustration to me and I'll take care of it. I

didn't get Buttercup to replace me with you. She's here to replace me with Thor and Ajax. I know what the sight of a pretty girl-bitch being bread by a dog does to you. Thor and Buttercup, and Ajax, will put on shows for you and I, and when they do, you can have it any way you want."

She raised her face to his and they kissed. The kiss became passionate. I watched as Brian began grinding his groin into Grace's abdomen. She giggled and pressed back. Then she pulled him into my kennel and down on the bed beside us. She pulled up her nightie; she wore nothing underneath. Then she pushed down his pajama bottoms and grasping his manhood pulled it to, and into, her.

They coupled slowly keeping time with Thor and my gentle joining. It was an hour later when Brian cried out, announcing his climax. Grace grinned; she'd come twice while they coupled beside us. Thor and I were still locked together. I felt like we'd been having a constant orgasm for hours.

As Brian withdrew from Grace, Thor licked my face and I felt his shaft and knot deflate. When I realized he'd had enough I felt my sphincter muscle relax and he withdrew. He licked his seed and our sexual lubricants. It felt nice, soothing the soreness I felt there. Grace pulled Brian back and directed his face to her own messy vulva.

"Clean me, sweetie," she said. Brian willingly complied.

As Thor ministered to me I knew he loved me. Thinking about it he was the only creature who had ever loved me, and his love was unconditionally. I knew Grace and Brian liked me, and were treating me well, at least for a pet. All the men who I'd prostituted myself to had used my body to relieve their momentary lust, with no thought of my feeling and needs. They'd been through with me as soon as they came, and hadn't been able to get away quick enough after their flies was zipped.

But Thor really loved me. I found I didn't care that he was a dog. We made each other happy; that was enough.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXX: A Visitor**

The following weeks drifted into a routine. Grace talked to me, at length about what she expected. I could mate with Thor, Ajax, whenever I wanted to. I was to mate with Brian if he ordered me to. After all, I was a dog, and a good dog follows commands.

Generally she wanted me to arrange my coupling with Thor and Ajax at times when she and Brian could watch. She wanted to be the beneficiary of any lustful thoughts the sight of me coupling with one of the dogs engendered in her husband. It was OK for me to favor Thor, but I wasn't to leave Ajax frustrated. She suggested I mate with him one each week.

I complied, and found life to be good. Thor and I were together almost all the time. I swam every day, and explored the farm with Thor when the weather was pleasant. When I swam, Thor rested on the edge of the pool, watching me with that broad grin on his face I loved. We made love every day, sometimes more than once, and I found it easy to pick times and places where Grace and Brian would either find us during the act, or be able to watch from the beginning. Once a week I mated with Ajax. It was good sex, and I enjoyed it, but I was always glad when it was over.

Thank heaven; Thor didn't seem to mind, even when he watched me with Ajax. After he would just come over and lick my face, or if Ajax neglected to clean my sex, he'd do that.

Every week I wrote a long letter to Jill Lovejoy, telling her of my life, without the sex parts, and

assuring her that I was being well treated and that Grace was keeping up her end of the contract as I remembered it. I never heard back from her, and wondered about that. It would have been nice to receive a letter.

I did long for a human correspondent. Brace and Brian, even Lilly, Peter and Sam, talked to me the same way they spoke to Thor and Ajax; not expecting me to comprehend much, and using their tone to reassure me. It was pleasant, but I was lonely for someone to talk to. The consequences of my loss of speech weighed on me. Even if Lilly or Grace would talk to me, I couldn't reply. I also was upset about not being able to talk to Thor. I wanted to be able to tell him how I felt, coo, and make other sounds that he could understand. It became so frustrated that I would cry, uncontrollably, though silently several times a week.

While I was able to communicate with Thor with my hands and body, Grace discouraged my writing notes, and had instructed Lilly, Sam and Peter to do the same. Brian never consented to even look at a note I'd written. My one release was my letter to Jill Lovejoy. They became longer, filled them with my thoughts and emotions.

Two months after my arrival at Pembroke Farm Grace called me to her, when Brian was in town.

"Buttercup, you're to have a visitor this weekend. Your attorney, Jill Lovejoy, is coming down from Portland to see you, and assure herself that Brian and I are living up to our contract."

I looked at her puzzled, wondering what it would mean.

"Buttercup, although I have discouraged your communicating with notes, Ms. Lovejoy's visit will be an exception. She will be staying in the guest suite, next to Brian and my room. We'll place a chalkboard in the room and you may communicate with Jill as much as you want. You may stay with Ms. Lovejoy, overnight in the guest suite, if you and she wish. Do you understand, Buttercup, Rose?"

I nodded and then she continued, smiling and petting my head.

"Good, Girl. While you are visiting with her you are freed from all rules and requirements related to your being a pet. You may say no to anything, but, when asked, you may say yes, if you chose."

I looked at her pleadingly and made a motion like writing.

"Do you want to write a note?"

I nodded.

She looked around and then handed me a note pad and pen that were on the table by her.

I wrote, "May Thor stay with me?"

I handed it to Grace, she read it, smiled and nodded.

"Be sure Jill understands that you want Thor there. If she doesn't want him there while she sleeps, you may go with Thor to your Kennel, or our room, if you like, and the two of you may spend the night together. I want to respect Ms. Lovejoy's desires about having a dog in the room while she sleeps, but I also will respect your affection for Thor.

"Understand, for this weekend it is your desires that matter, and should guide your actions."

I nodded, and then pointed to my collar and tag.

Grace smiled; "When you are with Ms. Lovejoy, in her room, you may remove your collar and tags, just as when you go swimming."

Two days later, in the middle of the afternoon a silver Honda Civic pulled up in front of the house. It was a nice day and Thor and I were just coming back from a walk. From a distance we saw a woman in well-tailored dark gray business jacket and skirt set get out. She had short blonde hair. I realized that it must be Jill Lovejoy.

I waved and walked over toward her. Of course, Thor stayed right beside me. As we approached I realized that she was staring open mouthed at us. Then I remembered that I was naked, with eight exposed breasts and walking beside a dog that was twice my size and twice her size. Looking down at my nakedness I was embarrassed and stopped.

She seemed to realize that her look had embarrassed me, and slowly came over to me. She held out her hand and Thor sniffed it, then looked up at her and smiled. Her face suddenly was a broad smile and she held out her hand to me.

"Buttercup, I presume?"

I nodded and took her hand, squeezing it gently. I couldn't tell her in words how much it meant to me to be greeted as a person, but I smiled and tried to appear friendly.

"Is this then, Thor, who you have mentioned so often in your letters." At the sound of his name Thor looked up and grinned at her.

I nodded and without thinking about it my hand went out and possessively caressed Thor's head and thick neck.

Just then Grace and Sam came out the front door and came over.

"Welcome to Penbrook Farm, Jill." Grace said. "I hope your drive down from Portland was pleasant. Sam will take your bag to your room. If you want to freshen up there is an attached bath. For your stay I have lifted Buttercup Rose's normal rules of behavior. While you are here, she will not be told to do anything. However, she may be invited with the understanding that she has the right to say 'no'. You may spend as much time with her as you like, and to help her communicate I've placed a chalkboard in your room."

"Thank you, Grace. I would like to freshen up, but perhaps Buttercup could join me, if she'd like to?"

I nodded and we followed Sam as he carried Jill's bags to the guest suite.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXXI: Chalk Talk**

One we were in the suite, and Sam was gone with the door shut, Jill turned to me a worried look on her face. "May I call you, 'Butter,' dear? Buttercup Rose is what Grace named you, but Butter is closer to a human name."

I went to the board and wrote; "Yes, I'd like that."

As Jill unpacked she continued to ask me questions.

"Would you like clothes to wear while I'm here, Butter?"

I shook my head and smiling wrote, "I'm used to not wearing clothe and don't mind being nude, unless it makes you uneasy."

Jill smiled at me and answered, "It does a bite, but I think I can adjust."

I waited by the chalkboard as she was unpacked, used the toilet, showered, changed to a terry-cloth robe and sat on the bed. Then we began again.

"Butter, it is very strange for me to think of you as the very thin and sick young woman I met six months ago. You now appear to be a healthy young woman who is blossoming into a pretty lady. Except for your extra breasts, you look like the girls I took gym with in college. But, how do you feel?"

I wrote, "Good. I'm alive, that's a big deal since I was dieing. I no longer feel sick, I'm treated with kindness, and I have found a really great new friend."

"A new friend? Who?"

I wrote; "The Mastiff I was with when you drove up. Thor and I are very close."

"The dog?"

I nodded and smiled as I thought of Thor.

"What of Grace and her husband Brian, are they your friends?"

I had to think that one over. Then I erased the board and started writing. "No, they are my owners. The treat me well, love me a little, as they do Thor and the other Mastiff, Ajax, but they are not friends or lovers. Although they are skilled at love play."

"Do they often require you to please them in bed?"

I shook my head and wrote, "No, in fact they have decided that I can decline sex with them, if I want. Although sometimes Brian forgets and commands it; but, he seldom does, and when he does it is not unpleasant."

Jill was surprised. "I thought that was the point. Didn't Grace want you to be her surrogate with Brian?"

I shook my head and wrote, "No, Brian loves to see a woman having sex with his dogs; it's what turns him on. The point was for me to take over that role . I now have sex with Thor and Ajax, Brian and Grace watch, and when Brian gets excited he makes love with Grace. At first I thought it was pretty perverted, but that was before I got used to Thor and Ajax."

"And, Butter, do you mind having sex with the dogs. I mean does it hurt, or is it unpleasant?"

I silently laughed, and wrote; "No, it doesn't hurt. In fact it feels good. You see when the rebuilt me, they game me the right plumbing to be loved by dogs."

"Oh, that's interesting. I guess I don't know that much about dogs. I always thought that that all us female mammals were built pretty much the same.

"Butter, do you miss being with boys or men?"

I shook my head. "Before, I sold myself to men. What they did often hurt, and was never enjoyable. I

had lots of sex, but I was never made love to. I'm having more sex now, but neither Thor or Ajax would know how to be as mean to me as the men I used to whore myself to were."

"So you don't mind having to make love with dogs?"

"Jill, I'm alive. I was an unhappy girl who was slowly and painfully dieing. Just to eat I sold my body to men, who used me, and then sometimes beat me. The doctor told me I had less than eight weeks to live when Grace made her offer. I didn't want to die and now I feel wonderful, all the time, at least by comparison. I guess I never really enjoyed being alive. I never dated and I had no experience with sex before I turned 18. I was sick then.

"Now, as a bitch, I have experiences with both females and males, and everyone is kind and gentle with me. You can't imagine what its like to have a lover be concerned about your pleasure, after having sex scores of times with men who cared only for there own."

Jill thought about my over for a while, she had many questions. We continued talking, or her talking and me writing, for two hours. Then she asked if we could take a walk. I nodded and wrote; "May Thor come with us?"

She was surprised, but agreed. Jill changed into shorts and lose cotton blouse and told Grace we were taking a walk and she waved us on.

"Buttercup Rose knows all the trails, Jill. She's a good guide." Grace told Jill.

We went outside and there was Thor waiting for me. I smiled at him and he was by my side. His size seemed to intimidate Jill, but after we'd been walking for a half hour, she relaxed a little. She even reached over and petted him. He responded by licking her hand, and smiling at her with his big goofy grin. She laughed and petted him more. We continued talking. For a while Jill had difficulty adjusting to putting things in a way that allowed me to respond by shaking or nodding my head.

We came to the lake, and sat down to rest on a grassy area in the shade. Thor came over to me and put his head in my lap, tentatively licking my sex. It was a place where we'd made love before, so neither of us thought anything of his actions. But Jill did.

"Butter, does he want to have sex with you?"

I nodded and smiled.

"Do you want to have sex with him?"

I thought about it and shook my head. I made motions with my mouth and she figured it out. "You want to continue talking with me?"

I smiled and nodded. We continued with Jill asking yes and no questions for an hour, then we walked back to the house. When we arrived Grace was waiting for us. She walked out to meet us, concern on her face.

"I just realized we didn't discus meals. While you're here, Jill, Buttercup may join us at the table, if she wants. Normally she either eats in the kitchen, or sites by the table in the dinning room and Brian and I hand feed her.

"Buttercup, do you want to sit at table this weekend?" Grace asked.

I became frightened and Thor sensed it. He stepped up against me and rubbed his big head against



my upper hip. My hand went out to him, caressing his head and petting him. I wasn't frightened any more. I looked up at Grace and shook my head.

"Butter," Jill began, "do you want to sit by the table and be hand fed?"

I hesitated. Being hand fed dinner was generally the prolog to my having sex with Thor or Ajax for Grace's and Brian's entertainment. I did want to make love with Thor, but I also wanted to maintain the shreds of person-hood I was being allowed during Jill's visit. Again, I shook my head.

"I'll let Lilly know.

"Jill, dinner is at 7:00, that gives you two more hours to visit. You called her, 'Butter'?"

"Yes, Grace. I thought it suited her better than Buttercup Rose. Do you mind?"

"Of course not. In fact I rather liked it." She turned to me, "Sweetie, would you like it Brian and I called you, Butter."

I nodded.

We went into the house and Jill, Thor and I went back to Jill's room. We tried talking through the chalkboard some more, but we were running out of things to discuss. After a while I suggested a swim."

"Sounds like fun, Butter, but I didn't bring a suit." Jill objected.  
I grinned, pointed at my nakedness, and shrugged my shoulders.

Going to the board I wrote, you could ask Brian to not use the pool until after dinner. He never goes there this time of day anyway. He swims in the morning."

Jill, blushed a little, but then nodded, "OK, Butter, lead the way."

I did, once we were at the pool I used the key they left there for me to remove my collar, and hung it up. Jill came over and inspected it, smiling when she felt how soft the inner lining was. I forgotten I was allowed to not take it off while Jill was visiting. I decided it didn't matter.

There were hooks on the wall, and after looking around she began to undress. Thor was watching her, and I realized that when a human female undressed in front of him it was generally for sex. Jill was blushing so I led Thor over to the side of the pool and sat down with him, petting and cuddling him. He always liked that.

When Jill was nude she came over and sat down next to me, on the side farthest away from Thor, and dangled her legs in the water. She had a nice trim figure with small pert and well-shaped breasts. Her muscle tone was very good, and I suspected she worked out. Her vulva was free of hair, and the part of me that remembered the taste of Grace's sex was interested. So was Thor, and Jill noticed.

"Butter, am I wrong, or is Thor coming on to me with his big brown bedroom eyes?"

I grinned and nodded.

"Will he get aggressive?"

I shook my head, and then gestured toward the water.

Jill nodded and we both slipped into the pool. We swam laps for a while, with Thor watching over us. We got out in about an hour. As we dried off, Jill asked if she could see my room. After she'd dressed, I showed took her to my kennel, and let her explore. I sat on the bed, petting Thor as she looked around. She was pleased to find the bathroom spotless, the room clean, the bed soft, and plenty of writing paper and pens on my little desk.

"Butter, am I the only one you write to?"

I picked up some paper and a pen and wrote her a note saying, "No, I keep in touch with one of the nurses at the place in South America where Grace took me for the operations. Her name is Elizabeth."

"How often do you write to, Elizabeth?"

I wrote again, "Every week."

"And how often does she reply?"

Again I added to the note. "About once a month."

Jill sat down beside me, thoughtfully for ten minutes. I kept petting and hugging Thor who loved the attention.

When she turned to me she hugged me.

"Butter, from now on I'm going to respond to each of your letters, the week I get them. Would you like that?"

I was so happy I started to cry. Jill seemed to understand and hugged me again.

"I guess I should get ready for dinner. Can we visit in my room later?"

I nodded, and wrote that I had permission to spend the night with her, if she wanted, but that I wanted to sleep with Thor, so if she didn't want him there, when she was ready to sleep we'd come back to my Kennel.

"Your Kennel?"

I smiled, nodded and gestured to the room we were in.

Thor and I ate in the Kitchen, beside each other. I overheard bits of conversation from the dinning room. But not enough to more than that Jill was questioned Grace, and Brian, about how specific parts of my contract were being met.

Later, in Jill's room she went over the contract with me. When we were done she smiled. "Butter, your answers are the same as Grace's and Brian's. I conclude that your contract is being met in every detail. Before I drove down from Portland I checked the financial end of things. It looks like at the end of the contract period you will be wealthy.

"I'm tired now, and want to sleep. If you like you and Thor may spend the night. You can share the bed with me, and Thor can sleep on the floor."

I thought about that and went to the board. "Thank you. Jill. I think Thor and I will go to my kennel to sleep. He needs to go outside for a while and we sort of sleep in a pile together.

"After you get up, please come by and I'll join you for the day."

She nodded and Thor and I left. I'd found Jill very attractive when I'd seen her in the nude, but sleeping with her probably wouldn't have involved sex, and if she wanted too, I didn't think I did. I decided, I wanted her as a friend and I didn't want to confuse that with sex. She might be the only person I'd see for years that didn't treat me like I was a dog.

Later Thor and I curled up together on my bed. He still wanted me, but I felt very tired. I hugged him and tried to make him understand that I'd make him happy in the morning. He seemed to not mind.

The next morning I woke up feeling Thor licking my vulva. I moved onto my back, with my bottom on the edge of the bed and then Thor moved between my legs and continued. It felt real good, and in minutes I was ready to mate. He smiled at him and he moved to be above me. When his head was even with mine I wrapped my arms and legs around him and moved my hips to meet his shaft. We joined instantly. We'd been doing it for months, and our bodies knew found each other without thought or effort.

Just then I heard voices and glancing up saw Grace, Brian and Jill at the door looking in on us. Grace and Brian smiled, but Jill's face looked like a blend of fascination and shock.

"Butter, do you mind if we watch?" Grace asked.

I smiled and shook my head, then became lost in the feeling of Thor's shaft and knot growing within me as we mated. I heard Grace talking and was vaguely aware of her informing Jill of what was going on inside me. But I lost track when Thor's knot reached its full size and the tip of his shaft moved through my cervix. I had the first of many orgasms. We were tied for more than an hour. When Thor's knot shrank and he pulled out of me I came again. Reality gradually crept back into my awareness. Thor was between my thighs, cleaning up the mess we'd made, Grace and Brian were gone, and Jill was still at the door watching; a look a complete amazement on her face.

I smiled up at her and looked around for paper. Seeing some on my desk, I wrote, "Jill, don't be upset. I liked it, and Thor liked it. I'm also thinking that Brian liked it so much he dragged Grace back to bed."

I grinned as I passed the note to her.

"Well, Butter, I don't know what to say. Grace sort of gave me a blow-by-blow on how the anatomy part of it is different than it is with men. Personally, I don't care much for men, but it was obvious that you enjoyed Thor. Grace also told me she loved mating with dogs, until she got to stiff and old. So, I admit it, the whole thing seems more reasonable and acceptable than I ever thought it could seem. Who knows, I may decide to try it some day."

I hugged her then wrote another note. "I don't care much for men either. But, Brian is nice to me.

"If you do, remember male dogs are as different from each other as men are. Ajax is a nice dog, and I mate with him once a week, because Grace and Brian want me to. But it's not like it is with Thor. With Ajax it's just sex; but Thor loves me.

Jill hugged me, and kissed my cheek. "If I decide to try it, I'll come to you for advice."

We went for a walk, and then back to her room for more talking with my using the chalkboard. Jill had lunch with Grace and Brian. After words she found me in my kennel, hugged me and promised to write every week, and to visit again in six months, or sooner, if it was OK with Grace and Brian.

## Chapter XXXII: My First Puppies

Jill kept her promise; she wrote to me every week, and regardless of how long my letters to her were she took the time to respond to all my issues and concerns. Her letters became the high point of my week, for a while they were the only part of my life that help me retain a sense that I was human. Of course, making love with Thor was the emotional highpoint of my life, and lucky me, we made love almost every day. Soon after Jill's visit, Grace surprised me.

"Butter, Jill suggested that you might like to finish high school and maybe even take some college classes through a correspondence school. Would you like that?"

I nodded but was so happy I started to cry. Grace hugged me and promised to get me registered right a way. Two weeks later I started. It was wonderful to have another life, one where I was a human interacting, through the mail, with other humans. Grace and Brian generally were only interested in me in the morning and evening. I had my days free and divided it between school and spending time with Thor and Ajax. The three of us took many walks together, particularly as the weather warmed.

I was careful to not let things get sexual unless I was willing to do both Thor and Ajax. Sometimes I did, but I preferred to do them separately. Ajax was always in a hurry, and although Thor didn't get jealous of him, Ajax would get real aggressive when he saw Thor and I making love, even when I'd mated with him first. But Ajax was fine as long as I was unresponsive to his, and Thor's, advances.

Grace and Brian actually saw me mating with Ajax almost as often as Thor. Since I did Ajax to please them, I always did it when they were there to watch. But Thor and I were lovers mostly alone. I didn't want to share our special moments.

When I was studying, Thor would stay with me in my kennel. He seemed to like just being with me, even when I had my nose in a book. Mornings were for walks, swimming, running in the woods and play. Afternoons were for study; although I often took a break to mate with my lover. Over the next two months I made good progress and qualified, through testing, to take senior high school level classes. I was taking geometry, history, English and learning international sign language. I was eager to learn new ways to communicate, since my voice was gone forever.

It was mid spring when my life changed again. I woke up one morning with a deep feeling of need. Before I knew what I was doing I'd climbed onto Grace and Brian's bed, moved the covers back and started licking Brian's manhood. He awoke grinning and reached for me. His shaft was fully hard then and I wanted it in me. Grace observed me for a minute and just as I was about to climb onto Brian's lap and impale myself, she stopped me.

I was crying with my need, and at the same time I was surprised and very frightened at the strength of my desire. I was imaging a long line of males, dogs and men, each taking me in tern. I wanted a penis inside me and was almost frantic to get back to Brian's.

Grace held me firmly, but petted me and spoke softly to me.

"Butter, you've gone into heat. That means you're in season. If you mate with a dog you will have puppies. Brian and I have discussed this and we are going to breed you. Bloodlines in puppies are important. You will be allowed to breed with Thor or Ajax, but not both.

"Hold up one finger if you want Thor to father your puppies and two if you want it to be Ajax."

I was frantic for sex and barely understood all of what Grace was saying. I did understand I had a choice between Thor and Ajax. It was Thor I wanted and I held up one fender, praying she'd let Brian have me until I could get at Thor. But it was not to be so. They half lead, half dragged me back to my kennel, where they locked me in. They also locked the outside door.

"Butter, we'll be back with Thor after breakfast. I know you feel a great need. Trust me, you will be mated, and soon. Take a shower and make yourself pretty for your mate. You'll be in heat for five or six days. You'll want it all the time, but you need to learn control. Once and a while Brian will mate you too. But generally he's mine, and I want his excitement over you to turn into his screwing my eyes out. Stay calm, Thor will be with you soon."

They left and I tried to be calm. I found myself touching my sex and then I smelled myself. My nose told me I was ripe for breeding, and that any dog that caught a whiff would be headed for me. I practiced breathing and was able to shower, moisturize my skin and comb out and condition my hair. It had grown down to my shoulders and was the same brindle as Thor's.

It seemed like hours later when Grace and Brian came back with Thor. Grace put socks on him and after he sniffed once after he came for me. As he moved I rolled onto my hands and knees raising my sex to him. He licked my vulva, briefly relieving the urgency I felt. Then he mounted me and we joined. It was different and better than ever before.

Thor was bigger than before and as his shaft and knot grew within me, my pleasure was great. It was a long string of orgasms that seemed like they would never end. After every earth-shattering climax I felt my cervix relax more than ever before. Thor was able to push more than the tip of his shaft into my womb; it felt like he was pushing in enough to fill me, but I know it was only an inch or two of his maleness. A dog's sex has a tapered end that comes to a point. The point is the place his seed spurts from. Feeling the thicker part behind the taper slide through my inner opening as Thor filled me, and brought my excitement to a new level. Climax after climax rippled through me, and I became near overjoyed as I flowed with the pleasure my lover was giving me.

Aware that I was Thor's bitch, and that he was breeding me, the idea that I would have his puppies suddenly filled me with happiness. We were tied together for a long time. I felt my uterus expand as it filled to overflowing with my lover's seed. When Thor's knot deflated I used my sphincter muscle to hold him inside me as long as possible. When his shaft left my body I lowered my head, keeping my rear high in the air, trying to make sure all his puppy making juice would stay in the part of me that held my eggs. As we relaxed, Thor licked me, cleaning my sex and thighs. Then he lay down beside me and cleaned himself. When I tired of kneeling I threw myself onto him, hugging his huge muscular body and letting his scent and fur surround my flesh.

Even as I relaxed I felt my passion begin to rise again. Thor sensed it, or smelled it, and began to rise to the occasion. The second mating was calmer. I lay on my back and reveled in wrapping my arms and legs around his massive body as he sheathed his maleness within me. I still wanted to be closer to him, so I swept my hair aside and pressed my neck to his mouth. Very firmly, but tenderly, he bit my neck and held me still as he bred me. This time I controlled the pace and when his shaft pushed into my womb, I used the control I'd learned of my cervix to use it to massage his member as he gave me his seed. It was only after Thor was spent and had slipped from my body that I realized that Grace and Brian were in the room, and that they were making love a few feet from where we were. For a second I felt sorry for Grace. I hoped, and somehow knew that my mating would result in young, but Grace was barren.

I was in heat for five days, Grace told me later. Thor was with me almost constantly, only being away when he left the house to relieve himself. Lilly kept bringing me food, and looking at me with

the strangest expression. Of course many times when she came Thor and I were tied and neither of us was interested in food. Keeping me on leash as she moved me from room to room, Grace made sure that Brian's libido received steady stimulation from watching Thor breed me. I have no idea how many times Thor and I coupled, but Grace told me, that in spite of my sleeping for half of each day, Thor and I were tied about four hours a day. My sex was sore from the heavy use, but I wanted more; I needed more.

The heat passed while I slept and I awoke feeling a deep terror. The reality of being pregnant with puppies descended and I cried for two days. Only Thor smiling at me and licking me could get me to stop. He would and I found that, in spite of my fears, I couldn't resist him. But our mating fell back into our earlier pattern of about once a day.

Grace saw that I was crying a lot and tried to cheer me up. She told me that the more I was bred while in heat the more puppies I'd have, and that she figured, based on experience with other bitches, I'd be blessed with eight or more puppies; which only made me cry more. Being pregnant was something I'd given up on, since they'd fixed me so I couldn't have babies. The prospect of having puppies growing inside me, and then being born through my birth canal, was a terror.

About a week later I started to calm down, but then the morning sickness began. It distracted me from my fears, but I felt awful and wondered what other horrors pregnancy would hold. But, to my surprise, after the morning sickness ended, I became blissfully happy. Although I was shocked each morning to see how much bigger my tummy was, I was hugging every one and snuggling with Thor more and more as my taught stomach expanded. Suddenly the idea of puppies was wonderful, and I began to look forward to their birth, and then feeling them nurse at my eight breasts; which started swelling the fifth week and were becoming increasingly sensitive with each day.

By the time I was seven weeks pregnant I felt big as a house and eager to get the process over with. I was still floating on a happy sea of estrogen, but I was uncomfortable most of the time, the puppies were kicking, a lot, and my breasts were swollen and sore. I was still happy I was having Thor's puppies, but I'd stopped coupling with him.

The following week Dr. Smithy arrived. He'd arranged for a veterinarian friend of his, Dr. Anna Marshall, to come with him. Her practice is in Eugene Oregon, about forty miles away. At first she just looked at me like I was from Mars, but as Dr. Smithy examined me and pointed out how the surgery was affecting me and she became interested. Dr. Marshall checked me over and told Grace and Brian I was doing fine.

Grace insisted that both doctors talk with them rather than me about my condition. "After all," she said, "You don't talk to a dog."

Dr. Smithy told them that after the birth he planned to replace my anti-rejection drug implants, since he was there, although I wasn't due for a few months. He explained he wanted to show Dr. Marshall the procedures so that she could fill in for him if he was away and couldn't get to Oregon to treat me when necessary. Dr. Marshall objected, but Grace gave her a copy of the packet of medical release forms I'd signed, so many months before, and she decided she was legally safe, as long as she was acting under Dr. Smithy's guidance and supervision.

The next day began with my feeling terrible, every part of me hurt, especially my huge stomach. I felt like I was going to die until after dark, and then I went into labor. I whelped the first of my puppies 71 days after I'd gone into heat and the last one 72 days. Although each of my little angels weighed from ten to 14 ounces at birth, the birth was very difficult. The first Puppy was relatively easy. Once my contractions began it was just a half hour until it emerged from my vagina. About ten minutes after the first puppy was whelped, the contractions started again. The second puppy took

more than an hour to whelp. In that time Dr. Marshall cut the umbilical cord, washed the placenta off, weighed the first puppy and put it to my right human breast. The puppy latched onto my nipple and I felt my milk begin to flow. Other than sex, nursing was the best feeling sensation of my life. I was looking in wonder at the beautiful little life that had come out of my body, smiling at it. I gently held it to my breast cuddling it and encouraging it to suckle.

I don't think Dr. Marshall really believed I would birth puppies until she saw the first one come out of me. Then she seemed dumb struck. After watching my first young nursing at my breast she smiled and commented, "I sort of envy Butter, I think having a litter of puppies would be more fun than having a baby, in a lot of ways."

Grace had smiled and said, "Yes, if it had been possible for me to get such a transplant when I was thirty I wouldn't have hesitated."

All conversation was stopped by emergence of the second puppy's head. It had been more than an hour since the whelping of my first puppy. My birth canal felt tired. I rested for a half-hour before the contractions started again. The birthing took an hour. After each puppy I needed to rest a little more. The process took 16 hours.

It was evening of the next day before it was over. I'd given birth to nine puppies; three dogs and six bitches. Grace, Dr. Smithy and Dr. Marshall all helped me, cutting the cords and cleaning each puppy, then putting it to one of my breasts. Grace told me it was a large litter for my first. Although the room was very warm, I felt cold when I finished whelping my litter. Grace and doctors Marshall and Smithy were sweating from the heat in the small room. I later learned they'd raised the heat to 98 degrees when I went into labor to make sure the puppies were warm. Dr. Marshall explained, to Grace, that the puppies wouldn't be able to regulate their body temperature during their first three weeks of life. Her words filled me with happiness. My puppies were alive and Thor and I had given them life.

I enjoyed the warmth and felt blissfully happy as I felt the nine slightly squirming little buddies cuddled into me breasts. I was careful to make sure they each had equal time at a nipple. But then I went to sleep, exhausted, Grace took over making sure none were shorted in access to my milk. As I drifted into sleep I looked down and saw my little ones suckling. I felt the milk flowing through my nipples. They were mine, and Thor's and I loved them more than I'd imagined was possible. I smiled as I planned how I'd rotate them to make sure they each got enough milk. The last thing I heard was Dr. Marshall saying, "I think Butter is going to be a good mother."

Although there was enough sweat, tears and pain to give me a healthy respect for women who had children. If I could have screamed there were times when I would have, although the little life forms wiggling out of me were more the cause of terror than pain. I was exhausted but happy when it was over.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXXIII: Nursing**

When I woke up, there was that wonderful feeling of being warm and having little soft mouths nursing at my breasts. Waking, I looked at them in wonder, amazed that such beautiful little ones could be mine. Although they all looked black, Dr. Marshall was there, and guessing my thoughts said that their brindle coloring would start to be apparent in a few weeks. Grace and Dr. Smithy were also present. They checked me over and then the puppies. They told Grace we were all healthy. Dr. Smithy also instructed her that I wasn't to have sex for at least six weeks. Dr. Marshall said two

months would be better.

That afternoon Grace let Thor entered my kennel. I looked up at him, wondering what his reaction would be. He smiled from ear to ear, the picture of a proud father. He licked my cheek and lay down beside me, grinning at us and content just to watch me nurse our young. He spent more than an hour beside me, but the heat was getting to him and Grace took him outside. He came right to the window, where he could see me, and our little ones, and spent most of each day laying there, and watching over us, smiling.

They Dr. Smithy and Marshall stayed until three days after the puppies were born. My kennel was kept at 95 degrees 24/7 for three weeks. Also during that time I was nursing the puppies every two hours. It took a little longer for them to filly their tummies each day. Grace weighed them every morning, and they each were gaining weight by five to ten percent each day. I could almost see them growing.

For the next two weeks that pretty much all my life was. I nursed, ate, nursed, washed, nursed, washed my puppies, nursed, ate more, nursed, slept, washed my puppies and nursed. But I was rewarded for all the milk I was making for them; they were each up to two pounds at two weeks. Grace and Lilly helped a lot by cleaning my Kennel carefully every eight hours. Although I tried to clean up after the puppies after they went potty, our bedding needed changing that often. My top two breasts, my human ones, seemed to be the most productive. Lilly had talked with Dr, Marshall and they were feeding me a protein rich diet the Doctor had prescribed to elevate my milk production.

Dr. Marshall took samples of my milk the first few days and smiling told Grace that my colostrums levels were high, making my milk very good for my puppies.

I watched my puppies carefully, and if one wasn't growing as fast as the others, I made sure he or she had more time at one of my human breasts. At twelve days the oldest opened his eyes. I could tell he really couldn't see yet, but loved how cute he looked. By their fifteenth day they all had their eyes open and by their seventeenth I could tell they were all starting to be able to see. After they all could see I reduced the feeding schedule to every four hours, but if one of them came looking for a nipple, I always indulged them. I wanted my puppies to be fat, happy, and healthy.

Grace approved and later told me that it was normal for one or two out of litter of nine not to make it though the first three weeks. I was so proud all mine were still with me and healthy. At three weeks Grace began lowering the temperature in my kennel.

In my litters, all my puppies have lived. That made me a very exceptional bitch; although I did have three puppies who were still born; one in each of three different litters. Those three litters were my largest, my only litters that were more than ten puppies. I cried over my dead little ones, but the others soon distracted my with their insistent nursing.

At three weeks puppies were moving around more, starting to play between naps and meals, and their coloring was starting to show. The three males were each over three and one-half pounds and all six females were over three pounds. Of course, I named them, but I couldn't tell them their names.

I gave Grace a list of their names and why I'd picked the name for each pup. She smiled and said, "OK, Butter." She and Brian began using the names, and when I'd hear them, teaching my young their names, I was content.

I'd named the bitches Violet, Rose, Tulip, Orchid, Blossom, Cherry and Brandy. Violet had beautiful



brown eyes with a violet cast. Rose always smelled sweet. Tulip had a tulip shaped black spot on her chest. Orchid had exotic black line around each of her eyes. Blossom had more white in her fur than my other pups; it was in little pattern of patches that looked like apple blossoms were sprinkled all over her. Cherry had a dark-reddish tone to her fur. Brandy walked with a funny gate that reminded me of someone who was tipsy.

The dogs I named Max, Gunner and Happy. Max was the biggest because he always nursed for the maximum time I'd allow, although Happy was my first-born. Gunner always seemed very watchful. Happy was always happy; he spent as much time grinning as his father.

I loved each of them very much, and enjoyed nursing and teaching them. I had them paper-trained at four weeks, which was when Grace suggested I could go to six or eight hour feedings. I did, but they were all so hungry that it took over an hour to feed them. At four weeks they were averaging seven pounds each.

Once the temperature was turned down, Thor was allowed to spend his days in my Kennel with me. I loved having him with me. He'd lick me and cuddling against me, and smiling as he watched our young at play. I felt we were a family. Grace still took Thor out of my Kennel at night. I looked distressed and she told me that the greatest cause of puppies dieing was a sleeping adult mastiff rolling onto them. She pointed out that I was being wonderfully delicate with my little ones, but Thor was more than twice my weight. I understood the danger and after hugging my mate let Grace him take him away for the night.

At six weeks Grace told me to begin weaning them. I was a little disappointed, but admitted to myself that they were getting too big to nurse. At that point I was feeding a total of over 120 pounds of puppies. My breasts were staring to be inadequate to provide all the nourishment my puppies needed. Although, they seemed like they were huge and my nipples looked very long. The boys were starting to have biggish teeth, and each feeding was an increasingly painful workout. Grace had Lilly start them on puppy chow and I began to reduce the time I allowed them to nurse. At first they ignored the puppy chow, but I started massaging some of my milk onto their food. When a puppy wanted more I'd place it by the milk coated puppy chow and eat a little to show them what to do. The food wasn't bad, if a little dry. Adding milk made it taste better. My puppies caught on quickly.

At the same time Grace started taking lots of pictures of the puppies with her digital camera. I was surprised but assumed she wanted pictures of them when they were at the cutest, and they were. Like nine little roly-poly balls of happy fur they played together, with me, and with Thor, until, exhausted they'd fell together into a big ball of fur and sleep. Looking at them sleeping by their father always gave me a wonderful warm feeling. I was sure Thor was the biggest puppy of them all. As the puppies need for milk declined, I let Thor nurse a little. He seemed to like my milk and the strength of his nursing really turned me on, although I didn't feel ready for sex.

Grace observed me letting Thor nurse and later she and Brian came to my Kennel naked, nestled down and spent fifteen minutes nursing. Brian was at the two breasts on my lower abdomen, and he interspersed nursing with licking my cleft. Grace was gently drinking from my human breasts. Grace made her nursing as erotic as Brian did. I had a thundering orgasm before they left. It was my first since about two weeks before the puppies were born. I loved it, and looked forward to matting with Thor again.

At eight weeks the puppies were on one hundred percent puppy chow, and I started to wean Thor, Grace and Brian, who were each nursing over an hour a day. It felt great when all three of them were nursing at once, but then the puppies would want some. Besides, my nipples were sore and I wanted to done nursing and hoped that my breasts would go back to their original size.

Dr. Marshall visited once a week and checked out the puppies, and me. She gave the puppies their shots had seemed to have as much fun playing with them as I did. When the puppies were six weeks old she smiling told me that it would be her last weekly visit.

On her way out she stopped and turned to face me. "Butter, I began thinking what you have allowed to be done to you was totally weird and perverted. But Doctor Smithy explained that for you it was a choice of life or death. Now, after weeks of getting to know you, I find myself just a little bit envious. Not of their having taken your voice and making you live as a dog, but of your puppies. These, and the puppies you will have in the future. I have a son and a daughter, I love them dearly, but they bring a lot of angst with them. On reflection I would prefer to have had a couple of litters of sweet puppies. In fact if I ever decide to get pregnant again, it will be with puppies."

I went to her and she hugged me tightly, and kissed her cheek.

She whispered, "I'll be back to check on you in a month." Then left.

Over the next two weeks I was very happy. After five days my breasts, at least my doggy ones, shrank back to their size before I was pregnant. My human breasts got smaller too, but not as small as they were before. Daily swimming walks with Thor and Ajax, aerobics, which I did with Grace, and hours playing with my puppies had my figure back in shape.

At eight weeks Grace told me I could have intercourse again. I smiled broadly and she reminded me that I was not to neglect Ajax. I nodded. Ajax was my good friend. We liked each other and enjoyed being together. I didn't feel for him, or Brian, what I felt for Thor. But being with both was pleasant. However, I'd missed the feeling closeness that came when I was with tied with Thor.

It was summer and the weather was beautiful. Grace grinned at me and then said, "If you want to 're-connect' with Thor why don't the two of you take a long walk today. Go somewhere private and enjoy each other. There will be plenty of time for Brian and I to watch, later."

I ran to her and hugged her tight. The grinning ran to my kennel and collected a big blanket. When I went outside Thor was waiting and we were off. I figured I could be away for two or three hours before I'd start to miss my puppies, if I was with Thor.

We ran to little shadow cove in the edge of the lake we'd found before. It had a large log that was overgrown with soft moss that we'd found was good for making love. I'd also found it was more comfortable with a blanket. I spread out the blanket on the part of the log that we used, and then we played tag for a while. That changed when I slipped and fell on the soft green grass, the next moment I found Thor between my thighs licking me in the most delightful way. He continued until I needed more, I went to the log and lay down on the blanket, my back comfortable on the mossy log and my legs spread, waiting. I smiled at Thor and he came over and resumed licking my vulva. It was exquisite, but I wanted more. I could scent that Thor was ready too. I reached down and pulled his head up. He grinned at me and then walked over my prone body until his head was even with my head.

I ran my hands all over him and trilled at the feel of my breasts pressed into his fur. My nipples, all eight extended and throbbed. He licked my face and I felt his shaft pressing against my thigh. I reached down and guided it home. Thor thrust one and we were one. My legs went up and wrapped around him as he began to mate with me. He was eager as I was, having gone without for so long. We mated, once in a frenzy of lust for each other. Then after we rested a little again. Going slower a second time, we savoring each other and the bond we felt. We were tied together a long time, and I'd offered Thor my neck again, which he was holding so wonderfully firmly, yet softly. I could tell that he wanted to stay tied with me as much as I wanted him to. The heat of the day was turning

cool, although Thor's fur was keeping me very warm.

Eventually he began to shrink and it was getting late, and I was starting to miss my puppies. I relaxed letting his shaft slip from me. We cuddled for a few minutes, and then I let him nurse for a while at my two human breasts. But I was getting cold and we soon returned home and I went to my puppies to nurse them.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXXIV: "Do You Like Sex with Dogs?"**

Allison, my battery is getting low and I'm getting sleepy. I'll continue my story tomorrow, after I've recharged my mind and the laptop. I need to be fresh to write what happens next. Like all pure breed bitches, my puppies were taken from me.

The next afternoon Butter continued typing until dinnertime, she left the computer charging while she and Alison went to eat. When they returned Alison read a book, while Butter returned to her story. An hour later Butter passed Alison the computer. The story wasn't done, but Butter knew it would take Allison several hours to read what she'd written.

Allison began reading right away. The blonde was tired when the electricity was cut off, but she couldn't put the story aside. Three hours later, when Butter's battery was almost empty, she came to bed and fell instantly asleep.

The following morning Butter awoke to find Allison reading her story. Seeing that Butter was awake the blonde looked over at Butter with shock and amazement in her eyes.

"This is some story, Butter. It will take a while to digest it all. Now don't worry, I'm not running away from you or anything. But I think you need to finish it. I have some things I want to add to my own list of revelations. If it's alright with you, I thought I'd take my note pad to the beach while you finish after breakfast."

Butter came over and hugged Alison. Alison was wearing a light robe and Butters nose told her nothing underneath. She nodded, but then took Alison's hand and led her to the bed. There she worshiped the blonde's sex until her lover cried out, "Enough!" Laughing as she pushed Butter's soft lips from her vulva.

"Wow! Butter, I'm like a kitten that has been petted until its over-stimulated." Alison gasped. But then she smiled and pushed Butter to her back and attacked her with her lips and tongue, until she'd softened her hunger with Butter's milk, and returned the pleasure she'd received.

Later they went to breakfast, although it was closer to lunchtime. They had the restaurant to themselves and took a table that had a view of the cove below the hotel and was getting a pleasant breeze. The held hands and smiled at each other until their food arrived.

As they ate, Allison passed Butter her note pad. "Sweetie, I just have to ask you a few questions now."

Butter nodded, wondering what couldn't wait.

"From what I've read, I get the impression that you really like making love with dogs."

Butter shrugged her shoulders, and then she wrote a note. "I really like it with some dogs. I've met

dogs I didn't want to have anything to do with, and others I thought were nice, but didn't want to have sex with. Even when I'm not in heat there are some dogs I seem to click with and want to do me, especially if it's been a while. They tend to be big mastiffs that have a smile that reminds me of Thor.

"Before Thor was killed I didn't want any dog but him. Since he was killed I haven't loved any dog. But I've had sex with Ajax and another dog, not always willingly."

"But some unwillingly?"

Butter nodded. "After Thor was gone I willingly had sex with Ajax, but he was old and lost interest, he died last September. In his case it was old age. The next time I went into heat Brian barrowed a champion male mastiff from a friend to breed me. I didn't like him, and although I was in heat, I tried to avoid sex with him. But Brian made me."

Tears of anger filled Butters eyes as she wrote the last sentence.

"Oh, Butter. That's terrible!"

Butter nodded, then she wrote another note. "I'll write about that this afternoon."

"Allison, I do like what the right mastiff can do to me with his penis when we click. But it's different and in no way better or as wonderful it is when you and I make love."

Allison kissed her and then pulled her to her feet.

As they walked back to their cabana they held hands. Alison was tempted to ask Butter to come with her to the beach, but decided that she'd made such a big deal about Butter finishing her story she shouldn't temp her away from it.

Then it hit her. Butter is being painfully honest about every emotional and sexual relationship she has ever had! What I've covered so far is things like my career aspirations, and a couple of the people I've had sex with. Idiot! I better spend this afternoon making a list of my past lovers and what we did and what I liked and didn't.

Butter noticed that Alison was suddenly very quite, but decided questions should wait until she'd read the many pages of notes she'd seen her writing.

Back at the cabana, and after a few kisses, Butter returned to her story and Alison collected her notes and sun block. After promising to return before dinner time, Alison headed for the beach, wondering if Butter would be shocked by the number of casual sexual relationships she'd had. One thing about Butter; there is nothing casual about her when it comes to sex.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXXV: Despair**

As Alison left the cabana Butter continued her story.

I'd never realized, or even considered the fact, that I wouldn't be allowed to keep my puppies. That was silly and short sighted of me, but since I'd not expected to birth puppies, at least not until I went into heat and Grace informed me of what was to happen, I hadn't imagined my transformation had gone that far.

When my puppies were twelve weeks old Grace began taking them away, one-by-one. She didn't tell me what she was doing. I cried all the time as my brood shrank, and I was powerless to stop her. It was Lilly who took pity on me and explained that Grace and Brian had sold my puppies and that they were going to good homes.

My last puppy was Tulip. When Grace took her, I tried to fight to keep her. Grace called Brian and Peter and they held me, while Grace took Tulip away. That was the last I saw of eight of my nine.

When Brian and Peter let me go I collapsed onto the floor in tears. I cried until I fell asleep and I awoke crying a few hours later. Nothing that had happened so far brought home to me that I was now subhuman, than the way my young had been taken away from me and sold. I wanted revenge, but I had no idea what I could do. I'd agreed to live as a dog and be treated as a dog. That's what they'd done. If I attacked it would be less than productive. Everyone was bigger than I was, even Grace and Lilly.

If I ran away, some Good Samaritan would find the chip in me and bring me right back to the nice people who'd taken in a crazy mute who thought she was a dog. My best plan was to get Thor to attack Brian and Grace. But I knew they would then destroy him and I couldn't stand that idea. I continued to cry, almost non-stop, for days. My only moments of peace came when Thor was with me. I hugged him tight and planned to never let him go. I ate nothing and only drank a little water now and then. I didn't want any food, and I only had enough water to keep my throat from hurting.

Without thinking it through I stopped making love with both Thor and Ajax. When I realized it, I decided to learn how to not mate well enough so I would never have puppies again. I planned to have so completely given up sex with Thor and Ajax that the next time I went into heat I'd avoid being impregnated. Through all my planning and scheming I kept crying. I heard Grace tell Brian she'd never seen a bitch take on so when her puppies were taken away.

That made me glade. Maybe I wasn't completely a dog if I could have a reaction to losing my young that was like a human mother's would be.

Thor was great. He knew I was acting crazy, and he just kept licking my face and cuddling up with me at night. It wasn't long until I could smell his need for me, and my guilt increased. The one creature in my life that I loved who loved me back and I was denying him. I decided I couldn't deny him indefinitely. He was sweet to me all the time and I couldn't help loving him for it, and if I really let my love for him lose, I knew I'd be offering my sex to him in minutes. But I was far from ready to have sex again, with Thor or anyone. After a month I'd lost ten pounds and Brian and Grace became concerned. They tried talking to me. I ignored them. They asked me to write a note explaining what was wrong. After days of their asking I gave them a note.

"You stole my puppies! I want them back."

They looked at me shocked after they read the note. For once they didn't know what to say.

Two days later Dr. Smithy and Dr. Marshall arrived to see me. I saw them alone, thank goodness; I couldn't have stood them talking to Grace and Brian about me as if I didn't understand every word.

Dr. Smithy began by chewing me out. The short version is that he'd done difficult and experimental surgery to save my life, and I should be thankful to be alive at all, and trying to starve myself to death. He was the bad cop. Then Anna Marshall patiently and slowly explained that while I was human, my puppies were dogs and I needed to recognize that a puppy's needs were different than a human babies.

"Butter," she began. "Puppies should go to their adoptive homes early enough so they bond with their new family. In their terms the new family is their pack and they need to learn the pack rules, and sort out dominance issues when they are still young. It's good for the mother to be separated from them soon after they are weaned. It allows her to return to her role in her pack, and avoids the puppies trying to breed with her the next time she goes into heat."

"Dr. Smithy and I both know that you are a human being. Your reactions are those of woman who has lost her children. It's understandable. But your puppies are not human and you need to recognize that you're 'anthropomorphizing' when you transfer what your feelings for your young are to them, as if they were human."

After she explained what her two-dollar word meant, I started to see the sense of it. I stopped crying and my anger subsided, a little. Dr. Smithy left and came back with some beef broth a few minutes later. He hand fed me while Anna Marshall, my vet, explained over and over that I was human and my puppies were wonderful puppies, but I shouldn't behave as if they were human.

I did get calmer and Dr. Smithy kept bringing me more thin liquids. After a while I began feeding myself and Anna's voice soothed me as I ate. When she thought I was ready she smiled and told me that she'd adopted my Happy. Suddenly, I new where one of my nine angels was! I quickly wrote a note.

"Dr. Marshall, can Happy visit, sometime? Please!"

She grinned and nodded. "But, not right away Butter. You'll want to get back your strength and health before he sees you. As soon as your better I promise to start bringing Happy with me when ever I come to visit.

"He's so cute, I understand why you miss him and your other puppies so much. But you know, Butter, you can have more puppies. You'll go into heat again in a few months and 70 days later you can have another litter."

I became angry again. I didn't know how I would do it, but I decided that I'd get through being in heat without getting pregnant. I didn't want to birth them, then nurse and rear another brood of puppies, only to have them taken from me.

I wrote Anna a note; "If you could have puppies would you get pregnant, only to have them taken from you?"

Anna looked at the note and frowned. Then she hugged me and leaned close to talk to me the way a girl will when she's about to share a deep secret.

"Butter, I do understand your feelings. After I argued with him for weeks, Dr. Smithy has agreed to give me most of the same surgery he did on you. You see I do want to have puppies. I've had children. I love my son and daughter, but they are getting older and since they became teenagers they have been a lot of trouble. There good kids, but there still teenagers. They sort of stopped being cute and fun when they hit puberty.

"But I like being pregnant, and I do like puppies better than babies. After my husband divorced me I lost interest in men. The kids spend six months with him and six with me. It should be easy to arrange my coming into season to coincide with their going to him, and the puppies will be born and adopted out to good families before they are back."

"Butter, Happy will be the father of my puppies."

Her news shocked me. Suddenly the thought of getting to see Happy's puppies filled me with joy.

Dr. Smithy was stroking my neck and kept giving me more bowls of warm broth to drink.

"Yes, Butter. I've agreed you won't be the only woman who can have puppies. But it may not happen right away. First we need to find a suitable donor. That means a pedigreed mastiff bitch that is dying or needs to be spayed. Anna and I agreed; fulfilling her desire mustn't result in the unnecessary death of a healthy young mastiff. Also we plan much less invasive surgery. I won't remove her human ovaries, or take away her voice, and she will have to settle for having just her two human breasts to feed her young from. But, I think things will all work out by the time Happy is old enough to want to breed her."

Anna was grinning. "What he'll do, Butter, is transplant to me the ovaries of a bitch mastiff, and then restructure my pelvic floor muscles so that I can easily hold Happy's knot inside me when we're breeding. After two children I need a little help if I'm going to be able to keep his knot in."

I hugged her. I wasn't to be the only woman on the planet who birthed puppies. Better still, her puppies would be my son's. I felt better and ate more broth.

