

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

"Heather! That fucking bitch! That fucking bitch! I can't believe that bitch and I were ever friends," seethed Tabitha with intense rage. It was the first day of school and Heather had already attacked her with a contemptuous sneer and a snide remark and then laughed at her with two other cheerleaders.

Tabitha had enjoyed her summer out of school; mostly because she had been away from Heather. But that was over and she and Heather had returned to high school, their senior year of high school. Tabitha had suffered three years of Heather's snide remarks, pranks, and insults. Before high school they had been best friends. They made a cute pair. Heather being tall, blonde, blue eyes, and buxom. Tabitha being petite, slightly built, raven hair, and dark eyes. Then Heather became a cheerleader and thought she was too good to be Tabitha's friend any longer.

Back in May Tabitha had already decided this year was going to be different. She had not wasted her summer either. She spent it studying witchcraft. Tabitha was a witch. Heather had sealed her own fate by her snide remark.

Tabitha thought to herself, "If Heather is going to act like a bitch then she is going to be treated like a bitch and I know just the spell." She then smiled inwardly thinking about how sweet it was going to be to see Heather humiliated.

Fortunately for Tabitha, the rest of the day passed uneventfully. She and Heather only had home-room together and Tabitha studiously ignored Heather and her clique then and the rest of the day.

Once home from school Tabitha, alone in the house, changed into shorts and T-shirt. She booted the family computer from her persistent live USB; then opened a browser. She pulled up the bookmarked web-page on spells and found the one she wanted. The spell once cast makes its object into a real bitch. The spell when completed will make Heather hot for male dogs and will make male dogs hot for Heather.

Tabitha speaking to herself, "It serves the bitch right. She may even learn a lesson." Tabitha pressed the print key and the spell slowly crawled out of an old inkjet printer.

There was one drawback however. The main ingredient was dog cum. There was no substitute ingredient either. For the spell to work Tabitha would have to get dog cum. But Tabitha being a determined young woman knew what she had to do. But first she needed to do some research. She did not want to injure her pet. Tabitha searched for videos about jacking off a dog. It was pretty basic. Use a natural lubricant. Avoid his balls until you know that they're not sensitive. Stimulate the entire dog cock including the knot. Lastly enjoy yourself. Tabitha wasn't sure about the last one. But she was certainly glad she used the USB drive for a computer so there wouldn't be any traces of the search on the computer shared between her and her mother.

Tabitha got up from her chair; grabbed a towel for cleanup and to sit on; walked into the kitchen and grabs an empty jar and its lid from the cabinet. She steels her nerve; goes to the back door; opens it; and shouts "Barney, here Barney, come here boy. Mama has a nice treat for you."

From the backyard a male Black Lab barks excitedly and runs clumsily to the rear door. Barney is Tabitha's goofy overweight three year old Black Lab and her most trusted friend. Heather's taunts made Tabitha rather unpopular at school which means that she didn't have many friends her own age. For some reason people don't like witches.

Tabitha reaches down and scratches Barney behind the ears with genuine affection as Barney

eagerly licks her arm while wiggling with excitement.

"Well Barney, if you're happy to see me now, after today you're going to crazy for me after the treat you're about to get" Tabitha softly tells Barney to keep from being overheard by any neighbor. Tabitha's mom won't be back from work until late when the diner closes. Tabitha's dad hasn't been in the picture since she was an infant.

Tabitha grabs Barney's red nylon collar and walks him into the windowless garage. She turns on the light then closes and locks the door. Taking and exhaling a deep breath to calm herself she spreads out her towel and knells down on Barney's left side. After removing the lid from the jar and setting both down she holds Barney's collar with her left hand and reaches for his cock sheath with her right hand. Tabitha begins slowly stroking Barney's cock by moving his sheath back and forth. Barney begins whining and lightly humping while Tabitha lightly strokes his sheath.

"Good boy Barney. You're a good boy Barney. You just let this happen and enjoy it," Tabitha said.

The pinkish tip of Barney's cock begins to emerge from his sheath. Tabitha pulls the sheath further back. She had watched a few videos on how to masturbate a dog before coming out. She learned that the knot should be outside the sheath before his cock and knot start swelling. She pulls the sheath further back and a small bulb near the end of his cock slips out of the sheath. At that point pre-cum begins to drip then squirt from Barney's cock. Tabitha decides that Barney isn't going anywhere and reaches for the jar and holds the open mouth under the cock tip with her left hand. She does not want to lose any of his cum on the floor.

Breathing heavily Tabitha noticed that she was hot and her nipples had become hard. Strange she thought how she had not noticed it before. She pulls her right hand away and spits a large glob of spit onto her right palm.

"You're really going to enjoy this part Barney" she says huskily. With that she reaches out to Barney's exposed cock and says to herself, "this is the first cock I've ever touched and it belongs to my dog. Well at least I know Barney loves me and won't tell anyone." It was at that point that Tabitha notices her panties are getting wet. She begins thinking that she is going to have to get herself off when she was done.

She lightly grasps Barney's exposed cock and begins stroking while lightly flicking the sharply tapered blunt head with her thumb on the upstroke. The heat of his cock surprises her. Barney's cock lengthens slightly but the girth expands several times the original diameter. But it is his knot that blows up like a balloon. Barney is now vigorously fucking her hand by thrusting the shaft of his cock through her fist. She decides Barney best knows what pleases him and lets him rut a while. It is at this point that the steady pulses of dog cum start. Tabitha notices that she has been holding her breath and drawing in a breath, she inhales Barney's musky scent. She becomes a bit lightheaded and her mouth begins watering at the sight of that big mottled red dog cock. She marvels at its shape and its smoothness. How there is a sharp taper at the head and how the six or seven inch shaft bulges towards the head and tapers slightly to the knot. Tabitha then visually devours the knot. It must be about four inches thick at it widest point. She can't help but ask herself whether it could all fit in her pussy. Her panties are drenched now as are the crotch of her jean shorts. She is definitely going to have to finger fuck herself before her mom gets home. But first things first.

Tabitha then begins focusing her handjob to Barney's knot. According to the video this is what is most enjoyable to a dog and is what triggers his orgasm. Its stimulation tricks the dog into thinking he has knotted a bitch. Barney had been lighting cumming until now. The light steady pulses slowly filling the jar. But when Tabitha grabs his shaft behind the knot and rubs the knot his orgasm

becomes much heavier. The pulses are heavier and she notices that his asshole flexes in and out and his balls rise and fall in time with the pulses of cum. The jar fills more quickly now.

Barney continues to whine and growl throatily as his orgasm continues for the next five minutes or so although it seems much longer to Tabitha. Again she can not help but wonder what it would feel like with Barney's cock, knot and all, stuffed in her cunt and whether it would all fit. Would his knot rub her G-spot? Would the head of his cock rub against her cervix? Would he give her a G-spot or a cervical orgasm with that cock of his? Some of her pussy juice at this point drips from the crotch of her jeans onto the floor and the rest runs down her thighs into the towel under her knees. As she sits there she wishes Barney would finish cumming so she could finally scratch that itch in her cunt.

Finally, Barney's orgasm slows to a trickle, and then stops. Tabitha releases his cock and screws the lid onto the almost full jar of dog cum. She has more than she needs. Barney reaches back and begins licking his cock. He is tired but very happy. Barney licks his cock until it retreats back into his sheath. He then lovingly licks her face in appreciation. It had been a long time since he had a bitch. Tabitha still aroused follows Barney to the door, unlocks it, and lets him out. She then closes and locks it again. She returns to her towel, drops her shorts and panties, and sit on the towel. Leaning back on her left elbow Tabitha is finally able to seek the release she's been wanting while she pleasured Barney. The moment she remembers that she's finger fucking herself with the same hand with which she jacked off Barney and that same hand still has some of his cum on it is when she cums and she cums harder than she ever has before. As she orgasms she is fully aware that she has finger fucked some of Barney's cum into her pussy.

Tabitha takes a few minutes after her orgasm to relax and gather her thoughts. She tells herself that she is definitely going to do this again. She still has several hours before her mother should come home. She quickly cleans the fuck juice from the garage floor; gathers her towel, shorts, panties; and most importantly the jar of dog cum and heads into the house through the interior entrance heading for her bedroom. There she dumps the dirty cloths and towel into the laundry and places the jar on a closet shelf. She quickly showers off her sweat, her juices and any trace of Barney's cum. After dressing in another t-shirt, panties and shorts she starts the laundry. She wants no unnecessary traces of what she has been doing which her mother could find.

Later that night, after her mother went to bed, Tabitha gets the ingredients necessary for the spell. Fortunately she generally keeps all the common ingredients needed for most spells and the spell she plans for Heather required commonly used ingredients other than the dog cum. She opens her bedroom window to vent any smells and carefully mixes the ingredients exactly as the directions instruct. The last ingredient and the most important is the dog cum which she adds to the mix with a bit extra for increased potency. Then Tabitha with the same attention to detail that she does everything recites the incantation. The spell was almost done. Making sure she got none on herself, Tabitha took an empty plastic syringe and filled it with the potion. Then she deactivated the leftover potion by adding a deactivating ingredient and reciting a deactivating spell. The rest could only be done tomorrow.

Tabitha goes to bed thinking of the revenge she would soon have on Heather and soon drifts off to sleep only to awaken the next morning after some of the best sleep she's had in weeks. She quickly tends to her needs, eats breakfast, and starts off to school. Later that day she skips one of her classes and makes her way to Heather's locker. After making sure no one could see, Tabitha quickly opens Heather's locker using a technique only the principal and sheriff deputy assigned to the school were supposed to know. And there it was, Heather's spa bag.

Every Tuesday after school Heather goes to the tanning salon to maintain her all over tan. She had been doing this for several years. Tabitha quickly takes the syringe containing the potion and squirts

the entire amount into Heather's tanning lotion and shakes the bottle mixing the contents. Tabitha would soon have her revenge. Once Heather applies the potion onto her skin she will find male dogs irresistible and male dogs will find her irresistible until the spell is lifted. Which as far as Tabitha is concerned is forever since she does not intend to ever lift the spell and no other witch could lift it. She puts everything back into order in Heather's salon bag and closes the locker door.

As Tabitha, with an innocent look on her face, walks into the girl's bathroom, to hide and wait for the next bell, she can't help but smile and think about how Heather's life was about to get really complicated. As Tabitha closes and locks the bathroom stall door she tells herself in a low voice, "the bitch has it coming."

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## **Chapter Two**

Heather Sims and her best friend Cindy showered after cheerleading practice and dressed back into their school uniforms. The practice was held in the gym because of rain as usual. It always seemed to rain in western Washington.

"Cindy, I'm going to my locker to get my salon bag. I'll meet you at the door of the Senior parking lot." Heather said.

"Sounds good Heather. See you in a couple." Cindy replied.

It was no more than ten minutes later that Heather and Cindy were at the tanning salon and signing in for their weekly Tuesday scheduled time. Regular use of tanning beds was the only way to stay tanned in western Washington.

As they entered the room with two tanning beds Cindy selected her playlist on her phone and discreetly watched Heather disrobe. Heather was oblivious to Cindy's glances. Both were physically active and had the flat bellies and toned muscle that only young active women have. Heather had slightly larger breasts than Cindy and both were quite beautiful. Cindy after seeing Heather fully nude quickly disrobed while Heather created her playlist on her phone. All the while both are making small talk about practice and other girls on the squad.

"Cin, do you need any tanning lotion?" I have plenty. More than I thought I had. I could have sworn it was only half a bottle after last week." Heather asked.

"No, I have more than enough for today. I'll have to remember to pick some up before next week though." Cindy answered.

Both girls tied their hair back then lathered themselves up with tanning lotion and rubbed lotion onto the back of the other being sure to use the same lotion used on the rest of the body for consistent tanning. Once both were covered in lotion they put in their earbuds and climbed into their tanning booth.

As Heather relaxed from the vigorous practice and listened to her music she drifted off. There was no concern about oversleeping. The alarm would wake them when the time was about over.

As Heather drifted off her thoughts took her to her backyard. The sun was shining and she was nude. But she was not embarrassed or ashamed. She felt free in her nudity She was normally rather modest despite being a cheerleader. Her virginity preserved her modesty even though she had to dress immodestly when cheerleading.

