

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part I

My name is Christine and I was raped by a dog. I was thirty-two years old at the time (I'm thirty-five now) and living twelve miles east of Seattle, Washington. The only reason that I'm telling you this is because of all the stupid Internet stories floating around about how women are won over by having sex with a dog and have great orgasms and end up not only fucking them but sucking their dicks. That is such bullshit.

It was a Saturday morning and I was cutting my lawn. The house I was renting had an attached garage and a medium- sized yard. It wasn't the greatest house in the world-or even in Seattle-but it was clean and well maintained and it fit my budget.

I was mowing along the front sidewalk, made a turn back toward the house when the sound of a car's tires screeching on the pavement behind me made me jump. I turned around quickly, half expecting to see someone flying through the air, but it wasn't a person at all, but a dog.

He had come out of the woods across the street and tried to cross the road; now he stood just inside the verge of the woods again, looking back over his shoulder. His ears were laid back on his head and his tail tucked smartly between his legs. The driver laid on his horn, yelled at the dog fiercely, and then sped away.

As the car drove out of sight, the dog cautiously reemerged from the woods and sat down on his haunches. He was a black Labrador Retriever, a big one, and he watched me with a dog's typical aplomb, ears pricked up and head canted to one side as though wondering what I was doing over here. I had never seen him before and guessed he was lost. I called to him and it was obvious that he heard me, but for some reason he ignored my call and I thought, Well fuck you too, doggie, and went back to cutting the lawn.

After finishing up, I went into the house and made myself a roast beef sandwich with a cold glass of milk and watched the noon-time news. Just as the news was going off, I heard a dog whining outside my screen door and I went to have a look. Of course it was the black Lab.

"Hello," I greeted him. "You decided to be social now?"

He was bigger than I had originally thought, at least 120 pounds, and although he didn't have a collar on, from his appearance it was obvious he belonged to someone. He was lost all right. His owner was probably looking for him now or would be soon enough. In the meantime, he looked pretty thirsty and I went to the kitchen and got him a bowl of water. When I set it near him on the porch, he backed away and wouldn't touch it until I went back inside and closed the screen door.

"You are the weirdest dog I've ever seen," I said. This from Christine the expert, who'd never had a dog in her life.

I leaned against the jamb and watched him lap the water. He was watching me back. I tried talking to him in a soothing tone of voice, but he remained just as wary as ever. When I pushed open the door, intending to join him on the porch, he backed away and headed down the steps, took off at a run across the lawn. Just as he neared the curb, however, another car came around the bend going way too fast-as usual-and for a moment I thought the dog would panic.

But the driver laid on his horn and doing a one-eighty, the Lab bolted back towards my house, darted in behind the row of hedges beneath the front window and let out a frustrated woof! He just stood

there panting.

If I don't do something soon, I thought, this dog is going to get killed.

Not really sure what I was doing, I picked up the empty bowl, refilled it at the kitchen sink, then walked through the garage to the side door, opened it and set the bowl in the doorway. Then I walked a short distance away.

"This isn't going to work," I grumbled to myself. "He wouldn't even let you near him."

A few minutes went by and the dog ventured far enough out from behind the bushes to sniff the air and observe me with his impenetrable black eyes. I couldn't help it, it made me shiver. I backed up a step and thought, Maybe this is not such a hot idea, Chris. Maybe you should just go back inside, lock the kitchen door and call the damn pound.

But before I could reject this idea as plain old school- girlish silly, I heard the phone ringing and went back inside to answer it. It was Jean Michaels, a friend from New York with whom I hadn't talked in a long time. As I chatted with her gaily for the next half an hour, I watched through the open kitchen door. The dog never came in.

I shut the garage door and locked it. It was quarter to two and although I'd looked for the Lab all around the house and inside the garage, he was nowhere to be found. He'd done whatever it is lost doggies do, I guess... gotten lost even more.