I still didn't have much warmth for Grace and Brian. But after I was calm and had eaten all they thought I should for a while, Anna left and brought Thor in to see me. Instantly I had my arms around his big neck hugging him and was kissing his cheeks and forehead. I felt terrible about not having made love with him for so long. I knew that he loved me, and he was my mate. He licked my face, and smiled at me, and I wanted him inside me. But Dr. Smithy stopped me.

"You must wait a little, Butter. I know you love each other and that you want to make love. But you are very weak, and you must regain some of your strength before making the kind of vigorous love you two like.

"Thor hasn't understood why you have been different with him and seem to be withholding your affection." Anna whispered.

Again I felt terrible. My beautiful happy lover was suffering because I seemed to have stopped loving him. I hugged him tighter, trying to tell him I was sorry, and then I had never stopped loving him or wanting him. He licked me and smiled. He was happy and I think he understood that I'd never stopped loving him, and that I'd been sick.

Holding him and hugging him I knew I wanted his puppies again. I wanted them growing within me, birthed from my body, and then nursing at my breasts. I'd gone from never wanting to be bred again, to wanting it immediately.

Dr. Smithy and Anna stayed with me for the rest of the day. Bringing me food as soon as they thought I was ready. Thor stayed with me too. As long as I was touching him I felt better. That night they took him away, saying they needed me to regain more strength before letting me sleep with him.

I was exhausted and slept deeply. When I awoke I was surprised to find Jill Lovejoy and Thor sitting by my pillow bed.

Jill smiled at me as she petted Thor. "I was worried about you, Butter. No letters in more than a month, and your last few were such happy letters, so full of your puppies and how you loved them. It was clear that you were happy. I called Grace and she told me about your depression.

"I chewed her out some. She should have told you so much ahead of time. She didn't, choosing instead to treat you like an animal. She almost lost you, and Grace and Brian do feel bad that they could have saved you so much pain, just by talking to you, rather than treating you like you had a dog's brain as well as dogs reproductive system.

"I've arranged to stay with you a week. Not in your 'kennel, but in the guest room I had last time. I'll stay longer if that's what it takes to see you on your feet again. Thor will sleep with us in the big bed, and when your strong enough you two can play together.

Jill stayed with me for eight days. Lilly brought me food every hour or so. Dr. Marshall came out the day before Jill had to leave and pronounced me well enough for sex with Thor, if I was so inclined. She winked at me. She'd brought Happy with her. One sniff and we knew each other and I was rolling on the floor with him, playing and hugging and kissing him. Thor looked on like the Happy and indulgent papa he was.

When Anna left I felt better. Jill asked me if I felt up to seeing Grace and Brian. With a little trepidation I nodded. I was sure some punishment was coming for my neglecting them. After all I was being paid very well to entertain them, and I hadn't done my job in a long time. I remembered Grace explaining that Brian expected to get value for his money.

But I was wrong. Grace was crying when she came in and Brian was walking on eggs. They both apologized for not considering how much I loved my puppies and for not taking the time to explain things to me in advance. They promised to try to always remember that I had a human mind, even if I was there pet bitch.

I cried and to show them I appreciated the apology I kissed and licked their hands. Jill shooed them out of the room and then hugged me and made me promise that when I felt bad I'd write her, as well as when I was feeling good. Grace and Brian had agreed to her visiting every two or three months. Jill also told me that Anna Marshall had a kind of oral contraceptive I could take that would delay my heat. She'd talked it over with Anna and Dr. Smithy and they had told Grace and Brian I shouldn't be impregnated again for several months.

"The drug can't be used for long periods of time, but they think it is safe to limit you to one litter a year. That's unless you want to be pregnant more frequently. But I'd recommend against it. Your body needs time to recover from a pregnancy. Remember, you have another 25 or more years of fertility. That's potentially hundreds of puppies at one pregnancy a year." Jill reminded me.

I gave her a note saying I wanted the contraceptive. I'd thought about taking it and never going into heat again, but then I looked at Thor and knew I wanted his puppies. I remembered how close to my guy being pregnant made me feel. Even through the pain of puppy birth and the little puppy nips on my breasts as they nursed.

Quickly I wrote another note saying that once a year would be fine. I figured in my head and decided that waiting five or six more months wasn't too long.

Anna brought me the drugs the next day. She brought Happy with her again and let me play with him for an hour before she had to leave. The pills were kept in my kennel, and I was in control of whether I took them or not. That pleased me. Anna also told me that the pills would lengthen and intensify my heat when it did occur. She estimated it might add three to five days, and that I should expect my feeling of needing to be mating to be more intense. I decided that the side-effects might be fun and that going six to seven months between heats, being pregnant, nursing and all would be a nice break.



That evening Thor and I put on a show for Brian and Grace, and after a little uneasiness, they put on one for us, while we were tied.

The next night I put on a show with Ajax. I felt real badly about how I'd neglected him. We weren't in love, but he was a good friend. After a few weeks my life found a place that seemed normal.

Grace and Brian had set some limits. I was treated a little more like a person. I tried to say thank you by spending part of every day being a bitch and letting Brian watch as Thor or Ajax breed me. Slowly I became joyful again, and as I did the mood in the house seemed to lighten for everyone.

Grace was even a little more relaxed about letting me write notes. It was six months later I gave her one that really made her happy. I told her I'd stopped taking the contraceptive drug and would go into heat again in two week or so. However, I made a condition. It would be Thor who would breed me.

Grace grinned and hugged me saying; "Of course it will be Thor. I know you love him. There's no reason it should be any other dog."

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXXVI: Tying with Brian**

This chapter added for the guys.

I enjoyed being in heat the second time. I made up games to please Thor and tease Grace and Brian. I'd found that as long as knew I'd be coupling with Thor soon, I had a little time to choose where. Thor and I would sneak into spots where Grace or Brian would find us, and mate there. They enjoyed the game, usually calling the other and then stripping and coupling beside us.

My orgasms are very powerful when I'm in heat. During my second heat I began to discover things about my body and its needs. Sometimes, while we were mating I feel something very nice, sort of like a mini contraction, deep inside me. Thinking about those little moments of intense pleasure I decided that the feeling must come when my ovaries released one of my eggs.

I also found that my cervix seemed very relaxed when Thor and I mated. He could easily press the tip of his shaft into my womb, although it still gave me the sweetest climax. He didn't need to hold my shoulder or neck to penetrate that deep, but I loved the felling of his holding me with his hot soft mouth, just firmly enough so that I could feel his strong teeth on my flesh. More often than not, I brought his head to my neck, wanting to show him the trust I had in his love.

We all enjoyed my naughty games, but as I felt the intensity of my heat sometimes I never wanted it to end. It was late in my second heat, and breeding, that realized I wanted to share some of what I'd discovered with Brian. It had been months since he'd done me, although I knew he wanted to.

That night I went to the living room without Thor. I'd left him near exhausted, but happy, sleeping in my kennel.

When Brian saw me he smiled. Grace was in the room and I gave her a note I'd prepared. It said, "A special gift, for you both, but mostly Brian. Make him tell you what it's like!"

Grace smiled, a little uneasy, but willing to indulge me.

I moved over to Brian, real sexy like, rolling my hips and smiling as I felt a little stream of Thor's

seed going down my inner thigh. I saw Brian watching the liquid flow down my legs, it, and my movements, had him hard before I reached him.

I kneeled in front of him and grinning up at him slowly removed his clothes. I smelled his arousal long before I saw it. He was so hard and swollen that his shaft was almost purple. It was perfect for my plan. I licked his manhood a little, just to make sure it was as big as it could get and then climbed onto his lap, easily taking him into me.

Grace cleared her throat and said, "Butter wants you to tell me what you feel."

Brian grinned and smiled at me before responding. "Right now I can feel my shaft is deep in her very wet sex. I bet she's full of Thor's seamen."

I kissed his cheek and nodded. I began to ride his hardness, testing whether I could succeed in my plan. When he pressed up, and I thrust down at the same time, I could feel the head of his penis was almost to my cervix, which I could also feel relaxing, ready for another shot of puppy making juice. But the angle wasn't quite right.

I kissed him deeply on the lips, and then I licked his cheeks as I climbed off. I hated the feeling of his shaft leaving me but knew I would capture it again soon. Crawling onto the floor, I turned to offer him my sex, and after spreading my thighs wide and dropping my head to my folded left arm on the floor I beckoned to him with my right hand.

Brian is quick and in moments, I was rewarded by the feeling of his shaft thrust deep into me.

"Oh, Grace, she's so wet and tight at the same time."

He was deeper than before and could feel the head of his shaft kissing my cervix with each stroke. I reached my right hand back and grasped his testicles, caressing and squeezing them as tenderly as I could. He seemed to know I needed him to hold still. Concentrating I relaxed the sphincter muscle guarding my vaginal entrance, and then pressed his testicles through my entrance and into me.

"Grace, oh my, God!

"She's taken my balls inside her vagina."

I moved around until I felt his man seed glands were comfortable within me. I tightened my sphincter muscles around the root of his shaft, locking him inside me. We were tied, it didn't feel as good as when Thor and I tied, or even Ajax, but the part of me that was in heat loved it. I began to move my hips slightly back and forth, taking in another good two inches of his shaft. Brian got the idea and began to make little thrusts that forced his shaft deeper.

"Grace, this is divine!" He moaned.

But I wasn't done yet. A moment later I pressed my cervix onto his shaft and felt the head press into my womb. When that happened my sphincter muscles really locked down on him and I came, my cervix and vagina contracting around his shaft and ball sack.

He yelled, "My, God! My, God!" as his manhood began to spasm and pour his seed into me. We moved in just minute motions then. I used my cervix to caresses the head of his penis and my sphincter muscles to trap the blood in it, like a tight ring at the base of his shaft. Although he'd come, I managed to keep him hard.

"Grace! Grace, somehow the puppy has managed to tie with me! My, God it feels so good!"

"Oh, my, God! I'm coming again!"

I was lost in the mating, I felt my insides contract, over and over as my sex tried to milk every drop of seed from Brian's body. I could hear him crying out. His pleasure was intense, but after a while I realized it was becoming mixed with pain. Then I remembered that it was bad for a man to have the blood forcible held in his erect penis for too long.

My own body demanded that I hold the tie longer, but in time I was able to begin to relax the muscles that held him in. I was enjoying his shaft quivering as it deposited his seed in me when I felt him shrink out of my womb; although I missed being able to feel the heat of the seed pumping into me. I came hard again; only then was I able to slowly relaxed my vaginal entrance enough to allow Brian could extract his testicles and shaft from my body without it hurting him.

He moaned as he slowly shrank from my body.

It had been good, but I missed feeling of fullness and melding I always had when Thor and I were breeding.

Brian moved around and kissed me and petted me and caressed my human breasts.

"Butter, thank you. That was the best!"

Then I heard Grace, "Well I hope she hasn't ruined you for me." Her tone was light, but there was an edge of lust in her voice. Then I felt her soft mouth on my vulva and her probing tongue pressed into my entrance. I smiled, as I sensed her using her tongue to move the spilled seed within me into her mouth and then I heard her swallowing it.

I climaxed again. Feeling Brian's lips on mine and Grace's lips pressed hard against my vaginal entrance. The intensity of my climax was so extreme that I passed out. When I came to, I was in Grace and Brian's bed. They were there, nude beside me. Grace was leaning back against a stack of pillows and Brian had his face pressed to her sex. Grace was petting my head and shoulders and they way she did it made it clear that Brian was giving her orgasm after orgasm.

When she cried; "Enough!" they snuggled down next to me kissing my and petting me and telling me what a good doggy I was. I felt closer to them than I had in months, and hoped I'd showed them that I appreciated the patience they'd had with me as I worked through my sense of loss and anger when they took my puppies.

After I while they were spent, and drifted to sleep. I slipped from the bed and made my way back to my Kennel where I found Thor waiting for me. He didn't mind the smell of Brian's seed on my sex, and proceeded to clean up the mess that had begun to leak from me. Of course what he was doing excited us both and soon my legs were wrapped around his back as my body trapped his knot within me. His knot felt so much better inside of my sex than Brian's testicles had. I climaxed and climaxed and climaxed as my wonderful lover emptied himself into my eager womb. I hugged him tight and pressed my neck into his mouth as I felt deep contractions as my body sent eggs to swim in the sea of Thor's seed. Until Thor was killed, I treated Brian to tying with me near the end of each of my heats. Both he and Grace seemed to eagerly anticipate those couplings. After Thor was gone, I did it once more, at the end of my heat, when Ajax was breeding me, but had less pleasure with Ajax. I could never get the warm happy feeling inside my bosom that had been there when Thor and I were making puppies.

Later, when Brian forced me to breed with a dog I didn't like, I swore I'd never let Brian mate with me again. To this day I've kept that promise.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXXVII: Time Moves Slow and Fast**

The next few years became a pattern. I was with Thor almost all the time. Ajax joined us for many games and walks. I coupled with Ajax one or two times a week and every spring I had a litter of Thor's puppies. Generally, Grace took care of Brian's sexual needs, but a couple times a year he did me. Generally when I was in heat, and would accept just about any male. But there were only a few hours at the end of my heat when my body could tie with his. The pills worked, but did lengthen my heat to eight or nine days. As long as I had Thor to breed me I liked that side-effect.

About two years after my first litter, Anna Marshall left Happy to stay with us while she went to South America with Dr. Smithy. He was going to do his magic so she could have puppies. I loved having Happy with us, but he did try to mount me several times and I had to discourage him. It turned out that Anna had already been mating with him, and he had acquired a taste for woman. I sensed he was in need, but decided that my sons should not breed me.

It became a rule. I gave Grace and Brian a note saying that I didn't want to ever have sex with one of my puppies, and they agreed it was a good idea. But Happy did have a problem, since Anna was away for three months. The answer came with Jill Lovejoy's next visit. Seeing Happy's condition, the poor guy was desperate; Jill decided to try sex with him. It was in the guest room and only, Thor and I were there to watch. Jill told me that since the first time she saw Thor and I coupling she'd been wondering what it would be like.

We started by Jill getting naked with us and rolling around on the floor as we played with Happy. I was a little surprised at how good Jill looked nude. Although she was past 40, her breasts were firm and upturned and her stomach was flat. She had a nice round bottom and strong thighs. Her cleft was concealed behind a thick blond down that, like the hair on her head, only included a little gray. Even without makeup, her features were attractive.

Jill told me she played handball almost every day, to keep trim as well as walking, rather than driving, whenever her schedule allowed. She lived in a house in a Portland's upscale Willamette Heights area, that was only a little over a mile from her office.

At first Jill was a little scared; she weighed 112 pounds soaking wet, and Happy at that point, although far from full grown, was a romping 190 pound adolescent. After a few minutes though she relaxed and started having a good time, playing with Happy's pull toy and rolling around on the floor with him. He reminded me so much of Thor that I almost cried from happiness.

I hugging Thor as we watched. I was also standing by to help, if Jill should ask. At one point she ended up sitting on the floor with her thighs spread wide, and Happy dove straight in. Jill looked shocked as his tongue stared to caresses her vulva.

"Oh! My! I see his big tongue has possibilities!" She leaned back a little and gave Happy better access. Leaning back on her arms she started looking real excited. I could smell her arousal and I knew Happy and Thor could smell better than I could.

"Wow! Butter, I can feel the lips of my vulva swelling!"

I was watching and saw Jill's nipples were extended too. Her chest was flushed and her bosom had

swollen. Her breath was coming faster and she was gasping a little. I smiled at her knowing how good she was feeling. It only took Happy another minute to bring Jill to her first orgasm. I hugged Thor and could tell that we were both proud of how well our son was pleasing Jill.

We had talked, using the chalkboard, about what Jill wanted and what she should expect, before she undressed. She'd decided on the missionary position, although she understood it might be new to Happy.

"Butter, I think I'm ready. It's been ten years since I've had a penis in me, but I'm more than ready for his now."

Jill pulled her sex away from Happy's busy tongue, and moved to the stack of pillows that Jill and I had arranged earlier. When she lay down, Jill's vulva was at the right height for Happy to enter her. She spread her thighs wide and Happy, who had been watching Jill's every motion bounced over to her, and resumed his tongue's tender caressing of her sex. I saw her thighs move farther apart and could hear her breath quicken as her arousal climbed again. I could smell her excitement increasing and I enjoyed the smell of her climaxing. Jill is one of those women whose vagina contracts when they have a particularly good orgasm. She ejaculating a gush of the lubricants her vagina had produced as her climax took her.

That was my cue. I got up and helped Happy move over her body. I was grinning and could smell my own arousal. I knew that as soon as Jill was done I would be taking her place and coupling with Thor.

Jill was still near the peak as I helped Happy take his position. A look of apprehension covered her face when she saw Happy's huge head right above her own. Looking down I saw that his penis had emerged from his sheath. It was still small and thin, but it was shooting thin streams of pre-cum all over Jill's sex and thighs.

I guided it to Jill's vaginal entrance and pulled back my hand as my son pushed in. Jill's legs went up and wrapped around Happy, just as I'd suggested and her sex moved to a better angle.

A strange eager light came into Jill's eyes. "Oh, Butter! He really is getting bigger!" Jill said as Happy began to thrust.

"Bigger and bigger," Jill giggled as she wrapped her arms around my son's big neck.

I saw her extended swollen nipples pressing into the fur of his chest and my own vulva began to swell. I wasn't sure I could wait for Jill and Happy to be through for Thor to take me.

Jill was pressing her sex to Happy's invading shaft with each of his rapid thrusts, taking it deeper and deeper. She was moaning and I saw beads of sweat on her forehead as she coupled. The knot was forming and I saw Jill's eyes get wide as she felt it getting thicker each time Happy pressed it into her. I could tell that Happy was well endowed in the knot department and hoped he'd get big enough to tie with his human lover.

Then I remembered, Jill said she hadn't had a penis in her in a decade. I'd asked about dildo's and other toys that lesbian's use. She'd said no; "My lover and I are into oral. We don't miss the penetration thing, and feel no need to do for each other what a guy would do."

But seeing Thor and I couple had made her want to try it with a dog. "The look of bliss on your face, Butter, was a real big temptation. Then the amount of time you were joined. I mean, all the men I've ever been with were done and either snoring or leaving in less than 30 minutes! But you and Thor were still mating after an hour, and I could see, you were really enjoying it."

As I watched Jill I saw her body accept Happy's knot and hold it in. As it continued to expand within her she was laughing and crying and calling out, "Yes! Yes!"

Finally a look of total surprise was on her face as she cried out a final, "Yes!" She was climaxing and I was sure that for the first time in her life she'd had a penis in her that penetrated through her cervix and into her womb.

"It's so hot!" She called out, and by the look in Happy's face, and Jill's, I knew he was filling her womb with his seed.

I hugged Thor. Glade that I'd had his puppies and looking forward to my next heat when we'd mate and make puppies again. I knew I'd be very sad if after mating I knew that my body could never nurture and then birth Thor's young. I was glad that Anna was getting herself fixed so she could have Happy's young. Thor's line would continue and I'd have a chance to know my grandpuppies.

Jill and Happy were tied for a forty minutes. When his knot went down, she held his neck, hugging him, even after it had slipped from her and the liquids within her had finished draining from her vagina. It was another twenty minutes before Jill let Happy go and sat up. She was grinning from ear to ear.

"Butter, he was wonderful. You should be a very proud mommy. I've never come so much, or so hard. Do you think it would be alright if I let him do me again?"

I nodded and wrote on the blackboard. "He'll tell you when he's ready."

I helped Jill up and guided her, she was a little unsteady, to sit down beside Happy, who was busy cleaning his tool. She hugged him and watched blissfully as I went to the stack of pillows and smiling opened my thighs for Thor.

Jill stayed with us for three nights. When she left she had a hard time leaving Happy behind. She kept going back to him and hugging him and me, Thor, Ajax and I could all scent that she was on the edge, almost ready to offer herself to him again. But she retained enough self-control to pull away from him and drive away from Pembroke Farm. She'd mated with Happy four times during her stay, and had told me that each time was better than the last.

When Anna came back and collected Happy she glowed. She was eager to go into heat and have his puppies. She visited for the whole afternoon with Thor and I when she came to pick up her lover, my son.

"Butter, I've planned it all out. The kids go to their father (the beast), in June, right after school is out. I'm taking the contraceptive that will delay my going into heat now. With you, we've found you go into heat about a month after you go off the drug. So I'll stop taking it in the third week of May."

She was so excited I could tell she could hardly wait. I gave her a note, wishing her and Happy luck. It turned out that she'd arranged with Grace and Brian to visit Pembroke Farm from just before her heat until after it had passed. Brian had loved the idea, but had insisted he be allowed to watch Happy breed her. She'd agreed, only after Grace assured her that Brian wouldn't use the situation to breed her himself. She was committed to not chancing having both a baby and puppies going at the same time.

Grace grinned and told her, "Anna, if he even tries, I'll castrate him."

Brian laughed, but there was a quality to his laughter that made me think he thought Grace was

serious. I looked forward to Anna's breeding because then I would have someone to share my thoughts and feelings about bearing puppies with, someone who shared the same frame of reference. I asked Anna, with a note, about whether I might write to her and she said she'd love it.

I added writing to Anna to my correspondence and was sending her a letter every week, along with my letter to Jill.

My correspondence classes continued. Unfortunately, I found it very difficult to learn sign language by myself. There was no one to practice with or to tell me if I was doing a word right or wrong. I received my high school degree at the end of my second year at Pembroke Farm. I began taking college level classes in biology, natural history, ecology and zoology. Since I was part animal I found learning more about other animals interesting. I hoped it would help me understand myself better, since I really don't know what to make of my reactions and feelings at time. College by correspondence school sucks, but I did get a BS in ecology a few months before I completed my ten-year contract. I think I may want to go to graduate school, but if you really want to learn, you can't do that through the mail.

I didn't try to make much progress in the spring and summer. Thor would breed me in late February or March each year and I'd have puppies in May or June. During the summer I'd be busy with my puppies and with their father. When Anna started to come out to be breed I was already nursing a brood and not having sex, so watching her and Happy was a nice treat for Grace and Brian. After she came out of heat, Anna was always real interested in my puppies and would spend a few days with us checking me, and them, out. She always seemed to enjoying playing with my little angels too.

Like me, coming out of heat, didn't end her desire to make love with Happy. After the morning sickness passes, there is something about feeling the father of the puppies growing in your womb, filling you with his maleness, that is especially exciting, and very sweet.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXXVIII: After Thor**

After Thor was killed Grace, Brian and I faced a difficult choice. I made it clear to them that I didn't want to be breed and have another dog's puppies. After thinking and talking about it, they informed me that they and Dr. Smithy thought it was bad for me not to be breed once a year. They explained that the contraceptive drug I was taking that delays my going into heat, doesn't stop it, it delays it and complications are likely if I don't stop taking the pills and let my body do what it wants.

I wasn't sure I believed them, but I wrote to Anna and she confirmed it. She warned me about the risk of going into a sort of supper-heat that could last more than a month and might result in so many puppies being conceived that it would both injure me, and end in a miscarriage.

I felt I had no option, and when it was time for me to breed the next winter, Ajax became the father of my litter. He really liked breeding me, but after I came out of heat he returned to being my pale, and not a lover. He was disinterested in the coming puppies. After they were born his disinterest escalated and he ignored me until Grace and Brian had adopted them all out. I loved them, my puppies by Ajax, but it wasn't the same as it had been with Thor. I loved Thor, and wanted badly to have his young. I loved my puppies by Ajax, but it was much easier to let them go when they were ready for adoption.

Ajax and I had just the one litter. Ajax, who was old by then had lost interest in breeding me, or Grace, by the time I was about to come into season again. I didn't mind at first. My litter with him had been smaller than those with Thor, probably because I always delayed letting him breed me,

even when I was in heat, as long as possible. We coupled once or twice a day, where with Thor I'd been eager for him, and he for me, we had mated three to five times each day.

I found, in spite of the pills, my lack of interest tended to reduce the length of time I was in heat. When Thor was breeding me my heat would last eight or nine days. When Ajax was breeding me it was over in seven.

Grace and Brian had been talking about getting a male puppy, but they hadn't done it, and even if they had, it would have been 16 to 24 months before he was ready to breed. Part of their problem was I think they missed Thor, as much as I did. We were all missing him, and it dampened all our desire for a new puppy. Another problem was me, a lot of the available pure breed mastiffs puppies in the area with championship potential were my grandsons and great grandsons.

It was the end of January, last year, when Brian announced his solution. He was hiring a champion dog from an acquaintance named David, to act as stud. The friend knew about me, and was willing to let his dog breed me for a very small fee, he wanted to watch. The dog was a Grand Champion named Satin. I didn't like the name and as it turned out I didn't like Satin.

Brian had been getting increasingly edgy. It had been nearly a year since he'd watched me, or any girl, coupling with a dog. As the months had passed he was increasingly eager and aggressive. It didn't help that Grace had lost some of her interest in sex, although I think she was making love with Brian at least once a week. She made it clear she didn't want him turning to me for sex, and tried to direct his focus to finding a nice male puppy. But Brian cringed at having to wait another year or two before getting to watch me being bred again.

Brian and David brought Satin by to meet me a week before I was due to go into my heat. They both were very aggressive. All the time David was there he was badgering Brian about having me couple with Satin, so he could watch then. Satin was worse. I wasn't in heat and he tried to mount me every time he saw me. No playing, no getting to know each other, no grooming or cuddling. He wasn't even a pal the way Ajax was. He saw me as a good smelling hole that he wanted to stuff.

He knocked me down a couple of times, but I successfully resisted. He tried growling at me and nipping at me to get me in position, but Grace put a stop to that. I sat down on my sex and wouldn't offer him even a lick as she made David pull Satin away from me.

I wrote a long note to Brian, begging him to find another dog to breed me, but he said; "Butter, I've known David for years, and he can be relied on to be discreet about your special nature. You're going into heat soon and I'm sure Satin will produce some real nice puppies with you. His markings are perfect, a model of the breed standard."

I cried and continued begging, in notes, but he wouldn't relent.

When I went into heat, Satin was already at Pembroke. I tried to interest Ajax, but couldn't. For a day and a half I was able to keep myself from going to Satin. David was getting impatient and I think Brian was even more impatient to watch. They waited until Grace was away and then came and dragged me from my kennel. I'd been masturbating like crazy, trying to keep the smell of Satin from leading me to offer myself to him. I kicked and fought but they were two men.

They carried me out to the big kennel where I'd met Thor and Ajax so many years before. I didn't know what it was, but in the middle was a strange contraption. They strapped me into it. I later learned it was called a breeding rack.

My hips were over a padded rail and my knees were tied down in a position where they were wide



apart, exposing my vulva. My ankles were also strapped down, to keep me from trying to use my legs to block Satin.

My collar was attached to a ring that held my head well below my hips. Both my arms were tied down, on either side of my head. The platform was padded, as were the bindings used to tie me into position. A pillow was placed under my head. I couldn't move much. The dominant sensation I had was of the cool air on my ripe exposed sex. Brian and David talked about how comfortable they thought I looked. I wanted to kill them.

I was crying and hoping that Brian would relent. But he didn't. He and David left and a few minutes later they brought Satin into the kennel and turned him loose. He circled me, twice, getting closer each time. He growled at me and then went behind me where he licked my sex a few times, then mounted me. My sides burned where he scratched me. But it was the feeling of him trying to find my vagina that brought me to tears. I hoped he'd fail, but the men had tied me in a good position for him.

I wanted to scream when he entered me. I didn't want to breed with him and I didn't want his puppies. It didn't matter. He was pistoning into me real fast and I could feel his shaft growing in length and girth. I was still crying as I felt his knot forming. It wasn't as big as Thor's had been, and I hoped he wouldn't be able to tie with me.

My body betrayed me. When the knot was well formed my vagina grasped it and locked it into me. As it grew Satin bit my shoulder, so hard he broke my skin with his teeth, as he pressed his growing shaft through the entrance to my womb. I felt the heat of his seed filling me, and the heat of my blood dripping from my shoulder. I wanted to die.

The only good part was he didn't stay tied long. After he'd come for fifteen minutes, his shaft and knot shrank and he let go of my shoulder and pulled out. It hurt, but I was so glad he was no longer within me I welcomed the pain.

Brian and David left me in the rack, and I heard them as they talked about how my angle was perfect for letting Satin's seed concentrate in my womb. I noticed that they were both unzipped, and realized that they'd been masturbating as they watched Satin do me. I prayed they'd bring their penises over for me to suck, if they did I planned to bite them off.

I was miserable and the position I was in was getting more uncomfortable every minute. My muscles were cramping up and I was thirsty. They left me in the rack and an hour later Satin did me again. I remembered that I'd agreed to live as Brian's dog, but I still felt more dehumanized than ever before. I cried all through the second breeding and still they left me in the rack.

Satin was breeding me a third time, when Grace came in. She saw what they were doing and started to scream. Later I learned she went after Brian with an axe handle and David fled to his car and drove off before she could turn her wrath on him. Brian was pretty banged up when she stopped hitting him. She was lucky he hadn't turned on her. He was much larger, but although she was beating him, he kept his wits enough to know it would get worse if he hit her back.

Satin and I were tied, and when Grace came to release me there was really no point until Satin shrank and pulled out. When Satin did, she released the stapes holding me down and helped me back into the house. My shoulder was bleeding where Satin had held me through the three couplings. My sides were badly scratched and in places were bleeding too. Thor had always breed me in the missionary position, and Ajax had always had heavy socks on when we coupled. But Brian and David hadn't thought to put the socks on Satin.

Grace put me to bed in her room. I heard her tell Brian he was sleeping in the guest room. They were screaming, and although I thought Grace was trying to keep me from hearing, I heard her

remind Brian that my contract was up in the fall and at that time I could leave and never see them again.

Evidently Brian had lost track of either the fact that the ten years were almost up, or that there was a limit on my stay as his dog.

I hadn't realized my time was up in so soon, and the only happy thought I had was that Brian would never breed me or see me being mated again. My sex was very sore and every part of my body hurt. But, I was in heat. By the next morning I needed to be mated, and I gave Grace a note, telling her to bring Satin to me, but to put the socks on him.

She was surprised, but did as I'd asked. With the doors closed, so Brian couldn't see, I presented my sex to Satin and he did me. Grace had muzzled him, and with that and the socks I was protected. Without me being in a rack, Satin was slightly less aggressive, but I was disgusted with him and didn't want to be in heat, so the experience was not a pleasure. I didn't come, although Satin was a vigorous dog.

If a girl, or bitch, really wanted to be under a dog's control as he bred her, Satin would have been fine. But the shared a sense of belonging to each other, that I'd had with Thor, and a little with Ajax, was missing. Satin controlled and owned me while we mated. With him there was no room for my having any emotional ties with him.

I tried to avoid sex with him again, but about every twenty hours I'd beg Grace to bring him to me. Thank goodness my heat ended after a record short five days. Still, I knew I was pregnant. This had been my ninth breeding while I was in heat and the first nine had resulted in an average of eight puppies each. I like having six to eight, then I don't have to work so hard at making sure every little angel get enough time at my nipples.

Morning sickness didn't last long, and by the second week of being pregnant I was feeling insanely happy, like I always do between the middle of the first month and the middle of the second month during my 70 days of pregnancy.

Brian kept his distance. He did try and approach me right after I came out of heat, but I backed away, and then Ajax got between us and growled at him.

I love Ajax for that. Taking sides with a bitch against his master was a big deal. Well, Brian was feeling the weight of what he'd done. He'd alienated me, Grace and Ajax. I was back sleeping in my Kennel, but he was still in the guest room.

Jill came to visit, and told me what Brian and David had done was within the terms of the contract, but that he was an ass for doing it. She reminded me that the contract was over in October.

"You're a wealthy young woman, Butter. Your 28 years old with a fortune of \$823,000 that will pay you \$41,000 a year for the next five years, and the amount should grow, faster than inflation and if you are just a little careful with money, you should have it made economically.

"A part of your contract is that the Pembrooks are committed to paying your medical costs, for life. Dr. Smithy insisted they establish a trust to make sure that happens."

Jill also reminded me that I could choose to sign up for another five years, as Grace's and Brian's pet bitch. If I did I would be even wealthier when that contract was over.

I remembered that I could quite during the extension at ant time, but remembered that my body was

no longer human. For the next 15 to 25 years I'd be going into heat at least once a year. My experience with Satin, left no illusions about my being able to resist the call to breed.

I considered a tubule ligation, but knew that would free me from pregnancy only, not going into heat. It wasn't all that attractive. I liked being pregnant, even with Satin's puppies, and I liked whelping and nursing my puppies. I'd never have believed I'd like it, if I'd even conceived it was possible when I entered the contract, but having puppies had been the second best part of my ten years with the Pembrooks. Of course, the best part had been being Thor's lover.

Jill assured me that the Pembrooks wanted me to extend the contract and also told me that if I was interested we could negotiate, on any and all points.

"You can ask for breeding partner pre-approval. I could write it such that it was their responsibility to find a male that you liked and wanted to have puppies with." Jill suggested.

I wrote her a note saying I'd think it all over. I knew enough about how emotionally I was when pregnant, to avoid making a major decisions until after my puppies were birthed and weaned.

Jill left after a few days and I was left to think. She's suggested that I make a list of things I wanted if I were to stay with the Pembrooks. I started a list, but couldn't make up my mind.

I'd start to write down ideas, then I'd stop because I couldn't ever risk that Brian would force me to mate with a dog like Satin again. Then I'd start again, because I had no idea how a mute human, even one with some money, would live in society, if she went into heat every year and had puppies. The whole process, being in heat, being pregnant, nursing then weaning my puppies takes almost six months.

I could go to graduate school, but only for half the year. Every idea I had for what I might do, after I left Pembrook, was clouded by the knowledge that Pembrook Farm was a really good place to be pregnant and have puppies.

When I was six weeks pregnant, Brian approached me again. He got down on his knees and begged me to forgive him. He was crying, and I couldn't stay angry, knowing what it had cost him to apologize to a dog.

Feeling a little bit superior I held out my hand and let him kiss it, then petted his head, the way he did mine. I was smiling at him and in spite of my behavior I could tell it made him happy. He got up and hugged me and kissed my head, and called me a, "Dear-sweet-girl," and told me how he knew he'd been an ape and he promised nothing like that would ever happen again.

I hugged him back. I'd loved him, as a dog will love its master, and having been kicked, I found I couldn't stop feeling that way. I noticed in the following week, as I warmed to him, that Grace let him back into their bedroom. Peter and Lilly, and even Sam, who had been giving him the cold shoulder, also seemed to warm toward him. Of course, he was on his best behavior.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XXXIX: Leaving Pembook Farm**

I birthed my litter, right on schedule, 70 days after my heat began. There were only four puppies. They were so cute; I almost wished there were more. Three bitches and one dog were easy to nurse and a lot fun, particularly after their eyes opened.

But even given how beautiful they were, I was glad there were no more. I didn't think a dog with Satan's temperament should be allowed to breed, regardless of his great markings.

I was relieved a month later when I started weaning them; none seemed to take after their father. They were all very sweet and cooperative. I was sure they would make great pets and protectors for their future families. When they were gone it took me a week to really stop crying, but that was fast. I always was an emotional mess for ten days to two weeks after my puppies were adopted. Not the wanting to die depression, I'd had the first time, but very sad, and given to softly crying as I remembered and missed each of them.

My ten years were up in six weeks, and I still had no idea what I wanted. I received a letter from Jill, offering to let me stay with her, for as long as I needed to decide what I wanted to do next.

If Thor had still been alive there wouldn't have been an issue. I would have stayed with him. I was thinking I should stay with Ajax, after all, he was a good friend and I knew he would miss me if I left. I thought about staying with Burton, my favorite cat, but decided that if I was coming back it would be fine with him, and if I decided to not come back, I could get Grace to send him to me.

In mid-September, less than a month until the contracts were to end, I awoke in my Kennel next to Ajax and Burton. Ajax was too old and arthritic to sleep outside, so we'd been sleeping together, sharing our warmth. Burton was by the door sitting still and looking rather sad. I rolled over to hug Ajax, but as soon as I saw him I knew he was gone. He was 13, ancient in mastiff terms. He looked like he was still asleep but he was so still, and the room seemed empty and cold.

Grace found me hugging him and crying a few hours later. She sat down next to me and hugged Ajax and I, and she cried too. Then Burton climbed onto her lap and she was petting us both. I felt very close to her then. After a while Lilly came by, wondering why Ajax and I hadn't come to the kitchen for breakfast. When she realized what had happened she cried too, but after a few minutes she thought to tell Brian.

Brian was great. He comforted us all. He got Sam and Peter to help him, and they tenderly picked up Ajax, who weighed less than one-twenty by then, and carried him outside and put him in the back of the car. Grace and I hugged each other and Burton, as they drove away. They took his body to Anna's clinic to arrange for it to be cremated. When they returned all three men hugged Grace and Lilly and then petted me and Burton. It was a first. Peter and Sam had never touched me before. I hugged them and realized if I left, I'd miss them as well as Lilly very much.

Three days later Brian brought back Ajax's ashes. The Pembrooks have a little crypt on the farm for their dogs, and cats. It's in a little meadow about a quarter mile from the house and on a slight hill that has a view down to the marsh.

I guess I should mention that while my life had revolved around dogs, there were always cats in the house and barn. Once in a while kittens too. I liked cats, and so had Thor. We'd spent hours playing with the cats and kittens, not fierce games, Thor watching as I pulled a string around for them to chase.

Once a female had birthed a litter of three and hadn't been willing to nurse them. I was nursing a litter of seven at the time and when Grace brought the newborn kittens to me and asked if I'd nurse them too, I willingly put them to my nipples. I had plenty of milk and they were adorable. My favorite was a solid gray guy that Grace named Burton. Burton grew to be a huge cat, well over twenty pounds, and a great mouser.

Of course, kittens do have sharp little teeth. I was as sad when the two Grace decided to not keep

were adopted out as when my own pups went to their new homes. But to my joy Graced decided to keep Burton. Where ever Thor and Ajax went with me Burton came along. When I was busy, playing with Thor alone, Burton tended to hang with Ajax, I like to think to was keeping the big guy company.

Brian asked me if I would lake to carry Ajax's ashes. I nodded and he gave me the oak box. It was amazingly light. On the front was a small bronze plaque that said simply, "Ajax of Pembrook Farms. Loving friend, protector and companion. Champion." Grace and I were crying already, and seeing the simple box didn't help.

We formed a little procession and took Ajax out to the crypt. It was a sunny fall day and the leaves were just starting to turn red and gold. The crypt is a gray basalt building. A cube, 12 feet on a side, with a wide bronze door on one side and a large skylight in the ceiling. Over the door was a life-size bronze sculpture of a mastiff, laying sphinx like with its paws extended in front of it, and a large cat sitting between his paws.

Burton followed us out to the crypt, almost as if he sensed that we were laying Ajax to rest. He didn't come into the crypt, but he stayed by the door until we came out.

I'd always thought the statue over the crypt's entrance looked like Thor, but Grace told me it was Thor's grandfather, Jupiter. Sam had opened the crypt already. We filled in to the stark stone room.

Aside from the door the walls were covered with ironwork forming niches about two feet wide, one deep and two high. The iron was painted black. Many niches were full. I carried Thor's ashes and, without asking, placed Ajax's remains next to those of my love.

I'd asked Grace, after we'd placed Thor's ashes in the crypt, to place my ashes next to his when I died. She'd laughed and said she'd put in her will, but she was sure she'd precede me into the final darkness, by decades.

We stood quietly for a few minutes, and then Brian began talking. He recounted Ajax's life, and explained that he would be greatly missed by each of us. He was rather charming in talking about how particularly Grace, but also I, would miss his physical affection. We all knew what he was talking about, but he managed to do it without embarrassing Lilly.

Brian read a chapter from the Terhune Omnibus, about how a dog was member of its family, so much more than just a pet. He talked about Ajax, and Thor and the first Buttercup and me, and noted that of his four most cherished animal friends, I was the only one left.

Lilly snorted, but I understood that Brian had cared for Ajax, Thor, the first Buttercup, and myself more than he cared for anyone, except Grace. I felt honored to be mentioned in the other's company.

When we left Burton followed us back. I went to my Kennel and cried. Burton followed me and lay down beside me, to comfort me. I petted him, he purred and I cried. I got him pretty wet with my tears, but for once he didn't seem to mind being wet. For the rest of my stay at Pembrook Farm, Burton slept with me and tended to always be near me.

We mourned Ajax for several days. Then both Grace and Brian began seeking me out to try and talk me into staying. When I gave Brian a note that said, "Maybe, but I needed time to think," Brian suggested a vacation to Costa Rica. He insisted on booking it for me, and paying for everything. Both he and Grace said if I returned I could have anything I wanted.

I wrote to Jill and she wrote back that it seemed like a fine idea. She suggested I spend a couple of months with her first.

"You'll need clothes, and a little transition time to get used to being treated as a person." She'd written.

So it was agreed. Jill would drive down and take me, wearing the clothes I'd arrived at Pembroke in, back to Portland. She and her lover, Sylvia, who is a medical doctor, would show me around, take me shopping, and help me get used to being a human again, as well as adjust to being a mute among people who didn't know me.

I enjoyed staying with Jill and getting to know Sylvia. Both went out of their way to spoil me. I missed the farm, and especially Grace and Burton; but Brian too, along with Sam, Peter and Lilly. I wrote to Grace, begging her to spend extra time with Burton. The poor guy had lost all his friends in less than three years. Grace wrote back and said she was spending time with him every day. She tried to get him to sleep in her and Brian's bedroom, but Burton preferred sleeping in my Kennel. That made me cry.

Sylvia made only one rule; I wasn't to wear my collar while I stayed with them. It had never crossed my mind to take it off. My first night there Sylvia made me promised to take it off before breakfast. Grace had given me the key, but I'd assumed it was so I could take it off to bath or to go swimming, as I had for ten years.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XL: Back in Portland**

Jill and I were tired when we got back to Portland. Sylvia had a cold dinner laid out. It took a minute for me to realize they expected me to join them, at the table and use knife, fork and spoon to eat with. It took all my concentration, but I managed to get through the meal. It had been ten years since I'd sat at a table and used implements to eat with. Everything took longer and seemed strange. We talked, but that meant I was writing lots of notes, at least until Sylvia got the hang of asking me questions I could answer with a nod or shake of my head.

After dinner they should me to the guest room. It was huge, both the room and the bed, with a bath next door. The room was on the second floor of the big Victorian they lived in, which was located close into the downtown on one of the nearby hills. There were big windows with window seats on two walls and one had a view of the Portland skyline.

The skyline had changed a lot in the ten years since I'd lived on Portland's streets. I could make out the free clinic where I'd been told I was dieing, and where later I'd met Grace Pembroke. I could also see one of the cheap hotels I'd gone to with Johns, before I was too sick to attract any. Looking down at the City, I felt very strange. I was back. But I wasn't. The person I was now was so different.

I was sure I'd never have sex with a man again, unless I forgave Brian enough to couple with him, and if I went back to Pembrooks. I had brindle hair, and I already noticed how people stared when they saw me; I was a mute, who had money, but not a vast fortune; and I was capable of having puppies, including going into heat, but I could never have a child. From experience I knew my eight breasts were adequate to nurture a large litter. I'd be going into heat in a few months and I need to make plans for that. Knowing I wasn't really human, I felt that the person I'd been, Barbara, was no more. It had taken me a minute to even remember what my name had been when I was human.

The first night Jill offered to lend me a nightgown and robe, but I declined. She understood. I'd worn clothes once before in the proceeding ten years, on that terrible day when Thor was killed. It was going to take a while for me to get used to having clothes on all the time, and changing clothes several times a day would take longer.

I took the collar off the next morning. It felt very strange to not have it around my neck. I missed the reassuring weight of my license. I'd come to accept that it assured that I could always get home. But now I wasn't sure Pembroke Farm was my home.

I went downstairs to breakfast in the clothes I'd worn the day before. They were all I had. It was Saturday and Jill and Sonya had waited to eat until I came down. Breakfast was a little less difficult for me to eat.

Jill said they'd cleared their calendar and planned to take me shopping. She grinned and pushed a purse over to me.

"That's your, Butter. Inside is a wallet with \$2,500.00 in it. It's your money, and its less than half the interest your investments will earn this month."

Looking in the purse, then the wallet I saw more money than I'd ever seen before. It felt strange too. In ten years I'd never seen, or had any use for money. Now I would need it. It was a comfort to know I had enough so that I didn't have to return to Pembroke Farm, if I decided I didn't want to.

After breakfast Jill and Sylvia took me downtown. We went to small women's shops that they frequented. I needed help in a changing room, and Jill and Sylvia provided it. We shopped for hours, although I bought very little. When Sylvia first saw my many breasts she just said, "Oh, my!"

As you know, my breasts create certain problems when it comes to clothes; I ended up with loose fitting blouses, jumpers, muumuus, and empire-waist peasant-dresses. Pants were a nonstarter. I tried on several and they all felt like they were cutting into the breasts on my abdomen.

Panties weren't easy, but I found skimpy low rider thongs were comfortable, although I wasn't sure there was much point in wearing them. Jill and Sylvia agreed I needed bras for my two human breasts, they were an A cup, when I wasn't nursing. No bra they brought me to try fit. They all seemed to cut into the tops of my top two doggy breasts. I finally ended up with some soft cup nursing bras that were comfortable, although not terribly attractive.

It was a surprise to me, but I found I wanted pretty things to wear. I favored the pastels of fall, soft yellows and oranges, ruddy shades of pink, soft browns and especially greens, and found I liked lace, silk, satin, and soft delicate cottons.

Shoes were a bigger challenge than bras. My feet had become wider. I ended up with low heels and flats in sandals that didn't try to squeeze my wide foot into a narrow space. Sylvia insisted I cover my legs and I had the same problem with Pantyhose I'd had with pants. Garter belt were only slightly better, and then only certain ones. I ended up with a dozen pairs of thigh-highs in mostly opaque colors that went with the pastels I seemed fixated on.

We paused to have lunch at a small café. I kept expecting someone to point at me and demand that the dog be put outside. People noticed my brindle hair, which was down beyond my waist. But other than that I surprised to find no one guessed that I was only part human. I enjoyed getting to eat a sandwich. I got to use my hands!

At the end of the day I had a small wardrobe, some pretty lingerie, two pairs of shoes, a big purse, that held my treasure; it was a large notepad in a leather binder that came with five different pens and two pencils. It had been a gift from Sylvia. Jill had bought me three long satin and lace nightgowns with matching robes in the colors I'd been buying all day.

When we returned home, I found I spent under six hundred dollars. Jill asked me what I wanted to do the next and I held up a bunch of my hair and made snipping motions with my fingers. We laughed and Sylvia said she'd call her hairdresser. "She works Sundays, and Jill's doesn't. They're

both very good. How much do you want off, butter.”

I indicated everything below my shoulders.

Jill’s eyes got big and she laughed. “Wow, Butter, I guess I can stop worrying about your becoming your own person.”

I nodded. I’d had fun shopping, and more fun going to lunch, and the most fun watching all the people. I sort of thought it was cheating, but I could often smell them, and from that, tell if they were happy or sad, feeling sexy or uninterested, angry or content.

I was worried that Jill and Sylvia would get tired of me, but it turned out not to be a problem. I bought a bus pass and spent lots of time at the Downtown Library reading the news magazines. It was disappointing to find out that the world seemed no closer to solving the problems that I’d been painfully aware of ten years before, inadequate health care, poverty, homelessness, alienated youth, and the worst one, war.

I purchased Christmas presents for Grace, Brian, Lilly, Sam and Peter. Things I new they liked. I wrapped up packages of food, tobacco, liquor, perfume and books and, with Jill’s help, shipped them to Pembrook Farm. Jill said she wasn’t sure it was necessary, but added that it was a good impulse, and those should always be indulged.

I received packages back, and they were filled with jewelry and clothes. Jill had told Grace what my evolving tastes were. I cried when I opened them, they were gifts for a human. For ten years my Christmas gifts had been doggy biscuits, balls and pull toys.

I’d asked Jill and Sylvia what they would like. They both said they’d get back to me. A few days later, over diner, Jill told me.

“Butter, you can say no; it’s perhaps impertinent to ask. But we’ve talked it over at length. You see I told Sylvia about my coupling with your son Happy. At first she was angry. Then she became intrigued. Lately she has peppered me with questions and last week told me that we should have a dog that we could both play with, they way I’d played with Happy.

“So, what we’d like, if your OK with it, is a male puppy from your next litter. That way he would get a loving home, and of course, you could visit any time you want. In fact, we’ve had such a good time having you here with us; we’d like you to know you’re invited to stay as long as you want. If you stay forever it would make us happy.

I cried, and they both cried, and then we hugged. When I could stop blubbering and gave them a note, promising them the best male pup from my next litter. And I thanked them for the offer to share their home. I said I’d like to return to stay with them, often, but I’d already learned that when I was in the city I yearned for the county, its smells and textures and the freedom of moving among tall trees that offered shelter and comfort and the feeling grass and earth against my feet.

They hugged me and assured me they understood. Jill offered to help me find a place in the county when I was ready. I think she knew I missed Pembrook Farm, and wanted me to know I had choices, besides returning there.

Well, there request prompted me to start thinking about who the father would be. I started checking out every dog I saw, thinking about them as partners. Of course my nose had been feeding me a lot of information about the dogs I encountered. Fortunately they were pretty much on leash, and in the Downtown. Several pulled on their leash, eager to come over and check me out, but none had been



so poorly trained as to run from their master or mistress.

I found I could be very detached. I was aware what they were thinking. Most were just dogs to me. Nice males and proud males and cooperative males and stubborn males. I found I enjoyed the scent and presence of bitches better than dogs. But I knew that would change the minute I went into heat.

I was walking in a park downtown one day I encountered a large male mastiff. He must have been over two hundred pounds. I went over to meet him, and the lady holding his leash. I'd already written a note to her that said, "Hi, my name is Butter and I'm a mute. I think your mastiff is beautiful and would like to meet him if it's OK."

I gave the lady the note, but by then I was shaking. The dog's smell was familiar, so very familiar. The dog and I couldn't take our eyes off of each other. Then we both knew. It was one of my sons. I'd named him Willow, because he was so thin when he was a puppy. The dog pulled. The leash came out of the lady's hand, I fell to my knees and a moment later had my arms around his big neck, as I hugged him tight and he licked me. He was Thor's son, and he had his father's size, and good nature.

The woman stared at us, unsure what to do. Willow was wagging his tail and I was crying. After ten minutes of watching she picked up the leash and asked me; "Dear, do you know my dog, King?"

"I nodded and after hugging him and relishing the feel of his tongue on my cheek, I got to my feet and wrote her another note.

"I'm sure. He's such a dear. I'm sure I knew him well when he was a puppy. Didn't you get him from Pembroke Farm?"

Her eyes got wide and she nodded.

"I passed her another note that said; "I worked at Pembroke farm when he was born. Part of my job was to take care of the puppies. He was such a sweetie. I really hated it when he was adopted. But I see you have given him a good home. It makes me happy for him."

She gave me her card, and pointed out her e-mail address. "Please feel free to contact me. I'm Beth Abut, I'd be happy to let you come over and spend time with King once in a while."

I nodded, but knew that she both would welcome me and didn't want me to contact her. The scent from her two contrary positions was clear. King was her mate, and she feared that I might take his affection from her.

King was happy to see me, he remembered that I was his mother and he loved me. It also let me know that he considered Beth Abut his property. He was willing to indulge her, letting her think she was his mistress, but when they were home Beth Abut served his pleasure.

I felt happy for them, although I wasn't sure my Willow wasn't being too aggressive with his mistress. I wrote Beth another note.