She was running and dancing around her backyard in her dream. Then from the woods behind her home, she heard a dog bark. She knew it wasn't her mother's Golden Retriever Duke by the bark. Then the barking dog was in the yard with her. He was a Black Lab. Suddenly Heather was very aware of her nudity. She could feel the Black Lab devouring her with his handsome and penetrating brown eyes. She noticed how not just his eyes were handsome. He was more handsome than anyone or anything she'd ever seen.

"Why did I think that? He's a dog. He can't be handsome." She said to herself while dreaming.

Dog or not in her dream she noticed how erect her nipples had become; how she felt goosebumps all across her skin; how her normally ignored labia had become engorged and slick; but mostly how euphoric she felt as she looked on the Black Lab who ran goofily around her smelling the air. No, not smelling the air. Smelling her.

Just as she was about to reach her hand out to caress the Black Lab in her dream Heather sensed that they were not alone. There was a Presence at the edge of the yard just inside the trees. Then a deep commanding echoing voice came from the Presence.

"Here boy. Come. She's not ready for you yet. Soon." Said the Presence.

Then the Black Lab looked into her eyes, woofed once, and ran towards the Presence and into the woods. He was gone.

She felt a great loss. Then suddenly there was a loud beeping that intruded into her dream. Heather's eyes opened to darkness. She reached up to remove the eye protection. She was nude and once again she was in the tanning booth. It was just a dream.

"Heather. Heather! Get dressed. It's time to go. Our time is up and we both have homework tonight." Cindy reminded Heather.

Heather and Cindy hurriedly dressed back into their school uniforms. They grabbed their salon bags and headed towards the door. Heather however was preoccupied with the strangeness and vividness of the dream and forgot to return her tanning lotion to her salon bag.

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It was a couple of hours after getting home before Heather could think about the dream again. Heather being a good student retreated to her bedroom and after removing her bra changed into shorts and a T-shirt. She then began her homework so it would be finished by dinner.

Monica Sims, Heather's mom, was out walking her Golden Retriever Duke when Heather got home. She and Duke returned about 15 minutes after Heather's return. Duke watched Monica prepare dinner while Heather completed her homework.

"Well, that's done." Heather mumbled to herself as she finished the last paragraph in the assigned reading.

"What about that dream though?" She asked herself as she rolled over onto her back.

"I seldom have sexual dreams. And I've never had one about a dog. What in the fuck is happening? I've never intentionally looked at porn and rarely touch myself. No idea where that dream came from." She thought aloud.

"Whatever, I'm not going to get worked up about it. It was just a stupid dream. A one-off thing. Probably from practicing too hard." Heather said lowly to herself.

Heather decided to put the dream behind her and to just chalk it up as one of those weird things that occasionally happen to everyone. She put her books away to be ready for tomorrow and headed downstairs.

"Hey mom. My homework is finished. Do you need any help finishing dinner?" Heather asked as she walked into the kitchen.

"Not really sweetie. Wiping off and setting the table is all that is left to do. Dinner will be ready in about five minutes." Monica answered.

Heather, as a good daughter, immediately wiped the table down and set two place settings. Then without asking took down two glasses.

It was then that Heather noticed Duke sleeping in the corner. Her face and neck flushed. Her nipples hardened. Her pupils dilated. She quickly walked over to Duke and uncharacteristically began showing far more physical affection than usual to her mother's dog.

"Hey sleepy-head! How's my big handsome doggy! Did you miss me?" Heather asked Duke.

Duke woofed in answer and stood up tail wagging. He licked her face and neck.

"Heather, what's gotten into you? You're not like that with Duke normally. He still smells like a wet dog from his walk. He hasn't dried completely yet. You always said you didn't like that smell." Monica asked.

"I don't know. I just never realized what a handsome boy he is. He has kind eyes. His muscles are so big and strong. And god, his fur is so soft. Besides, I don't mind the smell. I kind of like it now." Heather answered after deeply inhaling Duke's scent.

"Well, I'm glad to hear that. You can help walk him some evenings. Now wash up. Dinner is ready." Monica ordered.

As they ate, Duke took up a position beside Heather instead of Monica as he usually did. Monica noticed it. She also noticed that Duke was rather frisky and excited. He was more than excited. He was aroused and showing some cock. But Heather did not appear to notice his arousal. She continued to show him both verbal and physical affection through the meal however. She could not keep her hands off Duke between bites.

It was not until dinner was almost finished that Monica noticed that Duke was not the only one who was excited.

"Heather's nipples are very erect. Her face and neck are flushed. Are her pupils dilated? Her blue eyes look almost black. Oh my god. Is Heather sexually excited? I've never seen her like this." Monica asked herself silently.

For nearly two years Monica had worried about Heather. The girl showed almost no interest in boys or girls that she could tell. When Heather had a phone call she didn't appear to care if she was overheard or not. Whenever Monica asked her about boys or even a time or two about girls Heather just said she wasn't interested in dating. And Monica did all the washing and there were no telltale stains in panties or sheets. It was as if Heather was completely asexual. The poor girl showed no

interest in sex. This worried Monica greatly. Now she appeared to show sexual excitement, maybe even attraction, in her dog Duke.

"Well, it's progress." Monica said quietly to herself.

"Did you say something mom?" Heather asked.

"No dear. Would you mind putting the leftovers away and washing the dishes? I need to take care of the bills." Monica asked.

"No mom. Of course not. I'd be happy to. It's the least I can do since I didn't get to help prepare dinner." Heather answered.

Monica got up and tapped her thigh for Duke to follow. He however did not. Choosing to stay beside Heather instead. Monica arched her eyebrows and went into the study to pay bills online. She resolved to watch the interactions between Heather and Duke more closely from now on.

"Now Duke. You be a good boy and let me clean the table and wash the dishes." Heather ordered.

Heather quickly washed her hands then proceeded to put away the leftovers and clear the table. Afterward, she began washing the dishes. While her back was to Duke he walked up behind her and began licking behind her knees.

"You like that boy? I like it. It feels nice. Do you like the way my skin tastes?" Heather asked.

As if to answer, Duke continued licking up the back of her legs to her thighs. He began whining loudly. Heather could not help but notice. She also noticed how hot she was becoming. She suddenly remembered her dream from that afternoon at the salon.

"Okay, something is definitely going on with me and dogs but damned if I know what it is." Heather said to herself.

It was about this time that Duke reached the junction of her thighs and oh so firm ass-checks. He inhaled deeply and woofed. Heather still washing dishes did not remove her hands from the soapy water to shush him away.

"I don't think it's just the taste of my skin you like Duke. I think it's also the smell from down there you like. Is that right? Just between you and me, I think you smell good too." Heather said.

Heather couldn't help herself. She leaned over the sink and spread her stance giving Duke more access without thinking. He licked her sex through the leghole of her shorts. Heather had never felt anything like that before. The licking through her panties made her lightheaded. She also started breathing shallowly. She knew that she was becoming sexually excited. It was uncharacteristic for her.

Just then Monica walked into the kitchen and saw Heather presenting herself for Duke's tongue. She quietly backed out of the kitchen and down the hallway to not embarrass Heather. Once back into the hall she shouted out.

"Heather, are you still doing the dishes? I'll help you dry." Monica asked while slowly walking into the kitchen.

When she walked into the kitchen Heather was standing normally at the sink while Duke was in his



bed licking the end of his cock. Monica walked up beside Heather and began drying the washed dishes and placing them into the cabinet. Monica noticed that Heather was blushing deeply.

"Well Heather, that's all the dishes. What do you say we watch a movie? There's a rom-com I've been wanting to watch. I think you'd enjoy it too." Monica asked.

"Sure mom, that sounds nice." Heather answered.

As they both went into the living room and began watching the movie. Monica noticed that Heather was as distracted as she was. Duke again took up a position by Heather on the couch. Heather continued to pet him and rub behind his ears. But she was more cautious than before. Monica could tell that this newfound sexual attraction slightly disturbed Heather. Eventually, the movie ended as most such movies ended with the guy getting the girl through some ridiculous contrivance. It was 10 pm and time for Heather to go to bed when there's school the next morning. Heather gets up from her spot on the couch and yawns.

"Goodnight mom. I'm going to bed. It's been a long day." Heather said as she headed for the stairs.

Duke for the first time ever started following her to her bedroom.

"No Duke. Stay." Said Monica as she pointed to the floor by her feet signaling him to heel. Duke whined and obeyed his mistress.

"Goodnight sweetie. I love you and always will no matter what." Monica said.

Heather paused slightly surprised. "Thanks mom. I love you too and always will no matter what." Heather responded sincerely.

Then Heather climbed up the stairs to her bedroom and prepared for bed. After removing her shorts leaving her in just a T-shirt and her panties, she climbed into bed and quickly fell to sleep.

It did not take long until Heather was dreaming. She was nude in her backyard again. She heard barking from the woods and began following the trail into the woods towards the barking. She soon came upon the little meadow where she had often played as a child and there was the Lab running up to her again. Her reaction was the same as she had in her dream when tanning earlier. She was highly aroused sexually and euphoric at seeing the Black Lab again. It was as if he was her fondest hopes. He was all she could ever want in a mate.

As the goofy Black Lap approached she knelt down and held out her arms to receive him in an embrace. As he reached her, she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and nuzzled his neck with her cheek. His fur caressed her breasts and nipples. His scent was intoxicating. The musk of his sexual potency was irresistible to her and it heightened her own arousal.

"My love, I've been thinking of you since this afternoon." Heather said with her heart soaring and eyes weeping tears of joy. They kissed as her mouth opened and his tongue reached in and their tongues joined in a mutual caress. It was bliss.

As before there was a Presence just out of sight. It was the same deep echoing voice as earlier.

"It's time Heather. Time for you and him to consummate your love." Thundered the presence.

Heather knew he could only mean sex. She could not refuse her love anything.

"I'm ready but I don't know how. I'm a virgin." Answered Heather.

"I will instruct you." The presence assured her.

"Sit on the grass. Lean back on your elbows. Spread your feet and lift your knees. Wider. Give him access to your pussy. He'll do the rest." The Presence instructed.

Heather did as she was told. She looked down at her breasts and her extremely erect nipples. Then she looked between her breasts and over her smooth hairless mound as her lover's muzzle approached her sex.

Initially, his soft wet wondrous tongue licked her left knee and the pussy juice from her earlier arousal. But within moments he was licking up her thigh to her pussy. That glorious tongue was giving her pleasure which she had not ever imagined. He began at the bottom of her opening to savor her wetness and from there licked up over her lips to her clit. When his tongue reached her clit she nearly swooned from the pleasure. She became lightheaded and the trees in the surrounding woods began spinning. Heather reclined fully into the grass. Suddenly it was difficult for her to find her breath. She felt very hot.

As he focused on her clit Heather's orgasm soon began. Her back arched off the ground. Her fingers clawed the grass. Her toes curled under her feet. Despite her closed eyes, stars exploded in her vision. She was cumming on the Lab's tongue. Her pussy juice gushed out as the Lab continued to lick and lick until she could take no more. She covered her pussy with her hands and closed her thighs.

"Please stop! No more. It's too much." She begged for the licking to stop.

After she had caught her breath and had come down somewhat from her orgasmic high the Presence spoke again.

"Well done Heather. You have accepted pleasure from your lover without guilt or doubt. You are ready to fully consummate your love. Rollover on your hands and knees. Now lower yourself down on your elbows while arching your back down. Place your knees about shoulder-width apart. He is going to mount you and fuck you. When he mounts you, reach between your thighs and guide him into your pussy. Once he penetrates you with his cock, he'll thrust violently but do not be afraid of his passion. If there is pain it will quickly pass. His cock will begin to swell. Like all dogs, he has a knot at the base of his cock. He will try to seat his knot in you before it swells completely. Once his knot is seated reach back and grab his back legs and pull him into you to help him keep the knot seated in your pussy. He will begin cumming soon after entering you and swelling. He will cum much longer than a mere man can cum. Your womb and pussy will overflow with his cum. Revel in the heat of his passion. Let yourself go as he stimulates and stretches your pussy more than a man ever could. If you give yourself over to him fully you shall know great pleasure. Are you ready?" Asked the presence.

"I am ready." Answered Heather.

Monica watched the news and decided it was time for bed. She took Duke outside briefly to pee. Once back inside, while Duke trotted immediately upstairs, she checked both doors; turned the television and lights off; and headed upstairs. As Monica reached the top of the stairs she saw Duke at Heather's bedroom door instead of her own. She heard noises from Heather's bedroom. Quietly she placed her ear to her daughter's door. She heard the unmistakable sounds of Heather mewling needfully and wondered if Heather was having an erotic dream.