Disgusted with the way I felt, I took a shower, toweled dry, and put on a bathrobe. I was drying my hair when I thought I heard a noise from the garage. Not barking, but like someone thudding against the closed kitchen door. Armed with the blow dryer, I went downstairs and tip-toed cautiously through the living room and out into the kitchen. I could hear him whining just outside the door. "Well, shit," I said aloud, at the sound of which he began to whine even louder and started a scattershot scratching at the door with his claws.

"Hold on, hold on," I said, wondering how he'd gotten in. I know the garage had been empty when I'd gone in to take my shower... at least I thought it had. He must have been hiding. Yeah, I thought, he must have been hiding.

Opening the kitchen door just a crack, I watched him back away to the far side of the garage and drop to his haunches. The water bowl sat empty beside his left paw. I had forgotten about it left it just inside the door. "Weirdo dog," I said.

Stepping into the garage, I closed the kitchen door behind me and predictably he got up and moved cautiously away to his tight. "You don't trust anybody, do you boy? Or is it just me?" He sat down again and watched me with those polished black eyes. And then he growled.

If I had been nervous before, now I was scared. You never showed fear to a dog-that's what I'd always heard-and it was obvious to me why. They can smell it on you. I clutched the bathrobe closed at my throat and took a wary step backwards, and as soon as I did this he rose and stalked two paces forward, teeth bared.

"Nice doggy," I squeaked.

"Grrrrrrrrrr," rumbled out of his throat, low, deep and menacing. He took another pace forward,

dropping lower to the ground and showing all his teeth. If I made a run for the kitchen door I knew he'd be all over me before I got three feet. "What's going on boy?" I said in a small, quavering voice. "You gonna hurt me? I tried to help you, you know."

I was standing with my back against the side of the garage before I knew I had been moving. He approached me from my right, herding me away from the kitchen door, toward the corner in the rear. I was terrified now. I was beginning to panic.

"Nice doggy," I squeaked again. "Nice puppy dog, doggie." Only this dog was anything but a puppy. He was a demon in black fur.

Refusing to be cornered like the desperate animal I knew I was becoming, I angled away and moved toward the center of the floor. The dog didn't like it much, but he let me do it. I began to think-pray-that he'd let me go all the way to the outside door and go through it. Just as it appeared he'd actually let me go, in a terrifying blur of motion, he leaped at me through the air.

I shrieked and put my arms up but the force of his lunge knocked me to the floor. I banged down on my back striking my head on the concrete and hot sparks erupted like a 4th of July fountain across my eyes. My vision doubled and became alarmingly blurred. When it cleared again-too late-I found he had straddled me, fangs bared just inches above my throat. I was going to die.

But the dog had other ideas.

"What do you want," I pleaded in a tiny, terrified voice. My bathrobe was open, leaving me fully exposed. His hot wet prick dragged back and forth across my uncovered stomach, making me shudder and want to scream. At first I didn't even know what it was. When I finally did, in that same tiny, terrified voice-terrified now for an entirely different reason-I protested, "No way!" and tried to scuttle away. He took my throat in his teeth.

"Okay, okay," I breathed with my eyes clamped shut. "Whatever you want." I relaxed myself with a titanic effort and spread my legs. Again, the dog had other ideas. He released my throat and growled.

"What?" I was honestly baffled.

He growled again. He made circular motions with his head... I swear, he actually did this... and I slowly got the message. "On my knees?" I quavered in disbelief.

The dog, who was not a dog at all, but the aforementioned demon from hell, nodded his head.

"You want to mount me?" A breathless whisper.

He nodded again.

I rolled onto my stomach and started to get up. Before I could get all the way up onto my hands and knees he batted my on my rump with his snout.

"What?" I was beginning to think I was already dead. Or in some nightmare dream caused by the concussion to the back of my head. It really ached.

He growled and shook his head sharply to the right. Away from my body. And suddenly I understood. "This is not real," I whispered. "It can't be real. It can't be. It just isn't happening." He wanted me to disrobe.

Rising erect from my knees, I slid the robe back over my shoulders and let it fall into my hands. I began to bring it around when he snatched it roughly away from me and flung it across the floor. It landed near the garage door with the arms in an out-flung, helpless gesture. That's how I felt-totally helpless. I was naked with a dog.