"Dear Ms. Abut. I wouldn't think of intruding. I'm only in town for a little while. When I saw your King he reminded me so strongly of Thor, who was his sire, that I knew you must have adopted him from Pembroke Farm. I'm so pleased he has found a loving home."

Beth smiled and allowed me to hug her King one more time, and then we parted. But I kept her card. I walked a little away and then watched as King pretended to let her take him for a walk, when in

reality; he was taking her for one.

The encounter clarified two things for me. I'm a mastiff and I want the father of my puppies to be a mastiff. The second thing was, from then on I was going to know who adopted my puppies, be able to check them out, and check up on them from time to time.

~~~~

## **Chapter XLI: Flying to Costa Rica**

Ten weeks after I'd left Pembroke Farm, right after the new-year began, Grace and Brian drove to Portland and they, with Jill and Sylvia, took me to the airport. I was really frightened; it had been more than ten years since I'd been anywhere alone, and my memories of being alone on Portland's streets haunted me.

Some of my fear was allied by the fact that my trip was planned. It had tickets for all my connections, and vouchers for the places I would stay. As we waited for the my plane to board, Brian assured me that the hotels and others he'd arranged the trip with had all promised to take good care of me, provide for my every whim, and bill him.

Quickly, I wrote him a note, objecting; "I have money!"

Jill took taken me to get a credit card that I could use with ATM machines the previous week, and made sure I knew how to use it. I was amazed at the whole idea of ATM machines. She'd helped me set up an account and had been put \$8,000.00 in that I could draw on.

Brian smiled at me, hugged me and said, "It's a gift, Butter. Be generous, and give me the pleasure of thanking you, in this small way, for all the good times we've had together."

I cried, and Grace cried, and Jill and Sylvia looked at us like we were mad as hatters.

To this day I have no idea what a whim is. I mean being a dog is inherently being rather practical. But my dear, Allison, perhaps what Brian meant was that I should feel free to do as I pleased. If that's it, it was a very great gift, a gift of freedom, if only for a time.

I, like all women, am a captive to my biology. I'm built for breeding, and mother-nature has made me want to breed. I'm lucky in that my puppies are whelped and weaned and gone in few months, and not the eighteen-to-twenty year responsibility a human female faces. But I'm unlucky in that I'm unable to say no when I'm in heat, and that dooms me to being pregnant with puppies every spring.

At the airport Grace and Brian gave me the ibook, its instructions, and a little notebook filled with people I could contact if I needed anything and a 'how to guide' for getting on-line and contacting their business agent, Jill and them. They urged me to take my time, think things through, and when I was ready to let them know what I wanted.

They were sweat. Not once reminding me that I only had enough pills for another month and that in seven or eight weeks I'd be mating with any dog that could get at me.

I think I've told it all, Allison. I love you. But I'll be coming into season soon, and I must be either back at the farm, or I must make another accommodations. Like any bitch, once I'm in heat I'll lose all judgment, and allow any male that gets near me, to breed me, human or dog, or anything else with a penis that wants me. Someone not knowing me would think I'd go mad; that I'm lost in the most bizarre nymphomania. And 70 days later I'm whelp a litter.

I know I want that dog to be a mastiff, and I know I want to pick the stud who I'll make the litter with.

I've promised Jill and Sylvia one of my puppies, and to visit them both again. I want to be with you, but I need to be mated and have puppies. I want to be with you, but you're an architect, and I can't live in a city. I want to be equal partners, but for about a week every year I'm out of control.

When I started this story I said that the Pembrooks had saved my life. That is assuredly true. They saved me from death from kidney failure a decade ago. They saved me from a life living on the street as a prostitute. If I had not become sick, AIDS, the brutality of a john, or drugs would surely have killed me long before now. They saved me from the feeling that I was alone. For though they kept me as their pet, they made it clear I was a cherished; finally, they saved me from financial struggle. For even if I do not return to them, the money that has been saved and invested for me, is adequate to provide for my modest needs.

I tell you this, not as a way of excusing what I am, or what the Pembrooks have done to me. It is my way of explaining why I feel no anger toward them. As I have explained there were moments of anger, and anguish. But today, I can feel only a warm thankfulness for the life I have lived.

So you see Allison, being my lover will become complicated. What will you do, when crazed for penetration I become lost in being bred, not with a man, but with a dog. How well could you cope, could anyone cope, when I have puppies. How could anyone live with me and love me, while they watch me nurse, then wean, then seek homes for my young.

"If I go back to the farm it will be to resume my life as a bitch, I'll be treated well, but treated as a pet who is used for the sexual pleasure of my owners, and bred for puppies, at their pleasure. You are no doubt still shocked and amazed. Perhaps offended that any human would willingly consent to living as someone's pet bitch and be bred at their will. Perhaps you also don't quite believe that a human woman can have puppies. Let me assure you it is possible.

I hope that setting down my thoughts and recollections of my story my mind will calm, helping me to make what I find to be a very difficult decision. You know me as the young mute you met in San Jose a few weeks ago. In that time we've become friends and lovers, although, if I return to Pembroke Farm I may not see you again for years, if ever.

I hardly know if they would allow me to write to you. A place where they want me mute, and don't allow me to wear clothes, other than my collar and chock chain, may also not allow me write, or even send e-mails to my lesbian friend.

My dear, Allison; what I want most is to be with you, always. But I have no idea how we can do that. I know I need not return to Pembroke Farm, but I also don't know where else I can go to be bred. Even the money I have can't assure me of finding a safe place to mate and rear my young in the short time I have.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XLII: The Present**

Butter watched Allison reading her history on the laptop. She'd finished the 27 pages of finely lettered text, that Allison had given her an hour ago. Butter knew that in Allison's past, there were eight men and five women lovers. That she wanted to practice architecture and that everyone she'd ever offered her love to, except her family, had hurt her.

When Allison finished reading she was crying. She closed the laptop and came over to Butter and hugged her, tight.

"Butter, I love you. Having read your story, I love you more than before. Every sentence and paragraph tells me that you are the gentle loving woman that I felt you were when we met, and that I fell for. We have to be together. I don't think I could bare parting from you. I want to share all we can. You can't have babies, but I can. I can't have puppies but you can. If we can find the right dog to breed you I'm sure we can find the right man to breed me.

"Butter, my sweet, Butter." Allison said over and over, hugging her lover tight. Tight enough so Butter understood, she meant what she said. They would be together, somehow.

They both were crying when smiling through their tears their hugging turned to caresses. The tears stopped and lips met lips. Lips moved and they took turn, for hours, bringing each other to height of pleasure.

When they were too tired to go on, Allison nuzzled down against Butter and began to nurse at one of the cute little doggy breasts just above her lover's vulva.

The two young women spent the next week, touching each other, sunning, swimming and planning. Carlos, the waiter at the little restaurant was pleased to see that the trouble that had upset the two lovely girls had passed. He still felt they should let a man, like him, show them how silly their girl-girl loving was, but they were so sweet to each other and to him, and everyone else, he hadn't the heart to begrudge them the happiness they seemed to have found.

At night the used Butters iBook to talk, exploring their options and seeking a solution to the riddle they faced. They shared their fears and desires and Allison reread Butter's story several times. By the time they were to leave Dominico they had an answer, if Grace and Brian Pembroke would agree.

The day they left the two girls hugged all the staff at the hotels and kissed Carlos chastely before their ride took them to the small nearby airfield and their plane. The short flight back to San Jose was uneventful and the two held hands through the entire flight and smiled at each other.

The Hotel Europa had the same large suite for them and the two spent the rest of the afternoon napping and romping in the biggest bed. That evening, after dinner they went over the plan they'd made, one more time. After a good night's sleep, Allison helped Butter get on line. She sent the following e-mail to the Jill with a request that she look it over and forward it to Grace and Brian, if she thought it was all right.

"Dear Grace and Brian,

Thank you for the lovely trip to Costa Rica. I have enjoyed myself very much. Brian was right, it is a great place to think, especially the little town of Dominico.

While here I met a young woman who's named is Allison. We became friends and then lovers. We are very much in love. Allison is an Architect and needs to work in a city. I've told her about my not being entirely human, and my life as your pet. She knows I've been breed and had litters of puppies. Still she loves me, and I can't imagine a better gift than her acceptance.

I've also clarified for myself who and what I am. I'm a mastiff bitch, with champion bloodlines, and I'm proud of it. I'm a bitch that likes having puppies and enjoys the intense breeding that a dog gives as we make puppies together.

Allison is not anti man. Just as I want to have puppies she wants to have babies. But she is not interested in finding a man to live with, just to breed with.

What we have decided to do, if you will help, is for Alison to move from Boston to Salem. We will buy a house their together and she will establish an office for her practice in the house as soon as she can transfer her Architect's license to Oregon. She thinks that will take about six weeks.

Each year, when it's nearly my time to go into heat, we will visit Pembrook Farm and stay with you. Allison will have to go into Salem to work, but will drive out to be with me on weekend and overnight some weekdays. I'll stay at Pembrook through my breeding, pregnancy, whelping and until my puppies are weaned and adopted, about half the year. Then I'll return to my home with Allison in Salem.

While I'm at Pembrook farm I will only make love with mastiffs. However, you two are welcome to watch. Allison feels she should try sex with a mastiff too, so she can better understands me, and my special nature. She is uneasy about it, but says you may also watch her coupling with a mastiff. However, she may only do it once or twice. I've explained that dogs are different than men and she is, of course, unable to tell if she will like dogs as lovers or not.

I will select the male to breed me. I suggest you forward me pictures, pedigrees, and descriptions of dogs you would like me to have puppies with. A reliable description of each dog's temperament must be included. I will not have sex with a dog that has an aggressive temperament, like Satan. If the rest of my proposal is acceptable, I'll return to Pembrook farm to meet the dog or dogs I think most likely to be desirable partners. Allison will accompany me. After meeting the dogs I'll select the one I will mate with.

If Grace is willing Allison will consider Brian as possible stud to get her pregnant. However, Alison will not choose to become pregnant for at least a year, and will consider other human studs.

While at Pembrook farm I will be as I have been the last ten years, a loved and loving pet. With the exception of my having control of when I breed and what dog I do it with. That means no clothes, and few decisions of my own. While Allison is visiting I would like to eat at a table with her. When she is not there my corner in the kitchen is fine. I do miss Lilly's warmth and her wonderful cooking.

If you want me back on these terms I also would like to help you select a male puppy who will grow up to be my regular breeding partner. Again, temperament is more important than markings or the breed standard. I know there will never be another Thor. But a dog with Thor's warmth and good nature, or a friendly playful dog like Ajax is my objective.

Now this may be the hardest part for you. I get to screen those who want to adopt my puppies, and I have absolute veto power over who may adopt them. I know it will be hard to let them go, but I've accept that it's the way of my kind. But none of my young must end up with anyone who isn't going to love them and treat them well. Not only that, I want to be able to visit my puppies with their adoptive families to make sure they are being well cared for and loved.

I miss you both, and hope we can see each other soon.

Love,  
Buttercup Rose"

The next morning a reply was back from Jill.

"Dearest Butter,

Your proposal seems so very reasonable. I'm sure Grace and Brian will accept it. I forwarded it to them with a few additions. There was no mention in your proposal of money, except the illusion to buying a house and helping your partner Allison get her practice going. I took the liberty of adding the following financial provisions.

The Pembrooks will purchase for your and Allison's use, a house of your choosing that cost up to \$300,000. That's well above the median house price in Salem and should allow you to find a home that is well suited to Allison's business and your personal needs. I remember when you stayed with Sylvia and I, you were disappointed that there was no private outdoor area. Butter, that's enough money to assure that the house, will include a large private yard with plenty of room for trees and a garden.

You will occupy the house rent free, but be required to pay taxes and utilities, as well as maintain the property. Initially you will be shown on the deed as owning ten percent of the property. Each breeding season you return to Pembroke Farm, they will adjust the ownership, granting you another 10 percent. If you return for ten breeding seasons, you own the house. If you decide to not return you can buy out the Pembrooks remaining share at cost plus interest at the prime rate.

Each time you return to Pembroke Farm to be breed, and stay for at least five months, they will add \$1,000 to your trust for each week you stay at the farm. Also any money received for the sale of your puppies will be yours, just as the puppies are to be considered yours.

Finally, either side may terminate the agreement, at any time between six weeks before the start of your going into heat and seven months later.

I expect to hear back from Grace and Brian today. There is no doubt in my mind that they will accept. They miss you terribly.

Your Friend,  
Love,  
Jill Lovejoy"

Allison and Butter read the message together.

"Wow, Butter. She really does look out for you."

Butter smiled and typed; "Yes, she's my attorney, but also my friend."

"I can see that. This is a better deal than I'd thought you could get. The Pembrooks must really want you back."

Butter nodded and smiled. She wrote a note; "I do miss them, and the farm. They are closest thing to a real family I've had, until now, and the farm feels like home when I think about it."

The two dressed. It was Saturday and the square in front of the hotel had a large market they wanted to explore. They found hundreds of booths selling crafts, fruit, vegetables and food. Butter purchased a brightly colored hardwood box for Jill and another for Sylvia. The one for Jill had images of macaws on it, Great Green and Scarlet. The one for Sylvia was ornamented with jaguars. Butter also purchased a large ornamental ox-cart that was very brightly painted. Inside it was a bar. It was from a crafts town near San Jose named Sarchi. Allison helped Butter arrange to have the cart shipped by air to Oregon and trucked to Pembroke Farm. It would arrive before they did.

The two went in together on a set of garden furniture. It was all beautifully made from local

hardwoods, and the craftsman assured them the wood came from a sustainable timber farm, that was also a coffee plantation. The set included four chairs, two recliners and a round table that could seat four. They arranged for the garden set to be shipped by sea and truck, also to Pembroke Farm. It was a purchase they felt symbolized the life together they hoped for.

Over lunch, they decided that they both would fly to Boston, where Butter would help Allison pack and ship her possessions and Allison would quit her job. When they returned to their room they logged on to the Internet, and checked for e-mail.

There was a short letter from the Pembrooks. It essentially said that the terms presented to them by Jill were fine. Except that they didn't want a price limit on the house, and Butter would initially own 20 percent of the house and twenty percent more every time she came to Pembroke farm to breed. Grace and Brian were already scouting homes at good locations for both Allison's business, and Butter's love of nature.

After the house was Butter's, every year she returned to the farm to breed, \$2,000 a week would go into her trust, plus the money brought in by the sale of her puppies. Brian and Grace would handle the sale of the puppies with the new owners being subject to Butter's approval.

They anticipate that Butter would want to go to Boston and help Allison get ready to move. Brian had instructed his agents in New York to expect Butter to contact them, via E-mail, once they were in Boston. They were to provide all possible assistance. When they were ready to come to Oregon they could e-mail them, and Brian would send the jet. They wanted to have a small party to welcome Butter back, Anna and Happy, and Jill and Sylvia, as well as Lilly, Sam and Peter. They were all eager to see Butter, and meet Allison.

Grace was assembling information on available mastiffs to act as stud for Butter. She would forward it to Butter in a couple of days. Brian was checking with breeders he knew, looking for dogs and bitches with good blood lines and temperaments who were being bred in the spring.

The next two days they packed, picked up their tickets to Boston, where the agent told them Brian's attorney had instructed her to make the tickets first class. The two also found time to relax and play in their room, its terrace, and then to visit the square and several of the nearby Costa Rican restaurants.

Butter felt the timing would work, but it would be close. She'd taken the last of her contraceptive pills the day she'd sent her proposal to Jill. She had to be at Pembroke Farm in not more than 20 days and she wanted to be there sooner, to be sure her head was clear when she considered prospective mates.

The flight to Boston was very long, but thanks to their First Class seats it was comfortable and fun. Allison enjoyed a few of the free drinks, but Butter had only one glass of red wine and sipped from it for over an hour.

When they arrived, Butter was a little frightened by the crowds, but held Allison's hand as they collected their bags and went through customs. It all went smoothly and soon Butter felt better. There was no problem with customs at Logan, like there had been in San Jose about her name. The agent saw the pictures in their passports matched the faces, they had almost no luggage, and only a few craft goods to declare, checked their names against his watch list, stamped their passports and waived them on.

Allison led Butter out to the ground transportation area and waived down a cab. Butter looked wide-eyed at the crowds and the density of the buildings as the driver navigated his way to Allison's

apartment in the Backbay. The building was a fifty-year-old modern infill development. It was four stories high and Allison's apartment was on the third floor. As she rode the tiny elevator, Butter could tell Allison was excited to be home. She was smiling and chattered on and on; about all the places she wanted to show Butter before they left.

They were both smiling as Allison unlocked her door. They stepped in and stopped. The inside of the studio was completely trashed. All the furniture was broken, all the upholstery was slashed, little bits of Allison's clothing were cut to pieces that were scattered everywhere. Papers and parts of books were torn and scattered with the cut up bits of clothing. In one corner her TV and Stereo were nothing but smashed bits of electronics and metal. Even the phone was pulled out of the wall and smashed. Allison began to cry, and Butter held her, trying to comfort her. Butter knew Allison's few possessions were dear to her and that she must feel almost as badly as she would if she'd been raped.

~~~~~

### **Chapter XLIII: Trashed!**

Someone wandered by and looked in past them to the wrecked apartment.

"Oh my, God!

"Allison, is that you?"

Recognizing the voice, Allison turned and nodded. It was Mrs. French, her neighbor. She'd only been in the apartment a few months, but Mrs. French had made it her business to introduce Allison to everyone on the floor, be sure she was comfortably settled, and was invited for drinks to meet those living on the building's other floors.

"I'm glad you have a friend with you, dear. Have you called the police yet?"

"We just got here, this moment, Mrs. French. This is my friend Butter. We've been vacationing together." Allison said through her tears.

"Why don't you girls come to my place for a while. You can call the police, and anyone else you need to, and I'll get us some tea. I hope you're too upset to eat, I made muffins this morning."

Allison thanked her, and partly supported by Butter let the kindly older woman guide them into her very full, but clean, and neat apartment. They called the police, who asked where they were, told them not to touch anything in Allison's apartment, and that detectives would be over in a few minutes.

Mrs. French made hibiscus tea, and Allison calmed down as she drank some, and picked at a muffin while she introduced Butter and explained that her friend was a mute, and how they'd met in Costa Rica.

Just then the buzzer rang. It was the police. Mrs. French let them in and two minutes later they were at the door.

"Hello, I'm detective Driver, this is my partner, Detective Rice. Both men were young, tall and painfully clean cut.

Allison introduced herself, Mrs. French and Butter."



"Which is your apartment?" Detective Driver asked.

Allison told him and he said they'd look it over and be back in a few minutes.

Ten minutes later Detective Driver was back.

"We've called an evidence team. They'll take prints and look for other things that might help us find whoever trashed your place."

"Ms. Washington, I know this must be a shock, but we have some questions that it's best to asked right away."

He looked over at Mrs. French and asked; "I don't want to have to take you downtown, if Mrs. French doesn't mind our talking here."

Mrs. French nodded; "I'll be in the next room if you need me for anything." Then she smiled and said, "Please use the room as long as you need. There's tea on the stove, cups in the cabinet, and muffins on the table." Still smiling at the detective and left.

"Detective Rice will stay at the crime scene.

"Ms. Washington, how long have you been away?"

"Call me, Allison, Detective. I'm just back from a four week holiday."

"So this could have happened any time in the last month?"

Allison nodded.

"How long have you lived in the apartment?"

"About five months."

"Was it vacant when you moved in?"

"Yes, bare walls, bare floors. Not even a role of toilet tissue."

"Was it clean? You know free of lint and stuff."

"It wasn't but the first thing I did was to clean it from ceiling to floor. Then I painted."

"That's good. Now, you haven't been here long. Can you tell me the names of everyone who has been in your apartment, before you left on Holiday?"

"That's easy, Detective. Just me and Mrs. French."

"What about your friend?" He gestured at Butter.

"Butter has only been as far as the door. I opened it and we sort of froze."

"Ms. Rose," the detective began, looking at Butter, "Did you touch anything in the apartment."

Butter shook her head.

"Did you happen to touch the door?"

Again Butter shook her head.

Allison realized she hadn't explained about Butter. "Officer Driver, Ms. Rose and I just met while we were both on holiday in Central America. She's a mute, but she understands perfectly. This is her first visit to Boston and to the east coast."

"I see.

"Ms. Washington, a month is a long holiday. How did that come about; most employers aren't that flexible."

"I'm an architect, Detective. I work for a small firm, White and White. Their offices are near Faneuil Hall. Five months ago I broke up with my boyfriend. He has been pestering me to get back together. Over the months he became aggressive, refusing to take no for an answer. My boss realized I was under stress from this man's badgering me. I told him I was thinking of resigning and moving to a new city where I could start over. Mr. White suggested a long holiday as an alternative.

"We both hoped it would cause him to give up."

"What is the name of this ex-boyfriend?"

"Nick Ridicules."

"Did he make any threats?"

"Yes, he threatened to track me down and take possession of me."

"Possession?"

"Nick is into bondage. That's part of the reason I split with him. He wants to feel he owns me and that I willingly accept bondage, and worse, just to be with him. At first I thought it was a sort of kinky game, and indulged him. But the more I did the more real it became. Finally he went too far and I felt I had to leave."

"What was it he did that pushed you over the edge?"

"Must I?" Allison pleaded.

"It will help us if we know."

Allison held her hands in her lap shaking as tears ran down her cheek. Butter moved to be beside her and hugged her around her shaking shoulders.

After a minute Allison looked up at Officer Driver. His eyes were kind and that decided her.

"He'd been tying me up more often and for a longer every time I consented to his bondage game. Then he'd have sex with me while I was that way. He usually went out of his way to make sure there were moments that were nice for me. But that night he tied me so tight it hurt. Then he invited a friend over. They gagged me and then they took turns using me and hurting me. They did it all night. The next morning, when the friend left and Nick untied me he was sure I must have had a good time. I pretended that I hadn't made up my mind. When he went to work I called in sick and moved out. I didn't take much.

"I found the apartment next door that morning, was moved in and left Nick a short note, saying how

hurt I was and that I never wanted to see him again by evening. Fortunately, I wasn't pregnant or sick, and felt lucky that it was over."

"That's rape, Ms. Washington. Why didn't you report it?"

Allison shrugged. "It was my word against his, and some of his friends knew I'd sometimes consent to what he called our bondage games. I didn't see the point of trial. He could even say I'd initially consented, it would be true, at least to being tied up."

"It would have been tough."

"Did he try to find where you lived after you moved out?"

"Yes, he called me at work demanding to know several times a day. He tried following me home too. I was lucky; he was so clumsy at it. I spotted him and took cabs to several locations until I was sure I'd lost him. Still, I was afraid."

"You should have been. You probably didn't notice it in the mess but many of the little peaces he cut your clothes into have stains on them. I think they're seamen. If they are, he left a DNA signature for us."

"If the person who trashed your apartment was this Nick, he seems to be escalating his violence against you. If it was he, well catch him and lock him up, but it won't be for all that long, a few years at most. I hate to say it, but you might want to vanish. I've seen cases where a man stocking a woman becomes more focused on his intended victim while in jail. When they get out some become more violent."

"What are your plans?"

"Well, Detective Driver, my new friend, Butter, talked me in to moving to Oregon. I was going to quite my job tomorrow, and give my notice here. Then we were going to pack my stuff, ship it, and fly there. I figured to open my own office there, as soon as my license to practice Architecture is recognized."

"How long will that be?"

"A few weeks. It's the same test wherever you take it. They will only need to confirm that I passed here in Boston."

"And tonight?"

Butter, scribbled a note and passed it to the Detective Driver.

"Tonight we'll get a hotel room. Somewhere very nice where Allison can enjoy life a little, before we leave."

"The Boston is nice, its near here and they have suits, a roof garden with covered pool, and several restaurants."

Allison looked up, "That sounds nice, but expensive."

Butter gave her a note, "I have lots of money and Brian's agents will help us. I insist."

"Butter, you've spent so much all ready. Boston was to be my treat!"

Detective Driver watched, then he commented. "I'll give you my card. You can't stay here, at least tonight. Our crime scene team will be in your apartment for a couple of days. It will be that long before you can get in.

"Call me and let me know where to reach you. If I'm not at this number leave a message."

Butter wrote another note and passed it to the detective. "Should we wait before leaving for Oregon?"

He nodded, "Good question. I do need you to stay around a few days. At least until we check out your friend's former boyfriend. If it was him we'll need a more formal statement."

Butter and Allison nodded.

"I'll check with you before I leave." Allison assured Detective Driver.

"Oh, but Butter needs to be back in Oregon soon," Allison added looking at Butter.

Butter wrote a note; "I have to be back before the 20th, the 18th or earlier would be better."

Detective Driver nodded. "I don't see a problem with that. We may need to ask you to come back for a trial, but that's unlikely. If it's not Nick it probably was a random act of vandalism. We'll never catch whoever it was. If it was your ex-boyfriend, we'll have the goods on him and he'll probably cop a plea to a lesser charge and there won't be a trial. If it was he, we'll try to keep him on ice until your trail is nice and cold.

"Don't tell anyone he might contact where you're going, that is except me."

Allison promised, and Detective Driver said he was done. She asked Mrs. French if she could use her phone and fifteen minutes, after thanking Mrs. French, and assuring her that they would be back, she and Butter were in a cab with their bags, again.

Allison was looking lost so Butter slipped the driver a note that said, "The Boston," before she noticed. They were there in five minutes and Butter found that Allison was so upset that it was easy just to lead her into the hotel, and register. She wrote a note to the clerk; "Your best available suite. There will be two of us, and will be staying for a week. I can't talk, and my friend just had a shock. Can we go up to now, and I'll be back to pay in a few minutes?"

The clerk, who was a man in his late twenties smiled, "That will be fine, but could you leave a credit card, or a deposit of some kind."

Butter pulled the credit card out of her purse that Jill had helped her get. Thanks to Brian insisting on paying for everything it had never been used.

The clerk ran the card for the entire total for seven nights; it was more than twenty-one hundred dollars. The authorization came through in moments. He tapped a number that allowed him to check the credit rating on the cardholder. The number made his eyes bug out. He'd never heard of anyone with that good a credit history.

"If you'll sign her, Ms. Rose, the suite will be taken care of. It is our best. You can charge room service, and the hotels bars and restaurants to your room, if you want me to put them on this card."

Butter signed and passed a note; "Thank you. That will be nice."

The clerk passed Butter a little envelope. It said Room 1001 in the inside and held two card keys. The clerk, his nametag said he was Herbert, waved a bell person over and showed him the room number.

"Milton will show you to your room. Your friend just had a shock."

Butter nodded.

"The rooftop bar, 'The Crew', has a lovely view and our guests have all said it's a calm and relaxing place at this hour. The bar menu is extensive, and you can order from room service there, if you don't see anything that appeals to you."

Butter smiled and nodded. A moment later they were following Milton who picked up their bags and led them to an elevator. They were on the top floor a moment later. As they left the elevator they were in a large round space with a wide window, overlooking the city and the Charles River. Milton used his own key and showed them that their room cardkey also opened the elevator door. Then led them across to their room's door and opened it. He carried their bags in with Allison and Butter following.

They came through an entry hall, and then into a large sitting room. The ceilings were tall, and two walls were floor to ceiling windows. On one wall was an open double door leading to another room with floor to ceiling windows and two huge beds. The other wall was a long bar. The suite's colors were burgundy, light gray and black. The furniture was chrome steel, a red hardwood, and black leather, the drapes were burgundy and the thick carpet was gray. It was very modern. Butter could tell that Allison liked it.

Milton handed them their keys and asked, "Should I put your luggage in the bedroom?"

Butter nodded. A minute later he was back. Butter had learned that a tip was expected in American Hotels and handed him a twenty and her warmest smile.

Milton smiled back, "The bar will be restocked daily. Take the elevator one floor up to find the terrace and, The Crew, bar. The red phone on the bar is room service. You can also reach the desk on that phone. Call if you need everything."

He turned to leave, but Butter stopped him with another note; "Internet connection?"

"Ah, yes, there is one behind the bar, one in the bedroom by a desk and others are besides each of the beds. Our's is a high-speed connection. Instructions for logging on are on the desk. There is also a color printer on the desk with a ream of paper. The printer driver can be downloaded to your computer from the Hotel's website.

"Would you like me to set you up?"

Butter decided that was better than bothering Allison with the chore. She nodded and walked into the bedroom with him. She opened her bag and handed him her iBook and its power connection.

"Oh, another MAC person. This is a snap on one of these. He opened the laptop, set it on the desk, plugged in, and waited a minute while the system booted up, inserted to USB connections and clicked on the hotel's web site a minute later. He clicked twice more and turned to Butter.

"All done. Just push the print icon and you can get a color hard copy of anything. The paper will be refreshed daily.

"Can I get you anything else?"

Butter shook her head and started to offer Milton another twenty, but he waived it off. "It was my pleasure, Ms. Rose. I hope you and Ms. Washington enjoy your stay with us. If there's anything we can do don't to make your stay more comfortable, don't hesitate to ask." Then he was gone.

Butter went back to the sitting room and found Allison sitting on one of the couches and looking blankly out the window. Butter sat down next to her and wrapped her arms around the blonde.

Allison leaned over and kissed Butter on the cheek. "I'll be OK, Butter. I didn't lose much that was important to me. The things I have emotional feelings for at my parents house, in Concord. I'm just sort of stunned. But I'm so glad you're here, and looking after me. If I'd been alone when I found my place trashed, I don't know what I would have done." She smiled and then hugged Butter and kissed her cheek again.

"Well, packing for the move to Oregon is going to be a snap."

"I heard Milton setting up your lap top. Did you check your e-mail?"

Butter shook her head.

"Why don't you? Perhaps the Pembrooks have sent you a set of studs to consider." She smiled, and Butter knew she was more intrigued by Butter's coming breeding, than she was put off by the notion of another creature sharing her new lovers charms.

They went in to the bedroom. Allison looked around and then hugged Butter again. "It's very nice dear. But I wish you'd let me pay. Boston was supposed to be my treat. After all, Butter, you didn't let me spend much while we were in Costa Rica."