Monica looked down at Duke and saw that he was also aroused undoubtedly from the scent of Heather's arousal. Fatefully Monica slowly turned the doorknob and opened Heather's bedroom door. Once Duke entered she closed the door and went to her own bed alone.

Heather meanwhile was still in her dream with her Lab lover. She had just felt one paw of her Lab lover touch her ass-check when the dream meadow and woods moved and she was awake and back in her bed. Her heart was broken. She was just about to make love to her dream Lab when it was taken away. Heather looked to see why she had woken and noticed that Duke, the Golden Retriever, was on her bed whining for her.

Heather unsatisfied and in as much need as Duke slipped out from underneath the sheet and comforter then lifted her legs while rolling her ass up from the bed. She reached down with both hands and pulled her wet panties from her hips and along her thighs. Just as they reached her knees she brought her legs down; slipped the panties up her calves; and over her feet. The panties were tossed to the floor as she lowered her legs.

Then, just as the Presence in the dream instructed, Heather rolled over onto her knees and dropped down onto her elbows. She spread her knees to about shoulder-width apart and reached back tapping her ass.

"Come on Duke. Mount! Take me! I need you." Heather whispered excitedly.

Duke, long familiar with the sexual needs of human females, approached the upturned ass of Heather for the first time. He tasted her wetness and was extremely aroused by her scent far beyond any bitch, whether dog or woman, he had ever mated. Then suddenly he mounted her. His forelegs gripped her waist and his paws came to rest on her thighs. Heather felt his weight on her back and his head between her shoulder-blades. She reached down and just as she was about to grasp his sheath, Duke penetrated her and instantaneously thrust into her deeply. There was a flash of light from the blinding pain and Heather bit her pillow to keep from screaming out. Her virginity was gone. Torn away from her by their mutual passion and need for each other.

Duke fucked her hard and fast without mercy or consideration. He was driven solely by the thought of mating this receptive female. Heather remembered the advice of the dream Presence to not fear his passion and that the pain will pass. She was wet from the dream and soon was able to relax as the pleasure began. Duke's cock swelled which increased the pleasure in her tight pussy. Soon Heather was biting her pillow again not in pain but to lower the volume of her grunts and moans of pleasure. She noticed that he was cumming in her. The heat of his dog cum felt wonderful. She noticed how the heat spread through her pussy and into her womb. And she noticed the softness of his fur on the back of her thighs and ass.

Heather concentrated on the sensations of Duke's cock pushing her lips in when he thrust into her and how she felt like her pussy was being pulled out of her when he pulled out. The combination of their juices overcame her tightness and added to the pleasure. There were squishing sounds and the occasional queef made by some of his thrusts and their combined fluids that mixed together inside her. She found the sounds incredibly erotic. Then there was another sensation at the entrance of her pussy.

It was the knot. Of course. The dream Presence told her about the knot. Heather lowered her shoulders to the mattress; reached back with both hands; and grabbed Duke's hind legs. She pulled him into her just as the knot began to get too large to easily enter. It swelled rapidly. It stretched her pussy almost to the point of discomfort but not quite. He filled her up. The head of his dog-cock pressed against her cervix. The fat shaft filled out the walls of her pussy. The knot stretched the

mouth of her pussy and pressed against the G-shot. All while it pulsed in rhythm with his heartbeat and the ejaculation of his dog-cum into her formerly virginal pussy and womb.

It was the throbbing of his cock and the pulses of his hot cum against her cervix that triggered her orgasm. The first wave hit her like a tsunami. The pleasure overwhelmed her senses and she blacked out for a moment. Were it not for the firm grip Duke had on her hips and the solid triangle of her knees and shoulders she would not have remained upright. Then just as she regained awareness the second wave hit her. She grabbed Duke's hind-legs again after coming to.

"NNNNNNNNNNNaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!!!!!!! I'm cuuummmmmiiiiinnngg!" She screamed into the pillow.

The second wave was not as intense as the first but she retained awareness through the second wave.

"Oh god Duke, you fuck sooooo good! You are such a good boy!" She whispered huskily to her loving pet.

Then the third wave hit which was noticeable lower but still more pleasure than she had ever known before this night. Wave after wave continued to hit her body like a train for she did not know how long. She only knew she did not want it to end. She wanted to spend the rest of her life with Duke's cock locked inside her. Duke had the key to unlock her pleasure. But it could not be. Eventually, Duke's strength ebbed. His balls were spent which caused his passion to wane. He was satiated for the moment. The pulses of cum from Duke faltered and his cock began to shrink. Heather still held his hind legs to keep him in her but he struggled to escape her grasp. It was only when Duke voiced his displeasure by lowly growling did Heather release her grip on his hind legs. Heather was not concerned about Duke biting her but only that his growling would waken her mother. He leaped off Heather which pulled his shrunken knot and cock from her. This was followed by a rush of their juices down her thighs.

After licking her pussy a few times Duke leaped down to the bedroom floor. It was then that Heather had her first good look at Duke's cock. It was large even after shrinking. It would have to have been immense when fully engorged. She marveled at its reddish pinkness mottled color and its shape. Its tip was the thickest part of the shaft and it bluntly tapered downward shovel-like. The thick shaft tapered slightly to the glorious knot. The knot must have been four inches at its widest point. Heather wondered if his cock and permanently changed the shape of her pussy.

While Duke licked his cock Heather striped the soiled bed linen and replaced it. The linen was heavily soiled with her blood, her cum, and Duke's cum. Wearing only a t-shirt and the wet panties she had slipped back on, she slowly led Duke from her bedroom down the hall to her mother's bedroom where he normally slept and quietly opened the door. Walking was difficult. She was so tender. Duke went in and just as quietly she shut the door. Heather knew that her mother must have let Duke into her bedroom. She would think about it tomorrow.

It was nearly 1 am and Heather had to get up at 5 am to put her laundry into the wash. She went back to bed and slept more peacefully and fulfilled than she ever had before.

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Chapter Three

It was Wednesday. Heather had been distracted all day. After all, it's not every day that a girl loses her virginity to a dog. She had to get up early to wash the linen she stripped from her bed last night.

When she woke up she discovered that more of Duke's cum had leaked out and strained her panties and even the clean set of sheets she had placed on the bed just hours ago. They would have to be washed when she got home. Twice today teachers had called on her and she hadn't heard. She was thinking of Duke and how wonderful he made her feel last night. She felt no guilt about what happened that was certain. Despite having a little pain from walking for much of the day she was otherwise on cloud nine. During the third period, she saw a male dog out the window and became quite aroused at the sight of him. There was also the thrill of having a secret. She had fucked a dog and no one knew. She had done something probably no one at her school had done. She thought how at that very moment Duke's sperm was swimming around in her womb looking for her egg.

"Heather. Heather! Earth to Heather! You've been in the shower for almost twenty minutes. Most everyone else has already dressed and headed home. Where have you been all day? You were out of sync with everyone during cheer practice." Cindy chided. "What's going on?" She asked.

"Nothing. Nothing at all." Heather answered as she avoided looking at Cindy.

"Sure. Well, whatever it is we can talk about it later." Cindy said.

Heather quickly rinsed off the soap and dressed back into her school uniform as Cindy waited and played on her phone. They had a standing study session at Cindy's home every Wednesday after cheer practice. It started their freshman year when they both joined the junior varsity cheer squad and became friends. It was no more than ten minutes later that Heather and Cindy were pulling out of the school parking lot and onto the two-lane State highway in Heather's hand-me-down Camry from her older soldier brother.

There was an awkward silence.

"Okay Heather, what's going on? Something had to have happened to make you so distracted. You have been distracted since our tanning session yesterday. Did you get a call or text while in the tanning bed?" Cindy asked.

"No, I didn't get anything like that. I napped while listening to music." Heather answered.

There was another awkward silence.

"Is your mom and dad okay? Your dad's been stationed in South Korea for months. I'm sure you miss him. Is that the problem? Is your mom okay?" Cindy asked.

"No, that's not it. Mom is fine. I do miss my dad but we video chat every Sunday afternoon for an hour or so. I'm used to him being stationed overseas. It doesn't bother me anymore. Not really. Everyone is fine." Heather answered.

There was another awkward silence.

"Well, something is bothering you. I can tell. You can trust me Heather. I'd never repeat anything you've told me in confidence. I've shared all my secrets with you. We've been best friends for years now. We shouldn't have any secrets from one another." Cindy countered.

This was only partly true. Heather was the first person that Cindy came out to as bisexual and the first person that Cindy had told the first time she had sex with a guy and a girl. But this was a different sort of secret. Heather was pretty sure having sex with an animal was illegal.

"Cindy, that's not true, is it? You've kept one secret from me. It's been six months since you and

Jennifer broke up. But you've never told me why Jennifer broke up with you." Heather said.

By this time they had reached Cindy's home. Her parents owned and ran a shop in the City. It would be late when they came home. Cindy looked away from Heather.

"Heather, whenever you're ready I'm here for you. There's nothing you can say that will harm our friendship or that would cause me to tell anyone the secret you're obviously carrying." Cindy offered. "Or I could force it out of you. I've got three inches on you and at least twenty more pounds of muscle." Cindy jokingly threatened while raising an eyebrow.

Heather with a smirk answered. "Cindy, if you want to know my secret then you have to share yours? No wrestling required."

They exited the Camry and went into Cindy's kitchen after removing their shoes at the door. There the girls got out some sodas and snacks and took out their books to study. It wasn't long before Heather, still distracted from the events of the previous night, looked out the window and noticed Cindy's Rottweiler Roddy in his doghouse sheltered from the incessant drizzle. Cindy looked up for a drink of soda and noticed Heather looking outside at Roddy.

"Ah, Roddy the Rottweiler." She said looking over her shoulder then turning back to face Heather. "I swear my mother has a thing about names rhyming or being alliterative. It's no coincidence that my name is Cynthia Melinda and the pet Rottie is named Roddy. When she wants to pull my chain she calls me Cindy Mindy for Christ's sake. Heather! You're not listening again." Cindy said.

"Sorry, Cindy Mindy." Heather taunted back while taking her eyes off Roddy momentarily.

"Now don't you start that." Cindy retorted feigning a stern look.

Once Cindy looked back to her book Cindy's gaze returned to Roddy. As she watched him she started to squirm in the dinette chair and rubbing her thighs together under her plaid skirt. Heather realized that she was becoming aroused because of Roddy. She knew she had to do something before her nipples became erect and visible through her white blouse. But she also couldn't just go home without increasing Cindy's curiosity.

"Excuse me Cin. I've got to step away to the bathroom." Heather said hurriedly as she scooted her chair back away from the table.

Heather quickly stepped down the hall to the downstairs bathroom. After closing the door she washed her face in the sink with cold water hoping to dampen her ardor.

"Great! Now I have to pee." Heather mumbled to herself as she stepped to the toilet.

Standing in front of the toilet she pulled down her panties and noticed they were rather wet as were her thighs and she knew why. Big masculine, muscular, and sexy Roddy the Rottweiler had gotten her wet. After peeing and wiping her smoothly shaven pussy, her thighs, and panties the best she could; she washed her hands then face again in cold water hoping to lessen her arousal. That took several minutes.

Meanwhile, Cindy had noticed Heather's quick departure. She had also noticed what appeared to be arousal on the part of Heather. She had seen her squirming in the chair and rubbing her thighs together through the glass dinette table. She instantly knew what was happening since she often caught herself doing the same thing when aroused.

"What's that in the seat of Heather's chair?" Cindy asked herself speaking lowly.

Quickly and quietly Cindy stepped around the table. She touched the slippery moisture in Heather's chair. Lifting her fingers to her nose she smelled it and tasted it. She knew instantly that it was pussy juice. Heather was extremely wet from arousal. Cindy grabbed a napkin and wipe the chair clean then threw the napkin away.

Cindy had an intuition about why Heather was aroused. She had caught her staring at Roddy obsessively since they started studying. Acting decisively Cindy went to the kitchen exterior door, opened it, and tapped her thigh. Roddy immediately ran up to her for his ear rub and Cindy brought him inside and ordered him to his doggy bed in the kitchen and to stay. Roddy started sniffing the air once he walked into the kitchen.