He batted me again with his snout.

"What?" I objected, beginning to lose my cool. The crippling shock and disbelief had begun to wear off and I was becoming rebellious. Damned if I was being corralled by a dog.

Suddenly he was up on his rear haunches, one talon-clawed paw on either of my shoulders and the back of my neck clamped firmly between his teeth. His breath flowing around my neck was horrid. "Okay, okay," I acquiesced. "I get the point." Then, as the powerful muscles in his jaw began to clamp shut on my neck, "Please! Anything you want!" It was a short-lived rebellion.

He dropped back to all fours and so did I. He sniffed me up and down my flank and licked my right cheek. I took it. He snuffled into my right ear and bit lightly at the lobe and I took that too. All the while I smelled his graveyard breath. What the hell was he doing?

For a moment neither of us moved. He stood there panting, beside my right shoulder, facing me, and suddenly I understood. This was some kind of dominance thing, what I had occasionally seen one dog-presumably the alpha male- do to another. He was doing it to me. I got it, I thought. Loud and clear. You're the alpha. I'm the bitch.

Satisfied (he read my thoughts in my body language, there's no other explanation) he grunted lightly one time, then went to stand behind me. I stared straight ahead panting. He had really hurt my neck. Good luck, Christine, I thought. A dog is about to fuck you.

He sniffed at my pussy (I hate the word with everything I am, but I just can't think of a better one to use), then snuffled it like he had done to my ear. I tried not to jump but the shock was just too great. I gave a little shriek and sidled forward. He growled.

"Fuck you!" I said vehemently under my breath. "I don't like it, okay!"

He obviously did, because a moment later his tongue went from halfway to my navel all the way up the crack of my ass to the small of my back. This time I really did shriek and I surged forward in alarm. I also looked back over my shoulder in horror as every nerve ending in my body jangled. It was like getting scrubbed by a warm, wet length of Scotchbrite.

I didn't move. I didn't breathe. I felt sick at my stomach. I wanted to puke.

He licked my pussy again and I made a disgusting noise, something a real bitch might make. Tears leaked from my eyes and splattered onto the concrete below, sucked up almost immediately by the dust and porous surface. It wouldn't stay that way for long, not if I started bawling. When I started bawling.

He lapped at me for a full minute, then two, getting me slathered up and absolutely raw. I felt every little sandpaper bead on his tongue and because I routinely shave to keep myself clean-I had done so only that morning-there was not even my wispy blonde pubic hair to offer any protection.

My clitoris, my swollen outer lips, the mouth of my vagina, my urethra and especially my poor little anus all got the treatment. And the way he went after me with that tongue, with such unbelievable vigor-he'd driven me six feet or more across the floor-you'd think I was a sugar-coated treat. To

him, I guess I was.

Then he mounted me and locked his powerful forepaws around my waist and I squealed in complete and utter terror. He shoved forward with his cock, not so much searching for my pussy as dive-bombing it. I wailed again and tried to crawl away across the floor but he lunged forward over me and grabbed my neck again with his teeth.

He bit down hard and growled an angry, you stay the fuck put! snarl, breaking my skin with his teeth-not deep, just enough to get his point across-and I could feel blood seeping out of the wounds.

"Okay," I brayed. "I'm yours! I'm whatever you want! I'll do anything you tell me to! Just please, please don't hu-"

I sucked in an agonized breath as something hot and sticky and the size of a baseball bat entered my pussy. Then I shrieked and then I caterwauled-quietly, as those teeth still dug into my neck-and shook my entire body trying to get him out. Instead, he worked himself even deeper.

"No," I sobbed. "Please no! Let me go!" Instead, I crawled forward under him six more agonizing feet until my head hit the back wall of the garage and then skidded along its surface. I cried hot, sulfurous tears, the tears burning my eyes, my nose, the back of my throat. The thing in my pussy was hot and sulfuric too, pounding in and out of me, gouging at my vagina, assaulting me, destroying my sanity one thrust at a time. It was more pain than I could ever have imagined.