Butter wrote a quick note; "That was Brian, not me."

~~~~~

## **Chapter XLIV: Their Stud**

Butter went to her laptop, which was still on, and retrieved her E-mail. There were two messages, one short one from Jill, and a very large one from Grace. The one from Grace had six attachments.

The message from Jill said that she hoped they'd arrived safely and that she'd prepared a contract for her and the Pembrooks to sign, it was written around Butter's initial letter Butter had presented with the financial provisions that she had suggested as enhanced by the Pembrooks. She also wrote that Grace and Brian had a real estate agent busy identifying possible properties and that Allison and Butter might like, and had added a remodeling budget for the house as part of their contribution.

Butter wrote back that they'd arrived safely, but that in her absence, Allison's apartment had been broken into and trashed. She told Jill where they were staying and that they'd be in Boston at least a week, perhaps a little longer. "Allison has to stay as long as the police need her. They said that shouldn't be long. I don't want to leave until we can make the trip together. But in any case I must be in Oregon by the 18th." Butter concluded.

The message from Grace Pembroke was cheerful. It explained that she and Brian were very happy that they would be seeing her again soon. It also explained that the six attachments, were each a

file, with high-resolution photos of dogs she thought Butter might find acceptable to breed with. "Butter, they all have happy and cooperative temperaments and are champions or grand-champions. I've met them all, and none of them are anything like Satan, except in having a brindle coat. Butter, there is one I think you will chose, but I don't want to tell you. I've made a bet with Brian about it."

"Well," Allison giggled. "Let's see what these studs are like! At first I wasn't sure how I'd feel about it, but I find myself curious about which one you choose to make puppies with."

Butter downloaded the attachments and opened the first. Staring back at her was the face of a mastiff that looked a little like Ajax. Underneath was his name, Spencer. At Allison's urging she scrolled through the file finding that it included several pictures of Spencer, a detailed description of him, his ancestry, his record in shows, his temperament and pictures of litters he'd sited with him and the bitch who'd whelped the litter in the picture.

One picture showed lots puppies. Allison looked at the picture and counted. "Fourteen! She had fourteen puppies! Oh my, god!"

"Butter, ah, might you have that many?"

Butter smiled and wrote a note on screen. "I haven't yet, and I don't think I want to. I've averaged eight. My high is eleven, but one in that litter was stillborn. I'm a small bitch, for a mastiff. I think if I get pregnant with more than ten my body rejects the smallest early in the pregnancy. I don't know that, but I do know when I've had eight I'm so big it's miserable the last few weeks. Puppies grow fast. Within the womb and once whelped. A trade off with a mastiff's large litters is the puppies need to nurse longer and take longer to open their eyes. I like that part. Nursing them and playing with them once they start to have personalities is the most best part."

They went back to reviewing the file.

Allison glanced at the picture and description, again. "Two hundred and twelve pounds? My, my! Butter, are all male mastiffs that hunky?"

Butter smiled and nodded, and then wrote another note on screen. "Champion males are almost always over 200 pounds. When they couple with me I feel small and ultra feminine. I like the feeling, especially if they are gentle lovers. Thor was a lamb. Ajax was less gentle, but still protective. Satan was a jerk, not gentle at all. I felt used and abused every time as he did me.

"Allison I am a good 40 to 50 pounds lighter than average mastiff bitch. I love the size differential when I'm coupling with a male, but as I said, that last couple of weeks of being pregnant, when I have eight or more pounds of puppies, squirming and kicking inside is no fun."

Allison looked at her and then laughed.

"Let's print out all six files, Butter. Then we can take them up to the bar on the roof and look them over while we have a drink, and get some food. I need a drink to do this. Maybe several."

Butter nodded and printed the files. It took a while, since each file was ten-pages with lots of photos. The color printer was slow, although the images were sharp. An hour later she entered 'The Crew' and picked a table with an excellent view of the sun setting over the Charles River. On the water they could see several crew teams rowing in the reach between Harvard and MIT.

Allison insisted that they both have a glass of white wine. On a whim, she ordered an Oregon Chardonnay from a winery near Pembroke Farm.

After there drinks came Allison asked, "Butter, what is it your looking for in a dog?"

Butter thought for a minute and then wrote a note. "I want a good natured dog that I an become friends with. He must be a purebred mastiff, because I want my puppies to be valued. A dog that is playful will be more fun during the mating than one that is all serious; a sense of humor is important too."

Allison read the note and looked up; "Butter, do dogs have a sense of humor?"

Butter wrote another note. "Allison, dogs are more like people than you realize. Some have a great sense of humor. Some have none. I want the doggy version of pillow talk with one that does."

"Pillow talk, Butter. You talk with them?"

"Of course not. I wish I could talk with you. No, after the frenzy of mating is over, and we're tied together, maybe for a few minutes, maybe for more than an hour, there is an emotional flow back and forth. We both know were mating and many emotions will emerge as our bodies work to make puppies. I want a dog that is inclined to smile then, one who enjoy the pleasure and the feeling of me wrapped around him, both my inside, and my arms and legs."

Allison read the note and then looked in wonder at Butter, and then a worried look came to her face. "Dear, it sounds like you're looking for a mate, not just a partner in puppy making."

Butter leaned over and hugged her. Then she wrote another note. "Allison, you're transferring. You are my mate, the partner of my life. The dog will be a short-term breeding partner. It's a better experience if we like each other. It feels more comfortable and it's more fun. A lot of being pregnant isn't fun so I want the start of my puppies to be. If I'm lucky, I'll find a more outgoing dog than Ajax who will like me enough to go along with some of my human quirks, like wanting to do it in the missionary position.

"Oh." Allison said when she'd read the note.

They returned to reviewing the files. The six dogs were Spencer, Rock, Zap, Mars, Hercules, and Benny. Each was a beautifully marked male. They reviewed the descriptions of personality and temperament and they were all similar.

Butter then studied the pictures of the six dogs longer. Then she set Benny, Mars and Spencer aside.

"Out of the running?" Allison wondered.

Butter nodded, and wrote Allison a note. "Each of these three has few or no pictures in which they are smiling."

Allison looked at the pictures and then turned to butter. "Oh, I see! I'd didn't understand about dogs smiling, but this is clear. Your right the other three look happy in almost all their pictures. These three don't.

Next Butter looked a long time at the pictures of the litters each of her semi-finalists had sired. After a few minutes she set Zap aside and wrote a note to Allison. "Zap's litters each have one or two puppies whose markings don't perfectly meet the breed standard. He and the bitches both look fine but the pictures show Zap with three different bitches and four litters. That makes it likely that Zap is the one with the flawed genes."



Allison looked at the pictures and nodded. "I can't tell the difference between the bitches. They all look alike?"

Then Butter spread out the four pictures and pointed to areas of difference. After a while Allison nodded. "I see now. But it's very slight differences."

Butter grinned and wrote another note. "To another bitch, the differences are huge."

Allison laughed and then asked, "So how will you pick between Hercules and Rock? Or will you want to meet them both?"

A moment later she was reading another note. "Allison, I think I've decided, but I need to look at their bloodlines. She studied Rocks chart for a minute, then Hercules. Grinning she put them down and pointed at Hercules. Then she pointed to the lineage chart.

"Hercules' grandfather was, Thor of Pembroke Farm."

"So it will be Hercules?"

Butter nodded and grinned. Then wrote a note. "He is not Thor, but he has Thor's smile and eyes. I think he will be fun to couple with."

Allison looked at the picture and then at Butter and a tear ran down her cheek. "It suddenly is real, Butter. I'm sorry. I wanted to be supportive and a good sport, but the idea of you being intimate with this particular dog is suddenly real, where a minute ago it was abstract. I don't want to share you."

Butter hugged her then wrote again. "I won't be sharing my love for you, just my sex. But, Allison, you said you wanted to see what being breed by a dog was like?"

Allison nodded.

Butter smiled and added; "Then, he isn't a dog that I'm breeding with. He's a dog we're breeding with. We'll do it together as much as you want. If you like we can hold hands all the time one of us is tied. I'm only sorry I won't be able to tell you, while its happening, what it's like for me."

Allison swallowed, then smiled. "Yes, together. I like that. If we start working on it soon, maybe I can help you nurse your puppies?"

Butter grinned and hugged her tight again. Then wrote again. "That would be such fun. You'll love it. They're so cute and playful, I'm sure you'll be glade you did. But you'll need to stay with me at Pembroke farm to do that. What about your business?"

Allison thought for a while, and then she smiled. "I think I can work it out. While your pregnant I'll drive out and be with you every night. You can help me get my breasts lactating. Then I'll take two months off and be with you when you birth the puppies and until they are weaned. Once they are not needing our milk, I'll go back to driving to work every day, until they are adopted and you return home to be my exclusive love bunny."

Butter grinned and hugged her.

The sat back and enjoyed the view as the finished their wine. Allison ordered another round, her third and Butters second, and they took their drinks and the six files back down to their suite. Butter sent an E-mail to Grace and Brian that said simply, "Hercules."

A few minutes later a response came back from Grace. "I won the bet."

As she considered getting Allison looked over her the clothes she had and started to cry. Butter went to her and hugged her, kissing her on the neck and cheek and petting her back. After a while Allison was able to explain. "Butter, all I have to wear our the clothes I took to Costa Rica. There mostly dirty and way too casual for Boston!"

Butter had been looking through the notebook that listed facilities and services in the hotel as Allison began looking through her clothes. She came over to Allison smiling, hugged her, and then kissed her neck and earlobes until Allison giggled. Then she wrote a note. "Dearest, we'll order room service. Have them take our clothes to be laundered. We'll put a rush on the laundry."

"Tomorrow morning we'll go shopping and buy a few things to get us by in your more formal Boston, until we leave for Oregon. You'll need some new business clothes for Oregon and you may as well buy some here. I'm sure the selection is better."

The two went over the room service menu together and Allison called in their order. They ate in front of the TV. Allison was initially amazed that Butter had never used a remote control before, but then she remembered that as a pet, Butter had been denied choice in what was watched.

Allison willingly let Butter take control of the remote, and was amazed at how much pleasure her friend had in flipping through the channels. Their room had satellite TV with all the premium Channels, and it was over an hour before Butter settled on one program. It was a commercial free showing of Firefly, and Butter seemed to relate strongly with the character River, who was lost and confused in the world she found herself in.

After three episodes Allison succeeded in Getting Butter to turn off the TV, only by promising that they would get a TV, a DVD player, and buy the whole series when they returned to Oregon. Once they were nude in bed together Butter committed herself to making her lover as happy and contented as possible. Hours later she had succeeded. Butter had taken her lover through a series of mind numbing climaxes, until Allison was no longer capable of frowning. Not caring about her lost possessions or the fact that she must leave her life in Boston, Allison cuddled down between Butter's breasts and went to sleep as she suckled. When sleep came it slowed Allison's mouth, but didn't stop it, Butter had seen her puppies keep suckling after they were asleep, many times. Allison was the first human to do it at her breast.

I guess all mammals know how to suckle as they sleep. We must all have done it as a baby, she decided. She looked at Allison's sleeping form and enjoying the feeling of contentment that filled her as Allison continued to draw milk from her breast. Butter felt her love for the pretty blond warm in her heart, where Allison's love for her was a great flame of peace and comfort. She drifted to sleep herself, cuddling Allison's head to her bosom. Sometime during the night Alison moved to another breasts, and later, still another. But neither of the young women awoke.

In the morning, Butter awoke to the felling of a talented tongue caressing the inner lips of her vulva and the tender bud of pleasure that nested where they joined. She tried to move, but then she felt Allison rise and hold her down, playfully.

"Butter, its my tern! You showed me such a good time last night. I must demonstrate how totally I'm in love with you."

Butter became still and Allison's face dropped back between Butter's thighs. The blond took her time and slowly raise Butters passion to the brink of climax, over and over, but dallied with the moment and let her lover slip back from the peak, again and again, only to take her back. Allison used her

hands to massage and caressed Butters breasts and nipples, keeping them all flushed and extended as her tongue did its magic. After more than an hour of sweet torment the blonde decided that Butter was ready. Slipping fingers into both Bitters vagina and anus, Allison massaged the two openings as she nibbled on her lovers swollen clitoris. Butter climaxed, so hard she nearly passed out. Slowly she got her breathing back under control and pulled Allison's lips to her own. They kissed for a long time, lingering over each others' taste, and enjoying the feel of lips against lips, breasts against breasts and thighs against thighs.

Butter sensed Allison needed to get on with their day, and then remembered that her lover wanted clothes, had to call her boss, perhaps see him, talk to the police and organize moving her life to Oregon. Butter hugged her tight once more, then released the blonde and pulled back grinning.

The blonde grabbed her and they hugged for another moment and then Allison took Butter's hand and led her to the shower where they washed each other carefully using the assortment of cleansing, moisturizing and beauty products the hotel provided.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XLV: Preparing to Move**

The phone ringing prompted them to slip on the fuzzy white robes that they'd found in the bedroom closet. Allison answered and was told that their laundry was ready to be delivered if the time was convenient. Allison said it was and a few minutes later they had clean clothes.

"This is still too casual for Boston, Butter. We'll need something warmer too." Allison said as she looked outside and at the rain. From experience she knew it was cold.

Butter took her the notebook and opened it to a page that featured the shops inside the hotel's shopping arcade. There were four featuring women's wear. She pointed at one that advertised coats, hats and umbrellas. They decided to start shopping there, and dressed in their just cleaned clothes. They put on their most business like outfits. Allison's was a gray skirt and white cotton blouse, with hose and one inch pumps. Butter, who had no business clothes, wore another white blouse and sky-blue denim jumper. Her legs were bare, but their deep golden tan looked very nice with her wedge sandals.

Before they went down to the Hotel's arcade, Allison turned to Butter and sternly said; "Sweetie, you have spent enough. What ever we buy today is on me. I still have over two thousand dollars in travelers-checks that were for food, hotels and travel in Costa Rica. You kept paying for everything, and it was sweet of you. I didn't mind too much when it was the Pembrooks picking up the tab, but your spending your own money on this hotel.

"So, for the rest of our stay in Boston, meals, taxis, and shopping are on me. I insist that we be financial partners with each other, not just today, but from now on. OK?"

Butter, whose lower lip had quivered a little hearing Allison's harsh tone, smiled. The blonde was not angry, but making a point; she nodded.

They took the elevator to the shopping level; where they purchased warm full-length wool coats, warm wool scarves with matching mittens, and umbrellas. Next door was a women's fashion shop Allison found a tan and medium gray business suit she liked. It came with both pants and a skirt and had a very tailored look that set off her slim figure nicely.

There was a shoe store in the arcade, where Allison found some elegant knee high boots. But they

had nothing in a wide enough size for Butter's feet. The clerk suggested a shop a few blocks away that specialized in wide shoes. Allison looked outside and saw a reader-board that said it was thirty-eight degrees out so they wore their new warm clothes and had Allison's suits sent up to their suite.

It was a five-minute cab ride to the wide shoe store. Butter purchased some knee socks to try shoes on with, and the clerk was able to find her some very comfortable knee length boots and walking shoes that fit her well. Allison insisted they purchase both. Then she took Butter out to lunch, after which they returned to the hotel.

Their purchases were all in their suite waiting for them and there was a message to call Detective Driver. Butter put their new clothes away while Allison called the detective.

A few minutes later Allison told Butter what she'd learned. "The detectives have been busy. It seems Nick got into some trouble with drugs before I met him. They have his fingerprints on file. They match some they found in my apartment. Based on that they got a search warrant and went through his place. They got some hair samples off a brush and have sent those to be compared with the DNA samples from my place.

"Detective Driver said they found a lot of bondage books and pictures at Nick's apartment. Things I didn't know about. Some of them are scary. It seems he is into snuff stories big time. They searched his computer and found a fantasy story he'd written in which he snuffs me. All Detective Driver would only say that it was a very sadistic scenario.

"They haven't talked to Nick yet, they're waiting for the DNA results. But they are having him followed. His landlord let them in but they left a letter explaining they'd executed a search warrant and who to call to get more information about the warrant.

"Butter, Detective Driver suggested I get out of town soon. Not right away. They still might need me for a few days, but he thought moving to the other side of the country was a good idea."

Butter hugged her, and as she did Allison started to cry. She held onto Butter as if it was her only lifeline. Butter held her and petted her, the way she always found most comforting, and after about fifteen minutes Allison stopped crying, but she continued to hug Butter for another five.

She let go, slightly and said; "Butter, it's OK. I was going to move to Oregon with you anyway. I got scared thinking about the times I let him tie me up. He could have done anything!

"I think we can leave pretty soon. I need to call my boss and then go see him. He's been a dear throughout this whole thing with Nick, and before, helping me prepare for the licensing exam and giving me challenging work that I'd learn from. I can't just quit over the phone.

"Then I need to call my folks. It seems cold, but I think I should come out to them over the phone, and then explain about Nick and how I'll call them as soon as I'm settled, but not to tell Nick anything."

Butter nodded and pointed to the TV remote.

"So you'll be OK with me being gone for a while?"

Butter nodded, but then wrote a note. "Insurance?"

"Oh my God, Butter, you're right. I have renters insurance. I better call my agent too!"

Butter took off her shoes and settled in front of the TV with a tall glass of sparkling water on ice. Allison went to use the phone in the bedroom. She was on the phone for over an hour. When she came into the living room she was wearing her new tan business suit, with the skirt and a white silk blouse.

"Butter, Mr. White suggested I come in this afternoon. He said Nick had been calling him wanting to know if I was back yet.

"My parents were great. They both got on the phone and there was only a moment of silence when I told them that I'd tried men for years and finally realized I was a lesbian. Then they were saying the nicest things, about how they loved me and would be supportive. It seems Nick has been calling them, and when I told them about my apartment and what Detective Driver said, they were supportive of my moving right away and letting them know where I was only after we're settled.

"I told them about you, and they're eager to meet you and welcome you to the family."

Butter hugged her and there were tears in her eyes. Allison remembered that her own parents had rejected and abused her and the closest thing to a family she felt she'd had was Thor and their puppies. She hugged her back, tightly.

"I also called my insurance agent and he's sending over some claim forms by messenger.

"Will you be OK if I'm gone for a couple of hours?"

Butter nodded and pointed at her sparkling water and the TV. Then she wrote a note. "Allison, take cabs, door to door. Don't go out until you see the cab waiting for you."

Allison nodded and hugged her lover, kissing her lightly on the forehead. "I'll be back soon, dearest."

After one more kiss she was gone.

A little more than three hours later Allison returned. She looked calm but worn. After changing into her robe she joined Butter on the couch. Butter turned the TV off and looked at her expectantly.

"Butter, I'm alright. Mr. White was sweet. He said he'd miss me, but understood why I needed to move. It seems Nick has been calling him several times a week demanding to know when I'll be back.

Mr. White offered to help get my license recognized after I've moved, if I need him to. He wanted to pay me for the time I've been on vacation. I refused.

"I also went to my bank, and arranged for them to transfer my accounts to a bank they have a connection with in Salem, Oregon. So that's taken care of."

Butter pointed to a manila envelope on the coffee table and wrote a note. "Allison, the phone rang twice while you were gone."

"I'll check for messages, Butter."

She went to the phone and called the desk. "Both calls were from Detective Driver, Butter. No message, but to call him."

She called and was on the phone for twenty minutes. After she hung up she seemed very tired.

"Butter, Nick's in jail, but they expect to have to let him out on bail tomorrow. The DNA tests came back positive. They're charging him with breaking and entering, and vandalism. That's the best they can do. He was arrested outside my apartment building where he seemed to be watching for lights in my apartment. Detective Driver suggested I get a court order barring Nick from trying to contact me, locate me, or seeking to ask my family, Mr. White, Mrs. French or anyone else where I've moved to. The police are done with my apartment and he said not to go back after tonight."

Butter hugged her tight for a minute, and then Allison opened the envelope.

"Oh, it's the insurance claim form, Butter." She looked it over for a minute; "They want an inventory of everything that was destroyed.

"Butter will you go over there with me tonight and help?"

Butter nodded, and pointed to her laptop.

Allison smiled, "That's a good idea. I can tell you what things were and you can type a list."

Allison called her landlord and gave her notice. She explained that the place had been vandalized and she'd been advised to leave town by the police. Her landlord was understanding, particularly when Allison said he should keep her damage deposit and her last months rent, she was already paid up to date, in exchange for having someone clean out the place. An hour later she'd terminated telephone, cable TV, her inter-net connection, electricity and gas service as of the next morning.

They dressed and went out to Dinner, then made the trip over to Allison's apartment and, after saying hi, to Mrs. French, Allison explained to the older woman that the Police had advised her to move. Mrs. French hugged her and wished her well.

It took Allison and Butter six hours to do the list of everything that had been destroyed. Allison was very depressed as they finished. Nick had ruined every article of clothing, every book, every CD, her cell phone, all her letters, every photo, the pictures on the wall, all her drafting tools, her computer, printer and scanner, all her disks, her television, even its remote.

As they took a cab back to the hotel Allison cried and Butter held her. She hugged her as they entered the hotel and went to their suite. Butter helped her change into a nightgown and then held joined her in bed, hugging her and petting her until the blonde could asleep.

Sleep eluded Butter for a while. She was livid with anger.'

How dare that jerk attack my sweet Allison this way. If I could get my teeth on him I'd tear out his throat!

Allison was calmer the next morning. She diligently filled out the claim forms and then stopped.

"Change of address! Butter I need to tell them where to send the settlement. Damn! I need to forward my mail too."

Butter picked up her notebook and turned to the page of contacts. Then she showed it to Allison and pointed at one, Jill Lovejoy, Attorney at Law. With the phone number and address.

"But, Butter, she's your attorney, not mine."

Butter wrote a quick note and then grabbed her laptop and got on line sending and E-mail to Jill.

The note read; "She's our attorney. I'll tell her now and that she should hold your mail for a while. She can bundle it and ship it to the Pembroke Farm."

A few minutes later, a return E-mail came, assuring Butter that Jill would also act as Allison's attorney and to have Allison have her mail forwarded to her firms address. The two dressed and went out to Brunch. Then visited the post office and arranged for Allison's mail to be forwarded. When they got back to the hotel Allison called her ISP and arranged for them to forward her E-mail to Butter's account.

That afternoon Detective Driver called. Nick was out on bail. It was OK for Allison to leave town as long as he knew how to reach her. Allison gave him Jill Lovejoy's address and phone number and her e-mail address. "It will still work until the end of the month." She told him.

Allison thanked him and he reminded her to get a court order barring Nick from trying to contact or find her.

Butter insisted on contacting Brian Pembroke and asking him to have his New York lawyers take care of the court order. After a while Allison, too tired to try and find her own attorney, agreed. The next morning an E-mail came back, informing them that the order would be filed as soon as Brian's attorney could talk to Detective Driver.

When they came back from Breakfast they started to plan the rest of their stay. They had four more days in Boston and Allison wanted to show Butter the sights. Butter objected, passing Allison a note. "But, Allison, Nick is out there, probably looking for you! We should just stay here in our nice suite and cuddle."

Allison was smiling at the suggestion when the phone rang. It was her father.

"Allison," he began. "Your mother and I are driving to Boston this afternoon. We've booked a room in your hotel for three nights. If you're leaving the state and going to be gone for some time we insist. Your mother and I also want to meet your Ms. Rose. She sounds delightful, and we want to welcome her to the family."

After telling Butter her parents were coming to town and wanted to see them both, she nodded and smiled Allison agreed they'd meet them for Dinner. The spent the afternoon doing more shopping, in the Hotels arcade, getting dresses for going out at night and more day wear. Butter bought things that worked with her new shoes and would hang loosely on her, concealing her extra breasts without binding them.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XLVI: Megan**

Allison's parents came to the suite to meet Butter and take them out for dinner. Mr. Washington was a tall thin man with deep smile lines around his mouth. Butter knew instantly that he was dominant, but also that he might bark but would never bite. Mrs. Washington looked more like Allison's sister than her mother. The two were the same height and build, although Allison's breasts were smaller and rode higher on her chest.

When the entered the suite they were hugging and kissing Allison in seconds. It took a while to understand, but soon Butter figured out that they were apologizing for not being better parents.

Mrs. Washington was saying, "Dear, we wanted to be the kind of parents you could tell anything to.

Yet you kept your interest in women a dark secret from us all these years.

"Yes, dear," Allison's father went on. "We don't care if your love is Barbary ape or a lioness, as long as they love you as much as you deserve."

"Now let's meet this charmer who has captured your heart. I must say, I like her already better than that loser Nick you used to be with."

Allison turned and gestured to Butter, who curtsied very prettily.

"Mon, Dad, this Buttercup Rose, my mate for life."

"Butter, these are my parents, Frank and Connie Washington."

Both took a moment to appraise Butter.

Frank smiled and nodded. "You're sure a lovely young lady, Buttercup Rose."

"Why, Allison, if I didn't have your mum, I might try and give you a run for your money, she's such a fair lass." His smile was broad and so warm Butter couldn't help smiling back.

"Now, little lady, what magic did you use to capture my daughter's heart, that is besides being exotic and beautiful?"

"Frank," Connie said pulling his sleeve. "Remember the girl is mute. She can't answer your question, short of writing a note or something."

"But I'll tell you, Dad," Allison said grinning. "She did it by having the kindest and the most generous heart I've ever known."

Butter blushed, but a moment later found herself being hugged tight in Frank's surprisingly strong arms. "Welcome to the family pretty witch," he said as he kissed her forehead.

Stepping back Connie hugged Butter too, and then kissed both her cheeks. "My dear, is that your natural hair color?"

The question was asked with such a warm smile that Butter felt no offence and nodded.

Allison decided it was time to lay the groundwork for bigger revelations about Butter.

Mom, Dad, Butter is different in several ways; her special hair, her lack of a voice; and in other ways; sort of like birth defects.

Her Father grinned, "Well she looks just fine from here."

"Tell me Butter, do you have special powers, like one of the X-men?"

Butter blushed, but Allison answered for her. "Yes, she does. She is more loving and giving than any other person on the planet."

Connie beamed, "That's very special."

Frank and Connie swooped Allison and Butter off for dinner, and a horse-drawn carriage ride through the snow in the commons and then a quiet jazz club where soloists were improvising with



acoustic instruments.

Connie caught on right away to ask Butter questions she could answer with a shake or node of her head. The next day they drove to Salem to show Butter the City that was the namesake of the closets City in Oregon to Pembroke Farm. The following day they drove to Sturbridge to see the assembly of pre-revolutionary buildings.

When they returned the desk clerk gave them an envelope. Inside was a copy of a court order directing Nick to not go within 1,000 yards of Allison, or her home, or car. There was a note saying that the court order had been served to Nick and that he could appear in court the following week to contest the order. Since he was facing trial for vandalizing Allison's apartment, the attorney's handling the matter thought it unlikely that he'd appear.

Frank and Connie were impressed at how quickly the order had come through. They were more impressed when they found out that Butter's employers had their attorneys handle the matter. But that was nothing to their reaction to learning that they were sending their private jet to take the girls to Oregon.

"What do you do, Butter, to get the royal treatment from those folks?" Connie asked, for once forgetting to phrase her question in a way that Butter could answer.

Allison came to the rescue. "Mother, Butter manages Pembroke Farm's mastiff breeding program. Not just getting the right dog and bitch together, but making sure the puppies are healthy, and will turn out to be happy, good-tempered dogs.

"I looked it up, infant mortality among newly born mastiff puppies can be as high as 50 percent. But in her ten years there Butter has never lost a pup. Some Pembroke Farm mastiffs have grown up to take best in show at Westminster.

"Are the dogs expensive?" Frank asked.

Butter nodded and then wrote him a note. "None sell for less than \$3,000.00 and several have gone for over \$10,000.00. I wasn't that pleased with the last litter at the farm. There were only four puppies, but they still sold for an average of \$5,000.00 each.

"The Pembroke's are rich. They don't care much about the money, but they love the prestige they've gained in mastiff breeding and showing circles. I finished a ten-year contract with the Pembroke's this last fall. They want me to come back and sign on for another five years."

Allison later told Frank and Connie that Butter made enough money in the last ten years so she didn't have to work, ever again. Her parents looked at Butter differently after that. Their little girl had finally taken up with someone whom she didn't have to care of, someone who could take care of her. They slept a little better that night.

The next morning Allison checked in with Detective Driver. She told him she was planning to leave Boston in two days. He told her Nick had been picked up for assaulting another young woman. Since he had been out on bail, pending trial, when the attack occurred the judge had denied bail, but directed a speedy trial and that if found guilty, his time in custody before the trial be considered time served.

With Nick locked up they were free to explore Boston. The next day they four did a walking tour covering the Kennedy home, Harvard square, the MIT campus, Bunker Hill, the Back Bay ending up at the Commons. They stopped to rest and eat and drink several times and taken cabs twice, but

they were all feeling a little tired.

Frank was watching a distinguished looking elderly man walking the biggest dog he'd ever seen when the wind shifted. Although the man wore a full-length camel overcoat Frank could tell he was quite thin. He was also thick wearing glasses in wire frames.

Frank was just wondering what kind of dog it was when suddenly the dog was pulling his owner toward them. As the dog got closer Frank saw that it was going straight for Butter. For a second Frank and Connie were afraid for the girl, and then she was on her knees crying and hugging the huge neck of the dog, which was licking her and looked for the entire world like it was smiling.

The man in glasses looked at the woman hugging his dog, she had brindle hair, and then he knew who she was. "Oh my, God! It's Buttercup Rose!"

Butter looked up questioning and the man got down his knees besides her and grabbed her hand, which he kissed.

"Buttercup, you don't know me. I'm a friend of Grace and Brian Pembrooks'. I see Megan remembers you, just as you remember her. He looked at the three people staring at him and then winked at Butter and stood up and introduced himself.

"I'm sorry to be so abrupt. I'm Edward Hacker; I purchased my Megan from Pembroke Farm, four years ago. I assume your friends of Ms. Rose."

Frank took Edward Hacker's hand and pumped it. "Yes, I'm Frank Washington and this is my wife, Connie, and my daughter, Allison.

"Did you call your dog, Megan?"

"Why yes. That's her name Mr. Washington."

"Call me, Frank. I was just surprised. A dog that big, and a female! How big are the males?"

Edward smiled. "Megan weighs 167 pounds. That's about average for a mastiff bitch. Her father, Thor of Pembroke Farm, weighed well over 200 pounds."

"That's amazing," Connie said. Mr. Hacker, how do you know Butter?"

"Please, call me Edward, everyone does.

"I hope you know your friend, Butter, is considered to be the best breeder of mastiffs in the world. I was completely surprised to see her in Boston. We've never met, but I've seen her picture with the puppies she's cared for. It's clear she and Megan remember each other perfectly."

He turned to Butter; "My dear Ms. Rose, or may I call you Buttercup?"

Butter nodded.

"Here is my card," he said as he handed it to her. "I have a small farm about two hours west of Boston where I breed mastiffs. If you'd be interested in coming to work there for me, Buttercup, I'll beat whatever the Pembrooks are paying you."

Butter let go of Megan's neck long enough to write a short note. "Thank you Mr. Hacker. I'm so pleased that you and your Megan are happy together. I used to think of her as Dot, but of course, I

couldn't tell her that.

"My plans are somewhat uncertain right now. I'll be returning to Oregon soon, and to Pembroke Farm, but I'm unsure for how long. I'll keep your card and let you know if I'm considering moving to the east."

As the people around her Allison was staring at the big dog. It's huge, he thought; more than half again my weight. And the males are bigger! Oh my, God! I've never been with a man as big as Megan and now I've told Butter I want to try sex with a dog that will be twice my size.

For a moment she was afraid, then she saw the way the dog was smiling at Butter and the way Butter was hugging the dog's huge neck and smiling back at Megan. I guess any dog that smiles like that must be friendly. But it looks like I'll have that experience with a really powerful male I've always fanaticized about and been a little afraid of.

Edward was still reading Butters note, it went on: "Megan seems happy and healthy, I can see you have bred her, how are her pups?"

Edward smiled and helped Butter to her feet. As they talked Butters hand stayed on Megan's head and the dog looked very happy. "I've bred Megan twice. I think once a year is most consistent with protecting her health. She is a wonder with her puppies. I've never seen a bitch take such good care of her young. Her litters were 12 and 11 puppies. Every one of them lived and is now with a good home.

"Ms. Rose, not only do you breed wonderful looking dogs, but they have the best parenting skills I've ever seen.

"Your, Dot, my Megan took best of breed last year in the Boston show. She's also a certified therapy dog. In fact I'm taking her right now to convalescent care facility near here. She's been there many times and is a great favorite."

Butter grinned from ear to ear and dropped to the ground to hug Megan again. The dog responded by licking her cheeks enthusiastically."

Edward bowed, "I see you're with friends. Grace called me and said you might be in Boston, but I never expected to meet you. I'll leave you now, promises to keep and all, don't you know.

"I must say, Ms. Rose. It is a great honor and pleasure to meet you and your friends the Washingtons. As I said I love to have you come work with me. Or, if your in town and would like to visit Megan just let me know and I'll arrange for you to have as much time as you'd like with her."

He gently shook her hand, bowed to Frank, Connie and Allison and then was gone. Butter noticed that Megan was taking him to their destination more than he was taking her. Allison came over and hugged Butter as they watched Megan and Edward move away.

Connie leaned over to Frank and smiling, said; "It's like she's lived in castle her whole life and been mostly with dogs. I've never seen anyone get on with dogs so well, and they remember her, even after not seeing her for years. I don't think we need worry about her breaking Allison's heart. I don't think she'd know how."

Frank nodded. Allison was hugging Butter in a way that was intimate without being sexual. It was clear they were better than friends.

"Yes, Connie, you're right, we need to worry anymore about our girl." He whispered back.

They went over and hugged both girls and then the four walked back to their hotel. Allison, with Butters support, insisted her parents come to their suite for dinner. They'd ordered a table for four to be set up that morning and had arranged for a waiter from the rooftop Crew bar to serve them.

The next morning Allison's parents left for the long drive home. They took Allison and Butter out to breakfast before leaving. Over breakfast they made Allison and Butter promise to either come home for Christmas, or if it wasn't safe to allow them to visit the girls in Oregon. Allison and Butter readily agreed. Later they added 'guest rooms' to their list of things they wanted in a home. Allison wanted rooms for her little brother and sister as well as her parents.

When they got back to their room there was a message waiting. The Pembrooks' jet was in route and expected to land in four hours. In two hours a limo would be at the hotel to pick them up and take them to the suburban airport the jet would land at.

They were both a little nervous about the return to Pembroke Farm, and what it would mean to them both.

Later, as the plane hit cruising altitude Butter turned and hugged Allison. Allison smiled and hugged her back. It's so good to be with her, and fun to have the whole plane all to ourselves.

"I'll miss Boston, my job, Mr. White and most of all my family, Butter. I'm also uneasy about some aspects of the coming months."

Butter's lower lip quivered a little.

Allison looked around and saw the male steward who was attending to their needs was not in the cabin, leaned over and kissed her deeply.

"Sweetheart, I'm overjoyed that we're going to be together. I'm sure we're doing the right thing. I accept that you are more than a normal human woman. You have this marvelous power to have puppies. Frankly, I'm fascinated and not the least put off by the prospect of your going into heat and being bred by a big male mastiff.

"I want to be with you, through the breeding, your pregnancy, birthing your young, and nursing them. I do want the same dog that breeds you to do me. I want to share as much of the experience with you as I can.

"I look forward to having a home together and starting my practice there. Then I look forward to us finding the right man to breed me and your going through that experience, as much as possible, of my being impregnated, being pregnant, birthing and nursing our baby.

"That's how I want it, Butter, our breeding, our puppies and our babies. Is that what you want, dear?" Allison was asking a question but she was smiling in a way that let Butter know she already knew the answer.

Butter grinned from ear to ear, and nodded. Then she moved her hands onto Allison's breast and leaned forward bringing their lips together. As they kissed Butter managed to do such delightful things to Allison's breasts that they the blonde felt her nipples extend, her chest flush, her nipples throb, and a climax surged from her lips and her breasts throughout her body until it hit her womb, which contracted in delight and a need to feel her lover against her.

The steward had said he'd come if they rang, Allison and Butter assumed that meant he'd not if they didn't.

Allison was too lost in bliss, to object when Butter removed her blouse, skirt, half-slip and panties. Before the blonde was recovered from the wonderful climax she'd just had she felt Butters talented tongue caresses her vulva and probing the depths of its folds. Allison giggled as she felt her passion rising again and giving in to her lover placed her hands gently on the thick brindle head of hair between her thighs and guided the magic tongue from one erogenous spot to another.

Butter let herself be guided although when Allison's vaginal lips and anus were well lubricated Butter pressed a finger slowly into each and massaged the openings as she took her lover over the edge.

Allison recovered feeling Butters lips on her own and tasting her sex on her lovers tongue. She used the opportunity to take begin removing Butters jumper, blouse, slip, panties and bra.

At the same time Butter removed Allison's bra leaving them both in their shoes and thigh high hose. Butter was intent on caressing Allison and kissing her soft lips. Soon she realized that Allison wanted to take charge and relaxed, allowing the blonde to move from her mouth, down, slowly toward her own sex, and lingered over each breast, using her fingers, tongue, and mouth to please the tender flesh until she tasted Butters milk.

So rich, so sweet! Then she moved to the next. When she reached the two on Butters lower abdomen she began using her fingers as Butter had, but pressed farther into Butters vaginal canal and massaged her lovers G-spot.

Butters breath was coming in gasps and Allison was delighted to watch her blushing heaving bosoms swell and blush as an orgasm seemed to ignite Butters core. Allison's head was pressed to Butters abdomen and she felt her lover's womb contract, over and over as her ministrations gifted Butter with pleasure.

The lovers felt released, having left the ravaged peaces of Allison's life behind. They had both enjoyed their time with Allison's parents, but they had been kept too busy sight seeing and going out to eat, to have the long lingering sessions loving each other they grown to find they relished in their time together in Costa Rica. It was an eight-hour flight and the empty cabin and lowered lights and oversized reclining chairs were to good to be ignored.

In the galley, the steward was watching the love play on the observation camera. Only an emergency could have prompted him to interrupt the two. He had nothing to do, while the young women were engaged in pleasuring each other. Over the hours he thought he had as much pleasure as they.

Of course, he was wrong.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XLVI: Return to Pembroke Farm**

When the plane landed Allison and Butter had already washed their faces and put their clothes back on. Allison had put on a little makeup, but Butter didn't understand why. She wrote a note.

"Allison, why put on makeup. Your beautiful without it?"

Allison giggled and explained. "I love you for that, dear, but Grace Pembroke, and your friends Jill

and Sylvia will be there, as will Lilly. My guess is they all will wear a little makeup. I want to look my best for you and adult women always wear makeup when they are trying to look their best.

Butter pointed at her face, unsure if she should use makeup as well. Allison understood her and shook her head.

"I don't think so. Everyone there knows you and, with the exception of Grace Pembroke, I bet they have never seen you use the makeup.

Butter smiled and nodded. But seemed very thoughtful to Allison as the plane landed and taxied to the hangar. Before they unbuckled their seat belts Butter wrote another note.

"Allison, I'm returning to Pembroke Farm as Brian and Grace's pet. For half the year that's what I'll be, maybe more. I'll have a new and better contract, but it's still to be their dog. I think that's how I want to arrive. Nude, except for my collar."

Allison looked at Butter, and nodded. "I understand, Butter. If that's what you want it's what you should do it. It will seem strange to me, while I get used to it, but I will, and it can't change how I love you."

A tear on her cheek, Butter hugged her and then kissed her deeply.

Allison hugged her back and whispered; "Butter, maybe someday, if you want to, we could move back to Boston, after we establish residency, we could get married, if they don't change the law."

Butter nodded then hugged her lover tight again. Allison saw that Butter was smiling from ear to ear.

When the hatch was opened, Butter had organized her bags. She was wearing the same clothes she'd worn when she arrived over ten years before. Her collar was around her neck, and her license hung on her upper chest.

Sam and Brian were waiting at the foot of the stair down to the tarmac. The Pembroke's black Mercedes was parked just beyond the end of the jet's wing. Brian threw open his arms and Butter bounced down the stair and into them, hugging him and rubbing her face back and forth across his chest.

Allison stared at them and had to remind herself that Brian loved Butter the way he would love a special dog, and that Butter loved him the way that a dog might love its master. It's going to take a lot of getting used to, she realized.

A moment later Butter was taking her hand and kissing it reverently. Brian bowed to her and said, "Allison Washington, I presume.

"Please feel welcome. Other than my Grace there is no one on this planet I like and respect more than our Buttercup Rose. If she has made you her friend, I know you must be wonderful. We want you both to be happy here in Oregon. I've decided it's my job to be sure that you don't for a minute regret leaving Boston. Although I understand you will miss your family."

Allison extended her hand to Brian's. "Thank you Mr. Pembroke. I'll be happy anywhere I can be with Butter, unless she is unhappy. If that happens I'll sweep her off her feet and drag her back to Boston where I can marry her."

Brian understood her threat. There would be no intimidating Butter into sex with him, or with

anyone, dog or human she didn't approve of.

Brian nodded, "I wouldn't have it any other way. But, please call me Brian. Not even Sam calls me Mr. Pembroke."

Allison smiled, "I will, Brian, if you'll call me Allison."

Sam stepped up and Butter hugged him. Tears ran down his cheeks as he held the young woman's slight frame.

"Welcome home, Ms. Buttercup. I've missed you. Not just the sight of you running about the place naked, although it did warm the heart of an old man, but your sunny smile and easy grace. I know you have smiled less since our Thor was killed. But even with that, without you the place seems cheerless."

"How are you doing now, can you bear his loss?"

Butter smiled, nodded, then hugged him tighter and kissed the tears off of his cheeks.

The steward carried the first of the girls' bags down the stairs. Sam and Brian went into the plain with him to get the rest. In minutes all their bags were in the car, and Sam and Brian had helped the girls into the big backseat and gotten in the front. The interior was all dark-gray leather and hardwood and the leather was so soft that Allison felt she was, for the first time, experiencing the luxury in the term 'luxury car'. The seats were heated and Allison found it nice. Outside on the tarmac she's felt chilled in the cold dank winter air. She wondered about Butter's intention to strip. It's so cold! But, I just have to trust that Butter knows what she's doing. After all, she's a native and has been going without clothes for ten years.

They pulled away from the plain and headed out to the road fronting the airport. As they did Butter wrote a note and passed it forward to Brian. The man looked at it and didn't quite understand. But he did as the note requested.

"Sam, Buttercup wants you to stop the car at the same place you did when you first brought her to Pembroke Farm."

"Do you remember?"

"Yes, Sir. It's as clear to me as if it were yesterday."

"Do you know what she has in mind?"

"I think I do, isn't in the note?"

"No, Grace was with her then. I was at the house."

"I think she plans to surprise you. Wouldn't be right for me to spoil it by telling."

The drive lasted a little more than three-quarters of an hour. When they pulled up to the big gate, Sam pushed a button on the dash and it opened for them. He drove on, pushing the button to close the gate. About a quarter mile into the farm he stopped the car.

The instrument on the dash said it was 51 degrees outside. The air was misty and to Allison it looked very dank. But Butter was smiling, and the moisture in the air had already given her mane of brindle hair a little curl.

Butter got out of the car and held her hand up to the sky, enjoying the soft mist. Sam got out too but turned to Brian and said; "I think you'll want to get out and see this Brian." He was grinning as he spoke.

Brian got out, and then to Butter's surprise Allison did to. The blonde walked over and took Butters hand, kissing it. "Whether thou go, dearest one. I go too."

Butter looked at surprised, but then hugged her.

Brian and Sam watched as the two undressed. The shoes and hose came off, followed by their coats, hats and gloves. Both girls were feeling the cold and as their outer clothes came off Brian could see that the cold had caused their nipples to extend. Brian felt his shaft thicken and extend as the two got down to just their panties and bras. The sight of Butter's six lower doggy breasts had him breathing in little gasps.

When their bras came off Sam had to rearrange his own plumbing, which was harder than it had been in years. Brian wanted so badly to take one or both girls, right there in the snow, but knew it was not allowed.

Butter and Allison glanced at each other and slipped off their panties in unison. Then they kissed, Allison nodded to Butter and Butter reached down to her bag and withdrew her collar. She stood up and started to put it on, but Allison stepped over, kissed her lightly and then placed it around Butter's neck and locked it. She kept the key, putting it in her purse.

Brian was in a daze, staring at the two young women. The sight of Allison's firm upturned breasts made his manhood throb. An involuntary moan left his mouth as he realized he would never get to bed her.

He looked at Butter's beautiful eight breasts and moaned again. He'd promised to not touch her, without her consent, and it was clear that consent was unlikely to ever come again. Yet she was going into heat soon, and longed to feel her take his testicles into her again.

Sam spoke up. "The young ladies must be getting pretty darn cold, Brian. Why don't we have them get into the car and I'll turn the heat up for the short drive to the house?"

Brian nodded. His groin hurt with his desire but he managed to smile, bow slightly and said, "Please!"

He gestured to the car and Allison and Butter quickly moved into the back seat again and closed the doors. Sam collected the clothes they'd left in the snow and got in the drivers side. Breathing hard, Brian stiffly got into the front seat and closed his door. Sam already had the heat on.

As the car started up Brian thought about the people waiting at the house to greet Butter. What would Sylvia's reaction, or Doctor Marshall's, be? He knew that Grace had planned to wait until after the new contract was signed to suggest that Butter strip. A plan that Jill Lovejoy had backed! Now she was already naked, wearing her collar and her pretty blonde friend was nude too. How would Grace react? How would Happy react? He was conditioned to breed Anna, and she'd told Grace that her sign to Happy that she wanted him was to be nude. Would the now mature mastiff go for Allison?

He longed for it, but knew it was not to be. Happy might want to, but the big mastiff was devoted to Anna, and if she said stop, he'd stop. Brian was a little depressed by the thought. He glanced back to Butter and Allison on the back seat. They were cuddled together kissing and caressing each others' breasts. He felt his manhood explode within his clothes and looked down with wonder, seeing a wet spot form in his pants. He hadn't climaxed like that since he was seventeen.



Brian had feared that Butter would return, but wear clothes. That she'd let herself be bred by the mastiff of her choosing in private, and he'd not even get the pleasure of watching. Although he had taken measures to ensure that he wasn't completely disappointed.

Brian was filled with hope; his Butter was back, nude, wearing his collar; and her friend Allison was letting him enjoy the sight of her nude figure. The man, shaking with desire allowed himself to hope. Hope that not only would he get to watch Butter being bred, but that Allison too planned to let him watch her be made a mastiff's bitch.

When they pulled up in front of the house, Sam maneuvered the big car so its rear door was as close as he could get to the entrance. He got out and first opened the house door, then the back door. There was a flash of naked skin, brindle and blonde hair and bouncing breasts and the girls were inside.

"Some friends are waiting to welcome you back, Ms. Buttercup, in the living room." Sam told them a moment later.

Butter leaned out the door and smiled at Sam, blowing him a kiss. She took Allison's hand and led her toward the living room.

It never occurred to Butter that Allison might have second thoughts about being naked. In her mind Allison had made a decision and the matter was settled.

Allison did feel some trepidation as, holding Butter's hand she let her lover guide her through the house. She heard voices ahead and realized she was going to meet more than Grace Pembroke. She decided she was committed and, blushing, allowed Butter to take her into a large room. There were five women and one man in the room. Allison was glade of that. The man was very elderly, but then Allison saw a tent form in his pants and realized he was still very much a man. Next to him was an elderly woman who noticed his problem and jabbed him with her Elbow.

"Peter! Don't get any fancy ideas. You and your bad thing are mine and if it can't be civil I'll take you back to our room we can use do some good with that thing!" She laughed and Peter turned bright red.

A woman in her late fifties came to them and first embraced Butter, kissing both her cheeks, tenderly. "Welcome back, sweet girl. I've missed you."

She turned to Allison and extended her hand. "You must be Ms. Allison Washington."

Allison nodded.

"I'm Grace Pembroke.

"I'm so glade you have become such a good friend to our, Butter. I hope you believe me, when I say that nothing is more important to me, and my husband Brian, than her happiness. You will make her happy, won't you?"

Butter stepped over and wrapped her arms possessively around Allison; she smiled warmly at Grace, but was clearly claming her mate.

"Ms. Pembroke, That is my intention. As you can see, I've joined Butter in her role here, up to a point."

"Please call me, Grace, may I introduce you to Butter's other good friends?"

"Yes, but call me, Allison."

Grace led her around and introduced her to Jill Lovejoy and Sylvia, both of whom hugged Butter tightly and kissed her cheek, then to Anna Marshall, Peter, and Lilly.

Just then, Sam came into the room with the biggest dog Allison had ever seen. The next moment the dog rushed toward Butter and the bridled woman was on her knees smiling and crying as she hugged the animal's huge neck. Allison remembered Butter with Megan and rightly concluded that the dog must be her firstborn, Happy.

Anna Marshall came over and began petting the dog and turned to Allison. "This is Butter's son, Happy. He is also my mate."

Allison knew it was a kind of test, but she wasn't sure of what. She smiled back and replied. "I figured that one out. Butter speaks very highly of you, and I know she has missed you and Happy."

Then Allison looked down at Happy, whose head was as high as her breasts. The big dog looked up at her and suddenly Allison understood what Butter meant when she talked about dogs smiling. The look on the dog's face was so friendly and benign that Allison dropped to her knees and hugged Happy's huge neck.

Happy lowered his head and sniffed her sex and then licked her face.

"He smells Butter on you, I think," Anna giggled. "Her scent seems to always reassure him and make him feel comfortable."

Allison looked up Anna and smiled broadly. "No wonder he's your mate. He's a treasure."

Anna nodded. "Yes, he is. I've had five litters by him now, and I've never regretted, not for a moment, taking him as my mate and lover. My kids are in college. In June they'll come visit for two weeks, then they're off to their father's. I can't wait, but I have to. I hope to be pregnant with Happy's puppies again by July. The timing should be just right to have my figure back and them all adopted by the time the kids visit again at Christmas."

Allison looked at her and didn't know what to say. Then she looked around. Anna, Butter, Grace, and Jill had all tried love with a male mastiff and wanted more. Some of her fear melted and she began to wonder what it was that had these mature intelligent women preferring dogs over men. She realized that with Butter she'd assumed it was part of what they'd done to her. But that wasn't true, what explained the others.

Across the room Grace turned to Sam. "Where is Brian?"

Sam grinned, but managed to say; "Oh, he'll be here directly. He fell in the snow and wanted to change rather than appear here with wet pants." He winked at Grace, telling her that it wasn't quite like that, but she would have to ask Brian if she wanted the real story.

Grace glanced at Butter and Allison, both nude and lithesome, they were on their knees petting and making a fuss over Happy. She decided she didn't need to ask. The sight of the two young women with the big dog had her vulva feeling moist.

Oh, I wish I still could! She thought. It had been five years since her last time with Ajax. She'd given in to her desire, knowing it would hurt, afterwards. But it had turned out much worse than she'd

imagined. She'd been laid up in bed for a week, unable to even walk because of the pain in her hips. Since then she'd made her peace with her age. She was at least glad that after a couple of pain pills for her arthritis she could have oral sex with a nice big dog, while Brian did her from behind.

Even that pleasure had been missing from her life since a months before Ajax died. She'd promised herself that if the dog was agreeable, the one that Butter picked out, she and Brian would have a little fun with him, before and after Butter's heat.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XLVII: A Contract is Signed**

Jill and Sylvia were spending the night at Pembroke Farm, but Anna had to leave a few hours after Butter and Allison arrived. Jill suggested Butter and the Pembrooks wait until morning to sign the contract. She even suggested that Butter could put on clothes until it was signed, but the Brindle haired woman declined, with a smile. She passed Jill a note.

"I'm really comfortable like this, and besides, if I put on clothes, Allison will, and I'm having a great time watching her."

Jill smiled and said, "So am I, dear. She's very pretty, and puts a middle aged lesbian in mind of younger days."

Lilly asked Allison what she'd like to drink, and Allison said, "White wine.

"Oh, if you have some please bring Butter some sparkling water. She's grown fond of it."

At her words Butter smiled and nodded.

Grace laughed. "Butter, leave her for a couple of months and look at the bad habits you picked up."

She laughed and Butter knew she was joking. When Lilly returned she gave Butter a glass and Allison her wine. Butter smiled and took a sip. Then she frowned. Grace and Brian were starrng at her. She was drinking from a glass rather than lapping at a bowl.

Grace walked over and smiled and nodded to Butter. "Dear, from now on you use glasses, cups, plates, and silverware whenever you want."

Butter smiled again.

"Do you really like sparkling water?"

Butter nodded enthusiastically.

"Then we will have it on hand at all times. You may have as much as you want, whenever you want.

Butter tenderly lifting Grace's hand kissed her palm.

Grace smiled and unable to help herself, said; "Good, Girl. Good, Buttercup."

Allison looked sharply at her but saw that Butter was still smiling. The blonde decided it didn't matter if Grace, and others, talked to Butter as if she were a dog, as long as she wasn't treated like one.

The party went on for hours. Lilly kept bringing more and more food out. All the food was tasty bite-

size tidbits. It became clear that the never-ending stream of snacks was dinner. The wine and other drinks were flowing freely and conversation was lively, including Butter, who was writing notes constantly.

Allison spent an interesting half hour talking with Sylvia about the prospect of taking a dog as a lover. They found they had much in common. They were both lesbians, with committed partners who had been mated by a male dog and wanted it again.

"Aren't you jealous," Allison asked.

Sylvia nodded. "So much I could spit. And over there grinning is the dog that bred my lover. Not once but she admitted to four times! The little nymphomaniac;" Sylvia said with an edge in her voice. "I mean curiosity might justify once, but four times?"

Allison nodded. "I know, Butter told me about it."

"She did?"

"Yes, she wrote me her whole story. From leaving home, to being a hooker, to getting sick and agreeing to become Grace's and Brian's dog in exchange for life saving surgery, and all the rest."

"The rest?"

"Yes, being taught to be a dog, by Grace. Of sleeping with her and Brian, of accepting Brian as a lover as well as his two mastiffs, Thor and Ajax; of going to heat, and having had nine litters of puppies; seven with Thor, one with Ajax and one with a dog she hated named Satan.

"Butter insisted I know everything, before I considered her more than as a vacation romance."

"She's remarkable."

"I think so, of course."

"Were you as candid with her?"

Allison shrugged her shoulders. "I tried. It's hard not to see yourself in a good light. We all have our little rationalizations.

"Butter has a little laptop, she wrote her story on it, while I wrote her mine in long hand. Truth is, I've done a lot of kinky stuff, sexually, but none of it with her excuse. I was never starving, never too sick to work, never facing death. I just went with the flow, allowing whoever I was with to talk me into things."

"Men and women?"

Allison nodded. "Yes, but it's only been since I met Butter that I admitted to myself I prefer women.

"I came out to my parents, just a few days ago."

"Were they OK with that?"

"They were great. They drove for hours to see me and meet Butter and spent three days with us in Boston.

"The first thing they said was they were sorry they hadn't been the kind of parents felt I could come-out to when I was younger."

"And how were they about Butter?"

"Treated her like their long lost daughter. Showered her with affection, and welcomed her to the family."

"Do they know?"

"That she breeds with dogs?"

Sylvia nodded.

"No, but they know she is a dog breeding expert. They also know she can't have children. I'm going to tell them everything, but first I thought I'd drop a few hints."

Allison decided to ask what had been on her mind all along. "Sylvia, Butter said that you and Jill wanted one of her puppies, and that you plan to take him as a lover as well as Jill?"

"That's right."

"Why, I mean Jill tried it and wants more, but why do you?"

Sylvia looked at Allison for a minute and then smiled. "Why are you naked?"

"To be with Butter. With some exceptions I live as she does when I'm with her here."

"Will that include being bred by a mastiff?"

Allison nodded. "At least once. I want to know what it's like to be Butter. If I can do it, I also plan to help her nurse her puppies. I'd have half her litter, if I could."

Sylvia smiled. "My reasons are pretty much the same. My lover, of twenty years, suddenly wants to add a dog to her sex life. At first I was very angry because I felt it was a rejection. Then I met Butter. Right after she left Pembroke Farm. If I weren't head over in love with Jill, I'd have tried to get Butter into my bed. She's so incredibly sweet, and good-hearted."

"I started looking at dogs differently. On reflection I decided I would rather share her new sexual interest, than risk drifting apart. Although the sight of you and Butter hugging Happy dampened some of my misgivings."

Allison nodded. "Meeting him did the same for me. He's so like a giant cuddly stuffed animal."

"I've done some things in bed I didn't enjoy. Some that hurt. I'd been afraid that mating with a mastiff would hurt and be terrifying. After meeting him, I don't think Happy could be scary, at least as long as nothing is threatening Anna, or maybe Butter."

"So you now look forward to it?"

Allison thought about it, and shrugged her shoulders. "I look forward to finding out what it's like. Of course I'll never know what being in heat is like. But I can know what being bred is like, and what it's like to nurse puppies."

"What about, Butter, what will she do to understand you."

"Anything I even hint at. It's a huge responsibility. If she thinks I've hinted, she'll do it. For now she's going to spend half the year living in a house with me, as a person, not a dog. Even wearing clothes, every day. That includes having my family visit for Christmas.

"Later, after we're settled she's going to help me pick out a stud, to knock me up. When we find the right man we agree that we will both do him. Just as I plan to do the mastiff she picks to breed her."

"But you aren't helping her select the dog that she will breed with."

"I would if I knew something about dogs. I don't. I trust her judgment. She knows quite a bit about men too. I want her insights as we consider a human stud."

Sylvia laughed. "Allison, I just decided that you're good enough for our Butter. I'd be pleased to have you consider me your friend."

She held out her hands and Allison took them, smiled and kissed both the older woman's cheeks.

Sylvia returned the kisses feeling slightly excited by the sight of Allison's pretty breasts.

It was when Allison and Butter were clearly tired that Anna decided it was time to leave and Jill and Sylvia said they wanted to retire. Although Sylvia winked at Allison, letting her know that she planned some love play before sleeping.

Butter led Allison to her Kennel, only to discover that it had been changed. It was much larger, with a huge walk-in closet, that had a wall of drawers inside. The closet was between the bathroom and the door to the indoor pool. Her nice big doggy bed was still there, but there were two new scrunch chairs and a big bookcase. Partly filled.

On Butter's desk was a note from Grace.

"Dear Allison and Butter,

We enlarged Butter's room to make it more comfortable for two. Also the lock on the door is now on the inside. You can lock us out if you want privacy.

Allison should feel free to use the pool, TV, and anything else she finds of interest in the house and grounds.

A realtor who has been looking at houses that meet your criteria is coming by tomorrow at two to meet you and take you to a few of his finds. His name is Steven Lake. Sam and the car are at your disposal while you're here.

Tomorrow morning Hercules owner, a delightful woman named June is coming by with him so you can meet him. June knows about Butter's ability to have puppies and is enthusiastic about Butter's bloodline and the puppies Butter would have with Hercules. Brian and I are also excited at the prospect.

June does not have sex with Hercules, but has no aversion to women who do. For his part Hercules has bred with a woman already. She is a friend of June's who house-sits for her and last year confessed that she and Hercules spent most of the time she was away coupling.

Butter you may wear clothes, or not, at your discretion when you meet June.

We're so happy to have you both at Pembroke Farm.

Love,

Grace"

Allison looked at the note, after Butter. "I guess we have a busy day tomorrow; a dog to meet in the morning, and property to look at in the afternoon.

"Butter, are you going to wear clothes tomorrow to meet June and the realtor?"

Butter shook her head then scribbled a note and handed it to Allison.

"I want to spend the day with Hercules. See what he's like around me nude. If he's pushy and tries to force me to mate, he's off the list.

"Why don't you spent a couple hours with Hercules and I, and then you can dress and deal with the realtor. I really don't know anything about houses. I trust your judgment and only want to see the two or three homes that make your short list.

"How about a swim, before we go to bed? The pool is heated!"

Allison agreed and the two spent a pleasant hour swimming together that relaxed them after their long day. When they were tired they dried, then moisturized each other's skin, and hand in hand went to Butter's bed.

Allison was surprised how big it seemed when they slipped under the heavy comforter. Then she remembered that it was sized for Butter and a 200+ pound male mastiff, and for Butter and six to ten puppies that grew to over 40 pounds in a few short months.

The bed was very soft and after Allison locked the door, an action that made Butter grin. She began caressing her lover very gently and making love to each of Butters eight breasts. The blonde got a little milk from each and had the pleasure of feeling Butter's body shudder in release several times.

Allison kissed Butter softly, and cuddled down to sleep with her arms enfolding her lover. Butter kissed her back, with passion and caressed Allison's breasts and thighs until all thought of sleep had fled.

Butter then dropped her mouth to Allison's breasts and began kissing, licking and sucking them. When Allison began to pant, Butters hand slipped down onto the blonde's wet vulva and began to pet it sweetly. Butter kept her mouth on Allison's breasts long after her lover's chest was swollen with excitement and her nipples were extended and throbbing.

Allison climaxed over and over as Butters soft mouth and delicate fingers did their magic. Slowly, Butter let Allison's passion subside until she raised her face and brought their lips together.

Allison kissed her and she giggled. She whispered in Butters ear; "Dear, did you just start getting my breasts ready to help nurse your puppies?"

Butter nodded and kissed her again. Then wrote a quick note:

"Allison, I'll be going into heat soon, maybe as soon as next week. The puppies will arrive less than three months from now. If you want to help nurse them we need to start getting you ready."

The blonde kissed Butter again. "OK, Lover, I do want to help nurse then, and if what you just did is

part of getting me ready, we can do it all day long, if you're up to it."

Allison giggled and Butter smiled, then they kissed again.

The next morning the two young women awoke to some wonderful smells coming from the kitchen. They showered together, took care of their skin, and hand in hand went to the kitchen.

Lilly was there. She greeted them warmly and asked; "Will you girls be eating in the Kitchen or the dinning room?"

Butter looked at her corner, longingly. It had been her place to eat for ten years, and she found just seeing it was comforting. Allison saw her hesitation and took Butter firmly by the hand and led her into the breakfast room.

"Butter, you can sit there if you want when I'm not here, but when I am, we sit at a table to eat. I'm sure that Brian, seeing our bare breasts across the table from him, will feel the view makes up for any lessening of dog behavior on your part."

Butter smiled and allowed Allison to lead her.

When the entered the breakfast room Jill and Sylvia were still there. Sylvia looked surprised to see the two young women were still naked, but Jill just smiled at them and said, "Good morning, Allison, Butter," in a cheery voice.

Lilly brought them breakfast with coffee for Allison and sparkling water for Butter.

All three of her companions were adept at talking to Butter by asking yes no questions. When they were done eating Jill left and came back with the contract. She went over it in detail with Butter asking if each clause was acceptable. Butter always nodded.

Finally Jill passed Butter a note pad and asked; "Butter, there must be something you want changed!"

Butter smiled and shook her head. Then wrote a note and passed it to Jill.

"Jill, the key point is I can quite in six months if I decide I don't want to go on. Added to that, is knowing that I'll be going into heat very soon, and I will need a good place to be bred and have my puppies. Pembroke Farm is a good place for that, as long as I get to pick the dog that will breed me."

Jill looked a little surprised then smiled warmly at Butter. "OK, Dear. Brian and Grace have agreed to the contract. They're in the living room. If your ready I can have them join us and we can get this thing signed; Lilly and Sam can witness the signing.

Grace and Brian were all smiles as they each signed and then watched Butter sign. Butter used her full legal name, Buttercup Rose. All the time Brian's eyes ere drifting back and forth between Butter's and Allison's naked forms.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XLVIII: Hercules**

It was almost ten and Grace reminded them that June would be arriving with Hercules soon.

She reminded Butter's and Allison and Butter quickly wrote a note to Allison.



Allison, my love,

Remember that dogs can smell better than they can see. Hercules will want to sniff your groin and bottom as a way of greeting you. He will expect us to do the same. Just follow my example and everything should be fine. I'll be watching Hercules and will stop things if he gets aggressive.

Allison read the note and nodded. "Butter, you aren't going to mate with him today, are you?" There was a quiver in her voice and everyone in the room knew the blonde wasn't looking forward to seeing her lover taken.

Butter shook her head and wrote another note.

"Today is about meeting him and finding out if he would be a good breeding partner. Allison, my love, you are my mate."

Allison smiled again and the two young women hugged. Just then they heard a car pull up on the gravel drive.

"Where do you want to meet Hercules, Butter?" Grace asked.

Butter wrote a quick note that said; "In the big kennel where I met Thor and Ajax."

Grace nodded. "I'll go out and meet June. We'll bring Hercules in here for a while. You to go out the door in your ken. . . room, Butter. June and I will bring him out to you after he is calmed down."

Butter nodded and taking Allison's hand led her back to their room. Although Butter knew she would always think of it as her kennel. They waited ten minutes and then Butter lead Allison outside and over to the big kennel. It was very cold, especially to their bare feet and the two ran the to the big building on the other side of the car park, Butter leading the way.

Inside it was still cold, but the floor was heated and once their feet warmed up it seemed fine. The big room seemed very lonely in there without Thor or Ajax. They went into the large space and Butter showed Allison the pull toys and balls. As they were going through one of the boxes of toys a huge gray cat walked out of the shadows and tentatively came toward Butter.

Allison saw him first and was impressed by his size. He must weigh more than twenty pounds!

She tapped Butter on the shoulder and pointed. The cat had stopped ten feet away, sat down and was calmly watching them.

Butter turned and a huge smile crossed her face when she saw the cat. She sat down facing the cat, and held out her hand. The cat got up and slowly walked toward Butter.

Allison noticed that it was sniffing the air with each step. She could see the cat becoming more confident with each sniff, and move a little faster.

"Like Megan," she realized.

There was a burst of movement and the cat was in Butter arms, licking her face. Butter pressed her cheek in the creature's rich fur and licked it back, all the time petting and snuggling the cat. The love fest continued for several minutes, somehow Butter knew when the cat wanted down and let it slip to the floor.

The cat lied down against Butter's leg and purred as Butter pet it. After a few more minutes the cat

got up and wandered off, but it stopped and looked back at Butter and Allison was sure it was smiling.

Allison looked at Butter questioningly.

Butter looked around and saw pad of paper and pencil by the supplied bin. When they were low on supplies for the pet it was noted there and once a month Sam took the list with him and filled it. She got up and retrieved the writing tools and started a note.

After a minute of writing Butter handed Alison a note.

"That was Burton. He's one of the kittens I nursed. He was Ajax's best friend, after Thor died. They were always together. Seeing him makes me realize how much I've missed this place.

"Can Burton sleep with us? He's very lonely now. He's here in the kennel because he can still smell Ajax here."

Allison nodded. "Of course, if he wants. I always wanted a cat."

Butter hugged her, and smiled.

Then she pulled back, her head turned toward the door and there was a strange look on her face.

The door opened and Grace came in with followed by a huge dog. It was so much bigger than Megan that it's size took Allison's breath away.

Butter had told her the biggest males were huge but she'd never imagined a dog being so big. She suspected that it weighed more than she and Butter combined.

The dog was pulling on a leash and a moment later the other end of the leash was pulled into view. It was held by a short and slight woman, who was roughly Grace's age. She had white hair, was wearing practical black shoes and a tweed skirt suit over a pink blouse. The suit was gray and blue hearing-bone with hints of violet woven into the pattern. The suits skirt was hemmed three inches below the woman's knee. The three stopped and the woman starred at the two naked young women in the kennel.

Grace turned to her. "June, this is Butter and her friend, Allison. Butter is the one looking for a breeding partner, but Allison is her lover and plans to share the experience with her, as much as is possible."

"My word. My word." June repeated herself several times, as he eyes moved from Butter's eight breasts to her brindle hair and then down to the little patch of brindle fur just above the young woman's sex.

She remembered herself, and said; "Hercules, heal."

The dog moved over to her left side, sat down and looked up at her expectantly.

June looked down at him and smiled. "Hercules, do you want to go meet the pretty girls?"

The dog seemed to grin and Allison saw his tail wagging.

June reached down and unclipped the leash on his collar and said; "Enjoy."

It was Hercules' release word, and the dog bound forward to within three feet of Butter and stopped. He was smiling and his tail was wagging. Butter smiled back and got down on hands and knees for the formalities. Hercules stepped closer and began to sniff Butter, starting with her neck and moving slowly around to her bottom. He licked her sex once and then stood still.

Allison was watching, as was June. Both were open mouthed.

Butter stood, but bent over moved around Hercules sniffing him and petting him. When she reached his rear she gave a quick lick to his testicles and then went around to face him, dropped to her knees and began to pet his huge head while rubbing her cheek into his neck.

The dog was clearly enjoying the meeting.

After a while Butter stood back up and gestured to Allison to drop to all fours. With butterflies fluttering in her chest, Allison got down. Butter turned Hercules head until he saw her and then stepped back. Hercules sauntered over to Allison, grinning as he came. When he reached her his head was well above hers. The dog licked her cheek and neck and then circled her sniffing as he went. When he reached her sex, he licked it tentatively three times, before stepping back and awaiting her exploration.

Allison swallowed and then moved around Hercules as Butter had, petting and sniffing him as she went. When she reached his rear she couldn't bring herself to lick him, but she did caress his sheath lightly, hoping it would be an adequate substitute. It seemed to be and the big dog bounced up and began what Butter recognized as a game of tag. She took off, allowing Hercules to give chase. When he caught up with her, which took four bounds, she turned and started to chase him.

Allison was amazed at how fast Butter ran. She knew her lover had sexual endurance, but she'd never considered she might have athletic abilities, perhaps enhanced by her transformation.

Butter waved at her encouraging her to join in the game. Allison began pursuing Hercules who was chasing Butter at the time. When she could she tapped him on the rear, turned, and ran faster than she ever had before. The Kennel is big and the three run in circles with Allison and Butter taking turns on catching up with Hercules and tapping his hip as he was chasing the other.

Allison was enjoying the exercise, but after twenty minutes was winded. She stopped and dropped to her knees to catch her breath. A moment later Butter was beside her with Hercules and they were both smiling and licking the sweat off her body. Hercules diverted his tongue every other lick and lapped up some the little rivulets of sweat running down Butter's body. The big dog seemed to particularly like licking between the girls' breasts and letting his tongue slide down to capture the drops that had reached their sex.

"I see his tongue has possibilities." Allison laughed and Butter nodded.

The two hugged and petted him and Allison was amazed at two things. He seemed bigger than he had, and she no longer felt any fear of him. Even the little attentions to her cleft seemed more playful than serious. Although she did notice that Hercules liked Butter's flavor better than her own.

"Well," the girls heard June say, "It seems like they are already friends. What happens now?"

"That's up to Butter. She's not in heat yet, but will be soon."

"That must be something to see."

"Yes, June, it is. But it's up to Butter who gets to watch."

"Butter, would you and Allison like to stay here and play with Hercules for a while. I'd suggest a walk but it's pretty cold out."

Butter pointed at her wrist and Grace nodded. I'll come out and let Allison know what time it is, just before the realtor is scheduled to get here.

June and Grace left and the two young women went back to playing with Hercules. They played fetch, with the pull toys, and then tag some more. All three were feeling tired after a couple of hours and the girls returned to petting and cuddling with the big male.

Allison noticed that Hercules was very interested in Butter's cleft and somewhat interested in her own. She suspected that if they offered him the chance he'd breed either of them. But he didn't push it and seemed content to play and hug and lick with them.

She asked Butter if that was her impression too.

Butter nodded and grinned. She seemed very happy and content to be nude, with the huge dog in the big kennel with them.

Allison scooted over and lightly kissed each of Butters breasts and then very softly, her mouth. Butter arms went around her neck and their bodies moved together as heat of the kiss rose. Eventually their lips parted and Allison looked up and saw that Hercules was lightly panting and smiling at them.

She giggled and then caressing Butters shoulder asked.

"So, is Hercules going to be your breeding partner?"

Butter smiled and nodded, but then pulled Allison's lips to her own again.

A few minutes later Grace came in, smiled at the two lovers and the big dog watching them with interest and reminded Allison that it was time to get ready for the realtor.

A little breathless Allison said, "I'll be ready in fifteen minutes, Grace."

She kissed Butter again and got up. Looking down at her lover and the big dog she decided that feeling jealous about what the part of Butter that was a bitch and the dog did together was silly. Especially since she planned to do it to.

"Butter, I'll be back in few hours, if you want to do the deed with Hercules while I'm gone, I won't mind."

Butter looked up surprised, then shook her head. She jumped up and retrieved the note pad and quickly wrote and then passed Allison a note.

"No! We agreed we would do it together. When you decide on a stud to get you pregnant we'll do him together too. Hercules can have lots of fun, without having sex, while you are gone. When you get back if you want to let him do us, we will. If not I'll wait until my body demands that I mate. That will be sometime next week. I can feel it coming on, but it's a nice feeling. Kind of like a tingle of anticipation. I'll work that out with you, later, and Hercules won't mind waiting for us to go into heat."

Allison smiled and hugged Butter again. "OK, dear. I just realized that my being jealous was silly.

"I'll take my digital camera with me, and we can look at pictures of the houses I when I'm back."

Butter blew her a kiss and grinning Allison blew one back and left. It was a little warmer on the walk back to the house for the naked young women. The worst of the cold was her feet. It only took a few minutes to reach Butter's kennel and the warmth. Allison took a quick shower and then dried off and dressed. She decided to let Butter moisturize her skin later. When she was ready she felt strange.

I guess I feel uncomfortable wearing clothes here while Butter is nude. She decided. Perhaps I'll ask Grace and Brian if I can have a collar and license like Butter's. Then I can wear it under my clothes when I'm away and feel closer to Butter.

She was only two minutes late meeting Grace and Mr. Lake in the living room. Grace introduced her and Allison noticed Mr. Lake looking her over very carefully. He told her to call him Steve, and she said OK, but called him Mr. Lake whenever she saw him.

Grace went with them to look at the houses Steve had lined up for them to see. There were only three that day, but it was still five hours later when they returned to Pembroke Farm.

After Mr. Lake thanked them, and obtained a promise from Ms. Washington to let him know what she thought of the houses the next day he left.

As he went out the door Grace smiled at Allison. "You know he already has a crush on you?"

Allison nodded. "Yes, but it won't go anywhere. My heart belongs to Butter and the only males I plan to make love with are the mastiffs Butter mates with and whoever I pick out to have a child with."

"That's right, Butter wrote that you wanted children. But why not Steve?"

"He's a type B personality. That's fine in a realtor, but I want the father of my child, or children to be a type A. Bright, inquisitive, always thinking guy who is in good health is what I'll look for when I'm ready, and I won't be ready for a year or two or maybe three."

"Well, don't wait to long. I hear the older you are the harder it is to get pregnant."

Allison nodded but changed the subject. "Grace, I was wondering if you and Brian would get me a collar and license to match Butter's, but with my name. I'd like to wear it here, to show how happy I am to be Butters equal, and elsewhere, under my clothes, to remind me of the sweet girl I love."

Grace hugged her and with a tear on her cheek assured her: "Of course, I'll order it tonight. Do you want to go all the way? I mean the whole inscription?"

"Yeah; it should say Allison of Pembroke Farm. If found please call, etc. Or whatever the wording on Butter's is.

"You don't mind?"

Grace giggled. "No, it will drive Brian mad with lust and with you girls nude but off limits, he'll have big horns but will have to work them down to size between my thighs."

Allison thanked Grace and went to her and Butter's kennel.