Cindy was no more in her chair when Heather walked back into the kitchen looking out the window. As she sat back into her chair she was relieved that Roddy was no longer in sight until she heard a whimper coming from the corner and looked. It was sexy Roddy laying in his doggy bed watching her.

"What's he doing in here?" Heather asked nervously.

"Well, he lives here and stays in the house when someone is here. Mom and Dad insist that when they're not here that I keep him in the house for protection." Cindy answered.

"I....I have to go." Heather stammered.

"No you don't. You're not leaving without saying why. And don't tell me you're afraid of Roddy. He's a big teddy bear. You've never been afraid of him before." Cindy countered.

By this time Cindy had walked around the dinette table, turned Heather's chair, and with her powerful arms held Heather's shoulders. With her shoulders held back Heather's nipples were clearly prominent.

"I....I...want to go." She stammered uncertainly.

"You're not going anywhere until you tell me what's going on. Does this involve the secret you're keeping from me?" Cindy demanded.

"Yes." Whispered Heather after looking down submissively.

Heather knew she would never have been able to keep her secret from Cindy. Although Heather was more popular than Cindy because of her greater femininity and charm, she was more submissive by nature. Cindy could easily dominate Heather physically and occasionally did.

They both looked at Roddy after he woofed. Roddy was showing some cock. He was as aroused as Heather. It was only his obedience training that kept him in his bed and away from the aroused female.

"He wants you as badly as you want him." Cindy stated bluntly taking a chance on her intuition.

Whether it was cruelty or kindness, Cindy could never decide but regardless of her motive with one command, she determined the course of the next hour and her relationship with Cindy and Roddy from then onward.

"Roddy. Release!" Cindy commanded.

Instantly Roddy was on his feet and a second later between Heather's thighs with his head under her skirt.

"Stop. Don't. I don't want this." Heather lied. But as she said it her feet were leaving the floor and spreading to give Roddy a better angle. They did not stop until her knees were almost touching her breasts and her skirt was in her lap and her panties fully exposed.

Cindy leaned down to Heather's right ear whispering gently and reassuringly. "You're only lying to yourself Heather. You want this. Allow it to happen. Your trust is sacred to me. I will never tell your secret to anyone no matter what."

"I can't help myself. I really can't. I don't know what's come over me since yesterday." Heather said excusing herself as she looked up into Cindy's green eyes.

"Don't even think about why Heather. Just enjoy the moment. I could not tell you why I find other girls so beautiful but I do. Not knowing why doesn't make it less real." Cindy said as she touched Heather's cheek lovingly.

"Cindy, I didn't...." Heather whispered breathlessly as Roddy's tonguing was affecting her ability to think and speak.

"I know you didn't Heather." Cindy softly replied.

"Heel Roddy!" Cindy commanded firmly.

Roddy whined but obeyed after a few moments.

"Why did you stop him?" Heather asked.

"Because your panties are in the way and you will become uncomfortable in the chair. Stand up, remove your panties, and lay on the floor on your back." Cindy commanded firmly.

Heather did as she was told. She stood then rolled her wet panties down her hips. They clung to her mons and labia as they were pulled down and fell to the floor with a squish. Heather stepped out of them.

Heather, vividly remembering her dream from the previous night, sat on the floor; leaned back on her elbows; and spread her knees while lifting them as she kept her feet on the floor.

"Roddy. Release!" Cindy commanded.

Roddy immediately returned to licking Heather's pussy.

"Oh! His nose is cold!" Heather exclaimed as she spread her knees after reflexively closing them in her surprise.

Heather had flashbacks to her dream. She closed her eyes and laid back onto the kitchen floor. But in her mind, she was back in the meadow with the sun shining on her face. There is a presence again but this time it's her dearest friend Cindy. Then suddenly there was an intrusion pulling Heather back into the kitchen. Roddy was snorting in her pussy as he simultaneously licked up her juices and inhaled her scent. He was devouring her with everything but his teeth. The pleasure of his licking and the prickly hairs on his muzzle only heightened her arousal and pleasure. His scent overcame

her senses and doubts. His scent and his thick muscles were intoxicatingly masculine. Cindy spoke drawing Heather's attention away from her lover. She saw Cindy sitting in a chair with one foot placed on the edge. Cindy had removed her thong and was fingering her labia while using her thumb to circle her clit with her eyes glazed over in lust.

"Wow! Oh wow! Seeing Roddy eat your pussy is so hot Heather. I've never actually seen anything this amazing. You're amazing." Cindy said excitedly.

As Heather and Cindy looked into each other's eyes lost in their pleasure, Heather's attention is pulled away as Roddy began focusing on her clit. Small tremors began building in her belly. She knew it would not be long until Roddy makes her orgasm if he kept at it. Then suddenly Roddy changes his focus away from her clit. His licks go from asshole to clit in one long swipe with a pause to gather her juices pouring out of her. Then just as suddenly he is at her clit again. Licking, licking, licking as only a dog can lick with their magical tongues. Her arousal and pleasure ascended quickly as Roddy focused on her clit and with the knowledge that she has a witness.

"Oh god! Oh god! I'm almost there. He's going to make me cum!" Heather shouted.

"Cum Heather! Cum on his tongue!" Cindy shouted in response.

"Nnnannnnhhhhnnnn! I'm cuuummmminnnngggg! Your dog is making me cummmm!" Heather screamed as her back arched; her toes curled under; her blonde hair was tossed side to side with the shaking of her head.

"Nnnngggghhhh! I'm cumming too! Oh fuck, I'm squirting! Nnnngggghhhh" Cindy screams as she rapidly and vigorously stroked her clit with her fingertips and a stream of pussy juice shot out of her cunt.

"I'm cummmminnnngggg again! He's so good at licking pussy Cindy! Aaaahhhhh!" Heather screamed as another orgasm washed over her. And as in her dream, she placed her hand over her pussy to stop the onslaught of pleasure on her overly sensitive clit. She closed her thighs which forced Roddy to step away. Roddy was showing pink and was clearly very aroused. But for the moment Heather could only try to catch her breath as she came down from her orgasms.

It took a couple of minutes for Heather and Cindy to fully come down from their orgasmic highs and catch their breaths. It was during that time that Roddy let the eagerness of his arousal known by giving out an occasional bark and growl while attempting to nudge Heather over onto her knees. His cock partially showing and dripping pre-cum the entire time. Heather awash in Roddy's scent was still highly aroused and in need of Roddy's cock.

"I think Roddy wants to fuck you. Are you going to let him? Seems cruel to leave him in need." Cindy asked with a hint of begging in her voice.

"Yes, I still need him as badly as he needs me." Heather answered back with some hesitation after weighing Cindy's encouragement. "Would you get me a thick towel for my knees?" Heather asked.

Not wanting to give Heather time to change her mind, Cindy ran to the nearest bathroom and was back in a flash with a thick towel. Heather doubled the towel over to provide padding for her knees from the hard tile floor. Then still wearing all of her clothes except for her panties and shoes assumed the position she had learned the night before. One that seemed so natural to her that she did not even have to think about it. It took no more than a second before she was once again on knees and elbows with her back arched down. She reached back grabbing the hem of her skirt and flipped it onto her back then tapped her evenly tanned ass while Cindy watched from her chair.

"Come on Roddy. Mount! Take me! Make me yours!" Heather begged.

"Do it Roddy! Fuck her! Make her your bitch!" Cindy commanded in a voice heavily laced with sexual excitement.

Roddy approached Heather from her side then jumped up grabbing her with his forelegs and dry humped her twice before jumping down. Then he approached Heather from the front, grabbed her under her arms, and once again dry humped her before jumping down.

"Cindy, help your dumb dog get into the right position." Heather implored impatiently.

Instantly Cindy was beside Heather and leading Roddy by his collar back behind Heather facing her ass and upturned pussy. Cindy took a moment to admire the view then pulled Roddy up onto Heather's back by his collar and positioned his forelegs around Heather's waist. Roddy tightly gripping her waist pulled Heather towards his partially exposed cock. Cindy pushed Roddy's haunches up against Heather's ass as Heather reached between her legs and guided his cock into her pussy. Roddy bowing his back thrust forward deeply into Heather's pussy.

"Uunnnggghh! Fuck!" Heather shouted.

"He's in! You're fucking my dog!" Cindy shouted in astonishment.

"Uunnngghh! Uunnngghh! No shit!" Heather responded lowly.

It was then that the inexperienced Roddy began spastically fucking Heather at the pace only a dog can maintain while Heather moaned and grunted each time his cock struck her cervix. He pounded her a dozen times within seconds. He seemed to always be on the verge of slipping out on the back-stroke. His cock swelling and squirting pre-cum the entire time. Heather leaned further over onto her shoulders, turning her head to one side, and reached back to hold Roddy's hind-legs against her thighs.

"Quick, push his ass against me so he doesn't slip out. Get his knot into me before it gets too big!" Heather demanded.

Cindy pushed hard onto Roddy's rump just in time. As his knot entered Heather's cunt it became too large to pull out. They were tied. As the night before, Heather was as filled with pleasure as her pussy was with dog cock. First, the stimulation of the fucking from the pounding of her cervix; the stroking of her pussy's walls, g-spot, and labia all had her overloaded on sexual pleasure. The pleasure was so great that she did not even notice the scratches Roddy's claws and rough foot-pads made on her bare thighs. The fucking motion was replaced by the fullness from Roddy's fully engorged cock and knot. Roddy's pre-cum and her pussy juice provided all the lubrication needed. This time was pain-free unlike her first time the night before. Roddy began cumming inside Heather as he panted on her back.

"Oh, my god Heather! Roddy's asshole is twitching and his balls are moving up and down. Is he cumming in you?" Cindy asked excitedly.

"God yes! His cum is shooting right against my cervix His cock and cum are hot. His cock and knot twitch with each pulse of cum." Heather moaned out. "Please Cindy, I'm so close to an orgasm. Please rub my clit." Heather begged.

Leaving her left hand on Roddy's rump, Cindy reached with her right and touched the root of Roddy's cock for the first time. Her fingers glided down his cock as she marveled at its smoothness,

scarlet color, and it's fleshy hardness. Cindy's fingers reached Heather's slick pussy lips and then slipped down to her very erect clit. Cindy slowly began stroking Heather's clit with her thumb.

"Just tell me how you want me to do it." Cindy offered.

"Oh my god! That's so good. Maybe a little faster. It won't be long." Heather responded.

Cindy stroked Heather's clit faster. She was astonished at how wet Heather was from her pussy juices and Roddy's cum that was seeping out around his knot.

"NNNnnnnhhhhh! Oh my god! That's it! Oh yyyeeeeessss! Almost there!" Heather moaned.

"Fuck Heather. You're so amazing. I've never seen anything this hot in my life. I could cum just from watching you. Cum for me Heather. Cum on Roddy's cock. Cum and squeeze down on his cock to milk out his cum!" Cindy commanded as she strummed Heather's clit at a lightning pace.

"FUUUUCCCCCKKKKK! I'm CCCCCCUUUUUMMMMMIIIIHNNNNGGGGG!" Shouted Heather as her pussy clamped down tightly on Roddy's cock causing him to groan. Her body convulsed and her eyes rolled into the back of their sockets as Roddy continued to fill her womb and pussy with his cum. Where it not for Cindy holding Roddy to her; Roddy's tight grip in her hips; and the tight grip her pussy had on his knot then Heather may have thrown him off her by her convulsions.

Cindy, with her mouth opened in awe, watched Heather orgasm around Roddy's cock and knot. She stopped stroking Heather's clit and as she pulled her hand out from under Heather and Roddy. Looking down she saw that her hand and wrist were covered in Heather's and Roddy's fuck juices. Without thinking she lifted her right hand to her mouth and licked the juices off without losing a drop. She tasted Heather's juices and something slightly salty and bitter; knowing that it had to be Roddy's cum. With the realization that she was tasting the pussy for which she had hungered for months and dog cum, Cindy's body shuddered in a light orgasm without her pussy being touched.

Cindy's orgasm ended much sooner than Heather's. Heather's orgasm rolled across her still clothed body in waves causing her to tremble all as Roddy, panting heavily on her back, continued to pump hot dog cum into her womb and pussy in pulses as regular as ocean waves. At one point Heather's vision began to darken and tunnel as she nearly passed out from the strength of her orgasm.