"Nuhungunaaaaah," something inside me cawed. I was no more able to make coherent noise than I was of having coherent thought. I was a woman with a demon on her back... and in her vagina.

Trapped against the garage wall, I began to turn in against it. Splinters from the exposed two by fours gouged me wherever I rubbed against them. (I'd later look like a comedy skit from Saturday Night Live or Mad TV or something. The Splinter Lady, I thought.)

But as the splinters attacked the side of my right hand, my right forearm, then my elbow, my upper arm and shoulder and finally my right hip and my thigh, the Lab continued walking me forward with his thrusts. I scraped against the plywood sheathing of the exterior wall, encountering a second two by four, then a third, and finally a forth.

Then I was in the corner that I had avoided so many years before-right where my doggie master wanted me-he banged me head first into the two by fours in the corner there, driving me unmercifully forward until my head had only one place to go-down and against the floor. I knelt there, jammed hard against the studs, my cheek pressed brutally against the cold concrete floor while the dog banged and banged and banged away me.

By now I was sobbing so hard my chest felt like an exploding bomb. My entire being ached. My vagina was beyond repair and still the dog fucked me. "Please God, please don't let him do this to me," I kept saying, over and over again. The words came out as something no human ear could ever have understood, except maybe God's... and I don't think God was listening.

Twisted with my head locked against the corner studs, I found myself watching between my legs as the dog wailed away at me. His cock was as big around as my forearm-my father's forearm-pasty white with a cobweb pattern of vicious red veins. It was a foot long at least. It probably was longer. But terrifying as it was, what was at the end of it was ever worse. Because there, twice the thickness of the shaft and an even angrier red and white color, was a horrendous round knot.

"No," I moaned plaintively as the dog continued to rut me. "I can't. I can't. No, no, no, please."

But the dog told me I could and that I would and very shortly I did. I watched as the knot grew nearer to me with every thrust. Then the thing hit me with a sucking, slurping sound that made me retch with revulsion, stuck in me for a moment before he yanked himself back... and the wave of pain hit me like a Pacific tidal wave.

On the fifth try he finally made it in and I was thrashing around wildly with the pain and making horrific noise and beating at his flanks with my fists. Then something hot and wet came cascading down my thighs and splattering on the concrete floor beneath our coupled organs, my guts cramped so violently that I screamed... and then I was gone.

The dog was laying in the far corner of the garage, cleaning himself and ignoring me completely. On the floor beneath my crotch, where I expected a huge mass of blood, I saw something possibly even worse: a grossly- puddled mass of foamy, already crusting over semi-white fluid... his cum. I had been thoroughly rutted.

I found I had bled very little. How he could have driven such a huge and misshapen thing such as that into me without puncturing something vital or causing me to hemorrhage I don't know. Fainting when he reached climax must have provided me just enough flexibility to spare my life.

I think I sat on that floor for the better part of an hour, staring at nothing. My pussy ached and my guts were roiling inside and I felt numb like a block of wood. Never in my life had the thought ever entered my mind that a dog might actually fuck me. I had imagined it of course (I believe all women have) but imaginings are supposed to stay in the realm of imagination. Not show up in your garage.

"I want to go home," I said. The words sounded so good to me, so reassuring. My home was only 15 feet away. But again, the dog had other ideas.

The second time he came for me I just let him. I got on my hands and knees, docilely let him mount me, then put my chest and my face on the cold concrete floor and held myself open for him with my hands. I didn't fight him at all.

When he came out of me somewhere about halfway through, and mounted me in a different way, I shifted my hands to my buttocks and spread them far apart. It hurt his being in my ass (getting past my poor little anus was really tough) but not as bad as I had thought. It was my first anal experience and he spared me the ordeal of his knot.

The third time I lay on my back with my legs drawn tight to my chest and let him rut me like that. I think it was a new experience for him and I'm not sure he even liked it.

Are you trying to breed me? I asked silently of his inhuman, polished black eyes. Am I supposed to have puppies? If so, It would be quite a litter.

And then I had an orgasm.