~~~~~

## **Chapter XLIX: The Hidden Camera**

Butter was on the bed with Hercules when Allison arrived. The two were sleeping. Butter had her arms around Hercules' neck and her cheek resting on the dog's chest. Hercules had managed to wrap himself around Butter with her left leg over his hip and her right between his thighs. Butters breasts were pressed to his chest and Allison peaked and saw that Hercules sheath was against Butter's inner thigh. Both looked very at ease and were smiling.

For a moment Allison thought Butter might have gone ahead and coupled with the big dog, but then she chided herself. Butter said she wouldn't. She never lies and she always keeps her promises. I'm being silly.

There was plenty of room on the bed next to Butter. Allison stripped, hung up her clothes and then cuddled down next to her lover. As she did Butter rolled over and taking her in her arms kissed her deeply. Their breasts moved together and their thighs mingled as their bodies sought to pleasure each other. Her hands on Butter's human breasts Allison felt thrilled that she'd roused her lover's passion.

While Allison enjoyed Butter's growing excitement Butter's hands were busy on Allison breasts, which flushed and swelled beneath her fingers. Butter smiled as they kissed and her fingers closed on Allison's nipples, gently squeezing them. Allison moaned and Butter felt a shudder of release move through her lover's body. As Butter felt Allison relax she moved her left hand down between the blonde's thighs and began to caress her lovers vulva, very softly.

Allison moaned and her arms went around Butters neck again pulling Butters lips to hers as she felt her arousal begin to climb. When her climax took her she was left panting and breathless; still quivering with delight underneath Butters soft but persistent caresses.

"Oh, Butter! My sweet wonderful, Butter!" Allison moaned and then gently but firmly pushed her lover away.

"My turn!" Allison insisted and grinned at Butter as she rolled her to her back and began a series of long deep kisses that began with her lips on Butter's mouth and ended with her tongue probing the inner folds of her lovers vulva.

The blonde focused herself on returning all the pleasure Butter had just given her, and more. Her ears were the first of her senses to tell her she was succeeding, hearing Butter's breath coming in quick deep gulps. Then she became aware of the flow of lubricants coming out of her lover's sex.

On the other side of the house, in the master suite, Grace's and Brian's were engrossed in watching a new television, a sixty-inch plasma monster that they had recently purchased. Grace was nude on the bed in the doggy position and Brian was behind her, his shaft fully sheathed in her vagina. Both their eyes were glued to the screen, which was filled with the image of Allison's face buried between Butters thighs. Their movements were slow, matching the pace of the young lovers they were watching.

They were entranced as they saw Allison bring Butter to the brink of ecstasy over and over, each time letting her slip back from the crest a little before starting to raise her passions again.

The hidden camera Brian had installed as part of the remodel of Butter's kennel picked up sound as well action and Brian was nearly going mad as the delicate instrument filled his room with the sound of Butters deep breathing and the wet caresses of Allison's tongue as it teased the sensitive flesh that formed the sides of the little hood that sheltered Butter's clitoris.

As Allison finally took Butter over the edge, Brian lost control and Grace felt his shaft spasm within

her as he filled her with his seed. She thrust her hips back onto his manhood and laughed screamed as her own body achieved release.

As his shaft shrank out of her body, Brian embraced his wife, and rolled her into his arms and covered her lips with his own as their tongues began to play with each others'.

On the screen before them Allison's lips were on Butters as she probed her lovers sweet mouth. But she could tell that they needed to rest before starting love play again and gradually let their passions softly ebb away into a warm glow of happy contentment.

Glancing up Allison suddenly had a shocked look on her face.

"Oh my, God!

"Butter! I forgot all about Hercules!

"Oh, Butter, look, he's got a little erection;" she nervously laughed. "Is that from watching us?"

Butter looked over at Hercules and then shook her head. She pointed to his nose and sniffed.

"He smelled what we were doing?"

Butter nodded.

Allison looked at the huge dog and realized that while he was still smiling there was something else about him now.

"Butter, I think he wants to mate with you."

Butter shook her head and grinning pointed at Allison.

"With me!"

Butter nodded again. The grabbed her note pad, wrote for a moment and passed Allison the note.

"Allison, he's mated with a woman before. He must have liked it, because it's your roused woman smell that has him stirred up, and not my bitch smell.

"But don't worry. He's a sweetie and won't do more than he's invited to do."

Allison felt her body relax; but then she saw a pleading look in the big dog's eyes.

"Butter, should we do something, to help him, or something?

Butter wrote another note.

"Allison, it would be nice of us. But he can wait until you're ready."

"Butter, I'm not ready to have him inside me, or to see him couple with you; but; when I was in college sometimes, if a guy was sweet, and very turned on by me, and I wasn't ready or maybe interested in sex with him, I'd give him a blow job.

"I might be ready for that." Allison continued, looking at Hercules.

Butter looked surprised, but then nodded. She quickly wrote another note.

"Let's play with him, and cuddle him, and pet him and let him do that some back, and then I'll get him to roll onto his back and we can do him together, if you still want to then."

"Watch what I do and copy me. If we do this right he can get him fully erect and you can meet his knot. It's the most sensitive part of his equipment, although it's all ultra sensitive."

"There will be a lot of pre-cum, but we can take a shower later."

Allison read the note and suddenly wasn't sure. She hadn't thought about his liquids getting all over her. But then Butter wiggled over to Hercules and began hugging him and kissing his neck and cheeks.

In the master suite Brian felt his manhood thicken again.

"Looks like you will get what you wanted out of your little close circuit network today. I'm really glad you didn't go ahead and attach a recorder to the feed. Watching is invasion of their privacy enough." Grace commented.

Brian's eyes were on the screen, where Allison had joined Butter in hugging the huge mastiff and petting him. He nodded, and Grace moved to a position where she could caress and later orally pleasure his shaft while she watched.

Hercules was grinning and seemed to be enjoying the two naked women wiggling against him. He smiled and when he could he licked them, but somehow he seemed to have realized they the two females wanted to be in charge.

Their play turned into a game of hide and seek, as Butter and Allison teased the dog with fleeting opportunities for him to lick their sex.

After a while Butter had maneuvered Hercules onto his back and Allison found her face inches from the dog's furry sheath and the thin red tip of maleness that projected from it. Butter winked at the blonde and moved a hand onto the sheath and very gently began caressing it.

She grinned and winked at Allison, who pensively extended her hand to just barely touch the side of the sheath.

It was hot and the fur felt soft and alive.

"It feels really amazing, Butter;" she whispered as she allowed her hand to caress the full length. Within her carefully fingers sensed a growing form. She almost drew back her hand, but Butter gently took her hand and guided it until Allison was caressing the alien maleness and shyly smiling at Butter.

In the other room Brian felt like he'd gone to heaven. Grace's experienced hand was quickly bringing his passion back to attention and the sight of smooth skin and femininely rounded shapes contrasting with the huge dog making women's bodies look very small. His manhood throbbed within Grace's soft hand.

Butter watched Allison and when the blonde seemed at ease with caressing the sheath she slide her hand down and delicately caressed the dog's testicles in their black sack.

Allison's eyes followed Butter's hand and then grew large as she realized how massive the dog's scrotal sack was. It was much bigger than her fist. It was much bigger than any man's she'd ever



seen.

As Butter touched it the brindle haired girl leaned over and softly kissed each of the oblong balls nesting in the black flesh.

Grinning at Allison she moved her head back and, as Allison watched with a mix of interest, lust and terror on her face she kissed the tip of the three inches of thin shaft that was standing out, proud of the sheath.

Allison watched as Butter began to slowly move her head pulling her soft lips down to the sheath. As the blonde watched the shaft, already wet became slick with Butter's saliva.

Butter moved her head back up the shaft to the tip, her lips kissing it and Allison saw, her tongue caressing it as she moved. Glancing down she saw that Butter's hand was continuing to caress the huge ball sack.

Butter moved her head up and down the shaft and Allison gasped as she watched the shaft lengthen and thicken.

A pleading look came to Butter's eyes and Allison knew; This was my idea. I have to help.

Slowly she lowered her face and brought her lips to kiss Butter's, capturing the throbbing growing maleness between their lips.

Allison was surprised. There was nothing repugnant about the taste. The shaft tasted clean, a little salty and very male, but clean and she realized it was exciting.

In the other room Grace brought her lips to Brian's manhood and mirrored the movement of the girls mouths on Hercules shaft as she pleasuring Brian. As she used her lips and tongue to please him she felt envious of Butter and Allison; sharing a male tool that would soon be much larger, and more thrilling, than her husband's.

Butters eyes were smiling and Allison was amazed as she felt the shaft between her lips lengthen and thicken with each voyage her mouth made up and down its length. A tapered area was forming at the tip, longer than the head on a man's staff. The middle was getting thicker and near the base another thick area was forming. Allison knew it was the knot. She let her tongue caresses it and felt Hercules heart beating through the red wet skin.

The next time their mouths reached the tip of the growing shaft it had started to spurt pre-cum and was getting Hercules chest all wet. Allison was surprised when Butter moved her mouth in front of the tip and caught a spurt, taking it all and then moved away where she clearly tasted the liquid, savored it and then swallowed. Butter looked at Allison, smiling and expectant. The message was clear, 'Your turn.'

Allison moved her mouth into position but was not quick enough. The next stream of pre-cum shot out and hit her forehead and cheek. It was hot. Allison became determined. She moved her mouth to the pink tapered tip and closed her lips around it. As her lips sealed the tip in her mouth the shaft jerked again and the next moment the blonde's mouth was filled with a thin salty viscous liquid. Lubricant, she realized. Not bad tasting and pleasantly hot. The idea that she and Butter were turning the huge dog on was exciting. She felt her nipples extent and sensed moisture coating the inner valley of her vulva.

Allison was about to move her mouth back to the side of the shaft when Butter stopped her and lick her lover's forehead and cheek clean. Then they returned to kissing and tonguing the shaft. It still

grew and Allison wondered how big it would get. When she reached the knot again it was much bigger. Pulling back a little she looked at the shaft in from of the knot. It was over five inches, it was almost an inch and one-half in the thick part in the middle while the knot was roughly the size of the tennis ball.

Butter was still kissing and licking her way slowly up and down the shaft. She seemed to be enjoying what she was doing. Allison felt fear within her and a sense of guilt. Here she was with her lesbian lover and they were working together to give a blow-job to a dog. She almost laughed, as it occurred to her that some of the things she'd let Nick do to her were much kinkier. By comparison giving the big happy puppy some sexual pleasure seemed tame.

An impulse came to the blonde. She would rise to Butter's plain of sensuality and join her there. Allison smiled at Butter and then climbed onto Hercules' head. As she moved onto his big chest she was hit by spurt after spurt of the dog's lubricant. She moved her head to the spurting tip and positioned her sex above the huge animal's head with her weight on her knees rested on the bed. Hercules' shoulders were between her thighs and his forelegs were outside hers. A near constant rain of hot liquid was hitting her face.

As Hercules began to lick her sex she moved her head forward and captured the spurting fount between her lips. Allison saw Butter nod and smile at her and then, careful to protect the dog's tender shaft from her teeth began sliding the shaft in and out of her mouth while exploring it with her tongue and sucking.

Butter moved down and focused her energy and licking and kissing the growing knot. Allison had to stop sucking every stroke to swallow. She found a rhythm that worked and was able to enjoy the feeling of the dog's big tongue savoring her own liquids. Her excitement began to rise further as she watched the dog's shaft and knot continue to grow. Slowly it extended to six inches, then seven and then eight from the tip to the knot. As it did the knot grew to the size of baseball, then softball, then a grapefruit. Allison's eyes were growing too. She was amazed when the shaft reached over eight inches and was nearly three thick in the middle, while the knot was over seven inches in diameter. Then she remembered that there was two inches of shaft hidden from her view on the other side of the knot. She saw that Butter was grasping the shaft beyond the knot and a silent message passed between the women's eyes. Butter began to move the shaft forward and back and Allison held her head still trying to tightly kiss the shaft as it the area between the tip and the widest spot moved in and out of her mouth.

Allison saw Butter was licking and kissing the knot, worshipfully. Then the texture and taste of the liquid spurts in filling her mouth changed. They became thicker and the spurts were stronger and lasted longer. It was sperm, but not as thick as man's, thinner, earthier and sharper. Allison's body convulsed as a contraction occurred in her womb as one of the most powerful orgasms of her life rolled through her body. She lost her rhythm and the spurting sperm began to flow out of her mouth, coating her chin.

Butter saw, and smiling she moved forward until the dog's huge testicles were nesting between her human breasts. She leaned forward and began licking the dripping sperm from around Allison's mouth. The blonde felt the lust in her lover's kisses as her face was cleaned, but knew part of that lust was desire to share in the feast of puppy seed.

The dog's sperm kept coming. Allison tried to swallow it all, but there was too much. Butter raised her head and moved her chest forward until the knot was between her breasts. She moved her chest to envelop and caress the knot with her angle soft delicate breast flesh. A look of bliss filled her face and Allison was amazed to see Butter climax. But her awareness was then overwhelmed by her own

orgasm created by Hercules' talented tongue as it continued caressing the folds of her cleft.

The dog's seed kept flowing and the two young women continued to float between bliss and ecstasy for over a half hour. When the flow of seed ended the three slowly slipped into a resting pile of girls and dog. After a few minutes Butter pulled Allison off of Hercules' chest and gently with love in her eyes began to lick the spilled seed from her lovers face, neck and chest.

Later the two naked girls coaxed Hercules to take a shower with them in the kennel's bathroom where they worked together to make sure all three of their bodies sparkled. Hercules seemed to like the water and the girls both were finding him charming. All through the shower he continued with the game of stealing a lick.

In the master suite Brian was asleep a huge smile on his face. He'd come when he saw Hercules' seed leaking from Allison's mouth. Grace had used her skill to keep him hard and he's come again when he saw Butter begin to massage Hercules' knot between her human breasts.

When he'd recovered himself Grace had pressed his back to the bed and lowered her womanhood to his mouth. He'd given her pleasure while she watched the girls with Hercules until Brian felt her shuddering as her pleasure peaked.

As the girls were drying each other, and Hercules after their shower Grace was still watching. There was a second hidden camera in the bathroom, plus one at the pool and another at the big kennel outside. Brian had even had one installed in the little clearing by the lake where he'd secretly watched Butter and Thor making love, many times.

Her cheek resting on her husband's chest, Grace was sorting through her thoughts and desires.

God, she thought. What I'd give to have changed places with Allison, or Butter, when they were doing Hercules. I may not be able to take his male shaft and knot inside me, but to have a tongue like that pleasuring my sex again would be heaven.

I'm sure Brian wouldn't mind if I could manage to get Hercules to lick me while his need for sex is being sated by Allison or Butter. It would be wonderful to taste mastiff seed again, even if it was only to lick it off of Allison's or Butter's face.

Yes. Somehow I'll make it happen. We'll get a puppy too, and even when Butter's not here I will find ways to make him happy with oral pleasure, while my sweet Brian fills me with his shaft and cream.

Just as she was sliding into sleep Grace looked up at the screen. The motion sensors had followed the three back to the big bed in the kennel. They were curled together, and Butter was nursing at Allison's breasts, first one, then the other. It was more serious nursing than the sex play she'd expect to see. Drifting into sleep she wondered what was going on, but didn't guess.

~~~~~

## **Chapter L: Allison's Collar**

An hour later Allison awoke. Butter was still nursing from her breasts. She looked at her lover and giggled as she cuddled Butters head to her bosom.

Butter looked up at her but kept lightly sucking on Allison's right nipple.

Allison felt a sense of contentment well up within her as Butter continued gently nursing. It felt

wonderful and suddenly the blonde found she was looking forward to feeling her milk being nursed from her breasts. She looked forward to having her child at her breast but also to long sessions where she and Butter drank deep as they gave each other pleasure. The idea excited her. Butter felt the nipple between her lips extend and looked up grinning at her lover. She reached over for her note pad and a moment later passed a note to Allison.

"You were having a naughty thought!"

Allison smiled; "Well, so what if I was. I think what you were doing was excuse enough." She glanced at the clock and asked. "Have you been doing that since I went to sleep?"

Butter nodded.

"Then it's been more than an hour and my poor nips need a break."

She looked around and saw her camera on the desk. "Butter, why don't I download the pictures I took of the houses to your laptop and we can review them.

Butter nodded and crawled over to the desk, pulled out the laptop, plugged it in, opened it and turned it on.

Allison joined her and hooked the camera up to the computer. Five minutes later they were looking at the pictures. But it was hard to keep the continuity looking at them one by one.

"Let me try something," Allison said.

She opened a blank word document, set it on landscape format, and setup the page up for two columns. Then she entered the pictures in the left hand column and put headings for their notes in the right column. She'd taken a dozen pictures of each house plus another five or six of the lot. Butter was impressed as the pictures appeared. Allison had taken pretty much the same pictures of all three houses. The young architect adjusted their placement of each set of pictures until they were in the same order. The headings for notes were: Facts, Butter's Concerns, and Allison's Concerns.

Allison told Butter what she knew about each house and entered the facts on the sheet. She checked her notes and started with the address, the building's age, its architectural style, the number of floors, whether there was a basement and if it was finished, then finished square footage of the house, the lot's area, the number of bedrooms, the number of bathrooms, whether there was a garage, whether the yard was fenced, if there was a separate entrance that could work for the office use, and finally whether the zoning had limitations on a home office use.

After looking at the facts and pictures for a while, they took turns typing in concerns. Butter went first noting that the first house had no trees. Then Allison noted that the second door, the one that would be used for the office, was hard to see from the street. They continued taking turns with comments for an hour and then made a list of 'must haves' that were not present in the three houses.

The list was for Mr. Lake, as he tried to find them the right house; it included: Must have several trees, at least two mature; a clear sense of style that will be attractive to those seeking an architect; a third bath, for customers and guests; two guest rooms and a third room that could accommodate a guest (Allison noted that her little brother and sister were too old to share a room); Butter added, a room that can be heated to 95 degrees for whelping puppies in, (if I decide to not go to Pembroke Farm to breed); and high speed internet access.

The list went on for over a page. It might have gotten longer but Lilly came in and told them dinner was ready. Allison realized she was nude, blushed, but decided she was right to share Butters nudity at the farm along with some of her life as a dog. She was glad that so far nothing she'd ended up doing had been unpleasant, even giving Hercules a blow-job had been strange, but fun.

Allison felt even more uncomfortable at Dinner, with Lilly serving, Grace and Brian there in clothing and she and Butter nude. She almost suggested that she and Butter eat in the Kitchen with Hercules, but remembered how she'd wanted Butter to be treated more as a person; to be allowed to eat at a table and to get to use plates, knives, forks and spoons.

Throughout the meal Allison saw Brian glancing at her, and Butter, with the light of lust in his eyes. Butter didn't seem to mind, but Allison found embers of jealousy in her heart when she remembered that Butter had been Brian's sex toy for the last ten years. Even though their couplings had been infrequent, she resented them.

Grace asked about Butter's reaction to the three houses she and Allison visited. Allison told her and Brian about the file they were building on each house and the refined list of 'must haves' she and Butter had prepared for Mr. Lake.

Grace also told them that June had decided to leave Hercules with them until after Butter came out of heat. Allison was shocked at how they talked about Butter, as if she couldn't understand a word they said; she had to remind herself that it was a ten-year habit to treat her as if she were a bitch, and that even if they were willing to change it would take a while.

Butter was happy about the news. She scribbled a note and passed it to Allison.

"That means I'll get to know him real well before he breeds me. I want that. I think we can become good friends by then, and it will make the breeding so much more fun."

Allison nodded her agreement. She realized that she liked the big male mastiff and was looking forward to having more time to play with him. Mostly in dog person ways, but her curiosity about sex with him had been raised by their recent love play with him. Her mind drifted to the substantial proportions of his male tool, and she was aware a tingle within her. She wanted to feel something that big taking her, although she was still a little frightened at the things size.

After dinner Brian seemed eager to retire early, and Grace giggled at him. Sex was defiantly on their minds, but Allison was glad their lust was directed at each other. First Grace said she'd take Hercules for a walk.

Butter glanced outside and agreed, nodding.

"I'll bring him to your Kennel, as soon as he's had some exercise and gotten a chance to relieve himself."

Butter and Allison went back to their room and looked at the file on house some more, adding a few more items to the 'must have' list. Looking around Allison glanced through Butter's library of books. All were textbooks. But title stopped her cold. She remembered Butter writing about it.

"An Introduction to American Sign-language."

Allison pulled it off the shelf and turned to her lover.

"Butter. Let's make it a project to both learn this." She held up the book and showed the title to

Butter.

The next moment Butter was hugging her, crying and kissing her all at once. Allison decided that Grace Pembroke could never be completely forgiven for having taken Butters voice.

After Butter calmed down, they spent the next hour getting started. They began, like you would in any language, with terms like, I, we, you, it, they, please, thank you, hello, good by, yes, no, OK and numbers.

They worked on learning sign-language until Grace brought Hercules to them. The two women quite studying and began to pet and cuddle with Hercules. An hour later they curled up with him to sleep.

In his bedroom Brian Pembroke was extremely disappointed. He'd hoped Butter and Allison would repeat the afternoon's sexual romp.

"You can't expect them to be having sex all the time, Brian." Grace pointed out. "Frankly, I'll be surmised if they do anything more sexual with Hercules until Butter goes into heat."

Brian wasn't happy, but allowed Grace to distract him.

The next few days became a routine. Butter got up and, if it was warm, took Hercules for a walk, and if not, she took him out to the big Kennel. When she returned, Allison and she would play together in bed. Their play always included an extended period of time when Butter was stimulating the blonde's breasts.

Breakfast came next, and after a few days Butter was getting used to sitting at a table to eating and Allison was getting used to being nude.

Later they would practice sign-language until lunch. After which they'd have another session of Butter stimulating Allison's breasts. In the Afternoon, Allison would dress and go out with Grace and Mr. Lake to look at houses. While they were gone Butter would play with Hercules, but much to Brian's chagrin, they played at tag and with pull-toys rather than at sex.

When Allison returned she'd strip, then join in the games with Hercules. When the dog was tired they'd go inside to Butter's Kennel and update their growing files on houses, then practice sign language until dinner.

After dinner Allison would use Butter's computer to check her E-mail, write letters to her family, go through any mail that Jill had forwarded to her. When that was done the girls would practice sign language together, then play with Hercules and after his walk, go to bed.

Going to bed always included Butter stimulating Allison's breasts, which generally led to love play. Brian was continually disappointed, first because while the naked young women would pet and cuddle with Hercules they didn't make love with him, and second because they took to turning off the lights for their dalliances together, making his hidden camera useless.

After four days several things happened changed the pattern. Mr. Lake had shown Allison and Grace twenty-two houses without a sale, and he was starting to lose interest. Butter and Allison were increasingly talking together using sign language, which further frustrated Brian, and Allison's new Collar arrived.

Butter was surprised when Grace presented the collar and license and put them around Allison's neck. Butter made the sign for "Why," to Allison.

The blonde turned to her, and kissed both of Butter's cheeks, then whispered in her ear. "Dear, because you wear one. I'm wearing mine whenever you do. Whether or not I'm at Pembroke Farm. When I'm with you it will remind me that we are one. When I'm away, it will do the same. When you take yours off, and I take mine off, I'll put a ring on your finger, and I want you to put one on my finger, as we promise to always care for and love each other."

Butter started crying and smiling and hugging and kissing Allison. Grace and Brian were jealous of the burst of intimacy. They also had mixed feelings about the sign language the girls were increasingly using to communicate. They didn't understand it, and couldn't hear it. Allison and Butter could be talking about anything and they wouldn't know.

~~~~~

## **Chapter LI: The House**

The following day Mr. Steven Lake had nothing new to show Allison, who used the free time to go into Salem and file the forms to have her Massachusetts Architecture license recognized in Oregon. She'd called the day before and collected the information she needed.

While she was in town she stopped at natural foods store with a holistic drugstore. She explained to a very nice clerk, her name was April, that she had just learned she was pregnant and wanted to get everything she'd need to help her ensure that she was able to successfully nurse her child.

"How long do you plan to nurse?" April asked.

"I'm not sure, at least two months, maybe longer."

April's eyes got big. "You must nurse for much longer. Your milk is the best food your baby can have. We recommend you nurse for at least the first year, longer if at all possible."

Allison agreed to try and nurse for longer and left the store with a bag full of herbs, supplements and creams. April tried to sell her a breast pump but Allison explained her older sister was giving her hers.

The next day Butter and Allison divided their time between trying out Allison's new toys, practicing their sign language and playing with Hercules.

Allison noticed that Hercules was paying a lot more attention to Butter than her. She asked Butter, "What was up with Hercules," using sign language.

Butter replied, with her hands, that Hercules could tell she was going into heat.

"Soon?" Allison signed.

"One to three days," Butter replied.

Allison realized that Butter was acting a little different. She was looking at Hercules and smiling a lot, in bed she'd become almost insatiable. Once she started to kiss and suckle at Allison's breasts it was hard to get her to stop.

Allison suddenly was a little frightened. Then she reminded herself that Anna Marshall had chosen to have her body re-engineered just so she could go into heat and become pregnant with puppies. Allison's fear waned a little as her curiosity grew.

That evening Steven Lake called and told Allison a property had just come onto the market that she must see, "Right away! It has every feature on your must have list and more." He excitedly explained.

Allison talked to Butter and Grace and then agreed to meet him at the house the next morning.

"I want Butter there, because we may need to move fast and soon Butter will be in heat, and she says interested in only one thing."

"Soon?" Brian asked, with a twinkle in his eyes.

Allison glanced at Butter who gave her the OK sign.

"Within three days."

Brian was grinning from ear to ear, looking forward to getting to watch, on TV if not in the room.

The next day Butter and Allison both dressed and met Grace in front of the house. The Mercedes was ready, and Sam drove them to the house's address. Allison was in love the minute they pulled up in front.

It was a large craftsman bungalow on a lot that seemed to go on forever. The closest neighbor they could see was a house over 100 feet away on the same street as the bungalow's front. On the other street, which was wide, but not real busy, close to 200 feet away there was some kind of one story commercial building.

The three women got out of the car and were looking at the house's wide front porch when Steven Lake pulled up in front. He quickly joined them, beaming and brandishing his keys.

Allison had already taken a dozen pictures of the exterior.

Grace introduced him to Ms. Buttercup Rose; "Allison's life partner," and the man's heart almost broke. He'd been dreaming of Allison and hoped to ask her out, once he'd found her a house she liked.

But he didn't lose sight of his commission and rallied, explaining. "As you can see," he said as he led them inside, "it's a large craftsman. There are 1,400 finished square feet on the first floor with a full bath. The upstairs has rough plumbing in it for another bath but is unfinished. The owners improved the stairway and put in the plumbing. They planned to create a master-suite, but have to sell because one of them was just transferred to Atlanta. The upstairs has the potential of about 800 square feet of finished space.

"Right now it's almost a blank slate," Mr. Lake assured them.

They went upstairs and saw that Steven Lake was right. It was a vast unstructured space.

Butter signed to Allison; "Windows?" There were only two small ones in the space.

Allison looked around and then smiled. "Butter, we can raise the roof rafters across the whole back of the house and create a whole wall of windows."

Grace chuckled, "Advantage of shopping with an architect."

Butter smiled and they went downstairs and toured the bedrooms, bath and kitchen. Craftsman



details were ever-where, from built-ins to moldings, to columns framing the living and dinning room's entrances. The kitchen was large with three big windows but looked like it had been redone, on the cheep in the 70s. Its dated cabinets and drawers were crooked, and the laminate countertops were in tough shape. The floor was covered with a dated and discolored vinyl.

The downstairs bath was like the kitchen.

Butter looked at both questioning but Allison almost beamed. "We gut both rooms, Butter. Then create a new kitchen and bath that go with the house and are state of the art."

Butter smiled.

Steven took them down to the basement, which turned out to be a vast unfinished cavern with two high narrow windows on each wall. There was a stair up to the back yard that they took.

One in the backyard Allison beamed. There was a high wooden fence creating privacy on both street frontages. The backyards other two sides were enclosed by the old auto repair shop in the distance and a high hedge. With the space were many trees and a small fountain that flowed into a fishpond. The ground cover was grass setting off many flowerbeds filled with roses, azaleas, and rhododendrons.

"The back yard includes almost an acre of enclosed space and backs up on most of the side with the hedge on a nature park. The fence is covered by the hedge now, but there is a gate into the park, somewhere. The old building over there," he pointed to the auto repair structure, "is part of the property. I thought it might be suitable for Allison's architecture office."

Allison nodded, but turned to Butter. "Dear, is the backyard OK with you?"

Butter nodded, smiled and signed. "OK."

They went back to the old Auto repair building and found it to be about 40 feet wide and sixty deep. They entered through a side door that opened into the backyard. Inside was another vast single space with a high truss roof that eliminated the need for interior columns or bearing walls. The bottom of the truss was twenty feet above the floor. At the rear was a small enclosure with a sink and toilet.

"The previous owner ran an auto repair shop here for decades. They did repairs and body work. The floor is cement, so there shouldn't be an issue with contaminated soils. The current owners had thought of converting the space to an indoor tennis court, but never got around to it."

Allison looked around and smiled. "I can make this work for me, but it's too big. What is the zoning like?"

"It's zoned neighborhood commercial, the whole site, house and garage. That zone allows as many business as you like, as long as half the buildings they're in cover less than one-half the lot and no business is over 2,000 square feet of interior area."

Allison smiled again, "Great, then we could upgrade this to office space and rent out half the space.

"What about parking?"

Steven Lake nodded. "On the outside there is a small parking lot, it's big enough for six cars. The zoning requires four spaces on the lot; one for the house and one space for each 1,000 square feet of

interior business use area.”

Allison nodded again. The look in her eyes told the others she was already designing the space in her mind.

She turned back to Steve with a serious look on her face.

“What’s the price and how long has the property been on the market?”

Steven nodded. “There asking \$325,950. It’s new on the market but the owners have already moved to Atlanta and want a quick sale.”

Allison thought for a moment. Then said, “That’s to much. The kitchen and bathroom are a disaster. It will cost at least \$75,000 to gut and redo them. Also to meet our needs we will need to spend a lot of money.

“Steven, what do you think would be an offer good enough to get a quick sale?”

“Cash?”

Allison and Butter looked at Grace who smiled and said, “Yes, Cash. No financing. But subject to an inspection and assuming clear title.”

Steve nodded. “Last year they tried selling this building separate. No offers were made. The sellers are motivated.. I heard that they need to get \$225,000 out of this place pay off their note and give them the one they want for a down-payment in Atlanta.

They’re already tired of keeping it ready to show, paying someone to do the yard work, insuring it and worrying about it. I think an offer of \$235,000 would be accepted the day I present it.”

Grace nodded but looked at Allison and Butter, who were smiling and holding hands; “What do you two think?”

There was a flurry of hand motions, as the two appeared to be talking it over. Grace looked like she wished she’d learn American Sign-language, years ago.

After a minute Allison spoke up. “We think it will work, and Steve’s suggested price sounds right. I think I could be happy and make Butter very happy here.”

Grace nodded and turned back to the Realtor.

“Steven, why don’t you make out the forms and bring them by this evening. I’d like to get started with the process.”

That night Brian and Grace signed the offer. They also sent the particulars of the prospective purchase to Jill so she could get started on the purchase contract between the Pembrooks and Butter.

Steven Lake called and told Grace the next afternoon to say that the offer had been accepted and he was scheduling an inspection, if that was OK with Grace and Brian, for a few days out.

Allison called him back and said to let her know when the inspection was going to happen. She wanted to go over the house with the inspector, as well as start taking measurements of both buildings. Steven agreed, and said he’d check with the sellers and the city to see if there were

existing plans that Allison could use. It turned out there were of the house, but not the garage. The drawings of the house had been prepared when they started work on the upstairs and had been needed for the building permit for the new wider stairs.

The young women talked, using sign-language, about measuring the house together that night, but the next morning Butter passed Allison a note as soon as the blonde was awake.

"Dear Allison, I can feel myself going into heat this morning. By tonight I won't be able to think about anything but sex. If you want to do Hercules first we should do it soon. Otherwise I'm afraid I'll monopolize him for a couple of days. It will take that long for me to become more than just a female who needs to be bred, although I'll still be in heat for several days after I start to be able to think again, even for part of the day."

Allison looked at her lover and saw the wild need in her eyes and nodded. "Yes, Dear, let's get me done this afternoon and then I'll try to be good about you and Hercules for a few days until I can do him again,"

Butter pulled Allison's lips to hers and they kissed deep and long, until Allison had a taste of the depth of Butter's need and also felt her own passion rise toward the boiling point.

When Hercules smelled Butter he went for her, a moment later his tongue was caressing her vulva and Allison saw the tip of his shaft emerge from its sheath.

"Butter signed to her, "Living room? Treat for Grace and Brian?"

Allison thought about it and nodded.

She took Butters hand and asked, "Now?"

Butter lightly bit her lower lip and nodded.

As they walked toward the living room Hercules was beside them trying to get his big tongue back onto Butter's sex. Butter was petting him and smiling. If Allison hadn't know what was happening she would have thought her lover was drunk. Then it hit her; that's just it. She's drunk with sex!

~~~~~

## **Chapter LII: Allison's Breeding**

Butter and Allison stopped at the breakfast room. Brian and Grace were there. Allison interrupted their morning conversation, which was about the house; although Brian was already leering at the two naked young women.

"Guys, Butter's gone into heat. We're heading for the living room where you can watch, if you want. I'm going to let Hercules do me first. When he's recovered Butter will let him try to impregnate her. Butter said she has enough control to help me a little, but expects to be just a wild nymphomaniac bitch by this evening.

"Coming?"

Brian had grinned wider and wider as Allison had delivered her message. Grace was smiling. Allison saw them rise as Butter took her hand and pulled her down the hall.

When they reached the living room Allison suddenly felt afraid; he's so darn big! Then she looked at

Hercules, happy and grinning and eager to have Butter but waiting until she offered herself. Some of her fear was allied and she decided she could go through with it.

Butter and Allison had been working in the sign language vocabulary they would need. Butter wrapped her arms around Allison's waist and kissed her deeply while letting the nipples on her human breasts brush back and forth across Allison's nipples. Both sets were fully extended and Butters whole front, cheeks and her vulva were blushing with excitement.

Grace helped Brian get out of his shoes, pants, and underwear and dropped the robe she'd been wearing to the floor. Underneath she had on a dusky pink shortie-nightie that revealed that her legs were still good and her small breasts still were a little up-turned.

Butter signed to Allison, "Missionary? Or doggy position?"

Allison thought about it and realized that she wasn't ready to embrace Hercules as he took her, at least not the way she'd wrap herself around a man.

"Doggy, I think Butter."

Butter nodded, and signed to her.

Allison understood and turned to Grace and said, "Butter said Hercules will need to be wearing socks?"

Grace nodded. "Yes, they will protect you from scratches.

"Brian go and get Ajax's socks, please."

In a flash, the man was on his feet and gone.

"I guess he's pretty eager?" Allison commented and blushed from her toes to her forehead.

Grace nodded. "Maybe more eager than Hercules. There is nothing that gets Brian more excited than seeing a mastiff mate a woman."

"Well, I guess I'm in for it." Allison said looking at the floor.

Butter kissed her and gently pulled her to the floor. Hercules was watching the women closely as they again began kissing. Then Butter pulled away, she was breathing hard and took a minute for a longing look at the big dog, so close by. She twisted around scissoring her legs together with Allison's and bringing the lips of her vulva together with Allison's. The two women began softly moving, gently pressing the lips of their sexes' together.

Brian came back in, holding a pair of long heavy socks in his hand. He stopped cold in his tracks as he took in the sight of the two girls neither lips kissing each other and his manhood rose into the air. He could smell the scent of aroused girl, and bitch in heat, both were stronger in the room. He glanced at Hercules who was whimpering with his desire and circling the two young women.

"Brian," Grace called as she moved to the big dog. "Let's get those socks on Hercules. Then as soon as Allison is ready the fun starts."

He moved quickly, but not so fast as to alarm or confuse the dog. A minute later Allison saw that the socks were on Hercules front pockets. She saw that they had both elastic tops and Velcro closure securing them. The socks themselves seemed to be made of a heavy plush fabric that she realized

would feel nice against her naked flesh.

Butter began moving more insistently and Allison was drawn into their contact and felt her arousal growing. Her nipples were throbbing and her sex was dripping with her own and Butters excitement when she felt Butter shutter against her in orgasm. She wasn't quite there. It was strange, Butter normally found a way to come with her. Then Allison realized what was happening. She's gone ahead because she expects me to climax when Hercules does me. God! I need it, but I don't know if I can. It's one thing to take the position, and let him bred me. But I don't know if I can find it exciting enough to bring me off.

Butter was still, slightly panting and her whole body glowed with perspiration. Allison wanted to continue. She felt she needed it. But accepted it when Butter pulled away from her. Butter moved to her mouth and kissed her deeply and then, sitting so that Hercules who was jumping about and trying to wiggle his huge nose into her rear was circling them. She helped Allison get into a good position.

Grace brought over a pile of cushions. Two thick ones went under Allison's knees and two small ones went under her elbows.

Grace prompted her, "Just drop your head, look over your shoulder at him, smile and say 'OK'. He'll take it from there. I'll guide him in."

Grace caressed Allison's flanks. "Don't be afraid. He won't hurt you and you're about to experience something wonderful. If I was ten years younger I'd take your place, but I'm too old for all the vigor he has."

Allison could feel the fear rise up in her again, but she also had a terribly half-loved feeling that was demanding completion. The sent of girl in need felled her awareness, but then she scented something different. It's Butter but it's different. Oh my God! It's the scent of her in heat!

Suddenly she felt a hot wet tongue of huge dimensions washing her vulva. Over and over it caressed her outer lips and then slide between the sides of her inner valley. Allison heard herself moan, and felt herself press her sex back onto the dogs tongue. It was like watching a movie for the blonde. She didn't believe it but she was moving her hips to enhance the wonderful feelings she was being treated to and moaning in pleasure at the same time, shocked that she could find what Hercules was doing exciting. Shame flowed from her mind through her body, only to be turned back by the growing need she felt.

Her eyes flew open and she moaned, "I want him, I want him inside me!" There was disbelief in her voice, but Butter and Grace heard a need that was almost violent there too.

She felt her climax was close, it only would require penetration to take her over the edge. The huge dog hunched forward and grasped Allison around the waist, using his paws to pull her raised bottom toward his maleness.

"He's so powerful," the blonde exclaimed, a note of fear back in her voice. Butter moved to her side and leaned over kissing her signing to her that it would be "OK."

Grace grasped the protruding end of the shaft and working with the dog's efforts to mate the girl-bitch between his forelegs, guided it to her vulva. Hercules lurched forward again and the tip found its way between Allison's inner lips.

Allison moaned, "So hot! So hot!" As the heat of the animals tool warmed her sex and shots of his

pre-come prepared her vaginal entrance for mating.

Grace guided the next lunge and the tip slide into Allison's vagina.

Hercules began thrusting and with each stroke Allison felt the invading shaft lengthen and thicken. The rain of hot pre-come that seemed so hot hitting her vulva, seemed much hotter as Hercules continued to lubricate her insides, preparing them for still deeper penetration.

"I can't believe, . . . he's getting so big, . . . with each thrust, . . . so much more than I expected!" Allison moaned as Hercules gave his all, trying to breed her with his young.

Allison climaxed as the growing thickness of the shaft began to dilate her vaginal opening. Hercules held her waist tighter and pressed ever deeper into her. When he went deeper than any man had ever been Allison felt her womb contract and the pleasure radiated out to her whole body. It was an intensity of climaxing that went beyond that she'd experienced before. On the level of raw sensation and pleasure it was sublime. She felt totally female and felt that the spear thrusting ever deep into her was quintessentially male.

The blonde came again when she felt the knot at the base of the now huge member driving into her sliding through her vaginal lips. She knew she was tight, it had been months since a penis had been within her, but she prayed she would be tight enough to capture the knot within her.

Hercules was breathing hard, as was Allison, but the human was making little squeaks of pleasure and thrusting her hips back, eager for more of the shaft to impale her.

The knot was growing and each time Hercules pressed it through her entrance it was hurting, but not enough to overwhelm the deep feelings of satisfaction and pleasure that were felling Allison. She started to try to use her PF muscles to capture the knot within her. Her first and second tries failed. On the third she felt her entrance close around the base of the shaft grasping it, and when Hercules pulled back her hold was solid.

She climaxed again and smiled and cried, "So big! So big!" Over and over as she felt the knot grow and the shaft continue to lengthen within her.

Hercules thrust became slow and short. Allison giggled as she felt the fur on his sheath tickle her vulva's lips.

Within her the shaft slide easily deeper and deeper through the sea of lubricating pre-cum Hercules had filled her with.

"It's sort of like heaven;" Allison moaned.

"Oh my God! Oh my God!" She was crying the next moment as she felt the tapered top of the dog's shaft slip through her cervix.

Hercules was moving very little, but Allison began to gently rock her hips, massaging the tip of Hercules shaft with the entrance to her womb.

She climaxed again when she felt more spurts of hot liquid shooting into her womb. It was thicker and it warmed her throughout her whole body.

It's his seed, and he's filling my uterus with it! Suddenly she understood why Anna Marshall had decided to give up part of her humanity in order to have Happy's puppies. He's claimed me as his mate, filled me with his seed and I want our mating to bear fruit. I want his puppies! Her mind was

screaming but Butter saw only a look of deep contentment on the blonde's face as her body quivered with pleasure.

Soon after Allison was entered Brian had pulled Grace's hips to him and filled her with his maleness, trying to keep time with the dogs thrusts into Allison. As Hercules bred Allison Brian bred Grace who moaned and cried out in her own pleasure. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Butter was feeling light headed from he scent of wild sex that was filling the room. Her need rose until her heat fully blossomed within her. Her hand strayed to her vulva where it pleased her as she imagined it was Hercules filling her rather than Allison. If there had been another male in the room she would have offered herself to him. She longed to feel Hercules within her and wondered how long she must wait, after his coupling with Allison, before was ready to take her.

Hercules and Allison became still, pressing their hips together as tightly, pushing Hercules male part as deep into her womb as possible. Hercules continued to shoot his hot seed into her and Allison was amazed as she felt her womb actually expand within her as it was swollen with he dog's bounty.

Pleasure flowed through Allison, rolling out from her womb and filling every corner of her body. She felt Hercules warm drool dripping onto her naked back and running down to her neck, and she smiled. The word orgasm had lost meaning to her, as her body had crested the peak and remained aloft, surfing a wild wave of pleasure that flowed trough her and seemed to have no end.

Butter was holding Hercules, keeping him from prematurely dismounting her lover and assuming the bottom-to-bottom position. Her scent was keeping the big dog excited as he bred Allison.

But in time there was an end. Hercules emptied himself, or perhaps his body sensed that the bitch woman's womb was filled and he chose to save some of his seed for Butter. As his knot and shaft shrank Butter allowed the dog to withdraw his maleness from Allison's sex.

As he did, Allison felt a heavy flow of liquids pour from her sex and down her thighs. Hercules brought his tongue to the flow and licked it a few times then laid down a few feet away and began cleaning himself.

Butter dropped down behind Allison and with care, and gentleness, cleaned the blonde's sex with her tongue. Feeling Butter's familiar tongue caressing her Allison came again. Her climax was as gentle as Butter's tongue.

Across the room Grace was cleaning Brian's shaft. The man looked at Butter longingly and asked; "May I do that Butter, Allison?"

Butter turned to him and slowly shook her head. Then she made the sign for 'mine', and returned to her task.

As Butter cleaned her, Allison looked over her shoulder and saw the vast bulk of Hercules a few feet away. The dog was cleaning his tool, which still was partly erect. Then awareness of what she'd done filled her mind.

Oh my God! I just had sex with a dog! Now I'm a pervert!

And I enjoyed it. This is so low. It's worse than letting Nick tie me up and then do me. At least he's human!

Allison's mind cleared a little. The haze of guilt and shame was still strong, but she was able to put

her thoughts in better perspective. No, it's not worse than Nick. He raped me and let another guy rape me, while I was tied up. He made plans to snuff me; now, being killed to give someone sexual pleasure, that's perverted, and fatal.

Allison felt better, and Butter's tongue on her vulva felt so soothing and good. Her guilt softened, but stayed. She shook as a wave of self-loathing swept through her mind.

Butter sensed her distress and moved around, petting her lover and kissing her way to Allison's mouth. When Butter's lips pressed Allison's a sensation of peace, rightness, and wellbeing filled Allison and she was able to return the kiss as the guilt and shame faded to the background.

The two young women lowered themselves to the soft carpet and let their lips and bodies entwine as they expressed their love. They paused now and then to sign, "I love you," to each other, after which lips would find lips and hands would find flesh and caresses would continue.

Allison tasted Hercules' seed in Butter's mouth and knowing Butter's taste so well, recognized the dogginess of it as well as the taste of seamen.

Moments of shame and guilt still came, but she remembered that Hercules had wanted to breed her and had given her great pleasure. Then she remembered again the pain that Nick had put her through, physical as well as mental, and how his fantasy had not been to breed her but to kill her. Slowly she accepted that she had liked the sex, and as Butter continued petting and kissing her she made her peace with having chosen a dog over men and Butter over both.

As she kissed and cuddled Allison became increasingly aware of Butter's growing need. Her scent was strong and her caresses were becoming insistent while at the same time the blonde felt her lover pressing her vulva to her thigh, harder and harder, seeking a penetration that she could not provide.

She glanced at Hercules and saw that he was standing and watching them just a few feet away. The tip of his maleness was showing and he was shaking slightly. He's ready, Allison realized.

"She whispered to Butter, "Dearest, Hercules is ready to breed you if you're ready for him."

Butter kissed her and then nodded. There was a feral look in her eyes as she let Allison slip from her arms and turned to face the dog.

Allison pulled herself to a sitting position a few feet away. Across the room she saw that Grace was using her mouth to pleasure Brian and she had his shaft ridged again.

~~~~~

### **Chapter LIII: Allison Watches Butter's Breeding**

Butter looked around and saw the little padded table she'd learned the missionary position on with Thor. She silently thanked Grace and Brian for thinking to get it out. She stood and walked to it then turned it to face Hercules and lay down. Presenting the valley between her thighs to the dog. She spread her legs wide. Looking at the big mastiff she smiled at him and beckoned for him to come to her.

Allison watched, fascinated. Butter's scent was very strong in the room, and the lips of her vulva were shiny with moisture.

Hercules moved toward Butter. He seemed uncertain. Allison was surprised at his uncertainty, but



then realized he might never have coupled with a woman in the missionary position. As the dog grew closer his nose was clearly audible as he sniffed the air as he moved toward Butter. Gradually he seemed to become more certain. Butter kept smiling at him and beckoning. When he was almost between Butter's knees he seemed to decide.

Hercules took one step forward and began to massage Butters sex with his tongue. Butter lay down and seemed to relax as the dog worked his hot wet tongue deep into the creases and folds of her vulva.

Allison found the sight stimulating and felt her nipples extend.

Breathing hard she looked over to Grace and asked; "Should we do something to help?"

Grace smiled at her and let Brian's shaft slip from her mouth and replied; "Butter knows what she is doing. Watch and learn."

Grace smiled as she enveloped her husband's hardness in her mouth again. Allison noticed her eyes were on Buttercup and Hercules.

Brian's eyes ere fixed and the dog that was breeding his bitch. He petted Grace's head as he watched.

Allison let her eyes wonder back to the scene. All eight of Butters nipples were erect and she was caressing the big dog's head as he continued to explore her cleft. Butter began to shake slightly and pressing her mound into Hercules' huge hot tongue.

A wave a shame again washed over the blonde as the reality of her perversion welled up again within her. Yet, the scene was seductively erotic. Her hand moved and a moment later the blonde was rising toward a crest of pleasure again as he fingers did their magic with her sex.

Butter's body shuddered in climax as Allison began caressed herself. Her human nipples discharged thin streams of her milk as her body crested the tide of pleasure. A moment later Butter was smiling at the big dog and motioning him to move forward. Hercules looked confused.

Butter sat up and leaning forward wrapped her arms around the huge head hugging it tightly to her bosom and guiding his tongue to the streams of her milk that still dribbled from her breasts. The dog began to lick up her milk. His attention shifted and Butter slowly reclined again, allowing the dog to move with her as he lapped at her chest.

As she'd moved Butter had drawn her legs together, allowing Hercules to move his forelegs beyond her hips. When his front legs were on either side of her chest Butter spread her legs wide and hooked them over the animals broad back. Butters hands were busy, petting and caressing Hercules huge head as he continued to dine on her milk.

Watching, Allison's free hand moved to her breasts and in tern, began to pull and caresses her nipples. They were extended and throbbing. Her chest was flushed. Shame that she'd mated with a dog was still in her mind, but was fading again against the background of her growing passion.

Allison watched, both fascinated and repelled, as Butter climaxed again and then drew the dog's big head closer to her head. With one hand as she reached back and guided Hercules shaft to her sex.

Jealousy and rage flashed in the blonde's mind as she saw the alien shaft brought to Butter's sex and guided in. That place is mine; she thought and at the same time felt her insides contract with desire to feel the shaft again impaling her.

She groaned when Hercules hunched forward and claimed her lover as his mate. Mine! Mine! Raked her emotions but she couldn't avert her eyes. Butter's legs tightened around Hercules back as she lifted her rear off the padded bench, pulling the male shaft deeper.

Hercules became a blur of thrusting and Butter was thrashing on the bench in response. Allison saw that her lover was lost in her breeding. She knew the feeling of the shaft growing within her vagina; of its thickening and the growth of the knot that would tie them together. She wanted to scream in protest at the violation of her lover's most treasured parts, but the throbbing in her breasts and the feeling of her own rising arousal seeking a release reminded her of her embrace with Hercules.