Eventually, as before, the waves of her orgasm lessened and all that was left was the post fuck satiated joy Heather had come to savor. By the time Heather had fully regained her awareness Roddy's cock had shrunk significantly and the pulses of his cum were much abated.

"I think you can let Roddy climb off me now. He's just about finished." Heather said serenely.

"If you say so." Cindy responded as she reached up for Roddy's collar for leverage. "Come on down boy. You've had your fun." Cindy then pulled up on Roddy's collar lifting him off Heather's back while also pulling him backward. His greatly shrunken knot and cock slipped out with a slurp. Heather raised to her hands causing a torrent of dog cum to gush out her slightly gaping orifice onto the folded towel between her knees. Roddy licking his cock a couple of times ambled to his water-bowl to quench his thirst and then to his bed for a short rest as he licked his cock back into its sheath.

Wanting to rest, Heather rolled over to her left hip and then onto her back. She avoided Cindy's eyes in embarrassment as she reached down pushing her skirt back down over her sex.

"I...I.. can't believe I did....that... with you watching. Please don't hate me Cindy. I couldn't help

myself. I really couldn't. Do I disgust you after what I just did?" Heather asked with more than a tinge of fear in her voice.

"No Heather. I could never hate you. You do not disgust me. Far from it. I've never been this turned on or wanted anyone more in my life. Just like you couldn't help yourself with Roddy, I can't help myself now." Cindy answered softly and with obvious sincerity. There was no denying the smoldering lust in her eyes or the state of her nipples through her school blouse.

Cindy reached out with trembling hands towards Heather's knees and spread them apart while rolling her onto her back as she looked lovingly into Heather's eyes. Cindy's hand glided gently down Heather's thighs, lightly caressing them as they went. Upon reaching the hem of the plaid skirt Cindy slowly lifted it up and away from Heather's pussy. Cindy's lips slightly parted and her mouth watered at the sight of Heather freshly fucked and still very wet cunt. Her tongue unconsciously licking her lips in anticipation.

Cindy laid down between Heather's legs. Her face only a couple of inches from Heather's sex. The musky dog fucked cunt still saturated with dog cum overwhelmed her senses.

"I've wanted to do this for the longest time Heather. Just lie back and close your eyes. Let me clean you." Cindy instructed.

Heather looking at Cindy between her thighs apprehensively did as she was told.

Cindy kissed Heather's thighs and either licked or sucked up Heather's and Roddy's remaining fuck juices until they were clean. The taste however only increased her appetite instead of satiating it. Cindy then licked and sucked Heather's labia from the bottom up to the clit. Heather moaned softly and began to rotate her hips as her excitement built again. Heather wound her delicate fingers through Cindy's hair and pulled her tightly into her sex. After Cindy had cleaned the fuck juices from Heather's labia, clit, and mons she worked back down to the still gaping opening. With her eyes locked onto Heather's, Cindy snaked her tongue into Heather's pussy. She was rewarded with an explosion of flavor from the cocktail of Heather's and Roddy's cum and sex fluids. Cindy tightened her grip on Heather's hips to keep her in place despite her attempts to grind her sex into Cindy's face more vigorously. As Cindy sucked and swallowed down the last of the combined fuck juices Heather's excitement produced more as she built toward the first orgasm given to her by another person. Heather's and Cindy's excitement continued to build which caused Cindy to wrap her left arm across Heather's lower abdomen and reach for Heather's clit with the fingertips on her right hand. All without stopping Heather's oral pleasuring.

Roddy noticed Cindy lying available on the kitchen floor with her pussy exposed as if it was an offering. As Roddy moved towards Cindy nose first, Cindy soon felt his breath and jowls under her skirt, and then the shock of his cold wet nose jammed into the juncture of her ass cheeks. Not wanting to interrupt Heather's ascent into orgasm, Cindy said and did nothing but continued to pleasure Heather with her tongue, lips, and fingers.

"Rub my clit faster Cindy! Tongue deeper! I'm almost there! I'm going to cum..... I'm CCCUUMMMIIIIINNNGGG!" Heather shouted as she orgasmed and ground her cunt into Cindy's face; pulled her black hair with her fingers; and closed her thighs onto Cindy's head.

As Heather trembled out her orgasm Cindy slowly raised her ass and spread her knees to give Roddy better access to her pussy for his tongue while continuing her oral ministrations to Heather's pussy. As Heather came down from her orgasm Cindy began gently nibbling Heather's thighs, avoiding her sensitive pussy. After Heather regained her breath she looked between her thighs into Cindy's eyes

and stroked her hair.

"Thank you Cindy. That was wonderful. I've never been with a person before. I'm happy that you're the first." Heather said with a smile and twinkle in her blue eyes.

"MMMMmmnnnn. My pleasure. Aw Heather, Roddy scratched your thighs. Let me kiss them and make it better" Cindy said giving each of the scratch marks on Heather's thighs a tender kiss.

It was then that Cindy's mouth opened with a gasp of pleasure from Roddy's tongue. Puzzled, Heather caught a bit of motion above Cindy's ass. She parted her thighs wider for a better view and saw Roddy behind Cindy. "His tongue is magic isn't it Cin?"

"Oh yes! Different than a person. A bit rougher and it's almost everywhere at once. Ohhhh fuuuccckkkkk! He's licking me from clit to asshole! I've never had my asshole licked. Wow!" Cindy answered breathlessly.

Just then Roddy changed position a bit and Heather saw that he was beginning to show some cock. Roddy was ready to fuck again.

"He's showing some cock. I think he wants to fuck you." Heather said.

"Good, because I really need to get fucked. Uunnnhhhh. Oh god. His tongue is so good." Cindy responded.

"Should I get a fresh towel?" Heather asked.

"Uumhhhhh." Cindy moaned. "No, the one you used is fine. We'll take a bath after Roddy and I are done." Cindy answered.

Heather quickly took the towel that had been underneath her knees during her dog fuck and refolded it for Cindy. She then placed it on the floor for Cindy under her belly. Cindy crawled forward six inches until her knees were on the towel all while Roddy continued to lick her pussy and the increased flow of her juices.

"Spread your knees a bit further apart. A bit more. You're taller than I am. Rest on your elbows and arch your back down. " Heather suggested. "I'll help Roddy get on your back and in you." At that point, Heather stood up and stepped behind Cindy and grabbed Roddy's collar. "Are you ready?" Heather asked.

"I'm ready." Cindy answered firmly after a moment's pause once she had flipped her skirt onto her back.

"Up Roddy! Mount!" Heather commanded as she tapped Cindy's ass and pulled up and forward on his collar.

Roddy, obedient and eager to fuck his mistress, leaped onto Cindy's back. He shuffled forward on his back legs while he sought a good grip on Cindy's muscular hips. The exposed tapered red tip of his cock began shooting out pre-cum onto Cindy's sex. In moments Roddy's pelvis was thrusting Cindy's upturned offered butt. His dog cock seeking entrance to her cunt. It was then that Heather, seeing the pair were well aligned, pushed Roddy's rump into his bitch's ass and Cindy's pussy felt dog-cock the first time. After a few quick jabs and shallow penetrations, Roddy shuffled forward a couple of small steps and he was in!

"Fuck! He's in!" Cindy exclaimed.

"Yes, he is. Get ready for a fuck you'll never forget." Heather responded.

Just after Roddy's cock began extending out of his sheath and swelling Roddy started humping his Mistress and his bitch. As his cock swelled and began stroking the walls of her cunt Cindy's moans began and kept pace with the speed of his strokes. All as Heather watched intently and with fascination as she gained a better image of what she had experienced twice in as many days.

"Uunh! Uunh! Uunh! Uunh! Uunh! That it's boy. Fuck that pussy! Fuck it! Make me your bitch!" Cindy said encouraging Roddy to pleasure her.

As they fucked the accumulated combined fuck juices caused Cindy's pussy to repeatedly queef.

"That's it fucker! Make that pussy sing!" Cindy said as she giggled in amusement at her own joke and the funny noises her dog-cock filled pussy made.

It was no more than a minute of fucking that Roddy's knot was exposed and beginning to swell.

"Do you want his knot?" Cindy asked.

"Fuck yes! Get his knot in me! Hurry!" Cindy demanded.

Heather pushed hard on Roddy's rump just as Cindy pushed backward on his cock. The combined forces drove Roddy's knot into Cindy's pussy. Cindy grunted as her lips stretched to accommodate the swelling girth while it passed through. It immediately swelled enough to tie them together for the duration of Roddy's orgasm. Cindy's pussy was stretched further than ever before. She had never taken a cock the size of Roddy's much less one with a knot. The blunt end of Roddy's cock was jammed against Cindy's cervix and the knot rubbed her g-spot when he starting cumming. The pulse of his hot cum was all the additional stimulation needed for Cindy's toe-curling orgasm to begin. With Roddy panting in her left ear; his chest on her back; the short hairs on his sheath tickling her labia; and his forelegs tightly gripping her hips; Cindy shouted out her orgasm in celebration to the world and all the gods in the heavens.

"I'm CUUUMMMIIINNNGGGGG! I'm CUUUMMMIIINNNGGGG ON MY DOG'S COCK!" Cindy shouted as her pussy squirted out its cream.

Heather watched amazed at the eroticism of her closest friend orgasmed over and over on the Rottweiler's cock in waves that washed over her while keeping the two lovers tightly pressed together. Cindy's head dropped down with her mouth gaping open leaking drool as she continued to orgasm. Gradually Cindy regained her senses as her orgasms diminished in strength.

"God, he's still coming in me. He's such a good fuck. I should have done this at the start of summer. I would have never bothered with guys." Cindy said quietly to Heather just as she regained her breath.

"Really? You'd give up guys?" Heather asked in surprise.

"Well, maybe not totally. I'd just be a lot pickier about the guys I'd date. When I have Roddy's cock at home to scratch that itch, why settle for less? I only fucked Jerry because I had heard he had a big cock and knew how to use it. But I was disappointed on both counts. Guys don't have knots either. Dogs don't talk about you to their friends, give you an STI, or get you pregnant. No, Roddy and I will definitely do this again and often." Cindy answered. "This is my first creme pie. I always made Jerry

wear a condom. Don't have to worry about that with Roddy. I'm also ovulating by the way." Cindy added. "Fuck that's kinky thinking about dog sperm getting my egg."

"Believe me I understand how much fun a dog can be. Good thing a dog can't get a woman pregnant." Heather retorted.

It had been at least ten pleasure-filled minutes since Roddy first knotted his Mistress and his orgasm was all but finished. He became restless and tried to free himself from Cindy's grasping cunt but Heather kept him firmly rooted as his knot and cock shrank enough to pull out without harming or causing discomfort to Cindy.

"He's restless. Has he shrunk enough yet?" Heather asked.

"Yes, I think so. Let him loose." Cindy answered and commanded.

Just as soon as Heather removed her hands from Roddy's rump he backed away from Cindy, pulling his diminished knot and his shrunken cock out of Cindy's sex with a pop and a gush of their juices. With a hop, Roddy was off of Cindy with his cock swinging between his hind legs. Cindy rolled over onto her back with her knees raised and spread. This was the first that Heather had seen Roddy's still impressive cock. Roddy, after a few licks of his retreating cock, returned to his bed and licked his cock until it returned fully into his sheath. He then reclined on his bed and quickly began snoring.

Heather turned away from the slumbering Roddy and looked back to Cindy spread eagle on the floor a couple of feet from her. Heather's eyes went first to Cindy's cream pie and then to Cindy's eyes.

Cindy arched an eyebrow. "Well, what are you waiting for? Don't tell me you're going to leave me in this mess?" Cindy asked. "I took care of you. Suck out Roddy's cum." She commanded. "Then we'll take a nice hot bath. I suspect we have a lot to talk about." Cindy added.

"When do your parents get home?" Heather asked trying to delay the inevitable.

"Not for hours yet. The store doesn't close until 9 pm. They won't be home until 10 pm at the earliest. Now get to it." Cindy answered and commanded.

Heather crawled over to Cindy and knelt between her knees. She leaned down and flipped Cindy's skirt completely over onto Cindy's flat stomach. Which fully exposed Cindy's gaping and dog-cum leaking pussy. She looked back into Cindy's eyes imploringly.

"Do it. You'll like it once you try it. I did." Cindy reassured her.