I didn't want it to happen. I fought against it with everything I had, but it was involuntary and unstoppable. He was doing me with such savage determination that I think I had no choice. He suddenly slowed down and his muscles tensed and by this time the pain from his knot had almost gone away. He prepared to unload in me and when his first shot came, hot and gushing and spilling out my cunt all up my thighs and down over my asshole, I could not stop.

I came and he came and the two of us came together, him squatted over me not moving, just

emptying his testicles of their unbelievable load. I clutched myself behind my knees and prayed for it all to end. His gushing, and my orgasm. Eventually, they both did. Then he was finished with me.

What happened to the dog? I have no idea, and I don't ever want to find out. After the requisite fifteen minute wait, his knot finally shriveled and he pulled himself free of me with a wet popping sound and his cum-that part which hadn't already sprayed out all over me-gushed out onto my thighs and down between my buttocks. Such an awful mess. Then he hobbled to the opposite corner where he cleaned himself and ignored me from then on. He had gotten what he wanted and that was that.

I cautiously got to my hands and knees and, risking another go at it, eased my way toward the kitchen door. I quietly entered the house and closed the door securely behind me, never taking my eyes off of him. He heard the door close but he never looked up.

Later, once I'd cleaned myself up and then cleaned up the mess in the garage. I had my 9mm Glock with me then and just dared him to move. I would have shot him on the spot except that I'd have to explain and I would never do that. I never saw the mutt again.