Allison staggered to her feet and went over beside Grace and Brian. Lifting her breasts in her hand she offered them to the couple. The blonde's need for contact showed in her eyes.

Grace took charge and taking Allison's hand guided her down between herself and Brian. The man looked at Allison questioning and she again lifted her breasts in her hands, offering her extended nipples to them.

Allison gently pulled the two heads to her nipples and sighed as she felt hot lips and tongues begin licking and lightly sucking. She cuddled the two heads to her bosom and allowed her eyes to shift back to her lover and Hercules. The angle was different and the blonde gasped as she realized that she could see Hercules' shaft as it plunged in and out of Butter's vagina. It was already thick and a lump that would become the knot was developing near the base. She watched it sliding into Butter and then out. With each thrust it was bigger.

She moved to drop a hand to her sex, determined to climax with Butter but the heads ministering her breasts were in the way. Brian moved at hand toward her sex, but Grace reached over and pulled it away.

Lifting her head Grace murmured, "That's Butter's place to touch, not yours, my love.

"Later, when Allison has found bliss, I'll let you play with my toys all you want."

Allison moaned but managed to say, "Thank you."

Grace repositioned herself to allow Allison's hand to reach her cleft, where the blonde began to again caresses and tease her sex. Brian and Grace continued to nurse, while stealing glances of Hercules and Butter.

Allison had a clear view. She saw the growing knot emerge the last time before she watched it forcefully pressed deep into Butter's sex. It looked huge. She started to fear that Butter would be hurt, but then she saw her lover pressing herself to the knot, eager to take it in.

The Blonde watched as the knot slowly stretched Butters opening and then slipped inside. She was still watching as Butters sex closed around the base of Hercules shaft, holding him within her.

Hercules slowed his thrust and was almost holding still then. Butter was moving her hips very slightly and gently up and down the short length of shaft between the knot and the dog's heavy balls. Allison remembered the moment when Hercules had pressed the tip of his maleness through her cervix and realized that the dog's shaft was kissing that delicate flesh with the lips of the inner mouth that guarded Butter's womb.

The mating couple's movements continued slight and gentle. Allison could almost see the pleasure pulsing from Butter as she embraced the dog, holding him tight around the neck and seemingly trying to swallow him whole through her sex.

Butter shook her head and moved her hair to the side offering her neck to Hercules. Slowly, then possessively Hercules closed his mouth on the woman-bitch's thin white neck. Butter's eyes were squeezed shut and a look of contentment and bliss was on her face. She stopped moving and Hercules slowly pressed himself to her. His movements were not real thrusts. More like gentle kisses as he sought to work the fount of his maleness deep into Butter's womb.

Allison could almost feel the sensation of heat welling up in Butters womb and the growing fullness as Hercules filled every part of her he could with his sperm. Butter quivered in orgasm, again and then again. Then she smiled and pressed her neck into Hercules teeth.

Watching her lover, and remembering Butter's story and her own sensations when Hercules had filled her, she suddenly knew. Butter is pregnant now. Those climaxes were the ones she wrote about that happen when her ovaries release an egg.

The blonde wondered how many eggs had been fertilized into the sea of sperm Hercules was spilling into Butter. At least two, she decided. Maybe more but I saw there were two major climaxes. My God! How many puppies will she have? She wrote she'd had twelve once. But that mastiff bitch's have been known to have more.

Well, it's done now, at least partly. Like it or note I'm going to see my sweet girl birthing puppies; the blonde decided.

Butter and Hercules were locked together for another half hour. Their union seemed complete, as was their pleasure in the mating. At first, Allison didn't see it happening, it was so gradual. Slowly Butter and Hercules released their hold on each other. The blonde was surprised when she saw Butters neck. There wasn't a mark on it, although the dog's saliva covered Butter's throat, neck and shoulder.

As her arms loosened around Hercules neck, Butter looked happy, but exhausted. Slowly she unwrapped her legs from around the mastiff's wide back. She kept her sex raised as if savoring the last moments of having the shaft within her.

Allison saw Hercules step back and slowly pull his still partly erect shaft and knot from Butter with a soft pop; it was followed by a thick steam of liquids. Butter kept her hips high as Hercules stepped off of her. He moved to between her legs and began lapping at her dripping vulva. When the flow slowed he stepped away a few feet, lay down and began cleaning himself.

Grace moved to Hercules and began using her mouth to clean his male tool. The dog laid back, content to let the human attend to the mess. Allison moved, hesitantly over to Butter and lowered her face onto her lovers still dripping sex. The rich flavor and sent of her lover and Hercules seed and pre-come welled up and her hesitance evaporated. Eagerly she licked and sucked, seeking out all the available liquids until Butter's sex was clean and she felt her lover quiver as her ministrations to the bud of Butter's sex took her lover to another climax.

A moment later Butter was beside Allison, hugging her and kissing her and petting her still flushed breasts. Across the room Grace had stopped cleaning Hercules, but Brian was behind her pumping his shaft into her raised sex as fast and hard as he could. His wife looked contented and happy as he climaxed with a loud yell, and then collapsed across her raised bottom.

Allison leaned over and after kissing Butter's cheek whispered. "I feel so naughty dear. My first orgy! I had no idea I'd like being watched, or watching others."

Butter kissed her and hugged her tight. Allison sensed she was resting. A half hour later, Butter

began stealing glances at Hercules. Brian and Grace were curled together on the couch, sleeping. Slowly and very gently Butter kissed Allison then pulled away from her and crawled over to Hercules. She lay down beside him and petted him, smiling at him. Her hand became boulder and she softly stroked his sheath.

Hercules seemed to grin at her and Butter arose, moving her sex over his nose and walked over to a large chair. She lay down on her back, her legs spread wide, supporting her hips, and glanced at Hercules. Grinning she motioned for him to come to her.

The huge dog stood and walked over and between Butters smooth white thighs and began to lick her vulva again. There was no hesitation this time. Allison watched fascinated as Hercules jumped his forelegs up onto the chair, placing them on either side of Butter's head and then humped his emerging shaft toward Butter's sex. Butter reached down and guided him into her vagina.

Their coupling was slower the second time, as well as softer and more confident. As if they had learned each others' bodies and also that they would not be denied. Allison watched again as the knot formed and then tied the two together. Butter's legs again were raised, one by one, and wrapped around Hercules back.

There was a grandfather clock near the chair where Butter was mating with Hercules; Allison saw it was it was just six in the evening when the two tied. She was feeling tired, emotionally and physically and pulled a large gray chenille throw off the couch and wrapped it around herself. It was warm and she drifted into sleep. She awoke again at seven ten, and the two were still tied. She watched and felt her own guilt rise again. She sought to put the sense of guilt aside, thinking through what she'd done.

I've let a dog breed me, as if I was a bitch! And, I let others watch, then I watched as Butter mated with the same dog, twice! I watched Brian and Grace making love and offered them my breasts to play with. I let them and enjoyed the feel of their lips and tongues on my nipples and their kisses on my breasts and chest. Then I watched them mate like two dogs on the floor, right in front of me.

So what does that make me? I guess slut isn't the right word. Sluts sleep around with men, but I put out for a dog, women and to limited extent for Brian today. Whore is the wrong word because I didn't do it for money. Nymphomaniac seems closer, but I only had sex once and if I'd let him Brian would have eagerly done me, but I didn't let him. At least I can still say no!

I guess I'm like some strange temple votary in the house of some fertility goddess. I'm in this temple of puppy making for sex. I enjoy the sex. This is place where sex is all around me, perfuming the air.

Yes, I guess I'm a votary to my goddess, and she is Butter, and I'm here enjoying sex and helping her breed.

The guilt faded some, although Allison knew it would not be gone for sometime, if ever.

Who did I hurt? Not Butter, I made her happy, by accepting and sharing her mating with Hercules. Certainly not Brian and Grace, watching me and touching me gave them pleasure and may have helped to kindle the sexual excitement between them. For sure not Hercules; I gave him what a male likes best, and then Butter did it too.

So whom did I hurt? No one here. My parents would be hurt if they knew. But they know better than to ask me about my sex life, just as I know better than to ask about theirs. So it's my own moral sensibility that is offended, and no one else here, or that I care about.

Butter and I are sharing a male lover, big deal. We aren't the first lesbian lovers to ever share a man, for a while and so that one of us could get knocked-up. So I let Brian and Grace watch and touch me. Well, watching Butter mating was hot. It's not like Butter, or I, offered our selves to a male other than Hercules.

The guilt subsided more.

My lover and I are having a three-way with the male she selected to have her young with. I love her, but I can't impregnate her and she can't impregnate me. We both need a male to breed.

Butter and I let this nice older couple watch because it added a spark to their sex lives. I don't see anything to be that ashamed of. After all, Butter is a beautiful charming woman who happens to be able to have puppies.

Yes, she's sort of a goddess, and I'll fight my guilt by remembering that I'm a votary to her, and to the life force within her.

~~~~~

## **Chapter LIV: Two Girls are Bred**

Allison's guilt returned, and had to put it aside every day over the remainder of Butter's heat. She watched and to some extent helped, the next two days as Butter mated with Hercules, seemingly nonstop.

Butter would sleep a little, then awake and want him. She'd eat a little, but never a whole meal, and after a few bites Allison could see Butter's other hunger take over and guide her back to Hercules.

Butter let Allison wash her a little, between breedings and the Blonde enjoyed caring for her lover, the 'K9 fertility goddess'. After Butter's second mating the first day she, Hercules, and Allison retired to Butter's kennel. In the kennel Allison found herself more involved in the breeding pairs actions. She caresses and kissed Butter as Hercules filled her lover, and alternately petted and cuddled Hercules as he rested between breedings.

Grace and Brian seemed to have lost interest in watching. Allison liked to think the magic of Butter, the goddess had enveloped them and they were in bed together, humping like bunnies.

The third morning Butter seemed a little calmer when she awoke. She showered, and ate, the whole meal, that Lilly brought her. Then she cuddled Hercules and signed to Allison.

"I'm sort of have a little control now. I think I can wait to mate with Hercules again, if you'd like to do him now.

"The second time will be better. You and Hercules will know what to expect from each other."

Allison hesitated a moment.

Butter added, "I thought you might want to try the missionary position. I like it best and Hercules has gotten pretty good at it."

Allison wanted to say no. It was bad enough watching Hercules mating with Butter without her doing it too. She felt the guilt well up and knew the guilt wanted to say no. Looking at Butter she saw that her love was waiting with a look of fear on her face.

Allison remembered, I promised Butter we would do this together. I can't back out now. She's just gone out of her way to share Hercules with me the first moment she could stand to.

Allison nodded. "I think that's a good idea Butter. The idea surprised me a little, because you have been so busy with him. I mean you've done the deed with him nearly a dozen times in two days. But if you can wait now would be good. Hercules is rested.

"Should we go to the living room and I can use the little bench. I'm not sure I'm up to the acrobatics you do where you sort of hang under him as he does you."

Butter smiled and nodded. She sighed, "Brian and Grace will like that. They haven't been around much since we can to my kennel. I'm sure they're eager for more."

The only time they'd seen Brian or Grace was when one of them would come by to collect Hercules for his walks. They were doing that three times a day, and otherwise leaving the three to their own devices.

Allison and Butter got up. Hercules was watching them closely. As they arose, so did he. Butter smiled at the dog and touched her hip. She turned and taking Allison's hand started for the living room. Hercules stayed right beside Butter's hip and was sniffing the air as they walked, enjoying the scent of bitch in heat the trailed.

When the walked into the living room it was empty, but a moment later Brian and Grace arrived. Brian looked at the three expectantly.

"Butter, Allison, is it OK if we watch? I've longed to see Allison bred in the missionary position." Brian asked.

The girls nodded. They went to the little platform and set it out. Hercules went over and sniffed it. He had a happy grin on his face that Allison was sure meant he understood why they were there.

Butter and Allison climbed onto the couch and gently wove their legs together until they were vulva to vulva. Butter grinned and Allison giggled as they began to kiss with their nether lips. The air in the room was soon filled with the scent of girl in heat. Again, Butter finished before Allison.

Allison felt her need to climax and looked accusingly at Butter, who grinned and nodded toward Hercules, who was sitting attentively a few feet away, and looking longingly at them.

I may as well go ahead. Butter wants me to, Hercules wants me to, Allison looked over at Brian and Grace. Yes, they can't wait for me to do it too, she assured herself.

Allison remembered that she'd liked the experience the first time, except for the guilt. She reminded herself that Butter thought the missionary position was better.

She smiled at Butter and held out her hand. Butter jumped up and helped her off the couch and over to the low padded table.

"I'm still a little apprehensive about this," the blonde admitted.

"You're going to love it, dear." Grace commented.

Butter kissed her, deep and tenderly, hugged her and smiled. She signed, "Do you want me to hold your hand?"

Allison shook her head. "I'm a big girl. I've been with lots of men. If I'm going to do this I can do it on my own. But, Butter, could you stand by and help me get him in position? I'm not sure how that works.

Butter nodded. Kissed her again, squeezed her hand and then ran her hand down Allison's chest, between her breasts to her vulva. She allowed some of their girl juice to get on her hand and then went over to Hercules, holding her hand before her.

Hercules was quick to start liking the proffered goody. Butter used her hand to guide his huge head over between Allison's thighs. When she withdrew her hand Hercules big tongue found its way to Allison's dew covered cleft in two seconds.

As the dog began lap at her sex Allison moaned. She knew the magic that his big tongue could do, but experiencing it again was better than the memory.

As her pleasure mounted a pang of guilt crept into her mind. Allison dismissed it. He's making a third with my lover. Butter and I and we're sharing him hoping to get knocked-up. He's a big wonderful cuddly lover who doesn't mind that our being together is a short-term thing, she lectured herself. As the guilt dissipated on her mind her a blush of pleasure blossomed in her chest. Butter had left her near her climax. It only took Hercules a few minutes to take her the rest of the way. As she came she felt her vagina ejaculate some of her lubricants onto the dog's wide handsome face. She giggled as she watched him lick her liquids from his face and her groin like it was the tastiest of desserts. Still giggling she glanced down and saw that Hercules shaft peaking from its sheath. She's seen him take Butter enough to know how to start. She sat up and wrapped her arms around his neck, cooing to him and kissing his head.

Hercules responded by licking her breasts. Allison took in her breath as she felt her nipples extend and her bosom flush and swell.

She glanced at Butter who was grinning at her and had slipped back onto the couch where she was massaging the mound of her sex.

She must want him bad, Allison realized. I mean I want him and I'm not in heat. Although I might be ovulating, she realized.

Smiling at Hercules she leaned back, pulling his head forward.

Butter bounced up and came over and she pressed Allison's thighs together allowing Hercules forelegs to move above her hips. She felt intoxicated at Hercules scent and desperately wanted to take Allison's place, but thought she had enough control to wait another couple of hours before mating again.

Allison was petting the big dog's head, hugging him and kissing the top of his head as his big tongue did magic to her breasts. Her nipples were at full extension and throbbing and inside her chest she felt her need fluttering and raising her desire. Then she felt it. Hercules shaft was shooting streams of his pre-come to lubricate her for their mating. One of the streams hit her breasts. It felt so hot and the dog's pre-come on her flesh smelled wonderful. I want him! I want him mating me! She whispered, Butter was able to hear her words and smiled. She wanted Allison to know of all the pleasure mating with a large loving dog could bring.

She felt Butter's hands raise her ankles and place them on the dog's back. She was enveloped by the clean strong male smell of Hercules. She could feel her lubricants mixing with the spray of pre-come on her sex and dripping from her vaginal opening as her body anticipated the coming mating.

Allison smiled and allowed her body to wrap around the dog, pulling her hard nipples into the fur of his chest. She looked up into his beautiful brown eyes and wiggled her hips back. At the same time Hercules humped his hips forward and Butter reached in and guided the tip of his male part to her lover's entrance.

The blonde sighed as she felt her lips part as the male shaft found her sex. Without thinking she used her lower legs to press her vulva back, taking in more of the shaft. She was surprised at herself for a second. Then all thought ended as Hercules began to thrust. His shaft continued to lubricate her with his hot pre-come as he stroked in and out of her flesh. Allison felt warmth forming within her that was comforting and soothing as the dog's shaft grew to a size that was bigger than her body was designed to take.

She moaned and held him tighter as the sensation of his thickening and lengthening within her. A wave of heat and pleasure formed within her and rose toward her climax and became need. As Hercules shaft grew she sensed that in the missionary position she could him it deeper. So deep it would enter her womb. She wanted that. I want it all!

Allison climaxed as the knot grew to a size that she could lock within her. But her orgasm didn't end. It grew and crashed over her like the surf with each pulse as the shaft continued to grow within her and the animal's huge heart pulsed the knot against her G-spot.

Unaware that she was doing it, Allison turned her head and moved her hair away from her neck offering the dog a new hold on her. Hercules licked the sweat off her shoulder and neck and then closed his mouth on her. Holding her still as he lunged deeper.

Allison moaned as she felt the tip of his maleness press into the core of her womanhood. It was so good! So right!

She floated in bliss feeling her body open to her mate and make itself ready for the gift of seed. Then it began. The dog held her tight while his reproductive system pulsed his seed into the female's womb. He felt her grasping him and pulling herself to him, as eager for his seed as he was eager to give it.

Allison's eyes flew open as she felt her uterus filled and expanding with the volume of come Hercules was giving her. She moaned and reveled in the feeling of being one with the huge animal and pressed her shoulder and neck hard into the teeth that held her, so firmly and so delicately.

"I want his young!" She moaned. "Please God! Let me have his young!"

Butter heard her as well as Grace and Brian. The words seemed to fill the room with desire that settled like a cloud of longing on them all.

Grace was watching, her eyes glued to the mating before her. Brian was between her thighs, pleasuring her with his tongue and lips. Her hands were on his head, alternating between pressing his mouth to her sex and petting his head as pleasure filled her.

Butter felt her own need to be mated rising. She hadn't realized it was harder to wait to be filled again, while she watched Allison's mating with Hercules, than it was to wait away from the big mastiff. She watched Brian worshiping Grace's sex and was tempted to ask for his tongue and mouth to kiss her cleft of pleasure. All eight of her nipples were extended and her breast was swollen with desire.

I must wait! She told herself. Allison and Hercules are tied and I can't be had until they finish and



Hercules is rested. Then unbidden a thought came. She remembered treating Brian when she was in heat. Of taking not just his shaft, but also his testicles into her and then tying with him and milking his man tool dry with her insides. Her cervix twitched with her desire to feel the head of the man's shaft press through it and into her womb. Butter turned and was watching the man. His tool was clearly aroused. It was ready and red with desire, as he focused himself on giving Grace all than a man's tongue might in the way pleasure.

As Allison thought the crashing tide of pleasure that was running through her body was slowing she felt something new. Deep within her she felt her womb contract around Hercules probing shaft. She moaned as the best climax of her life filled her. She pressed her nipples harder into the fur on Hercules chest. Realization filled her. Her body had responded to the male and their mating by releasing an egg.

I want it to be fertilized, and to grow within me, be birthed from my body and nurtured at my breasts. I want this mating to produce a life that is he and I together, in a single new being! I want to present him with the new life we have created.

Allison moaned again in pleasure and then began crying as her mind told her it could never be. She'd never felt the desire for a man's child, in all the times she coupled with men. Suddenly she felt that Butter was the luckiest person alive in being able to have puppies, Hercules puppies.

Butter could smell the intensity of Allison's orgasm and sensed that her lover had learned what it was to want Hercules' puppies growing within her. She smiled and caressed her own tummy, knowing she was already pregnant with at least three of his puppies, perhaps as many as six. But the thought heightened her need. Butter could not wait for Allison and Hercules to finish or for the big mastiff to rest.

She climbed off the couch onto her hands and knees and crawled over to Brian and Grace. Grace was holding Brian's lips to her cleft when she became aware of Butter. Her climax was just drifting past its peak.

Butter turned and presented her sex to Brian and as she did Grace saw tears of desire in the young woman's eyes.

Across the room Allison saw Butter offering herself to Brian. She didn't care. All she wanted was for Hercules to stay within her forever.

Grace leaned forward and whispered to Brian, "Butter wants you to breed her."

Brian turned and saw the well-shaped hips and swollen vulva of his favorite bitch were being presented to him, his for the taking.

He turned to Grace, "Is it alright?"

Grace nodded. "To not breed her when she is in such need would be a cruelty."

Brian moved to Butter, placing his big hands on her hips. He breathed in deeply and the scent of Butter's need made up his mind. He plunged as deep into her as he could. Butter quivered and moved her hips back to meet his thrusts. The man felt her insides, still well lubricated from her last mating open to him and on the third thrust felt the head of his shaft kissing his bitch's cervix.

Butter moved her hips back and then Brian felt her soft hands delicately grasp his testicles and one by one press them into her vagina. Brian groaned as he felt Butter's sphincter muscle close around

the root of his manhood.

“So good! Grace, it feels so damn good!” He murmured.

A moment later his ability to speak ended when Butter pressed her hips back and the man felt the head his penis enter her womb. Her cervix seemed to close and lock around the narrow area behind his penis’ head, tying it within her a second time.

Brian groaned as he felt Butters vaginal walls and cervix contracting, over and over on his shaft. He felt feelings that were orgasms, except his shaft could not release his seed. Butter’s muscles held him too tightly to allow his seed to flow.

Butter was smiling again. The man’s shaft filled her and would meet her need, at least until Hercules’ was ready for her again.

Allison saw them but the sight hardly registered in her mind. Her whole being was focused on the pulses of life that Hercules was shooting into her and her own pleasure as her body welcoming them.

~~~~~

## **Chapter LV: Frank Talk**

Alison and Hercules were tied together for a half-hour. When the blonde felt the mastiff release her shoulder she held him more tightly with her arms and legs. When she felt his knot go down and then his shaft slip out of her she held him tighter still, and began to softly cry.

“I want him again! I don’t want it to stop!” She whimpered as she felt the liquids begin to flow from her. She held her hips high, still holding Hercules, trying to keep a drop of his seed from leaving her.

“Oh, I want his puppies!” She moaned.

Grace heard her, as did Butter. They smiled at each other. Brian was lost in both pleasure and agony to hear the blonde. Butter’s sphincter muscle held his swollen shaft deep within her too tightly to allow his seed to flow.

“Butter, please!” Brian cried.

Butter smiled at him and allowed the muscles holding him to relax just a little. She was rewarded by feeling his tool jerk and contract as his seed flowed into her. She couldn’t feel it, not like a dog’s seed. It wasn’t hot enough, but she felt the extra moisture within her. It allowed Brian to thrust deeper into her womb as his male part spurted, over and over.

Allison was just relaxing her hold on Hercules when he heard the man cry out. She looked over and realized he was within Butter’s sex. For a minute she was angry, then she felt the trickle of Hercules seed leaking down her thighs and smiled.

I can’t begrudge Butter a little sexual satisfaction while I’ve barrowed her lover Hercules to do me. But we share our males, so I guess I’ll just have to find out what Brian’s penis feels like inside and learning if he’s any good using it. Butter said he is.

A moment later Butter felt Brian drop onto her back; she’d drained him.

Butter waited patiently for the man to recover himself. As she waited she felt his shaft shrinking. She relaxed her hold on him as much as she could and felt his testicles slip from her body. Her eyes

drifted to Hercules who was cleaning his male tool. Allison was looking at her and softly smiling.

Butter smiled back to her lover, knowing that Allison understood why she'd coupled with Brian. She signed to her. "Thank you. I thought I had my need under control, but the sight of you doing with Hercules what my body wanted to do, made me wild for penetration."

Allison signed back, "I understand. It's OK. I love you, and always will."

Butter smiled at her lover and crawled over to her and began lapping up the liquids flowing from the blonde's sex. Allison moaned and then grinning moved over Butter until she could use her tongue as Butter was doing.

Across the room Grace saw Brian's shaft stiffen and extend. Fear showed in her eyes. Allison saw it when she glanced at her and decided she didn't care. If she fears the two of us might take Brian away from her, let her. We won't, but she hurt Butter, stole her voice! It will do her good to worry a little.

The girls continued pleasuring each other. They knew each others' bodies well, and were able to climax together. After they had rested they arose. Butter touched her hip, and Hercules was beside her. The three left for Butter's kennel.

Across the room, Alison noticed that Brian, who a moment before was enjoying Grace ministering to his shaft with her mouth, came quickly to his feet and led Grace away, toward their bedroom. Alison began to be suspect. He's created some way to watch us in the kennel and is dragging poor Grace off to where he can see the action.

She saw the way Butter was touching Hercules head as they walked and the way the dog moved with her. Yes, in a few minutes my sweet Butter will be busy with Hercules trying their best to make puppies. I guess there will be some action for Brian to see, although I feel like I need sleep.

Once they were in Butter's, kennel with the door closed, Allison took Butter in her arms and kissed her deeply, leading her to the bed. She wanted Butter to taste her love for her and know that they belonged to each other, regardless of occasional male parts entering either of them.

Butter seemed to understand and wrapped her body possessively around that of her blonde lover. As the kissed Butter sensed Allison's need for sleep, she let the passion of her kisses soften gradually until their lips separated. Butter smiled at Allison and moved down the blonde's body to her breasts, where she spent a half hour gently sucking on her lover's treasures, encouraging them to come into their milk.

Allison cuddled the brindle haired girl's head to her bosom and smiled at her. What Butter was doing was relaxing.

"Butter, what your doing is delightful, but I'll be asleep soon. Do you want to continue in the morning?"

Butter looked up and shook her head, then signed, "Allison, in ten weeks well have puppies to feed and we agreed you'd help nurse them."

Allison smiled, kissed her forehead and whispered. "OK, dearest."

Ten minutes later the blonde was asleep, but Butter kept suckling until Allison's were nipples were extended and plump.

During the night Allison awoke and realized that next to her Butter was mating with Hercules. She rolled over and watched, and when Butter turned her head to offer her neck to the dog Allison moved in and covered Butters lips with her own.

As they kissed Allison could feel Butter's passion mounting toward climax. She continued kissing her lover through the climax and felt Butter's whole body contract around the male shaft within her.

Allison pulled back and whispered, "Butter, did your body just feed another of your eggs to Hercules seed?"

Butter smiled and nodded.

Allison watch for the half-hour as the tied couple continued to move as one. Butter was holding Hercules tight around the neck with her arms and had wrapped her legs so tightly around the dogs waist that her soft tummy was pressed to the dog's and she had taken as much of his shaft into her as was possible.

As the couple began to relax, and softly separate Allison remembered her suspicion. She began to look carefully around the room. If there were cameras she didn't want Brian and Grace to know she was looking for them. It took a while, but by the time Hercules shrunken shaft slipped from Butter's body and his mate had relaxed her hold on his neck and waist Allison was sure she's found two little lenses pointed at the bed.

As Hercules pulled away from Butter Allison rolled over and buried her face in Butter's sex and began to carefully, and playfully clean her. She found that she now enjoyed the taste of Hercules seed, although she felt the guilt arise, a little, she was able to set it aside. What was better was than the taste of the dog was her enjoyment of Butter's special flavor. Not just girl, but girl mixed with bitch in heat. Allison decided it was wonderful and wished her own sex tasted that way.

When she was sparkling clean, and had climaxed again, Butter gently pushed Allison over and insisted on returning the pleasure her lover had given her. Later, the two girls crawled over to Hercules and ministered to his maleness with their mouths until he was ready to breed again.

Butter coupled with him, having learned that her heat was not far enough along for her to set her need aside and watch Allison mate with the big mastiff.

Allison smiled benevolently at the mating pair. There making puppies again. I may not be able to have his young, but as soon as Butter does, I can nurse them.

Smiling, she went to the adjoining bath, shower and moisturized. As she did she looked around, casually a by the time she was done had spotted two more cameras.

We're being watch, probably all the time. Perhaps even taped! I guess the sex shows we put on the living room aren't enough to satisfy Brian. I don't mind the watching, except for the fact they should have asked. But I don't want Butter and I mating with Hercules to show up on the net. It's private and tender and about life, ours' together and the new life Butter and Hercules are creating within her womb. No, I don't mind their watching, that's better than letting them participate. But I need to be sure there are no tapes or DVDs being created.

Butter coupled with Hercules again before morning. She was able to go to breakfast with Allison and sit relatively calmly while Hercules ate in the kitchen. Throughout the meal Allison and Butter talked together using sign language. The blonde noticed that Grace and Brian were becoming irritated. Finally, Brian got up, and walked off in a huff. Butter didn't notice, but Allison did.

Butter did become increasingly uneasy and began looking around for Hercules. Allison understood it was the heat, wanting to be feed the big dog's seed, but felt a flash of jealousy. My girl can't seem to get enough of the big dog's shaft.

She was literally in love with Thor. What if she is falling in love with Hercules the same way? I'll have to talk to about that in a few days, when she can talk sense again.

Butter smiled and nodded toward Hercules, who'd come into the dinning room. Allison smiled at her and signed, "Can he do me later today?" She signed.

Butter thought about it and signed back, "Yes, but in my kennel. That way if it's to much for me I can find someway to join in."

Allison nodded and Butter touched her hip. Instantly Hercules was beside her and Allison and Grace could see him enjoying Butter's scent as she led him back to her Kennel.

"They're going to mate, again?" Grace asked.

Allison nodded. "It's been three hours since the last time."

Grace cleared her throat, and then launched it. "Allison, I was wondering if you and Butter know how annoying it is when you to talk together using sign language. When you're alone its fine, but at the table it seems rude."

Allison could tell Grace was trying to put her issue delicately, but decided it was time to be blunt. "I see how it might be, Grace. But, since you arranged for Butter to lose her voice, sign language is the only way, other than writing, she can talk, I don't see how you can complain."

"But the rudeness?"

"You and Brian could have learned American Sign Language years ago. It's not really hard, easier than French or Spanish. Butter tried to learn almost nine years ago, but found it was impossible to learn it alone. The two of us, working together, became fluent in a few weeks. You and Brian could too."

"I see, so you don't think it's rude, given my having had Butter's voice taken away?"

Allison nodded. "I will tell you what I think is rude. That's setting up secret cameras that spy on us when we think were alone and watching our most intimate moments."

Grace sat very still for a moment, then looked up. "Figure it out, didn't you.

"How?"

"Mainly is was they way you two knew in advance that we were going to put on a show for you in the living room. I have lots of free time, while Butter mates with Hercules, I looked around, and once I knew what I was looking for, they were easy to spot.

"I assume the ones in Butters Kennel and bath aren't the only ones."

Grace nodded. "I told Brian you'd figure it out. There are cameras all over the farm. Everywhere Brian thought it likely that Butte, or you might mate with Hercules or another dog in the future.

"How angry are you?"

"I was pretty upset for awhile. Then I gained some perspective. I mean Butter, and I, are willing to let you watch. Out excursions to the living room were planned to be a treat for you two. Letting you watch at other times doesn't seem like a big deal, but I think we will be performing in the living room less often now that we know you can watch us in the Kennel and at other locations.

"So, I don't mind that you're watching. Please be honest though, I won't tolerate recording what we do, in any way. No TIVO, no DVDs, no video tape?"

Grace nodded. "Brian wanted to, but I said no."

Allison smiled. "Good. Tell Brian that if we find he is saving what he sees, even to his private hard drive, we're out of here; contract or no contract. I have some money, Butter has a lot of money and Jill and Silvia invited us to stay with them. I think Anna would Butter us bred at her place. Then there is that nice Edward Hacker in Massachusetts. He offered Butter double what ever you are paying her to come breed in his kennel."

"I understand." Grace said, "There will be no record, other than memory."

Allison smiled and went to join Butter.

Butter's heat continued for the next five days. But each day she was able to wait a little longer between couplings, even if she was in the room when Hercules was breeding Allison. The blonde was increasingly eager to mate with the mastiff. By the end of Butter's heat the girls were each mating with Hercules twice each day. Allison found that was her limit in terms of comfort, and Butter, who seemed to have no limit, tried to pace herself to her lover.

When the heat passed Hercules seemed to lose interest in Butter, although Allison was surprised to find he was still easily aroused by the blonde, if she presented her sex to him. Then she remembered, Hercules had experience with a woman before. After she unintentionally had roused him, she felt she should satisfy him and enjoyed the resulting coupling a great deal. Hercules seemed more relaxed and they were tied for a longer than ever before; nearly ninety minutes.

Later, while Butter was suckling at Allison bosom, the blonde asked her a question. "Butter, you aren't in love with Hercules are you? I remember how much you loved Thor."

Butter looked up and shook her head. Then signed, "He's a real nice breeding partner, but now that I'm out of heat, I don't really want to mate with him. I want you.

"With Thor, I couldn't get enough of him. It didn't matter if I was in heat or not. We mated almost every day and lots of days more than once. More important, we were always together. Even when I did Ajax, Thor stayed with me and was very sweet about my treating his friend. He loved me as much as I loved him. He was my mate, until he was killed.

"Hercules mated with me, but other than having puppies together he's not my mate in any way. Thor was with me all through my pregnancies and soon after I whelped my puppies, that's as soon as Anna would let him he'd join me. He stayed by me while I nursed our young.

"I like Hercules, but I don't love him. I won't mind his being gone, especially if you are really going to help me with the puppies."

Allison assured her, "Sweetheart, after all my times with Hercules I don't love him, but I want few things as much as I want to help you nurse and raise his young."

## Chapter LVI: Tears

Five days after Butter's heat ended her morning sickness began. Allison felt sorry for the brindle haired girl. She lost whatever she'd ate within an hour, and every morning her head was over the toilet bowl. Allison tried to console her lover. Butter smiled and then signed to her that she would be better soon, and the puppies were worth it.

Their offer on the house was accepted while Butter was in heat. By the time Butter was having morning sickness the house was theirs (Brian's, Grace's and Butter's). While Butter rested, letting her body get used to being pregnant, Sam drove Allison to the house every day to take and check measurements. Generally, Sam left her to work on her own, unless she asked him to help, and returned to pick her up when Allison called him using her new cell. She's picked up a new cell service, and number soon after turning in her application for an Oregon architect's license.

Allison enjoyed poking around the house, exploring corners and closets, the attic and basement as well as the garage, and always taking measurements and notes. She located the water main, determined its size. Found the sewer main, located the plumbing vents. Marked the location of electric outlets, lights and switches, figured out what circuit each was on and which circuit breaker controlled it, and how many additional circuits could be fitted into the electrical panel.

The tears started the second day of her time alone investigating what would be her and Butter's new home. After she was there for a few hours, she suddenly started to cry. She cried in great wracking sobs that shook her whole body and forced her to her knees. The crying continued for a half-hour before she was able to stop. After resting Allison return to investigating the house.

Allison couldn't understand why she had cried, only that she was very unhappy about something, but she didn't know what.

In the following days at the house she had additional attacks of the inexplicable tears every few hours. When she returned to Pembroke Farm, she'd rush into Butter's arms, kissing her lover and caressing her like she'd been gone for months. The crying attacks never occurred when she was with or near Butter.

Perhaps, I just miss her that much when I'm away, Allison hypothesized. Yes, that must be it! Being away from my sweet Butter is what makes me sad! She was satisfied with her conclusion, for a while, but in her heart she knew the crying was caused by something else.

Allison was so happy when she was with Butter, she was able to forget her crying jags. She took care of Butter, until the morning sickness passed and enjoyed Butters efforts to bring her milk on. By the third week of her pregnancy Butter was clearly pregnant. Her tummy was hard and swollen into an unmistakable round form.

Allison was shocked at the speed with which Butter's pregnancy was progressing. She asked Butter about it and the brindle haired girl smiled and signed, "Allison, babies take 270 days to grow enough to be birthed. But puppies, take 70 days to be big enough to whelp. Being pregnant with puppies after three weeks is like nearing the end of the first trimester with a baby. Besides, I think I'm going to have a lot of puppies."

Allison was surprised, "Really Butter? How many?" She signed.

"More than ten, maybe more than twelve. I'll have to be very careful, taking it easy and eating lots, if

I'm to avoid some being stillborn. I'm a very small bitch for that big a litter. I'm luck you're going to help nurse them. Ten puppies is all I can be sure of providing enough milk for on my own."

Butters smiled as she made the last comment. A moment later the two were wound together kissing. Later, while Butter was nursing at Allison's breasts her clever fingers moving with delicacy and knowledge to give pleasure to the blonde. Still later, Allison pressed Butter's back to the bed and returned all the pleasure that had been given her.

Allison began to hate the times when she was away from Butter. It's only a matter of time before I break down in uncontrollable tears in front of Sam, or worse still when I'm meeting with building officials or contractors!

Knowing that the crying was a sign of something wrong she began sitting down, after every emotional storm passed, and trying to understand herself. Why? Why, do I start crying for no apparent reason? Why does it only happen away from Butter?

She didn't know the answers, but felt better when she brought her analytic skills to the problem. It calmed her, and seemed to make the crying fits shorter, but it was two weeks before she thought she understood.

Allison realized that she needed a car to practice architecture in semi-rural Salem, Oregon. She used her insurance money to buy a used Honda CRV, a new computer, computer added design software, and a large format printer. She drove every day to the new house and took measurements of it and the garage structure. Brian gave her an unused coffee table to set up a temporary office on in a spare bedroom. Allison found a cushion she liked to set on when she was working at the computer. While she worked, Butter would curl up next to her and rest her head on her lover's thigh.

Allison dressed in the morning when she was leaving the farm, and stripped within minutes of her return. She'd come to enjoy the freedom of being nude, especially when she was with Butter.

The two young women went out of her way to tease Brian with their youthful well-formed bodies. Raising his passion, and leaving him to turn to Grace for release of the tension she and Butter had built in his libido. Grace observed the game, and seemed to enjoy watching her husband become aroused and then leading him away to some place she felt comfortable and playing with his male intensity there.

As Allison worked in the house project Butter would sit by Allison as the blonde first created plans, elevations, and sections of the two buildings, and later as she began created plans for the remodel. They talked about their new home, using sign language, as Allison worked. They decided that since Butter would be at the Farm for another five months, whelping and raising puppies, the garage would be the first priority. Then the house would be remodeled enough to make it comfortable for Butter and Allison after they moved it. Additional work would be undertaken the following year, and the year after, when Butter went to Pembroke Farm to breed.

Allison's parents had given her some getting started money, which the blonde insisted was a load, but which her parents considered a gift. It, with Butter's income, the expected proceeds from 'their' puppy's sale, and the money the Pembroke's were putting into the remodel would allow them to live in their new home comfortably, even if Allison's business was slow to get started. Although, Brian was talking the young architect's talent up to his friends and associates, and assured her of commissions as soon as her Oregon license arrived.

Slowly Allison's time spent analyzing her strange crying began to have results. What's changed? That was the key question. Bit by bit, over a week, she listed the things that were different in her life



and examined them.

"I found Butter and were lovers. But that can't be the cause. I knew I loved Butter months ago, and the crying is new.

"Nick trashed my apartment and destroyed all my material possessions. But stuff isn't that important to me. I had a good cry, but it was soon over and made the move to Oregon easier.

"So, was it the move to Oregon? No, the crying didn't start with that. It was later.

"So what happened later that turned my into such an emotional mess?"

The answer didn't come for two days, as Allison slowly narrowed the field of possibilities.

"Could it be watching my darling Butter mating with a dog? No, that bothered me, but it was strange and knew, not disturbing. I know she loves me and her breeding can't threaten that.

"Was it Brian spying on us? Well, that made me real angry, but I did something about it and feel better now, although I don't trust Brian, I believe Grace will keep his snooping within the range I can tolerate. After all, it's his home, and he's paying a lot of money to be able to watch Butter breeding and playing at sex with me. I guess I don't mind his watching me being bred too."

The last thought was the trigger. Suddenly she was crying and moaning.

"Hercules! I want Hercules back! I want him! I need him with me!"

When Allison recovered herself it was clear. "I love Hercules, not like I love Butter, but in a way as deeply and certainly with as much passion. I love him, I miss him, I want to couple with him again, and again, and I'm so jealous I could spite, that Butter being able to give him puppies. She imagined Butters pregnant tummy and the tears began to flow again.

"I want his puppies! I want them to grow in my womb and be birthed from my body!"

Then she laughed at herself. "Yes I do. But do I want some doctor to cut my open and transplant doggy ovaries into me? Do I want to go into heat, like Butter did, and be so desperate for a male that I'll accept any hard shaft, like when Butter went after Brian?

"I guess not. But I cry because he was the best male sex partner I ever had, and I want more. Not more dog doing me, but more Hercules doing me. At least I think that's it.

"I knew I was bisexual. I love Butter, but I love the male-female thing too. Except, it's hard to accept my wanting the male to be Hercules.

"I also want children. Not puppies, but babies. But I want Hercules too, and his puppies too. Shit! I'm a mess."

"I'll have to talk this over with Butter. She's so sweet, I know she won't get mad. But I hope my desire for Hercules. My need for him, won't be something that she finds threatening.

After Butter's morning sickness ended Allison noticed that her brindle haired lover seemed incredibly happy. It seemed like as good a time as she'd ever find to talk about Hercules.

She started by asking Butter, "Sweetheart, what makes you so happy?"

"Many things. Not the least of which is being with you. But, Allison, it's also because I'm pregnant." Butter signed to her. "It always makes me blissfully happy. At least until I get too big to be comfortable. I think it's Mother Nature's plan. Being pregnant brings the release of hormones that make you happy. I mean the whole process is mixed with discomfort, pain, nausea, massive inconvenience and ends with your having the responsibility for your young until they are old enough to leave.

"I'm lucky, my puppies will be ready to go off with their new families three months after I whelp them."

She pointed at Allison's chest and smiled, "When, you have a baby we need to be prepared to raise it for twenty years.

"But what about you, Allison, are you enjoying our pregnancy?" Butter grinned widely as she signed.

Allison, smiled and looked down at her swollen nipples. Butter was doing all she could, four times a day, to get her lover ready to help nurse.

Allison nodded and blushed. "You know it. In fact I think I'll be as happy to be nursing them as you will be."

Butter looked at quizzically. "Why is that?" She signed.

The blonde hesitated, yet she couldn't stand to not be honest. "Dear, you know I love you, don't you?"

Butter nodded, not sure where the conversation was going.

"Dear," Allison continued, "You know I'm bisexual?"

Butter nodded, and pointed at her self and signed, "Me too."

"Well, as you also know Hercules was the first dog I ever was with, you know, that way."

Butter nodded.

"I had trouble with guilt about it, a lot of trouble, that kept me from thinking about things clearly. You, see, sweetie, I'm jealous. You get to have his puppies growing within you and birth them, as well as nurse and raise them. The more times Hercules and I made love, or mated, or what ever, the more I wanted the same thing.

"While you're the sweetest girl in the world, and I'm never, ever letting you go, the part of me that likes that male penetrating and impregnating me thing, wants Hercules puppies.

"Butter, I'm afraid that I love him. Not like a pet, but as a male. Like a part of my femaleness that needs to merge with him as the seed giver." As Allison finished she began to softly cry.

Butter looked at Allison for a one seconds, than came over and cuddled her into her arms, allowing her human breasts, so warm and soft, to mingle with Allison's as they kissed.

She kissed the blonde, petted her, caressed her and finally settled into what had become their nursing ritual. It always calmed them and this time was no exception. When Allison's nipples were swollen, her chest flushed, and her tears had turned to a soft smile Butter, hugged her and then grabbed her laptop and set it between them. A moment later it was on and Butter began typing.

"Dear, Allison, I thought we should talk about this through the laptop instead of sign language. I think the subject is so complicated.

"Do you mean to say that you are bisexual, but the part of you that likes what males do, has decided it prefers Hercules, or has it decided it prefers dogs? That is an important question."

Allison nodded. "I'm pretty sure it's Hercules. It's his puppies I want. I've getting depressed and crying when I'm away from you because I want Hercules breeding me and I want Hercules to make me pregnant."

Butter nodded, and then typed, "But Hercules is the only dog you have ever made love with."

Allison nodded.

Butter continued, "Every male, man or dog that has ever made love to me really well, has also made me want his young growing in me; especially during and after a really good climax. If you're up for it, I think we should do a test.

"Dr. Anna Marshall is coming over next week to see how my pregnancy is proceeding. She'll bring Happy with her. I suggest you explain your feelings to Anna and ask if you can try mating with Happy, to see if it's dogs or Hercules in particular you want. I've seen Happy do Jill, and Anna. I'm proud of how well my boy takes care of a woman as he mates with her."

The idea struck Allison as brilliant and scary. It had been hard enough to come out to Butter, she was terrified of confiding in Anna. Yet, Butter's idea would work. If she did Happy, and still desperately wanted Hercules, she'd know it was more than a suddenly realization that dogs were great lovers. It would be special to Hercules. It would come close to proving, maybe prove, that she loved the big mastiff.

Allison swallowed and nodded. "Butter, you won't mind if I, you know, get bred, when you aren't in heat?"

Butter smiled benevolently, then typed. "As long as my Allison comes to me bed at night and wants to cuddle and kiss and make love with me after, I don't mind if you want to do a whole pack of dogs.

"Although, if you do, I recommend mastiffs, speaking as one."

Butter smiled and Allison hugged her tight.

"But, Butter, what do we do when I know? I mean what if it's that I love Hercules, or what if it is that I have an insatiable desire to be bred by dogs?"

Butter hugged her back then brought her hands back to the keyboard. "I think you'll find that two good breedings a day will leave you too sore for more, and that even once a day, every day, will leave you really well loved, but to sore for much more often after a few days."

Allison giggled as she read Butters comment. "Right now, to be sore too move, down there, sounds kind of nice, if it was Hercules shaft throbbing in me that made me sore."

"But what do we do?"

"If it's Hercules, we get June Weston to give Hercules to us. We buy him, promise her pick of my litters, forever, offer her the guest room in our new home whenever she wants to visit Hercules. Let her take him on short trips. I don't know what it will take, but I'm sure we can bring her around to

some kind of sharing him, at a minimum. If it were Brian, we'd just let him watch you and Hercules, and or me and Hercules, once a week and he'd let us have anything we want.

"Oh, but, Allison, will you be able to share him?"

Allison kissed her on the cheek and nodded. "Of course. I love you, if he's good with me I'll want to share him with you. Besides, I need you to mate with him so I can nurse his puppies!"

"But, Butter, what if I don't love him? What if I just learn that I prefer to be with dogs rather than men to work out my desire for the male thrusting thing?"

Butter smiled and turned back to the keyboard. "That's easier, Brian and Grace are shopping for a puppy or puppies with me as soon as my own young are weaned. We find two little sweeties and bring them up to good breeding partners.

"But, Allison, there are more things we need to talk about.

"Loving a dog, a mastiff, can be hard. If you pick a good dog he will always love you and protect you. But he will age, fast. Hercules will die of old age within fifteen years, probably less. I know that Anna Marshall realizes that Happy is getting older and may lose interest in sex in a few years.

"When Thor died it was as hard on me as if my husband of eight years had died. Men die, but they live longer than dog's, a lot longer."

Allison nodded. "I've thought of that. I think I'll be OK, as long as I have you with me, Butter. Even if I love him, and have to watch him age and die while I still feel young."

The hugged and kissed. Then Butter turned to the laptop again.

"The other thing you need to decide is if you want to really have Hercules', or another dog's puppies?

"You can, I'm proof, Anna is proof. It might cost you the ability to have children, it will hurt a lot, and it will make you, for real, part bitch. You will go into heat, and you've seen me in heat. It can be fun, but it can also be hell, and it means putting yourself under another persons control to prevent indiscriminate breeding. When I was in heat, if a toy poodle had wandered by, I would have offered myself to him and later had some very ugly puppies that no one would want."

"It would cost a lot of money, too," Allison noted.

Butter thought for a minute and then typed, "Yes, but if it's what you want, I'm sure Brian would pay for it, if you promised to let him watch you breed, whelp and nurse your young.

"If it's something that's in your head, why not talk to Anna about it when she's here next week. Who knows, her biology may be different than mine. She has less doggy parts than I do. Maybe her heat isn't as bad. Although I've seen her in heat, and she seems as lost in it as I feel.

"Also, it may not be possible. I haven't seen Doctor Jones or Smithy in two years. Anna can tell you if they still might be willing to fix you up with some mastiff ovaries."

"You're right Butter. I'll talk to Anna, and if I can get my nerve up, I'll also ask if I can play with Happy."