Trusting Cindy's assurances, Heather leaned further down trying to repeat Cindy's actions when she went down on her earlier. Heather starting at each knee kissed down Cindy's thighs while licking and sucking up the juices, avoiding Cindy's pussy as she did so. Once each thigh had been cleaned of the juices from Cindy's squirting orgasm and Roddy's nut draining cum, Heather moved to Cindy's mound where she licked up the copious fuck juices. Then Heather's tongue slathered down the shaven mons to Cindy's large erect clit. As Heather began sucking on her friend's clitoris Cindy moaned and started undulating her hips.

"Uunnh! Oh yes, Heather. That's it suck my clit. That's so good." Cindy said in praise and encouragement.

All Heather needed was praise for her to become excited. She began to get into eating Cindy out and

wanted to prolong the experience. She took her hands from the floor and held onto Cindy's hips. Then she moved her mouth down to Cindy's opening. After licking Cindy's labia Heather eased her tongue into Cindy's pussy. Surprised by the delightful taste of her friend and Roddy, Heather slid her tongue in as far as she could only to pull it and the fuck juices clinging to it back into her mouth to be savored then swallowed. Over and over Heather tongued the deep recesses of Cindy's cunt; tonguing and sucking out all of the fluids as Cindy moaned out in pleasure.

"There isn't any more of Roddy's cum. I've sucked out what I can." Heather whispered.

"Don't stop now. I'm so close to cumming again. Please go back to my clit." Cindy begged.

Heather returned to Cindy's clitoris; once again enveloped it between her lips, and alternated between licking and sucking it.

"Oh my god! That's so good baby. Keep doing it just like that." Cindy said "I love you." Cindy let slip without thinking.

With that, Heather sucked hard on Cindy's clit causing her to cum hard and drenching Heather's face.

"Heather! Heather! You're making me cum! Thank you! Thank you!" Cindy gasped as she pulled Heather's blonde hair in her strong fingers and her thighs closed on Heather's head.

Cindy rode out the decreasing waves of her orgasm on Heather's face as Heather swallowed as much of her cum as she could while the rest smeared her face thereby marking her as Cindy's lover in their memories at least if not for tomorrow. Cindy released Heather from her fingers and thighs. She spread her thighs and her fingers gently stroked Heather's hair and face.

Cindy spread open her knees and held out her arms beckoned Heather to her. "Come here baby."

Heather crawled up Cindy's body until they were breast to breast and eye to eye. Heather looked into Cindy's eyes questioningly and in response, Cindy looked deeply into her friend and lover's eyes with deep love and joy as she placed one hand on Heather's lower back and the other hand behind Heather's head. She then pulled Heather's mouth to her own. Cindy tasted her own juices on Heather's lips. Always the bolder one, Cindy's tongue licked Heather's lips seeking entry. Heather opened her lips and just as she had tongued Cindy's pussy began to tongue Cindy's mouth. Their passion only increased as their tongues danced in first one mouth than the other. Heather broke the kiss to draw a breath.

Cindy took the opportunity to make a suggestion. "Let's get out of our uniforms and get into the tub. Do you need to text your mom to tell her we're studying late?" Cindy asked.

"That sounds like a wonderful idea. No, Wednesday is the night the officers' wives get together at the base. Mom won't be home until after 11 pm." Heather responded.

Cindy released Heather from her arms and Heather pushed herself up to her knees then stood up. She reached down taking Cindy by her hand and helped her stand. Cindy holding Heather's hand lead her upstairs to the master bathroom and the large tub. Heather closed the door and began to remove her school uniform. They were both still in their school uniforms except for their shoes and panties albeit they were both very disheveled. Cindy closed the drain and began filling the tub with hot water and began removing her own clothes. They watched each other undress as they had done many times before but this was the first time as lovers.

"Do you like your bath water on the hotter side?" Cindy asked.

"I do actually." Heather answered as she stepped into the nearly full large tub while Cindy grabbed two towels and washcloths from the bathroom linen closet.

After turning the water off Cindy stepped into the tub. Heather stretched out her arms in an invitation to embrace. Cindy accepted and allowed herself to be enveloped in Heather's arms as they lightly kissed.

"There is plenty of time for that. Don't you think we need to talk?" Cindy asked.

"What do you want to talk about?" Heather annoyingly answered the question with another question.

"Well, I'd say we should finally just admit the secrets which we had been keeping from each other." Cindy answered straightforwardly.

"You mean like how I lost my cherry to Duke and how since yesterday every male dog I see gets me wet and how I want to drop my panties and get dog fucked all the time?" Heather asked rhetorically with Cindy responding by nodding while staring with acceptance and love in her eyes.

"Yes, and how Jennifer left me because I was in love with someone else and still am. She left me because I'm in love with you Heather and have been since last Christmas. You're my best friend. You know me better than anyone and I probably know you better than anyone else." Cindy responded. "I take it no one else knows about you and dogs?" Cindy asked.

"No. No one else knows." Heather answered mistakenly. Heather had no idea about Tabitha's spell or the suspicions of her own mother. "When and how did you get into dogs?" Heather asked.

"Jennifer got me into the fantasy. She and I would read each other dirty stories late at night over the phone while we were dating. After a few weeks of girl-girl stories, the excitement wasn't what it was. Then one night she kicked it up a notch with a story about a girl, another girl, and a dog fucking. After that, it became one of our favorite kinks. After we broke up I continued reading those stories and started watching doggy porn and finger fucking myself to it. Today was my first time with a dog. You gave me the courage to act on this fantasy and accept that part of myself. Now it's something that we can share whether we're apart or together. There's no emotional attachment with a dog. It's not as if it's cheating." Cindy answered.

"You don't regret what we did today then? You don't think it's.... I don't know..... wrong?" Heather asked seeking reassurance.

Cindy, reaching out with her right hand turning then caressing Heather's cheek, looked deeply into her eyes, and answered softly. "No baby. No, don't say that. What you, Roddy, and I shared today wasn't wrong. We gave pleasure to one another without harming anyone else. Most of the people who would condemn us for having sex with Roddy would also condemn us for having sex with each other. Don't listen to them baby. I would never hurt you. Do you think you could say the same thing about people who'd condemn us? Of course not. They don't care about our happiness." Cindy said answering her own question as Heather shook her head in agreement.

Heather wanting time alone to think about her and dogs and her and Cindy said. "The water is cooling and we haven't washed yet. Let's wash one another before the water gets cold. Besides, I think we both need to do some laundry tonight. And I need time to think about has happened today and what you've said."

"Okay, we can continue this conversation later when you're ready." Cindy responded as she grabbed the shampoo and conditioner then squirted a dollop into her palm then did the same into Heather's palm.

The girls sitting cross-legged facing one another began washing each other's hair while looking into each other's eyes with smiles on their faces. After rinsing out the shampoo conditioner they then washed each other's bodies paying a bit more attention to the other's breasts and pussy than strictly necessary for a bath. They'd pause from washing occasionally to share a kiss. After rinsing off the soap they stepped out of the bath and dried each other off with the towels. Finally, they dried and brushed each other's hair.

"Heather give me a second. Don't put on those dirty clothes. I'll be right back." Cindy said.

Less than a minute later Cindy was back with a set of sweat pants, socks, and a t-shirt for Cindy to wear.

"They don't exactly match your penny-loafers but you're just going straight home and your mom won't be home for at least a few hours." Cindy offered.

"Thanks, they're fine. I hate putting on dirty clothes when I'm clean. I won't even bother with my panties or bra." Heather responded.

They chatted as they dressed about various things other than what they were most concerned about. They talked about how they both had laundry to do and how they'd get a bite to eat then do their homework before their parents got home. Cindy told Heather to not worry about the kitchen that she would clean it.

After they had both dressed, they headed for the kitchen for Heather to get her books and panties. At the door Heather put on her shoes then they kissed each other a good night tenderly as they held one another. After the kiss, they said their goodbyes until the morning when Heather would pick Cindy up for school.

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## **Chapter Four**

It was Thursday after cheer practice. Heather reached out and turned on the hot and cold water in the girls' locker-room showers to adjust the temperature to her liking. She started her shower with the other cheerleaders as she did every day she had cheer practice. And much like every day, she thought about what had happened during the day. But today she also thought about her dream from the night before. The Black Lab and the Presence showed up in her dreams again. The elation she felt at seeing the Lab and how they made love over and over until she was awoken by the vibrating alarm on her smartwatch. She had to get up at 5 am to wash the linen she had stripped from the bed Wednesday morning. The joy she felt in her dream was matched by the sorrow as she woke to reality. By 7 am the laundry was washed, dried, folded, and put away in its proper place. Before she had left for school her mother asked her to come home straight after dropping Cindy off. Her mother reassured her that nothing was wrong it just that there was something they needed to discuss. Of course, there was Cindy to think about as well. Heather kept wondering if she was in love with a dream dog and whether she could love Cindy as much. She didn't know how she felt about Cindy. They had been best friends for three years and last night they told each other their secrets after having sex. She definitely felt an emotional connection with Cindy and physical attraction for her but was it love? At least Cindy was being patient with her. So far she hadn't brought up the subject of their relationship or whatever it was yet. But mostly it was the Lab that she thought about most of

the day. Just then Heather's internal monologue was broken.

"Okay girls! Finish it up. I need to lock up and get home." Coach Carter said as she looked at the girls in the locker-room shower. Her gaze pausing briefly on Heather's thighs after she had turned to face her cheer coach and P.E. teacher.

Heather quickly rinsed off the remaining soap, grabbed her towel from its hook, and began drying herself as she stepped towards her locker to dress in her school uniform. She and Cindy made small talk until Coach Carter poked her head out of her office door and interrupted.

"Heather, come see me before you head home." Coach Carter requested.

"Just a second Coach. I'm just about dressed." Heather responded as she slipped on her shoes.

"You wanted to see me Coach?" Heather asked as she made eye contact with the tall athletic middle-aged woman with short brunette hair from the doorway of her office.

"Yes, there are a couple of things I'd like to talk to you about." Coach said as she got up shutting the door, closing the blinds, and sitting back down. "First I just wanted to ask if there were any problems? The reason I'm asking is that you've not been doing your best in the last couple of practices. You've not kept in sync with the other girls which isn't like you. Is there something bothering you? I know it may be a personal question but I have to ask since it's affecting your performance on the cheer squad." Coach Carter asked and explained.

Heather looked down somewhat embarrassed by the subject matter of her answer and that she had let the squad down. "I'm sorry Coach. I have been distracted. It's about another student with whom I'm becoming involved if you know what I mean." Heather answered in a half-truth. "But I expect to have it figured out soon so it won't affect my performance much longer. I promise to focus more in practice." Heather said attempting to reassure her Coach.

"Sure I understand. I'm glad that it isn't something like family problems. Good luck on trying to figure out relationships though. I'm still trying to figure them out." Coach said accepting her answer. "But there is one more thing. I have to go out of town this weekend from Friday evening to Sunday afternoon and I need someone to house-sit and dog-sit for me while I'm gone. It won't be anything you haven't done before. Watch the house; feed Thor; walk Thor or more like let Thor walk you; and don't allow anyone to come into the house. You're free to eat and drink anything in the refrigerator except for my beer and stay out of the liquor cabinet. I'll pay you \$100, the same as before. How does that sound?" Coach Carter asked. But Coach Carter was lying. She didn't have to go out of town that weekend. She had seen the scratch marks on Heather's thighs and recognized what they were and knew how Heather must have gotten them. Coach Carter never allowed fresh pussy for her Great Dane Thor pass by and the gorgeous blonde cheerleader was as ripe and succulent as they came.

"Coach that should be fine. I'll just have to ask my mom to make sure she doesn't have any plans for me this weekend. I'll text you later today to let you know. If everything is okay I'll go to your house after practice tomorrow after dropping Cindy off and swinging by my house to pick up a few things." Heather answered.

"That would be perfect. Sorry for the short notice but the trip is a last-minute necessity." The Coach lied as she was getting up and ushered Cindy towards the door. "I see everyone but Cindy has left so you two head out so I can get out of here myself. See you tomorrow Heather and thanks for helping me out." Coach said as she moved Heather out the office door then closed it behind her.

As Cindy and Heather headed towards the car Cindy asked, "What was that about?"

"Not much. Coach just talked to me about my performance at the last couple of practices and asked me to house sit for her this weekend is all." Heather answered.

As they drove to Cindy's house they studiously avoided talking about the elephant in the car, the nature of their relationship. The alternative topic was obvious.