I now live in Atlanta, Georgia, just about as far removed from Seattle as I can get. I live in a nice little, two- story frame house with a nice little garden out back and a semi-detached carport on the side. I also have a female Doberman Pincher named Mary that I know will never try to fuck me. I only hope some other dog does, just so I can set her loose on him.

~~~~

## **Part II**

Fort Randolph, Texas

It was a hot morning in July and I lay sunning out back of the house by the pool. It was not yet unbearably hot, not like it would be at three o'clock in the afternoon, when no sane person would venture out into the Texas sunshine, but hot enough. Ironically, I lay there thinking about another hot morning, one four years before when I was raped by the black Labrador Retriever.

It was a small ranch in the rural, southwestern part of the state. It sat on a one thousand acre parcel of land, mostly scrub brush, miles from any highways and twelve miles from the nearest town. Often we don't see another living soul for weeks, unless we go into town for supplies.

We have a large, fenced in area surrounding the pool, not so much for privacy since there's no one around to see us, but to keep animals out of the yard. I go around naked out there sometimes in the morning, if I'm not doing yardwork, because its just too hot to wear clothes. I had been out there for perhaps thirty minutes when I heard a noise and raised up on my elbows to look. Not seeing anything, I lay back down and continued to sun, then I heard it again.

This time I did see something. The gate was ajar, left open either by Todd or myself the night before (Todd is my husband, my brand new husband of less than a month at the time) and I thought I had better close it before something wandered in. We don't get many human visitors, but stray dogs are something else and you know how I hate stray dogs.

I got up and walked to the corner of the cedar fence nearest the house. Just as I reached for the gate handle I heard the sound again and my stomach tightened and my bowels went loose. I started to



back away, then lunged forward and struck the wooden gate with both palms as hard as I could. It stopped two inches shy of the post, bounced off something neither metal nor wood and smacked right back into my palms. I staggered backward shrieking, catching one foot with the other and sitting down hard on my fanny. I found myself face to face with a gigantic gray and white wolf, looking me straight in the eye.

"Noooooooo," I moaned helplessly. "Not again."

I scuttled back on my hands and heels, scared to death, scared for my life, knowing the wolf would rape me. I had been marked for life.

Following me, his muzzle low to the ground, his fangs bared and his ears layed back against the sides his skull, the wolf stared at me with his terrifying, yet undeniably beautiful blue eyes.

Get up and run! my mind screamed.

Don't turn your back to him! it screamed right back I had undergone intensive martial arts training in the army, but at five feet four and one-hundred and five pounds, I was no more match for this thing than I'd been for the Lab. I was naked and defenseless. Looking toward the house, I gaged my distance to the back door... fifty feet... and my odds of making it there alive... none... and jumped up and ran anyway.

The wolf hit me squarely in the back and knocked me flat. I lay there dazed and winded, the wolf growling and sniffing at me as he first circled around me clockwise, then in the opposite direction. I began to crawl on my stomach toward the house.

"Noooooooo," I moaned again as his cold nose stuck itself someplace it didn't belong. His large rough tongue swiped up between my buttocks and I screamed for Todd, even though he'd ridden off at seven a.m. on his horse to check the back pastures for wolves. We had lost half a dozen head to wolves in the last month, but now the wolves were here. Four of them, in fact.

"Why are you doing this?" I sobbed. I had flipped over onto my back and discovered three more wolves crouching in the gate. They all looked ferocious. Ferocious and hungry. I knew what they were hungry for.

The alpha-wolf had stood off a short distance. He remained hunched close to the ground, his head swinglng slowly back and forth, his tongue lolling. A guttural sound like a big diesel engine idling rumbled from his throat. His canines gleamed whitely; saliva dripping off the tips. There was foam in the corners of his mouth.

His beautiful, fearsome blue eyes were locked on mine, telling me I was his, telling me there was nothing I could do about it. His enormous unsheathed cock, bigger by far than that of the black Labrador Retriever, protruded from between his legs. It swung in step with the motion of his head, but in the opposite direction. It's movement was mesmerizing.

The others moved in cautiously and flanked me on either side. The alpha-male, now straddling my legs with his head directly over my crotch, growled at them with that same rumbling deisel sound to keep their distance They did, although two of them were bigger even the one on charge, and no less fearsome in appearence. Then one of them sprayed urine between his rear haunches, a certain sign of fear and I knew they would do nothing without his permission.

At the alpha wolf's urging, I scuttled backward on my fanny to the large fallen oak that had come down in a recent storm. Todd had reduced the leafy upper half to kindling with his Craftsman

chainsaw, but the thick lower portion of trunk and the jagged stump remained. When my back was against the trunk, I raised up and got shakily to my feet. "What am I doing?" I asked, thoroughly baffled. He batted my right thigh with his snout and then I wasn't baffled anymore.

"You want me to turn around?" Not so much a question as a statement of disbelief. He intend doing me over the trunk. "Aw, come on, no!"

Do it, his growl threatened.

White as a sheet, shaking like a leaf in a Texas thunderstorm and scared totally out of my mind, I did.

Why me? I thought desperately as he nudged my thighs apart with his snout. I held onto the thick old oak with both arms, my belly and lower abdomen pressed painfully against the rough terrain of its bark. When he had me spread to his liking, he raised up, laid across my back, and crushed me beneath his weight. I cried out in pain and he gripped the back of my neck in his teeth.