The two girls hugged and then realizing it was late, went to bed, where they pleased each other for a

soft cuddly half-hour before drifting into each others' arms and sleep.

~~~~~

## **Chapter LVII: Allison's Test**

Patty Marshall came by the following Thursday to Check on Butter. It was the afternoon and Allison had spent the morning with an engineer at the new place, going over the structural changes she planned for the house, and garage.

Since her confession to Butter the crying fits had stopped. Allison felt that they wouldn't come back, if she could work up the nerve for the planned conversation with the vet, and if Patty Marshall would let her try mating with her lover, Happy. She hoped that she'd say yes, although asking her to share Happy was an inherently unreasonable request.

Patty arrived on time and had Happy with her. It was a beautiful sunny day, hinting at the nearness of spring. Although it was cool Butter and Allison were enjoying the feel of the sun on their naked skin.

Allison waited patiently while Butter and Happy romped and chased each other around together. She sat down next to Patty and they watched the two play.

Mother and son seemed to understand each other perfectly, and behaved like family together. Allison found she envied them that. In her mind she knew she had family, and that if she had children it would be much the same. Still the sight of Butter and the huge dog enjoying each others company renewed her desire to mate with Hercules, and have his young.

"Beautiful together, aren't they?" Patty commented. She glanced at the blonde a little nervously. She appeared to be relaxed, although Allison guessed that the girls' nakedness was still somehow disturbing to the older woman.

"Yes, but I've seen Happy with you and your beautiful together too, in a different way."

"He's my mate and I'm his. We belong to each other.

"But it's not the same as mother and son. I miss all my puppies, sometimes more than my children. But I get to see my children several times a year. I'm enjoying getting to know my grandchildren. I have three now.

"The people who have my puppies don't know I'm the mother. They don't even consider the possibility that I might want to see them or their young," Patty concluded wistfully.

"But you like having puppies?"

"Oh yeah! For getting pregnant, being pregnant, birthing your young, nursing and rearing them Puppies are better than children. For having that sense of family we all seem to want, children win hands down."

"So your happy that you have both?"

"Sure, I love my puppies, all 71 of them, and I love my children. Happy does more for me in the breeding process than any man ever did, and I know he'll never leave me; at before he dies.

"I was young when I had my children; still in college. I was almost forty when I had my first litter. I'll

be fifty soon. I feel menopause creeping toward me, and with it the end of children, puppies and going into heat. I'm hopping it won't be the end of making love with a beautiful male mastiff.

"Happy is getting old too. I think two to three more years and he'll lose interest in sex. He'll always be my best friend. I'm hopping my going into heat stops before he dies. I wouldn't want to be like Butter; still so young, a bitch needing to be bred, and her lover gone."

Patty looked at the blonde and saw she was hanging on every word.

"Allison, why are you so interested in all this. Is it to better understand Buttercup, or something else?"

Allison looked down. "I guess I should come clean. I wanted to talk with you because I think I'm in love with Hercules, the dog the Butter just bred with. We made love several times and since he left, I've been having horribly crying spells. Lately I figured out it was because I miss him; him, the big cuddly dog, as well as the male who does me nicely.

"I find myself envying Butter's pregnancy. I want Hercules young making my tummy big. I want it so bad I could spit.

"Butter said I should talk to you about getting me made into a part bitch, like you. She said that she didn't know if the docs who did her, and your surgery, are still around and if they are if they're willing."

Patty looked at her for several minutes, surprised. Then nodded. "You'll want it more when you see Butter birth her puppies. That's what did it for me. They were so adorable, and such fun to be around, especially after their eyes opened and before they were weined. I'd been wanting to get pregnant again, and puppies seemed a perfect solution. Looking back they were.

"My children were getting ready to leave for college. I already missed them half the year when they were with their father, the creep.

"I wanted to birth new life, but I didn't want to deal with a man, and I knew I didn't have it in me to do the whole diaper, toddler, bed wetting, homework, sports practice, friends I don't like, and college fund thing, again. Twice was plenty. Watching Butter with her puppies helped me realized her I was done with children.

"But, Allison, you're still very young. It will be hard to have a seven year old son or daughter you have to take care of, when you go into heat. It will be harder to be nursing puppies, and keep it from an inquisitive eight or nine year old.

"I separated my breeding pattern, and it worked for me. Puppies and children at the same time would be harder than I can imagine."

"Patty, I'm not at all sure that's what I want. But, if I find that it is, are the magic doctors still available?"

"Yes, and no. Smithy and Jones are still out there and interested in interspecies breeding. They did one more procedure after mine. It did not turn out well. The woman was over fifty and in the middle of menopause. The new ovaries, although from a young bitch were affected by the hormonal changes already underway in her body. She'd hope the transplant would rejuvenate her as well as let her have the puppies of her dog, a large black and white collie she loved. The new ovaries became barren and she almost died from the surgery. I'll call her Ms. Hicks.

"Well, while Ms. Hicks knew the risks, she still raised a huge stink. Doctors Smithy and Jones were

told to leave the county where they were set up to do their experimental surgeries. They did, and also lost their licenses to practice medicine in this county. That's why they haven't been back to check on Butter.

"They have a new location to experiment in, another third world county, but they have given up on transplant surgery. They're exploring genetic mutation of a single organ. Their objective, they say, is to grow the equivalent of a human heart in a dog, one that is a perfect match for a particular patient needing a transplant. If they succeed they'll probably get the Nobel prize for solving the shortage of transplant organs problem, and they hope to be able to practice medicine here again.

"Of course the docs are kinky. They are also exploring how to make the body of a human female mutate its reproductive system to match that of a specific dog. They have a rich patroness that wants to be the first, but they are a long way from human trials, let alone success.

"So even if I want to, I can't?"

Patty nodded. "But as I said, if you want to, and want children I recommend waiting until you're kids are in college, when you can get five or six months to yourself, to go into heat, whelp, raise your puppies and adopt them out. Smithy and Jones are brilliant, and well funded, I wouldn't be surprised if they can accommodate you, if you really want to do it, in ten to fifteen years; maybe sooner."

"Yes, but that would be too late for me to have Hercules puppies."

Patty nodded. "Are you sure it's Hercules, that you want to mate with. I mean you coupled with him, what four or five times, and he was your one and only K9 lover?"

"Yes, but Butter suggested that I might just be infatuated, based on great sex."

"She could be right, Allison."

"I know, Butter suggested a test, if you will agree?"

"Really, what have you two cooked up?"

"Butter said, if you'd allow me to try it with Happy, I'd probably be able to learn whether it's Hercules I want, or just a big good-natured male mastiffs."

Patty laughed, long and loud. It took her a minute to stop. She was grinning from ear to ear when she replied. "Sure, you want to run the experiment today?"

Allison nodded.

"Can I watch?"

"You want to?"

"Yes, you see, I've never seen a woman mate with a dog."

"But Butter?"

Patty shook her head. "I've helped her whelp, watched her nurse, seen her pregnant, and done an ultrasonic and counted her puppies, but although I've coupled with Happy hundred of times I've never seen another woman do it. I think it might get Happy and I in the mood for some fun when we get home."

"Well, then, after you examine Butter?"

Patty nodded.

"Do you mind if Grace and Brian watch too?"

Patty shook her head, "Not if you don't."

"OK," Allison said after a deep breath and standing up. "I'll go tell them what's up, and get the library ready. We'll be ready and waiting when your done with Butter. The three of you can join us, and I'll offer myself to Happy."

"Do you think he, you know, want to?"

Patty nodded. "He likes sex, and he's only had sex with women. I've never known him to hesitate or get shy, and he knows you a little, plus your nude; that's my the signal to him that I'm willing."

"I don't know how Butter manages to make him understand that she's not available. Most dogs will jump their mother, given the chance, once they're a couple of years old."

"Butter, somehow communicates perfectly with her puppies, even after not seeing them for years, it's part of her magic." Allison commented remembering Butter and Megan.

Patty nodded, and stood up. She watched the pretty young blonde walk toward the house. She was looking forward to seeing Happy breed her.

An hour later Butter, Patty and Happy found Allison, Grace and Brian inside. Patty had examined Butter in her, Kennel with Happy there, to help keep the young woman calm.

As they entered Allison sensed instantly that Butter was upset. She glanced at Patty and she looked concerned too.

The blonde jumped up off the mating bench, which was where she'd been sitting, and ran to hug her lover. "Butter, what's the matter," she asked as pulled her lover into her arms.

Butter hugged her tight, seeming to try to hold on to Allison as if she was the only point of stability in a shifting world. They held each other for five minutes, until the blonde sensed Butter was calming. When she looked around she saw Patty looking at them, while Grace and Brian seemed confused. Even Happy seemed subdued.

Butter pointed to her expanded tummy and signed to Allison, 15 puppies. It's too many.

Allison looked at her shocked. She remembered that Butter's births of more than 10 always included stillborn pups. She gathered Butter back into her arms, kissing her softly on the cheek and hugging her protectively.

In the background she herd Patty explaining to Grace and Brian. "I'm sure of at least fifteen. What bothers me is I can't be sure there aren't more. I recommended to Butter that we abort the pregnancy. The risk to her health is too great. She refused."

Brian opened his mouth, then was silent, then began to speak. "What if I order the abortion? Will you do it?"

"Butter's decision is my final answer. No offence Brian, but it's not your body."

Brian nodded and Grace wrapped her arm around his shoulder protectively. She looked at Patty and



asked, "What should be do, to help make sure Butter and the puppies are alright?"

"From now until she whelps she should take it very easy. No strenuous activity that might bring on premature births. At 55 days she should be confined to a bed-rest, with her pelvic higher than her head. She will need lots of food. I'll give Lilly specifics.

"Butter will put on some extra weight but she can take that off after she weenies the puppies.

"You should see if you can locate another bitch who has just weaned her puppies when Butter whelps her litter. She'll need help nursing so many young.

Allison turned, still holding Butter, "That won't be necessary. I'm going to help nurse the puppies." Patty, Grace and Brian starred at the blonde, open mouthed. After a minute Patty nodded, "Good. But remember to rotate the puppies between you. Your milk will nourish them but there are antibodies in Butter's milk that the puppies will need."

Allison nodded, and returned to hugging Butter. She wanted to order Butter to abort the pregnancy, but knew she had no right. Only she could make a decision that affected her life, health, and the unborn lives growing within her.

Still Allison hugged her; suddenly full of fear that the precious love she'd found, might be taken away from her. Butter hugged her back but then pushed her slightly away and grinning pointed at Happy. Butter was like that, her bad moods and depressions generally lasted only a short time. Then she returned to being the Butter who Allison sometimes thought of as the happy puppy.

"You think I still should?" Allison, asked. "But?"

Butter shook her head, then signed, "You need to know, don't panic, the risk I face is about the same as that to a woman who finds herself pregnant with quadruplets."

Allison shrugged and kissed Butter on the cheek. She turned and saw Happy a few feet from her. He was grinning at her like he knew exactly what was coming.

"I guess the show will go on," she murmured.

Allison walked over to the padded breeding bench, and laid down on it, spreading her legs and presenting her sex to Happy, who had followed her. He was sniffing the air between her knees. She smiled at him and spread her thighs a little more.

That did it, Happy moved forward and Allison felt his long hot tongue caressing her cleft. It felt wonderful. But, Allison felt she couldn't relax, the news about Butter had her upset and she wondered if she should just call the experiment off.

Suddenly Butter was beside her, one hand caressing her right breast and her lips on Allison's. As Happy continued pleasing her sex, Butter used her mouth and hands to raise her lover's arousal. Slowly the awareness of anything but the wonderful tongue, mouth and fingers pleasing the blonde faded.

Across the room, Patty had settled into a chair and after opening her jeans, let her fingers descend into her panties.

On the adjacent couch Bran was nude from the waste down. Grace was watching the action while using her mouth to please her man. Brian had pulled her long skirt up and her panties down and was caressing her cleft with self assured skill.

Allison breathing became more rapid as she neared the peak of excitement. What Butter was doing to her breasts was magic, and Happy was clearly an expert at pleasing a woman with his huge

tongue. For a moment her concern about Butter emerged, but Butter kissed her deeply and then signed, "Don't worry, Allison. I've had puppies before. I'll be fine. The worst that will happen is some might be stillborn, but I don't think so this time." She leaned over and kissed her lover again, just as happy took Allison's body over the edge to float in bliss.

The climax shook Allison's whole body. It's good! So good! So wonderful! Were the only thoughts she could hold for minutes, as Happy's gifted tongue took her to the peak, over and over.

When his tongue moved away the blonde was floating in pleasure, unaware of her surroundings, as her body began to calm. She felt motion and smiling she looked up and saw the mastiff's massive head, above her own. He was smiling and she smiled back. She felt him walk his hips forward and she spread her thighs wide and hooked them outside his legs and up around his hips.

She felt thin streams of his hot pre-come shooting onto her. Many hit her sex and the heat sank into her and again raised her passion anew. Butter was beside her. She reached down and grasping her son's sheath, guided it to Alison's sex.

Allison felt the thin tip slip easily into her. Happy hunched forward again and the magic stated, all over. She giggled feeling the shaft lengthen and thicken with each of Happy's rapid thrusts.

When Allison felt it had grown enough to be securely within her, she raised her arms up, and smiling at the beautiful beast, began caressing his neck and making little cooing noises. Her arousal increase again when she began to feel Happy's shaft take shape. Yes, there is the long tapered tip, followed by the nice wide area, and, oh my, there's his knot.

She giggled as she felt the knot expanding. For several thrusts the knot slide in and out of her, gaining girth with each trip to her core. When it was the diameter of a baseball, she tried holding it in her, but failed. It became a game, each thrust it was thicker, and she tried to hold it in, but then failed. The sensation of the growing knot pressing in and out of her entrance was divine. She felt stretched and filled and stretched in succession. When the knot reached the size of softball she succeeded.

In a cascade of mixed tears of joy and laughter she came, pulling the huge head to her and kissing Happy's snout, nose, and cheeks over and over. She felt the tip of his shaft had reached bottom as was pressing against the tight door that guarded her womb. She loved the feeling of his tool spraying her insides with his hot lubricants. She hugged him tight and thrust her hips back, seeking oneness. The knot grew and pressed the magic pleasure place within her vagina and she climaxed.

Allison reached the plain where her world was pleasure. She felt the huge dogs heart beating within her as the knot throbbed in time with the mastiff's heart. Gasping for breath she turned her head for air and felt the dog take her shoulder and hold her, gently but firmly. Deep within her she felt the flower of her cervix open. The tip, and more of his maleness pressed into her womb. She was surrounded by the mastiff's presence. Her heart kept time with his, both pounding inside her, his breath, hot but sweet, like fall leaves after a rainstorm, surrounded her and intoxicated her. Then the shaft, hot and pulsing within her began to spasm, as it filled her womb with Happy's seed.

She hugged his neck tighter and fought to press her hips back to take even more of the impaling shaft. Happy's teeth pressed more tightly into her shoulder and she loved it. Deep within her she felt her womb contract, then again, and again. Allison didn't know it but she was laughing and crying. Her back was no longer resting on the padded bench, she was in the air, supported by the hold her legs had on the dog's hips, her arms around his neck and the strength of the shaft deep within her. Her climax continued with the burst of seed shooting into her womb, and the internal contractions around the penetrating male tool. Allison felt her womb expanding with the quantity of seed Happy was blessing her with.

The mating pair became still, both enjoying the pleasure of his pulsing delivery of life to her hungry sex. She held Happy tight and bit his neck, as he was biting hers, tenderly but firmly. She hoped the pleasure would never end, but slowly she realized Happy had drained himself to fill her and was moving toward rest. Still, they held tightly to each other until Allison felt the knot shrink and the shaft pull from her core. She held him still, savoring the sense of being one, until his male part had retreated from her sex entirely.

Happy released the hold he had on her neck and grinning Allison released her', on his neck. Slowly she relaxed her arms allowing her back to again rest on the bench. Then she relaxed her legs allowing the beautiful creature to step back between her thighs.

Happy dropped his head and began to drink the liquids flowing from her. Allison giggled, and used her muscles to push more of them to his eager tongue. She came again as he licked her clean, a soft climax that was more about happy contentment than bursting ecstasy.

Unaware of herself the blonde drifted into a peaceful sleep.

~~~~~

## **Chapter LVIII: Their Litter**

When Allison awoke Butter was leaning over her, an impish smile on her lips. Butter kissed her and then signed, "You seemed to like what my son can do."

Allison grinned and nodded.

"Do you want his puppies?" Butter signed.

Allison laughed, "Yes!

"I guess I'm a slut for any dog that has me. I wanted Hercules puppies this morning, and Happy's this afternoon."

Butter grinned. They both new that Allison didn't love Hercules, but did love what use a male mastiff could make of her flesh.

Latter Allison wanted Happy again, but Patty said no. "The show you two put on has me hot, I can't wait to get him home where my boy can make me his bitch." She smiled, but Allison knew that sharing Happy with her had been an exception; she shouldn't count on Patty being so generous again.

During the next two weeks Allison was amazed at how much Butter's tummy grew. Butter told her that five weeks was like almost five months in a human pregnancy, but admitted that she was bigger than she ever had been before. Brian moved the girls into one of the guest bedrooms and had a hospital bed brought in so that Butter could rest with her growing abdomen above her head. Patty Marshall visited Butter every week and gave explicit orders about what she could, and couldn't do.

There was a TV in the room and Allison told Brian how enamored Butter had been of the remote control in their hotel in Boston. He promptly arranged for the TV to get every channel possible off his satellite dish, and presented Butter with a remote and its thick manual.

Butter insisted Allison keep working on their future home. By Butters sixth week the first contracts were signed and work had begun. Structural and plumbing wok was first, followed by the electrical.

However, an early project was a high solid wood fence enclosing their back yard, making it entirely private and secure for dogs.

Allison decided that she and Butter would have a nice big sexy male mastiff to keep them company. One that would address that yearning she sometimes felt, deep inside her, for a presence that no amount of girl-girl loving seemed to entirely quench.

Each morning Allison would work with Butter on the exercises that Dr. Marshall had prescribed. Preparing her muscles for the work of birthing her puppies as well as keeping up her strength. Once Butter was resting in bed, Allison would dress, and drive to the house. There she'd check in with the contractors, solve problems that had come up, update the project schedule and get bids for the next phases of work. Generally she was back at Pembroke Farm by early afternoon.

She would help Butter through her exercises again, and then cuddle with her on the bed. Butter continued to work diligently to bring

Allison's milk on. She was rewarded with her first taste of her lover's milk during her eighth week. Allison was amazed how her lover's lips nursing at her bosom and drawing the milk from her breasts made her feel. Suddenly she was relaxed, happy, and more content than she'd ever been before.

Grace and Brian walked in on the two, a few days later while Butter was nursing and Allison was so proud of her accomplishment, and relaxed, she let them each have a nipple for a few moments. Then she turned beet red and ran back to Butter where she hid from the two behind Butters huge tummy. Her lover petted her, and Grace and Brian discreetly left. After a while Allison relaxed again and Butter resumed nursing.

Patty Marshall started visiting twice a week. She was very pleased that Butter was showing no signs of premature birth. She observed Allison's breasts and asked, "Has your milk come, Allison?"

Allison blushed and nodded.

"Good. Are you using a pump or is Butter nursing."

"Butter is, ah, likes it." Allison was blushing from her face down to her thighs.

"That's good too. Your milk is excellent nourishment for her.

"Butter, is your milk coming yet?" Patty asked.

Butter nodded and smiled. She signed to Allison who translated. "Butter's milk started when we were playing, months ago in Costa Rica. She's been wet ever since."

Patty giggled and then leaned down and petted Happy, who was resting by Butters bed. "I know its fun. After my puppies are weaned I generally let Happy nurse for a few weeks. He's gotten very gentle when he does it. Just as I'd expect from the great lover he is, one who knows my body as well as he knows his own."

Allison arranged the schedule so work stopped on the house, between contractors at the start of Butter's ninth week. The seismic, plumbing and electrical work were all done, as was the fence. The carpenters were next and they would start in a month.

Every time she looked at her brindle haired lover, Allison was amazed. Butter's tummy was bigger than any belly she'd ever seen on any pregnant woman, and her eight breasts were swollen with her

milk. Her six, usually smaller, doggy breasts were suddenly very plump.

Even as beautiful as Allison thought she was, Butter was miserable. She tried to be good-natured, but it hurt her to move, and although Allison, Lilly and Grace all did what ever they could to ease her pain, she was uncomfortable. She seldom could sleep. Whenever Allison caressed her extended abdomen she felt little feet kicking and little bodies moving.

Every time Allison looked at Butter she smiling. My goddess, she thought, She's a fertility goddess for sure.

She would cuddle and caresses Butter until her lover smiled and then lower her breast to Butter's mouth and do her part to nurture their puppies. Nursing always eased Butter's discomfort, and what sleep she did catch, was in her lovers arms with a ripe nipple between her lips. It surprised her Allison that Butter would keep nursing, even while she slept, but she loved the look on her lovers face when it happened.

Near the end of the ninth week Allison found herself drifting into sleep while Butter nursed. Those were such rich moments of peace and contentment that she'd become eager to helping nurse their puppies.

Sixty-six days inter her pregnancy Butter was miserable. She couldn't get comfortable, every part of her body hurt, and she was in too much pain to take solace at Allison's breast. Patty Marshall was called. When she examined Butter she nodded and reassured her, "It's almost over, Butter. Your starting to dilate and your water will break soon, in the next few hours. She put Grace and Brian to work, making a nest for Butter to whelp her litter in. Patty had Allison collecting clean towels, hot water and the packaged clean sterile cotton cloths Grace had purchased in anticipation of the delivery.

Patty held Butter's hand and tried to reassure her, "As near as I can tell, all the puppies are fine. You've done great taking care of them, and although I think you'll be a couple of days premature that's much better than I feared."

She leaned over and whispered but Allison overheard her, "You must have been very happy when you went into heat. Only a real happy bitch has so many puppies.

"I've observed myself, Butter; if I'm happy and content with life, my litters are larger than if I'm worried or unhappy. When my daughter was talking about leaving her husband, I had only three puppies. The next year my son married a wonderful woman and my daughter reconciled with her husband, who's a dear man, I had 12 puppies that year."

Butter managed a smile and pointed to Allison.

Patty squeezed her hand slightly.

Watching and waiting was hard for Allison. Butter was trying to be brave, but was clearly miserable. The two held hands and Allison was mentally preparing to coach her through the birthing, but she feared she'd do something wrong.

Brian had been sent away and as the room temperature came up Patty and Grace stripped. When the temperature hit 94 degrees Butter was even more miserable, with sweat forming on her brow and between her rows of breasts. Allison was surprised when Lilly came in and set up a buffet of fruit and drinks on a dresser near the nest. There was also a huge platter of thick cookies, fresh bread and butter.

Looking at all the food and drink, Allison asked Patty, "How long will Butter be in labor?"

"At least a day, maybe two, maybe longer, she's experienced, but each birth will be tiring. She will need to rest, and she should sleep, if she can, between births."

"That long?"

"Remember we were looking at fifteen or more births, each taking two to five hours. A puppy's birth is not as hard for the mother as a child's, but it's almost as much work. The cervix dilates less, and that reduces the pain, but the abdominal muscles have to work harder to get a small puppy out than a child. A child has gravity helping, and the mother can push from the diaphragm as well as the pelvic area.

Concerned Allison took Butter's hand and kissed her lover, very tenderly. Butter kissed her back and then signed, "Don't worry Allison, I've done this before. All the pain will be worth it when I feel the first puppy latch onto one of my nipples."

Patty asked what Butter had signed and Allison translated. Patty nodded and smiled, "It's true. And since you're helping with the nursing you'll soon have one of the nicest experiences a woman can have."

When Butter's water broke the three women helped her move from the bed to the nest they'd made. Allison knelt beside Butter, holding both her hands ready to coach, Grace was standing by with sterile warm water and a pile of dry towels and clothes. Patty was kneeling between Butter's wide spaced knees with her medical bag open and its contents in easy reach.

Butter started to push at the same moment Patty told her to and Allison took over coaching. In the hot room, sweat was pouring off Butter's body and the birthing woman's face was contorted with the effort she was making to free her young. Still, to Allison, Butter at the moment was the most beautiful woman in the world.

"My fertility goddess," she murmured, looking with love at Butter's face. Butter smiled at that and then blushed a little.

Patty looked up and smiling said, "You got that one right!"

It took another hour of pushing and sweating before the first puppy emerged.

Allison watched the head emerge, and then the whole body. Suddenly she knew how miraculous and beautiful life truly was. Patty cut the umbilical cord and removed the placenta, made sure the puppy's mouth was open and that it was breathing, and then passed it to Grace, who gently washed it and pat dried the little life.

She gave it to Allison who held it for a moment, in awe at the beauty of the new life. Allison passed it to Butter, saying, "A son dearest."

Butter smiled and rolled, with help from Patty to her side and placed the little life to her left human breast cradling it in her arms and smiling. Allison saw the tiny mouth open and then latch onto Butter's nipple. The blonde could tell when Butter milk let down. Suddenly the puppy was smiling as it nursed.

Patty commented, "Butter can stay like this. Her K9 plumbing makes it possible for her to birth while on her side. I can't, and every time I whelp a litter, I wish that I could. I hate making my young

wait for a proper meal. Besides, it would be a lot easier to go through the pain of birthing the rest, if some were already nursing.

After the puppy had nursed a while, Patty brought Butter the placenta and shocked Allison by feeding it to Butter. The vet looked up and smiled. "Eating the placenta helps to strengthen the mother. Butter will need her strength for the coming births and then the work of feeding and caring for her young. Human mothers should eat their babies placenta too, but for some reason its not acceptable, even if it would help insure both mother and child's health."

Allison listened and watched, the fact of it happening before her eyes was shocking, but she saw the sense of it, and remembered that most mammals ate the placenta to help them regain their strength; even those that had only one baby at a time. Slowly the idea lost its repellent quality.

Patty had Allison keep getting Butter more water mixed with fruit juice. "We've got to keep her hydrated," she explained to the blonde.

Three hours later Allison was putting a second puppy, a little bitch, to Butters breast. The second birth had been harder, because Butter was tired.

After Patty had Butter consume the placenta and Butter had some of the diluted juice, Allison noticed Butter looking at her breasts. They were full, and the blonde was happy to offer her nipple to Butter. Her lover drank deep, thirsty and eager for the strength the milk always gave her.

For a minute, Allison was worried Butter would take it all, and she'd have none for the puppies when it was her turn. Then she remembered. This is going to take a long time. My breasts will have time to fill and be emptied many times before all our puppies are birthed.

~~~~~

## **Chapter LIX: Allison's Puppies**

Butter's labor had started in mid-afternoon. By dawn she'd been in labor 19 hours and there were six puppies latched to her nipples. Butter moved the puppies from breast to breast every few minutes to made sure that each had turns at both her doggy and human nipples. She even seemed to manage the puppy's nursing in her sleep. Grace and Patty had taken naps while Allison watched over Butter between whelping.

Allison stayed by her lover, wiping her brow, washing the sweat from her skin, holding her hand and alternately giving her juice with water, and her milk. As the blonde tended her lover she was in awe. Glancing at the six new lives nursing at her Butter's breasts the word, 'Goddess,' kept running through her mind.

It was five hours until the next birth, another bitch, than the eighth came in forty minutes and the ninth after another two hours. As if she knew exactly when Allison's milk would be needed, Butter had refused Allison's nipple for five hours before the ninth birth.

When the ninth puppy was born Butter, grinning, had Allison lay down on her side, so they were facing each other she lifted her first born toward Allison, placing it on her breast. The little male latched on without hesitation.

Allison felt tiny teeth and a purposeful suckling that was fundamentally different that the erotic nursing Butter did.

Allison's milk let down and she looked with wide-eyed wonder at the little being drawing life from her body. Deep within her she felt an orgasm. It was different than any other she'd ever known, it was powerful yet peaceful, intense yet calm, not at all sexual, but completely fulfilling.

She looked at Butter in wonderment and her lover smiled back at her. Taking her hand and squeezed it lightly, she signed, in a slow languid way, "Now you know why I don't mind getting pregnant."

Butter rested for three hours, then she began to push again. In the next four hours three more puppies emerged. All were alive and Patty said healthy. Allison and Butter nursed and Butter manage the nursing. When she thought one was ready for Allison's milk, she handed it to the blonde. The two best fed puppies were always the two that had no nipple. Those two curled into cute balls of contented fur between their siblings and Allison's abdomen.

Although the room was hot Allison moved to curl the young in her body's warmth, both those nursing and those waiting. She felt sweat dripping from her forehead and between her breasts and thighs, but didn't mind. Heat helps puppies be stay healthy she said to herself, and smiled.

Butter took a long rest and Allison started to wonder if the whelping were done. Looking at the twelve puppies between her and Butter she felt there were lots, and wondered if they could feed so many.

It was five hours after the twelfth birth, when Butter began to push again. Allison could see how tired she was, but sweating from the exertion and her face contorted in pain and effort she continued. Ninety minutes later another little bitch was clean. Butter surprised Allison by having it latch onto her breast first.

At that moment Allison's world became magic. The little mouth tentatively felt its way around her nipple and then tentatively wrapped around it. She began to suck gently at first, but as the milk flowed the sucking became insistent.

As she looked down in wonder at the little bitch, Allison knew she loved the little life, and would do anything to protect it. With a shock she realized she'd kill to defend it, and if she had to, die to keep it safe. She glanced at the little male that was at her other breast and realized her maternal feelings for it were nowhere as strong. Is that what it means to bond with a child! She wondered.

When Patty brought Butter the placenta to eat, Butter shook her head and pointed to Allison. At first the blonde refused the slimy and bloody tissue. Then she realized how tired and hungry she was and looked down at her little ones latched onto her nipples and dependent on her for nourishment. Eagerly, she took the offered placenta and ate it. It tasted a little like the sea, as well as blood, and there was something earthy in the flavor that reminded her of Hercules seed.

The answer to her question came two hours later when the fourteenth puppy was birthed. Butter immediately put it to Allison's breast. It was a little male and suddenly the same maternal sensations filled the blonde that had with. The little bitch was back at her breast and the little male was suckling hard on her nipple, which was starting to feel very used and a little sore. Not for a second did the blonde consider letting her nips rest.

She cuddled herself around the two and smiled at them making little cooing noises she thought would reassure them and help them feel safe. Amazed at the strength of her responses she found Allison could barely take her eyes off the two pups.

It was morning again when the next puppy came. The fifteenth puppy was a male, rather small. Again Butter put to Allison's breast before her own. Allison looked at her confused. Butter smiled



and signed, "We will both nurse them all, but I want some to identify you as their mother. I can't give them all the attention they need, but we can. If some identify you, your milk, your smell, your voice, and when they can see, your appearance, as 'mother' they won't feel slighted when I'm busy with the others."

Allison nodded. She understood, but felt overwhelmed by the responsibility. She looked down at the two nursing at her breast and smiled. She didn't know how, but somehow she'd learn to be a good bitch.

When Patty brought the placenta Allison didn't hesitate to consume it. The first placenta had given her strength and her milk had flowed more freely after she'd eaten it.

Grace and Patty were kept busy, cleaning and getting liquids for Butter and Allison as well as being ready to help with the births. Patty felt they had been very lucky. She hadn't expected Butter to manage fourteen live births. She'd expected twelve tops and then several stillbirths. That was her optimistic expectation. Before the first one was born she'd felt they would mostly be stillborn, and the few that were born live wouldn't survive the first few day.

She was happy that they were alive, and although a little small, they were averaging eight ounces at birth, Patty hope that they'd thrive.

After the fourteenth was born, and Patty saw how Allison seemed to be absorbed by her new maternal responsibilities she became more optimistic. The only thing that still worried her was the fact that each puppy was a little smaller than the last, and she had no idea how many more would come. She hoped no more than one, but only time would tell.

Butter whelped the fifteenth puppy two hours later. It was alive, but only six and one-half ounces. Allison put it to her breast without thinking. Something in the little life had called out to her. Then she joined Butter in organizing nipple management logistics. Deciding who had had enough, who needed more, who was ready for human milk, and which puppies needed Butter's doggy milk.

Patty asked Butter if she thought she was done, and a tears on her cheek she shook her head no. Two and a half hours later another puppy was whelped. A female that weighed barely six ounces, she too Butter gave to Allison. The blonde understood that Butter had decided she would be the primary care giver to the first twelve, but that Allison would have to take the responsibility for the rest. The responsibility frightened her when she thought about it, then she'd looked at all the puppies and saw that the first few born were already bigger than they'd been at birth. Puppies grow fast, she reminded herself.

A half-hour later the sixteenth was at her breast, a little male that was still smaller still, not quite six ounces.

Patty again asked Butter if there were more. Butter shrugged her shoulders. Grace and Patty decided they'd better be ready for more. Grace had Lilly brought in more food and drink. Butter and Allison were eating cookies and drinking all the liquids they could get.

Allison found the cookies tasty, not too sweet and not too dry.

"Grace, what are these? They're great." She asked.

Grace smiled and answered. "They're Butter's doggy bisects. When Butter whelps Lilly makes special ones that are full of the herbs, minerals and all nutrients that a nursing bitch needs."

Allison looked at them for a minute, and took another bite. "There good, and if the'll give my body what it needs to make these little wonders grow up big and strong, bring me more."

Patty laughed. "How very practical of you, Allison. I eat tons of them when I whelp a litter, and I keep eating them until my young are all weaned, and I feel like I'm gotten my strength back. I gave a box to a girlfriend who just had twins. She swears by them now and suggested we market them for new mothers."

They all laughed. except for Butter who smiled broadly.

An hour later Butter went into labor again. Allison's heart almost broke for her lover. For three hours she struggled. Sweat poured off of her face which became pale and wore a worn tired look when the seventeenth puppy was born. It was a male and it was stillborn. Butter cried and Allison tried to comfort her.

Butter was exhausted and drifted into sleep, even as she cried for her dead puppy. When Grace was sure she was asleep she took the pathetic little body and gave it to Brian.

"Sixteen alive and one stillborn." She said as she handed him the little limp pup. "This one weighed less than four ounces."

"But Butter's, OK!" Brian demanded.

Grace hugged him, knowing at heart he cared deeply for the girl, even if he did think of her as his bitch.

"She's sleeping fine. Allison is too. There both exhausted. Between them they are giving the puppies plenty of warmth and milk. It's our job to see they both get what ever they need to do that."

"We will," Brian said with determination. "Grace, I've been so worried. Not about the puppies, but about our Butter. She was so much bigger this time, and even a big female mastiff would have trouble with such a large litter, let alone our little Buttercup Rose."

Grace hugged him and kissed a tear off his cheek.

She decided he needed a mission. "For the next few days, Lilly, Patty and I will see that Butter and Allison are OK and getting everything they need."

"Allison? My, God! How is she?"

Grace smiled at him, "Later I'll let you in to see. Butter gave her the last four puppies to fix on her as their mother. She took to them like she'd whelped them herself. With Butter's guidance I'm sure she and the puppies will be fine.

"Brian, I want you to make a nice little coffin for this one. When Butter's able we'll need to let her take it to the mausoleum and place it with her other stillborns.

"Remember, Butter is a bitch, but she is also a human. She'll remember this one, and it will ease her heart to know we have placed it at rest with her others, and that it's near Thor and Ajax."

Brian got up and holding the lifeless puppy very gently said, "I won't disappoint her. Whenever she visits Thor, she'll sense how much I value her."

With the seventeenth birth Butter was done. She'd been in labor for 51 hours. She slept deeply for

two hours and then would awake and, with Allison's help, rearrange the puppies to make sure they all were getting enough milk and that each was getting doggy milk as well as human milk.

Allison fell into Butter's pattern; sleeping for an hour or two, awakening to make sure every puppy was well, warm, and getting the nourishment they need, drink some juice and eat some of Lilly's cookies for nursing bitches, then sleep.

When Butter and Allison awake the two would smile at each other, kiss and holding hand, tend the puppies, then kiss again before slipping back into sleep.

Patty and Grace stayed with them, taking turns sleeping on the couch. By the next morning Patty was very pleased. She weighed all the puppies and they were all growing. She'd watched Allison carefully and the blonde seemed to know, even when she was asleep where the puppies were. She never moved in a way that might trap or crush one.

~~~~~

## **Chapter LX: Rearing Their Young**

Until the puppy's eyes opened, Butter and Allison's lives were centered on feeding, cleaning and keeping them warm. Allison was surprised when she found that cleaning up puppy urine and poo wasn't disgusting. She didn't mind the smell, or the task, and once she had them clean, she enjoyed licking and tending to them. Of course, she loved nursing them, especially the four that had first nursed from her breasts. Later, when their eyes were open, she and Butter had a little more time each day to play with their puppies.

By the third day Allison and Butter could tell the puppies apart. Allison was delighted to find that the four that had fixed on her, could tell when it was her holding them or nursing them, although none of the 16 ever refused an offered nipple.

When their eyes opened Allison was in love. It was like her best little girl dream of having puppies to play with, combined with having a baby to care for, rolled together by magic, but better. They all had names by the time their eyes were open. Butter and Allison had picked them, talking it over as they nursed. Allison told Patty, Grace, Brian and Lilly each puppy's name. Although, it was weeks before Patty could tell them apart, and two months before Grace could. Brian never managed to remember more than six of their names, but not always the same six.

Brian was allowed, by Grace, to visit the girls in their nest with their puppies, once the puppy's eyes open. He praised Butter, cooed over Allison's maternal instincts, and left saying they had to be the two best bitch mastiffs in the world. He stayed long enough to be drenched in sweat, since the sauna like heat in the room was almost too much for him.

Butter was happy when she could let Burton also visit. Burton however, had other ideas. He checked out the situation. Sniffed at the puppies, found an open area against Butter's abdomen and moved in. Compared to the puppies the cat seemed huge, for three weeks. Then he began looking small indeed. He liked to rest and be near Butter, and to some extent Allison, and would play tag with one or two of the puppies at a time, but not for long.

Out of curiosity, Allison offered him her nipple one morning. Burton took it and seemed to enjoy nursing for a few minutes, then lost interest. The blonde didn't offer again, his teeth were surprisingly sharp, even by puppy standards.

Butter worried that Allison would be upset by Brian's comment about her being a good bitch. It

bothered her until she asked her lover about it.

The blonde laughed and kissed her. "He puts me in fine company, Butter. I'd be a fool to have taken it as anything but a wonderful compliment. In just a few weeks you've taught more about motherhood than most young women know. The new mothers I've known were clueless compared to you."

She kissed Butter again, being careful to not dislodge little mouths attached to nipples. "I'm honored that he thinks me a good enough mother to be mentioned in the same sentence with you. In fact I forgive him for several things that I planned to hate him forever over. Like forcing you to breed with that dog Lucifer.

Butter smiled. She loved Brian. He was her master, and the alpha dog in her pack. She'd hate him briefly, but had been able to forgive him for forcing her to breed with Lucifer and his other indiscretions as soon as he'd apologized. It had bothered her that her lover, Allison, would feel enmity for offences she'd forgiven.

Allison was amazed how much the puppies grew each day.

Grace had told her, "Ten percent a day." Yet Allison didn't really know what that meant until she realized, two weeks after their birth, that she was nursing puppies that were almost two pounds each and very hungry, rather than the pound and a half the four she'd imprinted with collectively weighed when they were whelped. She was feeding her four at over seven pounds and the equivalent of another two. She paid attention and saw that Butter was nursing all the puppies, as was she. Most of the time all eight of her nipples were taken.

Butter and Allison continued to nurse, but by the third week, they began to have time between feedings and the temperature in the nursery was allowed to start dropping. The two girls were smiling all the time and Alison spent more time laughing than Butter could remember her doing before. Playing with their puppies was more fun than anything the blonde had ever done before.

When the puppies were tired, Allison noted that it was always her four who cuddled in close to her, while the other 12 did the same with Butter.

Butter's eight breasts were more productive than Allison's two, but with sixty pounds of puppies to feed, Butter signed to her lover that the puppies would have been undernourished without her help, "Some would have died."

Allison looked at the mound of puppies crawling around and over her and Butter. They were healthy and growing and cute beyond words. Nothing could be allowed to threaten them.

"Butter, right now this is my job, and I love it," she announced. "I always try to do my job well, and nothing in life has given me the sense of responsibility and accomplishment that our puppies have."

They kissed and Allison giggled as she felt a little furry body wiggle between them and latch onto her right nipple. It was Sunflower, the first female that had imprinted on the blonde. She could tell without looking by the feel of Sunflower's mouth as she began to nurse. Sunflower was always more deliberate and gentle with her nipple than the others.

Seeing that Allison was going to be busy with the puppies longer than she'd expected, Brian volunteered to visit the house and meet with the contractors. An offer she readily accepted, since she'd been worried about the project. Every weekday Brian spend two to three hours there, then return home with a long list of issues and questions he'd bring into the room they were calling the nursery, where he'd sit in a chair by Allison and Butter, sweating from the heat in the room, and go over his notes with the young women.

He found it difficult to concentrate, two attractive young bitches nude before him covered with puppies, most of which were nursing, was a distraction he loved. Allison noticed and peppered Brian with questions and had him create lists of things he was to tell, or ask, the contractors until the man felt like he'd been put through a wringer. After hours of being grilled, and taking notes, Brian would look haggard and tired. Except for the tent in his pants.

Most nights Grace would be with him, and after Allison was done with the poor man, she would open his pants and please him with her mouth while he watched 'his bitches' nursing 'his' puppies. But some nights she was too tired to stay up until Allison was satisfied.

On one such night, feeling sorry for her Master, Butter signed to Allison, "He's in need. I should do something for him." Her eyes were pleading and Allison looked at Brian and realized that she was right.

The blonde held up her hand and signed, "I'll do it. It was me that made him answer questions for so long.

"Besides, I don't want it to be you. You've already spent too long as his personal toy."

Allison surprised Brian by climbing into his lap and using her hands to raise her right breast to his lips. She smiled at him and said, "This is a treat. Thank you for taking such good care of our project, while Butter and I are busy. "

Brian's lips moved hesitantly toward the proffered nipple. His hesitance was so clear it made Allison giggle. She gently wrapped her arms around her head and pulled it to her breast.

She whispered to him, "It's OK, this time. You've worked hard and earned a reward, but don't take too much milk. The puppies need almost all I can make."

As Brian nursed Allison began to slowly move her hips, massaging his rigid shaft through his pants with her cleft. She felt the shaft twitch and stiffen and giggled.

Brian reached for his belt, but Allison took his hand and said, "No." Her tone was soft but firm.

"I'm going to see to it you get rewarded, you worked hard and have been very good, as you ogled Butter and I. Grace isn't here; if she were, I'd leave you to her.

"I'll take care of you, without taking you inside."

Brian started to protest, but Allison deftly shifted his mouth to her left breast and began to slide her sex against the hard shaft in his pants. She caressed it with her lower lips and laughed softly as she held his cheek to her breasts. After five minutes she felt him convulse in release, and then a growing warm wetness in his pants spread against her.

Allison pulled back, kissed him on the cheek and then whispered. "I might get pregnant, and neither Grace or I wouldn't like it if I did."

Brian was about to argue, but realized that Allison was right. Grace might not mind her giving him a lap dance, but if he did more with the blonde his wife might leave him. He knew that over the years he'd made her financially independent, and he'd realized that he wanted her with him as old age slowly forced him toward his end.

Allison had walked back to Butter and the minute she was nestled in the nest the two kissed, and

hungry puppies worked their way to Allison's breasts.

Brian smiled, looked down at his wet trousers and said, "Goodnight, girls." He left with quite a bit of dignity, for a man with a wet lap.

The mommy fat Butter had accumulated while pregnant seemed to be melting off her as she met the demand of her brood. Allison was looking and feeling quite thin as well, although she and Butter were eating all the time.

Once the puppies were playing together and romping around their mothers, rather than nursing. Butter began exercising and Allison joined her. As the puppies continued to grow the two young women thinned down to the size of twenty-year olds, and became firmer than most women that age. Except, of course, for their breasts. Allison's cute B cup breasts were easily a D cup, and all Butter's doggy breasts looked as big as a human's A cup and her human breasts were bigger than Allison's.

The 16 puppies at four weeks were all very healthy and collectively weighed over 114 pounds, and feeding them took a lot of milk.

One day, when Allison was looking at her own large breasts and frowning, Butter smiled and signed to her, "After we wean the puppies, our breasts will shrink back."

Allison looked at Butter, grinned, giggled and whispered, "That's good, but too bad to."

A moment later their bodies entwined together; for the first time in six weeks they made love. For an hour their passion was insatiable, but they were forced to call a halt before they were ready by several insistently little mouths. The two cuddled down together, still kissing and caressing as their nipples filled up with squirming warm furry balls.

As Butter and Allison became thinner the puppies turned into fat little roly-poly beings that played with their brothers and sisters until they were tired, then sought out a warm mother for food and later to cuddle up to and sleep besides.

Patty was amazed, as she always was by Butters litters. Every puppy was healthy, fat, well adjusted and happy. By the fifth week the males were bigger than the females but there was no visually discernable runts. Looking at their paws of the males Allison wondered how long the biggest males would take to reach the size of their father. With the thought of Hercules, Allison felt a stirring within her abdomen that was followed by a sense of wetness in her cleft.

Butter looked at her and grinned, then signed, "Thinking of their Father?"

"How did you know?"

Butter shrugged. "I miss him too, and what he feels like inside me. When my mate was Thor, he would be beside me almost every minute after I whelped, and before I was ready for sex, he'd use his tongue to quite my need for him."

Allison smiled at her, and nodded. "That would be nice, but we have each other."

A moment later their mouths met vulvas and twenty minutes later they were both feeling relaxed. They continued to pet each other after again allowing the puppies to find their nipples.

In their bedroom Brian and Grace were pleasing each other in a similar way, although Brian's eyes kept drifting back to the big monitor on the wall that showed Butter's sex play with Allison. He was

just aware enough of himself to ensure that Grace's pleasure peaked, as he watched the girls. Grace knew where her husband's eyes were, but consoled herself with the knowledge that, although she still had a nice figure for a woman of nearing sixty, the male id was designed to focus on the bodies of young women who might give him a child.

Resting after a very nice climax, gently licking her husband's tool, Grace wished again, that she'd been able to have children. It was a wish so deep that it physically hurt and tears coated her cheeks. She glanced at the screen and felt jealous of Allison and Butter for a moment.

As she looked at the screen horror filled her mind as she realized that only Allison could have children. In her selfish eagerness to please Brian, and ensure he stayed with her as she aged, she'd taken the ability to have children from Butter. Her guilt caused more tears, which, to her credit, were only slowed slightly by her knowledge that if Barbara hadn't agreed to become Buttercup Rose, she would have died, childless.

The puppies at five weeks averaged over ten pounds each. Allison was relieved when Patty insisted they begin to wean them. Even with Butter feeding more than half their young, Allison's body still had to make enough milk to meet the needs of sixty some pounds of growing puppies. The blonde intellectually knew that a woman who had triplets, and tried to nurse for the recommended two years, would need to be as productive as she was. But she felt constantly worn-out and hungry. She and Butter were eating and eating, but, except for their breasts, which looked full and were well rounded, they were starting to look emaciated.

It was another two weeks until the puppies were all weaned. In that time they'd grown and although, after a lot of coxing, were eating puppy chow, they made it clear that they prefer mother's milk.

Allison had loved nursing the puppies, especially the four that she thought of as hers, but the process of milking herself to wet down the puppy chow she found devoid of both erotic and maternal feelings. She complained to Butter, and her brindle haired lover had grinned and signed, "I know, nursing is my favorite part of having puppies. I can only stop because I know I can't nurse much longer. Even a huge mastiff bitch couldn't feed them all a week or two from now.

"Let's milk each other," Butter suggested. "With a little thought I'm sure we make it fun."

They agreed, and it became a three times a day ritual. Allison and Butter smiled and rubbed their cheeks against their lover as they milked each other. What they did was a mixture of extremely practical and highly erotic.

They became so relaxed that they did it while Allison was debriefing Brian on progress on the house and office. The man could barely concentrate, but somehow managed to not become so distracted that he lost track of what the blonde was saying. If Grace was there, she took care of his arousal when he and Allison were done. The young women would cuddle together kissing and licking each other as they watched Grace please her man. But, Grace increasingly went to bed before the report was done.

Allison knew that there were cameras in the room and assumed the Grace knew about, and was OK with her relieving Brian with a lap dance. As she nursed the puppies less and less, she allowed Brian to nurse more, enjoying his ability to make the experience erotic.

The puppies at six weeks weight an average of 24 pounds and the total weight of the 16 was almost 400 pounds. The nursing mothers were happy that the puppies were all weaned and had learned, a few with difficulty and sad eyes, that the nipples they had gone to for comfort and nourishment were no longer available.

During the next month Allison and Butter played with the puppies almost nonstop. The weather was nice and Brian, Peter and Sam were treated daily to the sight of the two naked young women romping around the farm, surrounded by a heard of happy puppies. Once Allison could stand to leave the puppies for a few hours, she returned to visiting their house and the adjacent office project.

After her first visit she was filled with excitement as she brought her lover up to speed.

"Butter, progress is great. The space in the garage I'll use as an office is almost ready, and in two weeks the house, the ground floor anyway, will be ready for us to move into. The Kitchen and ground level bathroom remodels are almost done and other than painting, everything else is done."

Butter nodded and smiled, but the blonde saw her lover wasn't feeling her enthusiasm.

"Dearest, what's wrong?" The blonde asked.

Butter started to cry. Allison wrapped her in her arms, wondering what could be affecting her so much. Butter seldom cried and never did without a reason.

Slowly Butter signed to her, "Today Grace brought me the applications from people who want to adopt our puppies. I have to make the decision, and every time I think about it I get so emotional."

"Adopt our puppies?"

Butter nodded, "They'll be ready in two weeks and it's best, for them, if they go to their new home soon."

"Take our puppies! My, God! Butter! We can't let that happen. It would be like them taking my arm or leg. Their part of us, me and you, were one thing, a family!"

Allison was so irate that Butter smiled. She loved her more for the bond with the puppies they'd shared.

"Sweet, Allison, I've been through this nine times before.

"If we kept them, how would be manage, two years from now, a ton and one-half of adult mastiff's? How will I manage next spring when I go into heat again?"

Allison sat down, dumbfounded. She knew Butter was right and she realized it was harder on the brindle haired girl than it was on her. But the thought of giving them up made her physically ill.

She nodded, "I see, you're right, but we'll have some time, they can't all go right away, can they. How many people want one?"

Butter sighed and then signed to her lover, "Grace showed me 437 applications. Today we went over them and eliminated those that don't have references Grace personally knows. That eliminated 152. Even I know some of the applicants. Of course, I promised Jill and Sylvia the nicest male. That nice Mr. Hacker we met in Boston is eager for a bitch. He also sent a note renewing his offer for me to come and breed for him. Grace was rather nice about giving it to me, unopened."

Allison looked down at the floor, tears still ran down her cheeks. After a while she was able to speak. "So were stuck. We can't keep them.

"Do I get to help pick their new families?"



Butter nodded and hugged her. She signed, "I already told Grace that you must approve every adoption. I know what I want for our angels, but I don't know people very well. I need you to help me understand the character of those who want one of our puppy."

Allison looked up, trying to smile. "Thank you my sweet lover. I wanted to ask, but was afraid it might not be my business."

Butter wrapped her lover in her arms and kissed her for a long time. Long enough for them both to begin to feel the need for more. When Allison seemed relaxed Butter pulled back a little.

"There's one more thing, dearest. Good news, I think." She signed.

Allison smiled, "Tell! Please, Butter."