"So how did you and Duke get started a couple of days ago?" Cindy asked.

"Well if you really want to know." Heather said playing along. "It started after I got home from our tanning session and finished my homework. Mom was out walking Duke when I got home. Once the homework was done I went downstairs to help with dinner and for the first time, I really noticed Duke. Don't get me wrong. I love Duke but he was always my mom's dog. But Tuesday evening I just felt his.... well, presence... is the only way I can describe it. His scent hit me like a truck. I couldn't get enough. All night until I went to bed I couldn't keep my hands off of him. His muscles are so big and his fur is so soft. After dinner, while I did the dishes he licked my thighs and my panties through a leg-hole of my shorts. I had to make him stop when I heard mom heading for the kitchen. That night as mom and I watched Netflix I was practically drooling over him and couldn't keep my hands off of him. He tried to follow me when I went to bed but mom didn't let him." Heather gushed out in excitement.

"Then how did you two get together?" Cindy asked curiously.

"My bedroom door must not have latched completely when I closed it." Heather said not wanting to implicate her mother in what happened. "I remember having an erotic dream and waking up by Duke jumping on the bed. I was so turned on from the dream and by Duke's presence that I couldn't help myself. I skimmed off my panties. Rolled over onto my knees and elbows then begged Duke to fuck me. And he did. He took my cherry. I had a difficult time keeping quiet. I would have died if mom had heard me and walked in while Duke was knotted in me." Heather answered.

"Didn't Duke have any trouble?" Cindy asked remembering Roddy's initial difficulty in mounting Heather the day before.

"No, he mounted me right away. I guided him into me and we were off to the races. My Duke is just smarter than your Roddy." Cindy answered tauntingly.

"Maybe." Cindy responded in a way to not voice her suspicions. She was thinking that maybe Duke wasn't smarter. He may just have more experience instead. Maybe he had fucked other women before. But she wasn't about to tell her that Duke might be fucking her mom. Heather would have to figure that one out herself.

"So, how about you? What did you think of your first time with a dog? Going to do it again." Heather asked.

"Oh yes! I will definitely play with Roddy again. He's a stud. I will have to get his nails trimmed though and he's going to get a bath more often than he has been." Cindy responded.

"Mom must wash Duke a couple of times a week at least." Heather said innocently without thinking of the connotations. Cindy only raised her eyebrows along with her suspicions without Heather seeing.

A minute later as they rode in silence just enjoying each other's company they pulled into Cindy's

driveway.

"Would you like to come in for a minute?" Cindy asked.

"No, I'd better not. I don't think I could stay just a minute with Roddy there. Our conversation has me a bit hot and besides mom told me to come home right after dropping you off. I'll see you in the morning." Heather answered with a smile.

Cindy, paused a moment with her lips slightly parted looking into Heather's eyes hoping she'd make the first move then sighing and responded with a hint of disappointment. "Okay, I'll see you in the morning. I'll just have to take care of Roddy by myself. Maybe after I give him a bath." She gave Heather an affectionate smile, stepped out of the car, and waved goodbye to Heather as she walked toward the front door.

It was only five minutes later that Heather walked into the front door of her own home. Her mom as usual was out walking Duke as Heather walked upstairs, changed, and started her homework. Heather, good student that she was, applied herself and finished her homework in about an hour. She then went downstairs to help her mom with dinner the same as most nights.

"What's for dinner mom?" Heather asked as she leaned down inhaling Duke's scent and scratched him behind his ears and stroked his fur.

"Just spaghetti. Nothing too complicated tonight. I know you're not old enough yet but I think you're ready. How about a glass of wine with dinner? I wouldn't mind a glass myself. I have a bottle that will go well with the spaghetti." Monica asked.

"Sure mom." Heather answered with a little trepidation. "Is there a special occasion?" Heather asked.

"No special occasion. Don't you remember? We're going to talk tonight and I think a little wine would help." Monica answered.

"Right, I'd forgotten. Speaking of forgetting, Coach Carter asked me to house-sit for her this weekend from Friday evening to Sunday afternoon. Will that be a problem? I would go after cheer practice once I drop Cindy off and pick up a few things here." Heather asked.

"I don't see why that would be a problem." Monica answered. "You're not going to have any friends over while you're house-sitting are you?" She asked.

"No guests. No parties. I will be all by my lonesome except for Coach's Great Dane Thor." Heather answered.

"That's fine Sweetie. Don't forget the Sunday afternoon video chat with your father though." Monica reminded her.

"Thanks mom. I won't forget. I'll try to get home early enough to join here. If I can't, I will jump in on my phone. " Heather said as she pulled out her phone to text Coach that she could house-sit for her. The Coach texted back almost immediately back to acknowledge the text and thank Heather.

"Now put Duke in the garage, wash your hands, and set the table." Monica ordered.

Heather did as she was told. They ate dinner, each with a glass of wine. Which was a first for Heather. The one glass was enough to give her a pleasant buzz and slight lessening of inhibitions as

Monica had planned. They put away the left-overs and washed the dishes chatting about the mundane parts of their day the entire time.

"Well, that was the last dish." Monica said as she dried it and put it away in the cabinet while Heather drained both sides of the sink and rinsed away the soap and food residue. As they washed and dried their hands Monica asked, "What do you say we relax on the couch and have that talk? How does that sound? We'll leave Duke in the garage until after we're finished. He needs a bit of rest and he would just distract us." Monica started walking towards the common room with Heather following.

"That's fine mom. What is it that you wanted to talk about?" Heather asked as they walked into the living room.

After they settled onto the couch with their bare feet under themselves while facing each other Monica began. "Let me start just by saying that there's nothing you can say or do that will make your father or me love you any less. You don't have to worry about either of us learning anything about you. Because we love you we only want the very best for you. We want you to have a full life and that has been a source of worry for us. You're a senior in high school but you never date. You've never had a boyfriend or a girlfriend."

"Mom! I'm not comfortable talking about this." Heather interrupted suddenly very afraid, intuiting what was coming next.

"I know you aren't Heather and neither am I but we still need to have this conversation. Let me finish what I have to say. As I said, you've never had a boyfriend or girlfriend that we know of anyhow. And.....you have had a very low sex drive." Heather looked at her puzzled. "I know what you're thinking. How would I know that? Right? Heather, I do almost all the laundry in this house and I was once your age. I can recognize crusty sheets and panties when I run across them. You almost never have either. Which brings me to the thing I most want...no, not want but need to discuss with you." Monica paused gathering her courage. "I know that you and Duke .....had sex.....Tuesday night." Heather looked away from her mother and froze, thinking her life was over. "You see Heather I put Duke into your room Tuesday night. I heard you whimpering and guessed that you needed release. And Duke is very handy in that department."

Heather in shock turned to face her mother asking, "Mom, are you telling me that you and .... Duke ....." Heather stammered out.

"Yes, Duke and I have been having sex once he became old enough which was about a year ago." Monica answered casually.

Heather stared blankly at her mother. The person closest to her was not the person she believed her to be.

"Does dad know?" Heather asked still in shock.

"Of course Sweetie. It's how we met. He and I met on a zoo message board. I have been having sex with dogs since I was your age. Which, as you know, was several years before I met your father on the message board. Everyone one of the dogs we've had while you've grown up has been a sexual partner of mine. Your father knows and approves. Sweetie, it isn't easy on your father or me that he has been stationed overseas for half of his service. I know it hasn't been easy on you either. Your father's long absences would have left a large hole in my life if I didn't have my dogs. Sex is an important part of life. It's not all of life but it's an important part. Which brings us back to you. Your father and I were starting to worry that you were asexual. It's not that we would have loved you any

less but that your life would be missing an essential element. We want you to have a full life. And considering your age, situation, and the world today having a dog for a sexual partner is a good option if not the best option. Your father agrees with me on this. A dog is discreet, always available, can't transmit an STI, and can't get you pregnant. Plus Duke is a talented lover." Monica elaborated.

"Are you going to tell me that you think it's okay for me to have sex with dogs? That I lost my .... virginity ..... to Duke?" Heather asked seeking confirmation.

"Yes Heather, I don't know how I could say it any more plainly. Don't be too caught up in 'virginity.' There's nothing magic about sex. It's better to think of it as merely the first time you did a specific thing sexually. You'll have other first times. There are multiple first times for sex with dogs, sex with men, sex with women, group sex, and so forth. I'm still having first-times. If you have enough imagination you'll never run out of first-times. All those first-times are special and make wonderful memories." Monica said by way of encouragement. "Heather, have you had any other first-times?" Monica asked.

"Yes." Heather answered in embarrassment while looking away as her fingers twisted the bottom hem of her t-shirt.

"Care to talk about it? Only share what you're comfortable sharing." Monica asked.

"Cindy and I ....had sex..... yesterday at her house after cheer practice." Heather responded lowly still looking away and twisting the hem of her t-shirt.

"She is your best friend. I've seen the way she looks at you. I think she's in love with you." Monica replied.

"Yes, she told me she is and said she has been since December." Heather said.

"And how do you feel about her?" Monica asked.

"I don't know. I told her that I had to think about it." Heather answered. "Where does the line between friendship and love fall?" Heather asked amazed that she had never been this emotionally close to her mother. The secret that had kept them somewhat distant was gone. Her mother had confided something so very private to her.

"That's a difficult question to answer. I can only tell you how I knew that I loved your father. It was when I realized that even when he was absent that he was still present in my heart and my thoughts. That presence gave me the desire to please him by being the woman he wanted me to be even when he wasn't physically with me. That's how I first knew that I loved your father and how I know that I still do. Do you feel that way about Cindy?" Monica asked.

"I don't know." Heather answered. "Love is a process, isn't it? I mean you didn't realize you loved dad the first day you met him." Heather asked.

"No, it took months once we started dating, and after we started having sex. You and Cindy have been friends for a long time. There must be something you like about her. Give it a decent chance at least. I like Cindy. The girl has spirit." Monica replied.

Heather listened to her mother's advice without comment. "Does Frankie know?" Heather asked.

"Your brother doesn't know and doesn't need to know. Is there anything else you want to ask Heather?" Monica asked.

"I can't think of anything else right now I may have something later though." Heather responded.

"That's fine. But for now, let me show you something but first let's get Duke." Monica suggested.

Monica led her daughter to the garage to get Duke. The three of them went down the hallway to the basement door.

"Don't tell me I'm going to get to go into the locked room? I've always wondered what was in there." Heather asked as they went down the stairs. Seconds later Monica pulled a key out of a pocket and opened the heavy door that Heather had never seen open. The three of them walked into the forbidden room and Monica reached to the left and flipped the light switch.

The room took up a quarter of the basement and was about 15 feet by 30 feet. The ceiling, interior walls, and the door were soundproofed. To the left along the interior wall were a couch and two chairs arranged in a slight arc for viewing a large screen television mounted on the exterior wall. Opposite the door along the exterior wall was a bar with four bar stools. There were a half dozen shelves behind the bar with a wide variety of full and partially full liquor bottles. To the side of the bar along the back wall, there was a refrigerator. To the right of the bar were a couple of couches and four chairs arranged in a circle around an inclined padded bench with straps at several locations and a headrest with a hole cut in the middle. There was a utility sink along the interior wall in the corner. The entire floor was some sort of rubberized textured padding like you'd find in a gym. It took a couple of minutes for Heather to take it all in while her mother explained.

"This is our playroom. Here, this key is for you. I had another made today. This is where I bring Duke when he and I play. There is a hard drive connected to the big-screen with a large selection of adult movies ranging from more vanilla movies to petsex movies. Those are mostly women with dogs, some of women with horses, and a couple of women with boars. We entertain other couples and women here. The wide selection of videos on the hard drive doesn't necessarily mean that either your father or I enjoy them but we try to be accommodating hosts to our guests. The bar needs no explanation except that you're not allowed to drink any alcohol unless given specific permission either by me or your father. There are waters and sodas in the frig. Over here is the breeding bench. That is where women can mate with a canine partner or a human partner. As you found out Tuesday night and Wednesday morning having sex with a dog can be messy if you're doing anything other than receiving oral from a dog. Dogs cum a lot which leaves a mess. So please don't have sex with Duke outside of this room. When you have sex with him on your bed at a minimum it stains the sheets and if not tended to immediately will also stain the mattress. It can also cause stains in carpeted areas or rugs. But most importantly it confuses Duke. We've trained him to only expect sex in this room. So bring Duke down here from now on. You can use the breeding bench or any of the chairs or couches. All the furniture down here is stain resistant. Just clean up after yourself. There are paper towels and a mop by the utility sink." Monica said.