"No," I quavered, remembering my ordeal with the Lab. "I'm not fighting you, honest. You want to fuck me . . . fuck me. I won't fight back."

He released my neck and stretched out to his full, six- foot length... his head extended a foot beyond mine. Something warm and wet slapped against my rear end as he positioned himself above me-his newly found bitch.

"I'll do anything you want," I croaked-a hoarse, broken whisper. "Just let me live. Please?" The head of his cock touched the entrance of my ass and I went rigid with fear. If he got in there, he would kill me. "No, please! Let me help you, okay! Please!"

I raised up on my toes and repositioned my bottom and used the mouth of my vagina to trap his cock. Tears spilled down my cheeks as his long thick organ found its mark and started to slide inside. I gasped at its incredible size. The Lab was nothing compare to this.

As more of him got in I started to writhe uncontrollably. He was pulling me back and forth with my own lips as he humped me in and out, but as he started to pump fluids into me I started to get wet-very wet-and the wetter I got the more he got into me... and the more awful I hurt. The pain was terrific. I didn't think I could stand it much longer and stay conscious so I tried to get a hand beneath my belly to push him away, or at least to subdue him a little, but the wolf was beyond my reach.

He began to seriously fuck me then, hunching forward and rearing back, his hugeness twisting and banging around my insides like a broken, wild-swinging piece of machinery. I was a size one ladies leather glove on a lumberjack's massive calloused hand. He slammed around inside me until my ovaries, my cervix, my vagina all screamed in pain. I began to scream myself.

"Noooooooooooooooooooo, pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeease! You're hurting meeeeeeee!"

His pace suddenly quickened and all at once he pushed hard against me and stopped. His hairy swollen balls banged up against my lips and something bigger than his cock pushed against the already hideously overstretched mouth of my vagina... and then went in. And it started to grow.

"Oh no," I moaned. "Please no no no!" I was being knotted by this wolf and I hadn't even known he had one. It hadn't been visible. It hadn't been visible at all. But as it grew first to the size as a baseball, then what felt like a fucking softball, the big animal raised up, lifting me with him and

scrambled his rear paws onto the tree trunk.

Then he exploded inside me, his orgasm spewing red hot lava against the dome of my cervix (don't tell me that a wolf doesn't orgasm because this one did!) while I flailed around in agony with only the tips of my left toes touching the ground or those of my right as his ejaculations made me wildly dance and his knot threatened to hold me suspended off the ground altogether. And all the while I filled up with his cum.

After a while... I'm not really sure how long... the wolf returned to the ground and, after doing a stuttering jig on his rear haunches, threw one leg over me and pressed against me butt to butt. Growling at the other members of his pack, he then pulled me bodily off the log and I followed behind him on my hands and knees, protesting futilely, trying to pull off his knot. It wouldn't let go. It had me almost off my knees so that I scuttled behind him like a crab.

"Please!" I wailed. "Wait! Stop!"

He growled angrily at me and nipped at my flanks, not biting me, just letting me know I should shut up. I shut up and let him drag me around. Eventually, with me panting and ready to go out of my mind with frustration, the knot finally popped loose and cum hot as lava sprayed out of me all over my thighs and onto the ground below me. There was a lot of it. An awful lot. More than the Lab had injected.

With my ass in the air and my shoulders and face pressed flat to the ground and my arms outflung from my body, I simply waited, too exhausted to move. I knew they would mount me. A short time later, one of the other wolves ventured up and sniffed my cunt. The alpha-male growled at him immediately, but not too loud, and a few seconds later the wolf returned for a second sniff.

Then he licked me. Then he licked me again. Then he went to town on my buttocks and the cleft of my ass, cleaning up the cum, flailing the already flailed skin of my aching privates. I moaned and I groaned and cried out in anguished misery but had no choice but to kneel there let him do it.

When he jumped up finally and wrapped his legs around my waist and pushed himself up into my pussy, it was nearly a relief. I laughed as he fucked me with his gargantuan cock. I laughed when he knotted me. I laughed as he came inside me and as he dragged me around behind him on my hands and knees. I laughed when he finally came out. Then the other two fucked me.

At some point I had enough and simply passed out. At four o'clock I woke up in the shade of the fence, at the gate, where the last one had dragged me by his knot and then let loose of me. I shut the gate with my foot making damned sure it locked and lay there for an hour.

Around six o'clock I forced my aching body off the ground, crawled the twenty long feet to the shallow end of the pool (the last ten feet on my stomach), and eased myself in. I lay there another hour, just soaking.

Eventually, feeling almost strong enough to walk but unwilling to take the chance, I crawled on hands and knees back to the house, got inside, then collapsed on the kitchen floor. I lay there asleep on the floor until eleven o'clock when I crawled another twenty-five feet to the living room and the softer expanse of the carpet, but I never made it to the bedroom.

The next morning, before Todd got home, I went upstairs and sat on the toilet, douching myself clean. I douched for a very long time. When Todd got home around eleven o'clock, I was recovered enough to appear tired but more or less normal. I would never be normal again.

The last thing Todd said to me as he went upstairs to shower was that he had seen a pack of wolves this morning about a mile from the house, had unholstered his rifle too late to get off a shot, but it was okay because they were probably just searching for a bitch to breed with. I didn't have to worry.

I didn't have to worry.

**The End**