Butters hands began to move, "Mr. Hacker offered a trade. He has a young male, just four months old, he thinks is very special. On condition of getting the pick of my next two litters, he's offered the young male in trade for one of our puppies, to be my breeding partner when he's old enough. His name is Mars."

~~~~

## **Chapter LXI: Adoptions**

Two weeks later Edward Hacker arrived. He had the male puppy, Mars, with him. His arrival signaled the start of the adoption of the puppies. Grace had explained that in less than two weeks they would all be adopted and have left Pembroke Farm. Only the prospect of moving to their new home, a home that was to be truly theirs' kept Butter and Allison from falling into a depression. Decisions on none of the little bitches had been made, pending Edward's decision.

Before Edward arrived Jill and Sylvia had approved Butter's selection of a young male for them, one Butter and Allison had named Thunder, because of the noise his huge feet made when he ran. After meeting with Butter, Allison and Grace three applicants had taken other males homes. The list of applicants for the remaining 12 puppies had been reduced to 23, all scheduled for a interview with Butter, Allison and Grace to make their case. Applicants to be interview that lived more than a few hours away were put up at in one of Pembroke Farms guest rooms for a night or two.

Grace had stepped forward and handled the issue of price. Butter and Allison couldn't talk about the puppies being sold; instead they focused on finding them good homes.

Eleven of the puppies Grace had pronounced as of show quality and five as pet quality. The price on the show quality puppies Grace set at \$10,000 to \$16,000 and the pet at quality pups she'd priced at \$3,000 to \$6,000. Grace had objected to Jill and Sylvia getting Thunder as a gift. She insisted he was the best of the show quality pups and he should go to someone who intended to show and breed him.

Butter signed, "No." With Allison translating, "I'll suggest that Jill and Sylvia show Thunder, but it was up to them if he's to be bred. I know he will get all the great loving he deserves. But sharing him with a bitch may not be in Sylvia's and Jill's plans."

"But!" Grace had begun.

Butter had Allison cut her off. "You can call them in a couple of years and see if they are interested. It's up to them."

"We'll you're probably right, Butter. You generally are. I know I always had trouble sharing my Ajax, even with you. But I will call them and suggest it as well as get them in touch with several handlers I know who'd love to train Thunder for the show ring."

Edward Hacker arrival was by private Jet. He was collected at the airport by Brian and Sam. When he reached Pembroke Farm he greeted Butter like his long lost daughter. He brought her presents and hugged her, in a sweet, rather fatherly way, every chance he got. Initially Allison was suspicious; Butter was in the nude, as was she, when Edward arrived and stayed that way, explaining to Allison, "He knows I'm a bitch. Megan likes him, and that tells me he's nice."

After observing Edward with Butter and Megan for a day, Allison impression was positive, and after another day she was sure that the touching and hugging the man did was not sexual, at least mostly not. She was surprised, since Edward was an attractive man, clearly in his prime.

After the third day the blonde relaxed about being nude around the man, thinking that perhaps he was gay. At least until she noticed him watching her with the look of a male predator she'd learned to recognize when she was fifteen. When I realized she'd caught him looking at her, he winked and smiled, then sat back and returned to watching Butter and Megan playing with a pull-toy. The message was clear; he was interested, but knew she was taken, and also he was focused on the business he'd traveled to Oregon to transact.

Butter thought the best present Edward brought was Megan. She'd come with him for the visit, and Butter and Megan ran to each other with such enthusiasm that it was clear that their memory of each other was as alive as it had been when Megan was nursing.

For the first day Edward was with them Butter and Megan were inseparable. Butter introduced Megan to the puppies, there was a lot of smiling and sniffing followed by play. Allison it looked as if Megan knew she was meeting her half-siblings and after meeting them approved them all and treated them as family.

The other excitement in Edwards visit was the four-month old male he'd also brought. The puppies name was Mars, and the moment Butter and Allison saw him they were in love. He was huge, for four months, but the size of his feet dwarfed those of even Thunder. Butter was sure he would be well over 200 pounds when he was mature, and Grace commented that she thought he'd top 230.

"So a hunk," Allison commented with a wry smile.

Allison was surprised at her own reaction. The thought of Mars becoming a huge hunky stud caused a little stream of viscous liquid to trickle down her thigh, a reaction that wasn't lost on Butter, Megan or Mars. Megan grinned as if she approved, and Butter smiled and signed, "There will be plenty of him to share."

Mars came over and licked the liquid off of Allison's thighs and then licked her cheek. Allison was sure he already had some ideas about sex and wondered just how precocious he was. She considered offering him more, but decided she needed to wait for Butter to advise her.

Grace asked why Edward brought Megan.

"Two reasons," he replied. "Maybe three. Since I was coming in my jet, it was easy, Megan likes to fly with me, and I want to be sure she approves of my new little bitch."

"Except when she's breeding, she sleeps in my room. Megan is more my friend and companion than a dog in my kennel. I expect the new bitch will grow up as her, and my, companion and friend."

His answer pleased Butter and Allison, almost as much as Mars did.

But Allison asked, "But what about Mar's father? Where does he sleep?"

"His name is, Ax, and he usually sleeps in the living room, where he can keep an eye on the front door. Except when he's out to stud, and activity he really like.

"I got the idea of trading a male pup for another of Butter's young bitches, right after I met Butter and Allison in Boston. Mostly Ax breeds with Megan, but I let a friend use him for stud with her bitch mastiff, on condition I got the pick of the Litter. Mar's mother's name is Venus. She and Ax are both Grand Champions and Venus came out of the same line as Butter's Thor.

"I wasn't sure about my idea until I saw Mars, but as soon as I did, I knew he'd grow up to be a perfect breeding partner for Butter, and you, Allison, since I gather you've joined Butter, and so many other women, in appreciating male mastiffs."

Allison blushed, but managed to smile. She nodded, "I love Butter, but a girl does want to be filled once in a while, and after trying it, I'm convinced that for me, the right mastiff will always be better than any man. No offence."

"None taken, my dear. Long before the Pembrooks brought Buttercup to Pembroke Farm, I visited and saw Grace with Ajax and Thor. While my own inclination is toward women, as intimate partners, it was clear that Grace adored what her two male mastiffs did with her, and it was also clear that if anything, Brian liked it more than Grace.

"I'm too old to object to anything two, three, four or more creatures do together that gives them pleasure."

"You aren't old!" Allison teased.

"I'll be fifty in a few months and although I hope I have decades more time, I know that most of my life is now behind me, rather than in front, unlike you."

A look of resigned melancholy came over the man's face that Allison found irresistible. She kissed him on the cheek, whispered, "Brian is a lot older and still going strong. I suspect you have a lot of life in you yet."

"Ah, you warm a man's heart, and more," Edward said with a glance at the blonde's naked breasts.

Allison saw the look and smiled. She'd grown use to Brian, Sam and Peter ogling her and even come to recognize that she'd become something of an exhibitionist. For the rest of Edward's stay Allison took delight in teasing the man's libido with her nudity, displayed herself before him in poses she'd seen centerfolds use.

Butter asked what she was up to, and when Allison explained she silently laughed for ten minutes. When she recovered she sighed, "Your so bad!"

But the next time she saw Edward she joined Allison in her series of provocative poses. Edward seemed to enjoy the game and Brian thought he'd gone to heaven. Grace was less happy.

After spending hours playing with the female puppies, sometimes together, sometime one at a time he narrowed his choice to three. He and Megan then spent time with the three together and then each one alone.

Two days later he announced his decision. "Sunflower, Megan and I agree she is wonderful pup and we're sure will fit right into our home."

Alison started to cry, and in minutes was nearly hysterical. Sunflower was one of her four, and her favorite, although she loved the other three, indeed, she deeply loved all 16 littermates.

Edward went to her and hugged her, promising that his guest room was always available for to visit Sunflower, and that he hoped that she and Buttercup would visit as often as they liked.

Thunder was the first of Alison's four to leave Pembroke Farm. As soon as Butter was sure Thunder was housebroken, Jill and Sylvia drove down and after spending a day with Butter and Allison, took him home. They two also begged Butter and Allison to visit them and Thunder.

The following week was full of interviews. Alison and Butter felt very strange wearing cloths, but realized there was no option. The applicants were strangers to them; single women, men and families. Grace, Butter and Alison would ask questions for an hour. Answer questions for fifteen minutes and then, generally with the applicant(s) waiting in another room, discuss which puppy they wanted and whether they thought the puppy and owner(s) would be happy together. On occasion they knew there was nothing to talk about and only needed to nod to each other before Grace told the applicant they could have the puppy.

One woman made it clear she expected to be able to return Storm, the male she'd chosen, if the young male failed to be interested in sex with her by the time he was two. Butter went for her throat, and Alison had to hold her back. Grace escorted the woman out of the room and house, after helping her pack. Sam drove her directly to the airport.

A man named Wallace wouldn't take no for an answer. He wanted a dog to show, but had no intention of spending time with the young male he'd selected, whose name was Mercury.

"That's what trainers and handlers are for!" He insisted.

Mr. Wallace kept offering more and more money, somehow thinking that they were haggling over price. When his offer got to \$34,000 Allison stopped him.

"Mr. Wallace, you could offer a million or ten million and the answer would still be no! The puppies go to who will give them the best home and the most love. We'd drop the price for the right owner, but there is not enough money in the world to get us to send one of our puppies to a loveless home!"

The next applicant for Mercury was a family of five, a man and women and their two daughters and a son. The girls were twelve-year-old twins and the boy was seven.

Grace, Alison and Butter were surprised when the man, Mr. Martin, came in alone, since they knew the rest of the family was with him.

Grace asked him to sit, but he remained standing.

"Mr. Martin, we must meet your family, as well as you." Allison began.

Mr. Martin nodded, "I must apologize, Ms. Pembroke, ladies. You see this week my wife, Linn, was laid-off her job in a corporate restructuring. Without her income we can't afford the offer we made for Mercury. We just learned that Linn is pregnant too, and until she delivers she's unable to look for other work.

"We applied for a loan, hoping we could make good on the letter we sent you, but the lender had said no when they heard that we are a one income family.

"Again I apologize for wasting your time." He turned to leave but Alison's voice stopped him.

"Please don't leave yet, Mr. Martin.

"If you were to add Mercury to your family, would you, with one income, be able to afford the food and vet care that Mercury will require?"

The man nodded. He watched, the Brindle haired woman and the woman who had stopped him. Their hands were flying around. After a minute he realized that they were talking in sign language.

When the hands stopped the brindle haired woman smiled very warmly at him.

The young blonde woman spoke again. "Mr. Martin, please have your family join us. The adoption is least of all about money. If we believe that you will give Mercury a loving home, and the best of care, we will find a way for you to adopt him.

Mr. Martin saw Grace Pembroke snort. He knew Brian and Grace through business he did with Brian. They were not generous people, although he knew them to be kind, at times. After looking in wonder at the two younger women he said, "We'll be right in." and left wondering. What hold do those girls have on Grace Pembroke, to make a money decision like that for her?

A few minutes later he returned and introduced, Linn, Connie, Nancy and little Valentine. When asked to sit they did and the questioning began. Alison asked most of the questions, although Grace asked a few and occasionally the brindle haired girl passed the Blonde a note or briefly used her hands to communicate.

It became clear that the whole family was already smitten by Mercury's charms and wanted him to live with them. They wanted to show him and breed him when he was ready. Nancy and Connie wanted to learn to show Mercury, having seen many young women presenting wonderful dogs in the show-ring.

They could afford the best of vet care, and their home was on a large fenced lot. When told that once a year or more the brindle haired woman and/or the blonde would visit to check on Mercury and confirm that he was well, and part of a loving family, they readily agreed.

When the questioning was done, there was a flurry of note writing among the three women. Then Grace Pembroke turned to the Martin Family and smiled. "Ms. Rose, owns the bitch who is Mercury's mother. Her friend, Allison helps her with rearing the puppies. The puppies were bred and whelped here, because we have the best facilities for whelping a litter.

"Ms. Rose offers to make you an interest free loan for the full price for Mercury. She wants you to pay her as you are able, with the understanding that if Mercury, in her view, is not being well cared for, she may take him away. Also you must inform her, through me, if you move or your circumstances change and Mercury can no longer be with you.

"Do you agree?"

After a moment of silence the whole family looked up, they all were smiling and nodding.

"Good," Grace said standing and holding out a folder filled with papers.

"Here is the adoption forms.

"Please read them carefully this afternoon. Tomorrow morning we'll have loan papers for you to review and sign also. Let me know when you are ready to sign, assuming you don't change your mind, and I'll have a notary come by and witness the signing. She lives just a few minutes away and is coming by to make all the adoption papers legal."

The family left happy.

Requiring that Butter and Allison be able to visit and check on a puppy's well being, every year, had been a sticking point with some prospective owners. Several left saying the requirement was too intrusive.

Never the less, in ten days all 16 of the puppies left Pembroke farm. Last to leave was Edward Hacker with Megan and Sunflower. He urged Butter and Allison to visit as often as they liked. In a cheerful tone he offered Butter anything she wanted if she'd come and breed on his farm.

Edward even tried to persuade Allison, by reminding her that she and Butter could get legally married in his state. The idea did make Alison's eyes light up, and Butter smiled broadly, but signed, and Allison translated, "Butter's made a commitment to Brian and Grace, and plans to keep it. After all, Pembroke Farm is a wonderful place to breed puppies."

Edward left, a little disappointed but smiling. Allison and Butter were left with Mars.

All the love the two young women had been lavishing on their puppies was poured onto Mars who responded wonderfully to their attention. He slept with Butter, Allison and Burton from the first night and during the day was never more than a few feet from them. When Allison left to visit the remodel project, Mars stayed next to Butter, until the blonde returned. Then he'd run to the Allison, even before she had a chance to undress, greeting her warmly.

~~~~

## **Chapter LXII: Life Finds A Pattern**

Butter walked into the study, in the house outside of Salem that Allison had made into a home for them. Following her were two brindle coated mastiffs and a very large orange tabby cat. She was older, but still easily recognized as Butter; there were smile lines around her eyes now, deep dimples on her cheeks and her eyes had a twinkle that was still seductive. She wore a loose shift and her feet were bare. Although there was no make-up on her face she projected an image of provocative sexuality.

She walked to the desk she used when she wrote. The dogs looked at her, wondering what was next. She patted her thigh and Copper and Melville lay down at her feet. Both were large, well over 200 pounds. Copper was nearly fourteen, and his muzzle was gray. Melville was only three and had not yet gained his full size, although his head was nearly even with Butter's shoulder when he walked over to be beside his mistress, who was sitting down. Butter got out her macbook, plugged it in, flipped it open and turned it on. She expected to be writing for some hours.

While she waited for the computer to boot-up, Butter got down on the floor and hugged the two dogs in turn. The Orange tabby, Samson, rubbed against her demanding attention. She petted him in turn, and moved back to her laptop. Cooper looked at her longingly, but she knew it was warmth and affection he desired. His interest in mating with her had ended when he was a little over twelve. Melville however had a gleam in his eye that spoke clearly of his desire to mount her, although she

wouldn't be going into heat again for five months.

Looking at the dogs she thought about her mates; Thor, Ajax, Satan, Hercules, Mars, Cooper and now Melville. With the exception of Satan she had enjoyed mating with them all, and truly loved Thor and Cooper. Melville, like Mars, couldn't resist her when she was in heat, but at other times, and given his choice, he would mount Allison.

She smiled at Melville warmly, since he was a good friend and when she'd needed breeding the previous winter, he attended to her with gentleness and humor.

Samson was an indulgence. Still too young to be away from his mother, Allison had found him abandoned in a box by the roadside. She'd brought him to Butter who was nursing a litter, four years before. The scared and starving little ball of fur had latched onto Butter's nipple and fed while Butter and Allison cleaned him up. He was her third kitten, and unlike her puppies, could stay with her after he was grown. That alone had allowed Butter to let down her guard and form a strong maternal bond with the kitten.

I'm delaying what I came to do, Butter realized. She turned back to the computer and reviewed the files in the folder named, "Our Story: All Mysteries Revealed."

Butter smiled at the title, it was one of Allison's jokes, so true that it was funny. The files included Allison's account of how Butter and she met, became friends, and lovers; Butter's account of how she became part bitch, and her life as the breeding bitch dog of Brian and Grace Pembroke and her ten years as a pet dog at Pembroke Farm; and Allison's chapter describing how she had moved to Oregon to be with Butter and how they had begun their lives together.

Butter smiled broadly when she read how candied her lover had been about her slow, and in some ways reluctant, seduction and surrender to the carnal attentions of Hercules.

It's clearly my turn, Butter decided. Allison has laid out our love for each other and our relationship with dogs with painful honesty, even about her life before we met and that wretch, Nick. Just as I tried to tell to do when I wrote my history for her, in Dominico so long ago.

The accounts were accurate and Butter decided she must begin the last chapters; a task that Allison had pressed her to undertake for more than a year. Paulette and Claudette would be home from College for the Thanksgiving break in three days, and Butter had agreed they were old enough to be told all their mothers' secrets. Butter began to type.

"My dears, Claudette and Paulette,

"I know you have wondered about me. My long absence from home every year, and my dear Allison's frequent overnight trips away from you while I was absent. You have read how my reproductive nature and sexual life was altered when I was as young as you Paulette, 18. Of how Allison and I met and became lovers and life partners, and how Allison chose to give up seeking a relationship with a man, deciding to be my lover and wife, as I am hers, and to share the males we choose to mate with.

"After my tenth litter was all adopted Allison and I moved to the home that she had been preparing while I was going through my breeding cycle. It was late September when Allison, Mars, Burton and I moved into our own house. The move was easy, our possessions being few. I had never had many, and, as you have read, most of Allison's had been destroyed while we were in Costa Rica.

"Burton found a sunny window seat and was instantly happy, and Mars was a happy puppy whenever he was with Allison or I, and puppy-double-happy when he could be with us both.

"In the following months Brian Pembroke, uncle Brian to you, sent commission after commission to Allison, through his friends and business associates. Most were pleasantly surprised at how well designed the resulting buildings were, and in turn started recommending Allison Washington to people seeking an architect.

"Allison was pleased, she was doing design work, and had more commissions for buildings than she could handle. She looked around and found an engineer she liked with a good team and developed a working relationship with her. The engineer's name is Francesca Reynolds, who you have met, and who still works with Allison.

"Although Allison's office proudly displayed her Oregon Architects License, which had arrived just after I whelped my puppies, she felt more comfortable having a licensed engineer do the structural work. After working with Francesca for a while she became confident enough to subcontract most working drawings to Francesca's firm, allowing her to focus her attention on design. In two years Allison's practice grew to a point where referral work from former clients was more important than the new clients Brian referred to her.

"Mars lived with us, but the three of us visited Pembroke Farm almost every weekend. The following spring, when I went into heat again, Mars was still too young to breed me. Grace Pembroke arranged for Hercules to sire my young again. Mars, Allison and I spent my entire heat at Pembroke farm with Hercules. In an effort, she said, to limit the size of my litter Allison mated with Hercules whenever I could stand to wait. Of course, it wasn't all self-sacrifice, she liked the big mastiff intensely and liked coupling with him as much as I did. Mars received a real education as he watched us and seemed to understand what the special scent I had then meant. He would have attempted to mate with one of us, but Hercules made it clear to him, without being unkind, that we were his bitches.

"Allison's strategy may have worked. In early May I had a litter of nine puppies. Again Allison helped with nursing and puppy care, but she had a business to run and clients to please. After the puppies opened their eyes she began spending a half-day at her office and when they moved to solid food her time away became a full day. Even when she was with me at Pembroke farm she had work with her.

"I loved it when she'd explain to me what she was doing with each project's design, as I know both of you have enjoyed listening to her talk about her work. She's so excited that it is always interesting.

Of course, both of us were nude in our soft bed and puppies attached to most of the available nipples as she talked. Generously she'd say the time was as productive as it fostered ideas, as it was at feeding hungry puppies.

When I was able we returned to enjoying love with Allison our little Mars, at 128 pounds, often tried to join in, but we gently would push him away, trying to make him understand that what he wanted was a pleasure he was too young for. I think he did, although it helped that Allison and I cuddled him and fussed over him every day.

"While I was nursing, and rearing my puppies, Allison oversaw the completion of our house and when I moved home, with Mars, after the puppies were all adopted, it was done. The second floor master-suite seemed vast. There was a nursery, designed to meet the needs of babies as well as puppies. The bedroom was huge and had tons more storage than I could imagine using, but over the years it did sort of fill up. The master-bath was wonder of luxury and comfort that we both enjoyed. I was pleased at the size of the tub (huge) as well as the built in sauna, which made up for not having access to the pool at Pembroke Farm.



"Weekends continued to be spent at Pembroke Farm where we enjoyed the pool, grounds and seeing Sam, Lilly and to a lesser extent Grace, Brian and Peter.

"Brian was eager for me to begin love play with Mars, for him to watch, but I said no. For some months he was a very frustrated man. His compensation was that Allison and I stripped within minutes of arriving and didn't wear clothes again until we were ready to leave. A practice we maintained at home, until we decided that your arrival should change that, and so many other things. Of course, Allison and I treated Brian to many sessions of lesbian lovemaking that he watching on the monitor in his and Grace's bedroom.

"In the fall we also began visiting the families that had adopted my puppies, as we'd told them we would. Our first stop and base of operations was with Jill, Sylvia and Thunder in Portland. I was relieved to find that Sylvia had become very fond of Thunder and that they both were being good about waiting to offer themselves to his maleness until he was at least two.

"Fortunately, my investments and the income from Allison's practice exceeding our material desires. We paid Brian back much of the money he had fronted for the house and its remodel and still had more than we needed. Our affluence allowed us to book first class seats for trips to visit the puppies, rent cars and stay in very nice places.

"Allison was thrilled when they each seemed to remember her as well as me. The four she had imprinted with were so excited to see her it brought tears to her eyes. When we traveled to see other puppies we would visit with each puppy, then the family, then examine the home and yard, all on the first day. The second day we would talk to the puppies vet and spend another hour or two with the puppy before leaving. We tried not to intrude on the family and I believe were genuinely welcomed back each year when we returned.

Our longest trip was to visit Megan, Sunflower and Edward Hacker on his farm in Massachusetts. We made the trip at Thanksgiving and also spent the holiday with your Grandparents, the Connie and Frank Washington. Edward welcomed us like we were long lost family and encouraged us to spend all the time we wanted with Megan and Sunflower. He allowing us to take Sunflower with us to Allison's parents home.

"Frank and Connie Washington greeted me like their daughter and on that trip they became the parents I'd always wished were mine. They seemed to adore Sunflower, but were puzzled at the way the puppy (just a little more than a year old), was inseparable from Allison.

"Allison's brother and sister were as welcoming as Frank and Connie and to keep things simple Frank explained to them that we were married. It took the teenagers a whole minute to absorb the information before they, grinning, began what turned into at least a hundred questions, some of which we answered with, 'ask again when your older.'

"It was a very beautiful fall and on our last day Allison went for a long walk with her mother. She told Connie of my surgery and that I was Megan and Sunflower's mother. Of course, Connie didn't believe her, and joked about anything that made her happy being just fine. Allison kept talking and by the time they returned Allison had her nearly convinced.

"Connie demanded proof, and Allison invited her to our room, where, with the door bolted, I undressed and showed her my bitch breasts. She put her hand over her face and sat down hard. For several minutes all she could say was 'Oh-my-God! Oh-my-God!'

"She recovered enough to seem calm in front of Frank and she was very sweet when we left. She hugged me tight, called me daughter and said how pleased she felt that Allison had found me and

brought me into the family. She even managed to hug Sunflower, although Frank looked at her strangely.

"When we returned Megan to Edward Hacker he again urged me to come breed for him. He reminded us that Allison and I could get married if we were both residents of Massachusetts. On the flight home, we decided that we did wish to be married, and to work over the next year or two to set it up. By then we were enjoying being able to talk with each other using sign language and know that even the most intimate topics were safe to discuss in a crowd,

"We saved money, and began preparing Brian and Grace for our leaving for two years. Brian shocked us both by nodding and saying, 'I understand, girls, I'll buy a small farm near Edward Hacker's where Grace and I can reside while we're on the east coast. You've invited us to live there. Of course, Sam, Lilly, and Peter will also be there.'

"He was so nice about it, that we felt it would be rude not to accept at least part of his offer. After checking with his lawyers Brian reminded us that we need only spend 184 days a year in Massachusetts to be residents.

"Over the next few months Allison began organizing her practice so that she could telecommute from the east coast with occasional short trips to Oregon.

"While I was saving lots of money, I did indulge myself in one major material acquisition. A big screen TV, a nice sound system, and a DVD player. I began building what became the huge collection of movies you both like teasing me about. I found I just loved films from the thirties and Allison shared my passion, which led to your names; Claudette after Claudette Colbert (*It Happened on Night and Cleopatra*), and Paulette after Paulette Goddard (*Modern Times* and *The Women*).

"The next spring, when I went into heat, Mars was old enough to breed me. Which he did, with a lot of enthusiasm. Allison gave herself to him with complete abandon. It seemed like she was the one in heat and I was the one trying to limit the number of puppies she would have.

"After the first few days of nonstop coupling, enough of the edge was off her passion so she allowed me to begin instructing Mars in how to be a good lover. He was very apt and by the time I was coming out of heat Allison was blessing my efforts.

"There were ten puppies that year, and Allison again helped me nurse, but again, her business kept her away from the puppies more than either of us liked.

"It was when the final puppy was adopted that Allison told me she wanted a child, if it was alright with me. Of course it was, but I wondered who the father would be. She really surprised me by saying she wanted it to be Brian Pembroke, if he was OK with me. It was, he was my master and I loved him, but it also needed to be OK with Grace Pembroke, who still liked to keep her husband as confined to her bed as she could.

"We talked it over with Grace, and were surprised when she was all for the idea. Grace told Brian who loved the idea. Of course, there were papers to be drawn, by Brian's lawyers and Jill Lovejoy.

"As the discussion continued we were floored when Brian and Grace asked me to consent to their adopting me. His terms were so generous that we agreed, with the understanding that the adoption would not be final until after Allison was pregnant. Another condition he had was that the child would be told he was its father before it was 21.

"The month before I was to go into heat we spent Allison's fertile period mating with Brian like bunnies. Grace joined in, and Brian had the time of his life. Allison mated with the stud male most often. Still I had Brian's bad thing in me once a day and both Grace and I went out of our way to get him primed to breed Allison. Often when Brian and my lover were coupling I, and sometimes Allison too, would worship Graces sex as her husband gave up his seed.

Three weeks after Allison's fertile period the pregnancy test came up positive. She was over morning sickness in time to really enjoy my heat and breeding with Mars. Mars stayed with me nearly all the time and was nearly as good a father as Thor had been. I liked him immensely, but it wasn't love. We were buddies and good friends. Mars smiled at the puppies, let them climb all over him, and generally indulged them. He also smiled at me and let me know he was proud of me and considered me his bitch.

"When I was coming out of my heat I noticed that Allison and Mars were looking at each other in a special way. Allison would smile at Mars, who would smile back, and two minutes later they'd be mating. Afterwards they never moved more than a few inches apart and they were always touching each other in some way, even when Allison and I were pleasuring each other. But my sweet loves passion for me didn't lessen, and I was able to let go of the jealous feelings I sometimes had.

"A little less more than two months later I whelped twelve puppies. Allison helped me nurse them again, although she couldn't stay with me all the time. Clients and their projects demanded several hours of her time every day, even when she was telecommuting. By the time my puppies were adopted Allison was stating to look very pregnant. Brian was acting like a proud father. My adoption went through and I felt like I'd somehow graduated. Suddenly I was Grace's and Brian's daughter and no longer their pet. It made me very happy.

"The following October you, Claudette were born; six pounds and four ounces of cute cuddliness. We loved you intensely, spoiled you and both nursed you. I'm sure no baby was ever more loved by a father and a mother than you were by your two mothers. Of course, Brian dotted over you as well, and Mars and Burton dotted on you too.

Mars seemed to think he was your father, after all, he'd breed Allison, and seemed to think you were the happy result.

Our second Thanksgiving with your Grandparents had been a little strained. Connie had told Frank about me and he kept looking strangely at Megan, Mars and I, who they'd said could come with us on our visit; a decision I think the regretted. It made both Allison and I wonder if they could really accept me. Although Frank and Connie were perfectly polite and pleasant, just not as warm as they'd been before. Allison suggested we give them more time to get used to the idea, her father in particular.

She was right. The next year when we visited both Frank and Connie welcomed me like their daughter again. The even hugged and Mars. It didn't hurt that Allison had you, just five weeks old, in her arms. When Frank learned that we were both nursing you, he grinned and made a joke about how lucky you were to have ten nipples to choose from. You were a huge hit with your uncle and aunt too. Although I think they enjoyed playing with Mars more. Megan couldn't come because she was too close to going into heat and Edward wanted Ax to breed her.

"You were still nursing the next spring when I whelped another litter and we have pictures, which we'll now let you see, of you and eight puppies in a nest between Allison and I, all nursing at once. You continued to nurse, long after the puppies were weaned and adopted. An advantage of having two mothers was when Allison had to work I could nurse you and when she was home she got to.

There are more pictures of you among the thirteen puppies I whelped the following spring.

"We let you, Claudette, nurse until we weaned that second litter of puppies the following spring. You were 22 months then and really had too many teeth to continue on our nipples.

"My five year contract was up and when Brian offered to renew it I said no. He was disappointed until I told him that I would still let him watch me breed and raise our puppies, visiting Pembroke Farm often. I explained that since I was his daughter now, I didn't think it was right to take money from him. He cried and hugged me and said he always loved me and that it had made him happy, more than he could say, to call me daughter.

"I cried too. I loved him and wanted to call him Dad. But neither he or Grace ever learned sign language and I was limited to notes, and writing letters when Allison and I were away."

Butter turned off the computer. She'd been writing for three hours, and Allison would be home soon. She'd spent the day at a job site. It was time to fix dinner.

She stood and Melville and Cooper got up and looked at her expectantly. Cooper was slower getting up. His arthritis was getting bad. Butter touched her hip and both dogs followed her. She walked slowly back and forth to the stairs five times before deciding that Copper was loosening up enough to go down.

Once in the kitchen she fed her boys, then thought for a minute.

I can finish tomorrow, if I get started early. That will leave Wednesday free to do the Thanksgiving shopping. The girls will be home the next day and the rest of the family is coming in the day after.

She walked to the refrigerator and started pulling out the ingredients to make the meal she'd planned.

~~~~~

## **Chapter LXIII: Paulette**

"The following fall we closed up our house and moved to the one Brian had bought in Massachusetts. It was large, not as big as the house at Pembroke Farm, There were two large master-suites, as well as large pleasant rooms for Sam and Peter and Lilly. Brian's and Grace's suite had an attached sitting room and ours had an attached nursery. The nursery had been modified to allow it to be heated to be puppy warm, 94 degrees, and it was big enough for the large nest that Allison and I enjoyed.

"Mars and Burton moved with us and settled right in. There was a large fenced rear yard and the house was set well back from the street so Allison and I could get all starkers and go outside to play whenever the weather allowed.

"A few days after our arrival, while Brian and Grace were out shopping, Allison checked the house out carefully and found concealed cameras that fed to a large plasma screen in Grace and Brian's suite. When the two returned Allison went over the rules. 'We love you, but if you are going to watch us with camera's as we play with each other and/or Mars, there will be no recording of images, still or moving. Remember, we'll be gone, out of the house, and out of your lives, including Claudette, if you record, in any way, our intimate times together. Remember I'll know, I'm watching for it.'

"Allison kept careful track of her days in Massachusetts. She ended up flying back to Oregon to work for several days twice a month. I missed her terribly, but had our sweet Claudette, Mars, and Burton

to keep me company. The trips allowed Allison to keep an eye on our house as well as check in with the people taking care of Pembroke Farm for Grace and Brian.

"Edward Hacker insisted that my next heat I should mate with his Ax. I worried that Megan and Sunflower might mind, but being with them and Ax made it clear that they wouldn't. I stayed with Edward while I was in heat. Edward allowed Brian to come over and watch me being bred, which he did daily. But I missed Allison. She was at the house taking care of Claudette, Mars, and Burton.

"Ax was not a skilled lover. After three days of rapid-fire couplings, I started to teach him what pleased me, and to my delight, he learned rapidly. Sunflower came into heat just before I came out, and I saw that Ax retained the gentleness and slower pace I'd taught him when he bred my daughter. She seemed to enjoy it.

"As soon as my heat was over I went home and tried to make my absence up to Mars. In spite of several careful baths, he seemed to know I'd been unfaithful and was down about it until I set aside a whole afternoon to romp with him. Afterwards he realized I was still his bitch and became bouncy happy again; particularly when Allison joined in on our love play.

"Allison and I found that living in Massachusetts meant Connie, Frank, Rachelle, and Frank Jr. would visit us, rather frequently. I was starting to show four-weeks after my heat when they first visited. Rachelle looked at me a little funny, and Connie frowned. The next day Frank took Frank Jr. and Rachelle for a hike in a nearby park, and Connie corralled Allison and I.

"Connie began by correctly observing that I was pregnant and with puppies. Unlike Brian and Grace, she had bothered to learn sign language, as had Rachelle and Frankie. Normally I enjoyed talking with her and Allison, since there was no need for Allison to be my translator. However, this conversation was not pleasant. Connie had decided to put her foot down. She made it quite clear that she loved me and appreciated that my special nature was not something repellent, although she frowned at Mars when she said it. Mars was sitting between Allison and I with his chin in Allison's lap. He looked happy.

"I was holding Claudette, when Connie told us that our daughter, Rachelle, and Frankie shouldn't find out about my breeding with dogs, or Allison's taking Mars as a lover (she'd figured that one out on her own), until they were old enough to understand. She wanted me to go stay somewhere else, away from 'the children' until after I'd whelped my puppies and they'd been adopted.

"Connie insisted, there was screaming from Allison, and we all cried. I thought it might kill me to be away from Claudette for almost half of every year. Connie said once the puppies were weaned Claudette could visit, but again, 'the children' shouldn't learn that the puppies were mine until they were older.

"Allison insisted that would be when they had the 'birds and bees' talk. Connie started at 25. We ended up agreeing on 18, although I thought that would be a lot to package with telling Claudette that Brian was her biological father.

"She offered to have Claudette stay with her while I did my 'breeding thing.' Allison stated she couldn't be away from us both. The conversation lasted all afternoon. When it was over it was agreed that I'd stay at Edward Hacker's farm for the next few months, until the puppies were adopted; that Connie would stay with Allison and Claudette and would care for Claudette during the day and sometimes overnight when Allison would visit me or had to travel to Oregon.

"When Frank returned we'd agreed and worked out the details, but no-one was happy. Frank wasn't thrilled with the idea of Connie spending so much time away. Brian and Grace were unhappy with

the decision, no sex to watch on their big screen for months, and no naked ladies around the house to ogle.

“Edward was more than happy to have me stay with him, and prepared a special whelping room for me. It was very nice, with space for a large nest and visitors. He’d already found a vet to help me with the delivery and Patty had briefed her. Her name was Vicky Kearney. Like Patty, initially she didn’t believe it, then she was almost hostile, but all that changed when she helped me whelp the first puppy.

There were twelve in that litter. Because of the arrangement with Connie, Allison couldn’t help me nurse them unless she was willing to be away from you Claudette for weeks. That was out of the question. Nursing them by myself was a lot of work, but I’d done it before.

“For the first time I was happy to see my puppies adopted. I was wild to get home and be with my family. My first day home I spent the whole day holding Claudette and playing with her. That night I spent the whole night letting Allison and Mars know how much I’d missed them. The following weekend Allison took Claudette to visit the Washington’s and Mars and I put on a special performance for Brian. Both males seemed to enjoy it, and I did too. Grace smiled as she watched and at one point joined in using her mouth to ready Mars for another coupling.

“The following month Allison told me she wanted to have another child. Once she understood I liked the idea, it seemed like our happy lives were restored. A little to my surprise, she wanted Edward Hacker to act as stud. Brian was disappointed, but took it well. Edward was surprised and very happy about the idea. The twinkle we’d seen in his eye when he watched Allison and I running around in the nude was not an empty promise.

“Jill sent the paperwork, patterned after the agreement Allison had signed with Brian. Edward had his lawyers look it over and then added a clause that gave him the right to visit at least twice a year. Allison and I readily agreed. After all, if we thought well enough of him to have a child with him, we certainly were willing to have him visit.

“We set the two months before my next heat as the time to get Allison knocked-up. Connie agreed to come stay with Claudette while we were busy. She was eager to be a grandmother again, but had trouble with both Allison and I mating with Edward. She kept saying, ‘All three of you? In the same bed! In front of each other?’

“I don’t think she ever got over it.

“Since we were busy, Claudette had a two short week with Grandma and Grandpa. Brian was put out when Edward told him he couldn’t watch. But Allison and I really liked the privacy, just the two of us with a nice stud, no camera, no audience. We spent five days in Edwards house, mostly in his bedroom in January and again in February. Allison mated with him most, but Edward did me too. He was as skilled as Brian and never treated me like a bitch as he bred me, which Brian did; I liked Edward better for that.

“In early March we confirmed that Allison was pregnant and a week later I went into heat. Again I let Edward pick a stud to breed me, although I would have preferred Mars. The stud’s name was Marshall, and he was huge; 234 pounds, and really big where it matters most for breeding. He was business like and lacked the playfulness I loved in my studs, but his size partly made up for that. Of course Allison was with me for some of the time, and Marshall had his way with her too. She agreed that the experience was, ‘very interesting.’

Marshall was big enough so that after he’d tied with a girl, his tool would not just press into her

womb, it would fill it. When he gave me his seed the earth shook and fireworks went off.

"Brian got to watch a few times and when Allison told him what was happening, play by play, he got so excited we thought he might faint. Even Edward got interested. When in heat, and being bred, I'm never in condition to notice all that goes on around me, but I do remember silently laughing as Marshall filled me and I saw Edward and Brian both pleasing themselves, looking red faced, and lost in lust.

"When I came out of heat I was good and pregnant. I got to come home for a month to be with Claudette, who'd missed me as much as I'd missed her. Then was banished to Edwards farm for my confinement.

"I had eight puppies that time, and was home in time to coach Allison for her delivery. That brought Paulette into our lives. Edward was very proud of her, and Allison and I adored the baby. Claudette was just the right age to enjoy a baby sister and Mars doted on her, as much or more than her Grandparents, aunt and uncle. Once again, Mars seemed to think the new baby was his daughter.

"For the first few weeks Allison and I shared nursing you. Connie tried to object, but Allison told her flat, 'We're both her mother, and there is nothing wrong with a mother nursing her child.'

"But Allison needed to be flying to Oregon often so I took over all the nursing. I loved having Paulette at my breast. A young life that was mine to nurture and shelter and help grow to maturity. In that way babies are nicer than puppies.

"At Christmas Allison and I were married. The Washington's wanted us to be married in their home, and Allison loved the idea. Rachelle was made of honor, Claudette was a flower girl, Frankie stood up with me and Sylvia, Jill, and Patty flew out for the event. Mars, Megan and Sunflower attended. There were a lot of Frank and Connie's friends, who seemed to enjoy the event although they clearly were having an edgy experience. None had ever been to a wedding that dogs also attended, and those not used to them always find adult mastiffs intimidating. We were married by the Reverend Marilee Sundown, a justice of the peace in the county.

"Allison wore her Mother's wedding dress, which had to be let out some, since, after two babies her figure was beautiful, but far from virginal. I wore an empire-waist dress that comfortably hid my bitch breasts. It was in blue satin with lots of lace. It was the only dress I'd ever worn that I liked wearing. It made me feel so very feminine.

"Edward was there as were Grace, Brian, Peter, Lilly and Sam. Edward got to hold Paulette during the ceremony, which was short, and Brian, as he always did, brought Claudette a present, a plush mastiff puppy, that she loved and insisted on sleeping with; I think she took it with her to college.

"In January we moved back to Oregon and our home, which I'd missed terribly. To my delight, when I had to go to Pembroke Farm for my confinement Paulette came with me. When she heard about it, Connie objected, but Allison insisted that there was nothing wrong with her being around my puppies for a year or two. Besides, she was working and I was doing the nursing.

"We have pictures of Paulette with the litter I whelped that spring. Mars was the father again, and I was happy about that. I wouldn't trade his affection and tender caring for Marshall's oversized equipment for even a single coupling. There were nine puppies and Paulette, all to manage nursing. The puppies were much bigger than Paulette when I weaned them, and I was still nursing Paulette the next spring when I whelped my next litter.

"The following years were wonderful for Allison and I. We loved taking care of Claudette and

Paulette and watching them grow. Edward Hacker, Connie and Frank were frequent visitors and the Washington's brought Rachelle and Frankie with them at least twice a year. At nights Allison and I had each other and Mars.

"Allison's practice grew and that made her happy, especially since it allowed her feel like an equal financial partner in our marriage.

"Every fall we made our trip to check in on my puppies. When we got to 50 visits in one trip we went to every two, or three years, unless something seemed wrong. In which case we'd visit the next year. Three times we had puppies given back to us, always tearfully, by owners that found they couldn't keep them. We found good homes for all three, but it took a while. There were two males and one female. We also, with the help of Jill, took two back males that the owners were badly neglecting.

"Puppies are much easier to find homes for than fully-grown dogs.

"Grace brought us a solution for the males. She had friends that were looking for a mastiff lover. After meeting the women we agreed. Allison spent time with the boys, making sure they knew what a woman wanted, and I spent time with each prospective owner making sure she knew what to expect, and wanted it. We even took them through a couple of tries with debriefing afterwards. It worked out, but I felt guilty leaving the 'how to' training with the boys to Allison. I couldn't get over there being my sons.

"The female was more of a problem. We kept Tulip at Pembroke Farm to avoid her attracting attention from Mars. She was a beautiful show quality dog, but had received no training, for the show ring or basic obedience. Obedience is important in 165-pound mastiff. I gave her obedience training, she learned fast, but I discovered that Brian was trying to have his way with her, when I wasn't around. We put a stop to that, although if he'd wanted to offer her a home and let anything more be her choice, I would have wished them well. But he said that wasn't what he wanted, and Allison said, translated for me, 'Keep your - - hands off her then'.

We finally placed Tulip with a very nice, but poor, woman named Nancy. She was a professional dog handler, experienced with Mastiffs who longed to have her own mastiff to show and breed. We helped her get a good place to live with Tulip and she focused on training. Two years later Tulip was a champion. We allowed her to show Mars as well, and he became a champion. Then we allowed her to breed Tulip with Mars acting as stud and the puppies sold quickly. Allison, had a little trouble letting Mars act as stud for anyone but she and I, but with lots of loving affection I got her over it. It didn't hurt that the big lug went for her like a sex starved sailor the day he returned home.

"But not everything was happy. Sam died two years later. Lilly and Peter passed three years after Sam. Within two weeks of each other. New retainers were hired to work Pembroke Farm by Brian, but he and Grace were aging too. As you know Brian died four years ago and Grace the year after. They were well over 80 and had lived full lives, but I miss them.

"Brian and Grace left me Pembroke Farm, and a lot of money. I lease the farm for a dollar a year to the local mastiff rescue group. The money we let grow and have used to support the arts, to set up trust funds for Claudette and Paulette, and to pay off Rachelle's and Frankie's student loans. We also founded and fund a charity that provides medical care to homeless teenagers, up to and including organ transplants. We also give large sums each year to a battered women's shelter and clinic, and the local rape crises hot line.

"Allison and I talked about moving to the Pembroke Farm, but decided, for the time being, to stay in our home. Allison likes being a one-minute walk from home when she works, and I love having her so



close. Most of the year the house at Pembroke Farm was shut up, but every year we've reopened it for my breeding.

"However, this year I get to stay home; which it turns out is my motivation for writing this account. I'll be whelping and nursing a litter again this spring and summer, and I didn't want that to be a surprise. The nursery that we used for Claudette and Paulette will be used for puppies. When you come home for spring break, I'll be pregnant. By the time your home for the summer I'll be nursing a litter. You should be here for the very best part of having puppies, when they are big enough to play, but still cute little bundles of puppy fat.

We'd like you to be here with us forever, but we know you will probably want your own homes and families. We hope you will spend at least summers with us, as well as vacations.

"When Allison retires, we will move to Pembroke Farm and spend our twilight years together there. As you know, it is beautiful.

"Grace and Brian were cremated, and their ashes are in the stone mausoleum at the farm. They're resting between the original Buttercup and Ajax. There are spaces there for Allison and I, when our time comes, between Thor and Mars. Sam requested his ashes also be there, and they are. Someday the farm will be yours, and we will leave it to you with our trust that you will conserve it and keep us together.

"I'm getting to be an old bitch. Last spring I had the smallest liter of my life, only five puppies, and I sense this spring's litter will be smaller. My breeding years will be over soon, certainly soon enough to allow you to bring your future families to visit, without having to deal with my bitch nature.

"Fortunately, what they did to me so long ago, changing me; has meant I haven't had the problems with my mastiff lovers Grace had when she hit the change. Allison is not so fortunate. It is now rare for her to couple with Melville, although, on occasion, she still enjoys it. Mostly we content ourselves with loving each other, while I take care of Melville's needs, with Allison's help.

"After over 30 years, I want to say something about what was done to me. I don't resent having been made into a bitch. I like having puppies, I like having a mastiff as a lover, and of course, if it had never happened I never would have met Thor; who I will always love, or my sweet Allison, who brings joy to every minute I live.

"I do resent Grace having the doctors steal my voice. It wasn't necessary to make me keep my bargain. I was grateful to be alive. But it has made so many things difficult. I hate never being able to tell, with my voice, those I love how important they are to me.

"I also resent having to keep my nature such a secret from my precious Claudette and Paulette, that I was forced to be away from my family for so much time every year. I think Connie Washington was right to insist, but I didn't like it. Although, to be fair, Patty Marshall has never told her family that she chose to become a bitch and has whelped over a hundred beautiful puppies.

"As for now, when I go into heat it is less intense, and I find it more enjoyable. I'm calmer and can savor the closeness I have with my lover as he works with me to make puppies. In a few years when my puppy making system is done, I plan to continue with Melville as my male lover. I like what we do together, and don't think it would be fair to him if I ended the pleasure he takes in our couplings.

"We plan to give each of you a copy of this, our history, when you return to school after Thanksgiving. We expect to answer all their questions when you return home for the Christmas holidays. We have pledged, to each other, that whatever you ask we will answer with absolute

honesty.

"Allison and I understand that our history may be difficult for you to digest. Yet, we know the love in our family will help you overcome any reservations and return with your questions and the open hearts we know you each have.

"With all our heart we wish you the very best.

"Your Loving Mothers,

"Allison Washington-Rose and

"Buttercup Rose-Washington."

~~~~~

## **Chapter LIX: Epilog**

On the plane back to Boston Paulette and Claudette agreed to meet the following Saturday to talk about the thick history the moms had given them. Each had a copy and agreed to read it in the four days they had before the scheduled meeting. Just before taking their respective cabs to their apartments, they decided on a coffee shop they both liked just off Harvard Square. Neither young woman wanted to meet in the presence of her roommate.

Claudette was finishing up at Vassar and Paulette was attending Boston College. It was raining on the day for their meeting. The shop was short walk from Claudette's apartment near the Vassar Campus, and an easy subway trip for Paulette. They'd met there before, it was a quite and place where the tables were separated by partitions allowing private conversations.

They met at ten in the morning in Harvard Square and walked together to the coffee shop. Each had their copy of the thick binder.

As they entered the shop conversation stopped and shops patrons near the entrance looked them over. Both young women were blonde, thin, and pretty. Even under a winter coat, their trim waists and well shape chests kept men and boys kept looking after their long hair and pretty faces had been noticed. After that their presence held the erylens of both men and women. The care and money that had been lavished on their upbringing showed through. Both were as polished, pretty and accomplished as their own kind minds, mothers' love, and more than enough money, could make them.

Claudette seemed upset to the strangers, while Paulette was all smiles.

They took a booth in a corner, away from any potential ease-droppers. As the two disappeared into the booth the sound of resumed conversations came up in the shop. They waited until the waitperson had taken their order and returned with coffee to begin.

"So did you read it?" Claudette asked, glancing at the binders on the table.

"Of course, once I started I couldn't put it down! How about you?" Paulette answered with a giggle.

"Cover-to-cover.

"But, I take it you weren't shocked?"

Paulette shook her head as she sipped her coffee. "Surprised! Real surprised, but, you know, it made

everything make sense. Mom Butter's being away so much, my memories about being in the middle of a bunch of puppies, and the way there was always a big male mastiff living with us, more like a member of the family than a pet.

"In fact, I can't wait until Christmas when I get to call uncle Edward, Dad!

"I called him yesterday, and made him promise to come to Oregon this year for Christmas."

"Did you tell him?"

"Of course not. I want to see the look on his face when I tell him I know.

"Claudette, are you bothered that you never got to talk to Brian about his being your dad?"

Claudette shook her head. "No, in the mom's history, Brian Pembroke comes off as less than heroic. In fact while both moms seem to think well of him, over and over he says or does things that a good man wouldn't. I don't mean the part about him liking to see a woman mate with a dog, or liking to couple with a dog himself.

"I'm open minded enough to put that in the, 'if both parties are willing and no one else is hurt, its OK,' category.

"What bothered me is his forcing mom Butter to breed with that dog Satan, sneaking cameras in to watch the moms' intimate moments, and trying to force his attentions on poor Tulip. When I finished the history he'd been transformed in my mind from the kindly uncle who spoiled me with too many presents to sort of a monster.

"I wonder why mom Allison decided on him to father me?"

Paulette shrugged her shoulders, "That's a good question for when we get home.

"I've started a list of questions. It's getting long.

"But you seem upset by it all, Claudette?"

"A little, it takes some getting used to, don't you think?"

"Sure, but maybe not so much for me. I mean, I thought Mars was my father until I was in puberty and the moms explained to me it wasn't possible. The sneaks, they could have told me the whole story then."

Paulette's face took on a mischievous look. "I remember one night, when I was eight, I heard a noise from upstairs, in spite of mom Allison's careful soundproofing, and snuck up for a peak."

"You saw?"

Paulette nodded. "Yep, mom Allison was nude, on her back and mom Butter was on top. They were kissing, and Mars was on top of mom Butter, like real close, but holding her tight around the waist and very still.

"Well, they were naked, and I wanted to know everything, but the moms had made their rules real clear. Rule one is 'Naked time is private time.'

"Even after the birds and Bees chat with moms, I wanted Mars to be my father!" Paulette added.

"Me too!" Claudette admitted. "But I was thirteen before I realized he couldn't be.

They both smirked and then laughed.

"Anyway, by the time I was twelve," Paulette continued, "and knew the details of how the male female breeding thing worked, I'd figured out what Mars was doing on mom Butter's back.

"Didn't you ever suspect?"

Claudette, sipped her coffee, and then softly smiled. "Not really that, but after I learned it wasn't possible I so disappointed that Mars wasn't my father. He was always wonderfully cuddly and protective of me.

"Once, when mom Allison was supper mad at me, it was my fault, she yelled at me and Mars got between us and growled at her.

"I'd barrowed a pair of her earrings and broken one, it was a pair she'd gotten in Costa Rica when she met mom Butter, only now do I know why they were so important to her.

"Then when I started school and Mars would walk me to school in morning and met me at the school gate when school was over. He was so beautiful, and all the other kids were jealous of my having him. A always knew that he would protect me from anything that might threaten me."

Paulette giggled, "I know, and when I started school I loved the way you put me on his back, so I could ride to school and back. It made me the envy of the entire school.

"You know, Claudette, you're a great big sister."

"I love you too, dear.

"I always just assumed the mom's maximum weirdness was being a lesbian couple," Claudette went on.

Paulette reached across the table and took her sister's hand, "Sis, you going to be OK with this? I mean we don't have much time to adjust, we're go home for Christmas in two weeks."

Claudette squeezed her hand and smiled, "Sure, I mean no kids ever had more love than we did. I always wondered which of us was mom Butter's biological child, and which was mom Allison's. I just assumed they each had one.

"It was strange growing up with all the kids knowing we had two moms, and no dad, but a few years ago I realized I had it way better than most of my friends.

"So, yeah, there my moms and they have raised me, comforted me, helped me and tried to soften every one of life's bumps for me. I could no more stop loving them than I could stop breathing.

"But I don't know how Gary will take it, if I tell him."

"Are you getting that serious?"

"Maybe," Claudette smiled. He does ring my bell, but hasn't popped the question yet. I think if he does, and want to say yes, I'll let him read the story, and then back out if he wants to.

"Paulette, what about you and your current sweetie, Margo, I think is her name?"

"Nope, you got to stay up on current events. Margo was last month. This month I'm spending time with an African-Irish American redhead named Ivy. She real good in bed, and lots of fun to be with, but it's not serious."

"My, isn't that that four in less than a year?"

"Yeah. I'm still trying to wash the foul taste of that rat, George; I was with last winter, out of my mouth. Eliza, Wendy, Mary and Margo were all transition girls. So is Ivy. I'm still trying to decide if I'm a lez, or just bi.

"Anyway, I thought I'd try men again, once I'm a little older. Until then I'm off boys, college and otherwise, and will limit my playmates to girls.

"So, Claudette, you decided you're into men, for sure and for life?" Paulette asked with a sly grin.

"I think so. I mean given the mom's, I tried it with several girlfriends. It was nice, but I like it with a man better. Although I've learned to be picky about male critters in general."

There was a long pause while the two sipped their coffee.

Then Paulette seemed to find courage. "Claudette, at Christmas I plan to make the mom's let me try sex with Melville, or Patty's mastiff, Odin, or Jill and Sylvia's mastiff, Snowflake."

"God! Paulette, are you sure? I mean you'd be crossing a huge line!"

Paulette nodded, "Yeah, I get that. But it's part of our heritage, from the moms. Before I finish sorting out what I want in bed, I think I should find out what all the excitement is about. Even when I was just learning about what it was to become a woman, I found myself thinking of Cooper that way. He's so smart it's like he can read your mind, and so sweet and tender I want to hug him every time I see him. I'd want him to introduce me the finer points of love with a mastiff, but he's too old now.

Claudette looked shocked for a minute, then slowly smiled. "Can I watch you with which ever mastiff you try it with?"

"Sure, and join in, if you want." Paulette said with a wide grin on her face. "It even occurs to me that if I like I might want to seek out the notorious Doctors Jones and Smithy, and get myself made able to have puppies."

"I remember as some of the best times in my life when we went to Pembroke farm in the summer and were with mom Butter again for the first time in months. She'd be wildly happy to be with us, and hug us and fuss over us, and all the time she'd be smiling at that year's batch of puppies as they surrounded us and played with us.

"I loved those times and I loved all those puppies. Every year I cried when the moms told us they'd all been adopted."

"But the difficulty?"

"No big, Claudette. The moms would knock themselves out to make it easy for me, once they understood it was what I really wanted, and that I'd thought it through. I mean I could avoid all those problem Patty told mom Allison about.

"Besides I want to be a mom, and I don't care much for men, and I don't really like children either,

although I hope you'll have some I can dote on. I think 'loving auntie' is a role I'd like. That and just maybe mother of puppies."

Claudette looked at her smiling sister. It was impossible to be shocked or even upset with Paulette. She loved her and lived the impish look she got on her face when she shared a dark secret. She reached across the table and took her sisters hands in hers.

"If it's what you want, sis, I'll be there for you to, pulling for you and eager to play with your young, my nieces and nephews, human or mastiff."

The End