"Are there any more rules I should know?" Heather asked.

"There is one thing. Some of the videos on the hard drive are of people we know. Those having either your father or me have been taken off the drive. You don't have to worry about seeing either of us playing. Under no circumstances can that drive leave this room or copied onto another drive. Do you have any questions?" Monica asked.

"Only one. It's almost 8:30. Do you mind if Duke and I have a little fun before I go to bed?" Heather asked.

Monica hugged her daughter tightly then backed away holding onto her upper arms as she smiled



sincerely. "No Sweetie I don't mind at all. Have fun. Just keep an eye on the time and stop early enough to shower and douche before going to bed. From now on use a pad to prevent staining your panties and sheets after being with Duke." Monica answered kissing Heather on her cheek. She then walked out of the room, closed the door behind her, and went upstairs.

With her mother's absence, Heather was able to begin taking stock of what had taken place in the last hour. Her mother's revelations had surprised her and had shaken her deeply. But she now felt closer to her mother than ever before. She felt a tongue on the back of her left knee. Slightly startled, she looked down and saw that it was Duke. She chided herself as if it could have been anyone else. She knelt then hugged Duke and scratched him behind the ears.

"Have I been neglecting you lover-boy? We have a little time let's watch a video or two." Heather asked having started to become aroused as she momentarily put aside the turmoil her mother left her in.

Heather walked over to the couch facing the television and pulled off her t-shirt, bra, shorts, and lastly dropped her panties. After placing all her clothing onto a nearby chair, she sat down on the couch pulling her feet under her to get comfortable. Duke laid down between the couch and television. Heather picked up the remote control from an end table and turned on the television. She scrolled down the input menu to the attached hard drive. She selected the 'Zoo' folder; then scrolled to the 'Dog' folder; and scrolled through them seeing one titled 'Doberman Missionary.' "What do you think Duke? Does that look interesting?" Heather asked without expecting an answer. She selected the movie and it started playing. Duke started getting up to approach Heather. "No. Lay down. Stay." Heather commanded Duke. She wanted to watch a video for a little while before playing.

The home-video was of a voluptuous redhead in her mid-twenties wearing a mask over her eyes. She spoke, "Hey y'all! I'm Brittany and this is my lover-boy Bruno. Tonight we're going to put on a little show for you." She then leaned back on her elbows with her ass hanging off the edge of a bed and her thighs spread. The redhead slapped her thigh saying with a Southern accent, "Here Bruno, give me some loving." The Doberman approached the woman and began licking her sex making the woman mew with pleasure. The video zoomed closer showing a triangle of red cunt hair on her mons which pointed to her clit. Her labia were smoothly shaven. The woman rotated her pelvis up exposing her asshole to the Doberman which he then lovingly licked.

By this time Heather had leaned back on the couch with her thighs spread somewhat imitating the woman on the screen. She began lightly pinching and pulling on her nipples.

Back on the screen, the redhead was fully reclined on the bed tossing her head back and forth as her pleasure pushed her towards orgasm. "Good boy! Good boy!" The redhead whispered as she caressed the top of the Doberman's head. After a few minutes of mewing and moaning, she spoke again. "Good boy Bruno, you're going to make me cum! Just like that! Oh yes! Oh god! I'm cuuummmmmiiiiinnngggg!" The redhead's back arched off the bed as her orgasms ravaged her body.

But this time Heather's right hand had moved to her pussy and was lightly stroking her labia imagining that she was the woman lying on the bed being licked voraciously by the Doberman. "I'm going to have to try a Doberman." She wished aloud as she admired Bruno's muscled and graceful body. Heather closed her eyes briefly to revel momentarily in that fantasy. Just then Heather's fantasy was interrupted by the sound of a series of light taps coming from the redhead. Heather's attention returned to the playing video.

"Come on Bruno! Mount!" The redheaded woman said as she tapped her belly encouraging the

Doberman to mount her as she laid on her back on the bed with your ass hanging over the edge.

Heather realized what the woman wanted and it surprised her. She had expected the redheaded woman to get into the lowered kneeling position either on the bed or on the floor. She had assumed that you could only have sex with a dog in the doggy position. The novelty increased Heather's arousal.

Just then the Doberman jumped onto the redheaded woman with his front paws straddling her mid-torso; which placed the Dobbie's head almost even with the woman's. The lovers would be able to look into each others' eyes as they fucked. Meanwhile, the redhead reached up caressing the Doberman's neck whispering "Good boy. That's my lover-boy. Bruno knows what mamma likes. Bruno loves his mamma as much as mamma loves her Bruno." Using her legs she pulled the Doberman forward until the tapered head of his red-pink tapered cock was less than an inch from the opening of her cunt, close enough to squirt his pre-cum onto her already juicy pussy. With another pull from the woman, Bruno's cock entered his redheaded lover. She gasped and her mouth dropped open as the dog-cock entered into her more deeply. Her labia pushed his sheath down his cock and he went deeper. The redhead huskily said, "That's it baby. Get that cock out of your sheath and into me. I'll be your cock-sheath any time you want."

The pure lasciviousness of Brittany's offer to become a sheath for a dog's cock hit Heather as a lightning bolt and Heather came hard as the fingers on her right-hand worked her labia and clit and those on her left pinched her left nipple hard giving her an overwhelming mixture of pleasure and pain. While she rode out her orgasm Heather was oblivious to the inter-species lovers on the screen. By the time her attention returned to the screen Bruno had his redheaded lover knotted. Brittany was starting her orgasm.

"That's it Bruno! Make mamma cum on your cock and knot. That's it! Good boy! GOOD BOY! I'm CUMMINNGGG!" The redheaded woman shouted.

The camera angle shifted and zoomed onto the joined and locked genitals of the lovers. Heather could see the redhead's pussy squeezing and pulling on the Doberman's red cock as it convulsed. The root of his shaft parted her labia. The video showed the synchronized pulsing motions of Bruno's balls and asshole. As Bruno's asshole flexed inward his balls pulled up and as his asshole relaxed his balls fell back down. Heather knew that those motions were pumping his cum into the redhead's womb and pussy. The camera zoomed back out then shifted in perspective to show the two lovers in full. Buy this time Brittany's orgasm was waning and she reached up to her lover's head to pulled his muzzle down to her face while opening her mouth to receive her lover's tongue in a kiss. Bruno's tongue dug between her lips as passionately as they had her nether lips fifteen minutes prior in the video. His deep tongue kisses rousing the passion of the redhead once again. The redhead turned her head and pushed his muzzle away. "Oh baby, you really know how to treat mamma right." Brittany said as she began undulating her pelvis to milk out another orgasm on the Doberman's knot and cock. her ankles crossed over the Doberman's back just above his stubby tail to keep him from trying to pull his knot out too early.

Heather glanced at the clock and saw that it was 9 pm. If she was going to fuck Duke, clean up, shower, and get into bed by 10 pm she was going to have to get started. Besides the video had her so hot that she needed Duke then regardless of the time. Leaving the video paused showing the redhead and Doberman knotted in missionary position gave Heather the idea of trying that position. She wanted to look into Duke's eyes as they fucked and she wanted to watch him fuck her.

Heather looked at Duke. He was looking back at her while laying on the floor exactly where she had commanded him to stay. "Come here Duke. It's time to fuck." She said while slapping her belly

where the redhead had in the video. Eagerly Duke jumped up and ran the few steps to Heather on the couch with what could only be described as a smile on his face. Heather slid further down on the couch so that her ass hung a little off the edge.

With practiced ease, Duke's muzzle went to Heather's pussy and began licking her. "Not now Duke. I'm more than ready. I want to fuck. Give me some cock. Mount!" Heather begged and tapped her belly several times again. Duke immediately moved back and his rump lowered. He then leaped onto Heather with his front paws straddling her body and sinking into the couch cushions. As Brittany had done with Bruno on the video, Heather reached up for Duke with her hands and legs. As her hands went to Duke's neck behind his ears her legs wrapped around his rump, her ankles crossing on his back above his tail. She pulled Duke into her. Leaving her left on Duke's neck, her right hand moved towards Duke's sheath to stroke him to greater excitement for easier penetration. Duke immediately began thrusting exposing the tip of his cock. It was no coincidence that the couch was a perfect height for the pairing of a woman and a dog of Duke's size. With the tip of his cock exposed and squirting pre-cum onto her sex Heather guided Duke into her as she pulled him into her with her legs.

"Oh Duke, that's it baby! Fuck mamma!" Heather exclaimed as Duke's cock entered her and began swelling giving her that sweet sensation she craved and that only a dog could give. Heather uncrossed her ankles to allow Duke to fuck her unimpeded. As Duke began to thrust into her rapidly, he laid atop her nakedness. Duke snuggled his muzzle into her neck on her right side while panting into her right ear. Heather had hoped that perhaps Duke would kiss her as Bruno had kissed Brittany but that hope was quickly forgotten when she felt Duke's soft fur on her breasts and nipples. This additional stimulation from his soft long fur joined that produced by his cock fucking into her petpussy. Heather's arousal produced an abundance of lube in a petpussy already wet from her earlier orgasm. When added to the pre-cum Duke was shooting, her pussy was on it's way to becoming a sloppy mess. Heather felt Duke's knot passing through her labia on his in-stroke and out-stroke. She recrossed her ankles and pulled Duke into her until he was fully knotted with the top of his cock pressing against her cervix as his knot swelled just inside her entrance locking them together. Remembering what Brittany said in the video Heather verbalized the forbidden thought with a passionate whisper, almost afraid to verbalize the prurient request, just as Duke began his orgasm. "Yes, Duke! Make me into your cock-sheath. I'll keep your cock wet."

The depravity of her whispered request joined with the stretching of your pussy from Duke's cock and knot as it shot dog-cum in pulses against her cervix; while his cock and knot rhythmically throbbed and rubbed her g-spot; the feeling of her Duke's golden soft long fur against her torso, breasts, and nipples; and now with Duke fully knotted in her his lower belly rubbed against her clit was far far too much for Heather. She began her orgasm. It would be one she would remember for a very long time. It started with tingling all over and a heat radiating from her core. As she reached out wrapping both arms around Duke her scream was unleashed. It accompanied her on the first wave. After the first wave, she did not have enough breath for another. As she came down from each wave another throb of Duke's cock would stroke her g-spot just right or perhaps it was a pulse of his cum against her cervix or even the rub of his fur on her nipples and another wave would rise and crash over her again. As the waves inundated her the difficulty of breathing caused her vision to tunnel and she passed out briefly only to wake up with Duke still laying on top of her still knotted and shooting hot cum into what felt like a bloated womb and cunt.

Her arms had fallen to her sides when she blacked out once again embraced Duke. She once again raised her legs and crossed her ankles over Duke's back when her feet fell to the floor as she briefly lost consciousness. Her orgasm waned as she savored the physical pleasure and emotional bliss from her orgasms given to her by Duke. But for the first time, she knew the satisfaction from the knowledge that at least two of the people closest to her accepted this part of her and shared in it.

She felt a bond of sisterhood from a shared taboo experience. A secret that now united them instead of separating them.

Knowing that Duke would be tied with her a little while and eager to learn more Heather reached for the remote and restarted the video. The redheaded Brittany there in 4K on the large screen television began where Heather had left her. Which was the same position that Heather found herself in. That being post-orgasm with a dog knot deep in missionary position. The redhead had just started undulating her hips on the knot and cock of her Doberman lover.

“Oooh baby, you stay right there while mamma works that knot. You just stay right there and keep giving mamma your cum. That’s it Bruno! Good boy!” The redhead woman pleaded as she worked on another dog-cock and knot generated orgasm by undulating her pelvis.

Heather inspired by Brittany’s passion for Bruno imitated her and began undulating her pelvis the same way as the redhead. “Oh fuck Duke! That’s good. Your knot is rubbing my g-spot just right. Keep it good and hard for me.” Heather begged.

Both women, the redhead on the screen and Heather on the couch, worked the cocks and knots of the dog lovers. Brittany came first. “Fuck Bruno! Mamma is going to come again! That’s it! FFFUUUCCCKKKKKK!!!! I’m CUUUMMMMIIIINNNGGGGGG!!!!” Brittany shouted out as her body spasmed around the Doberman’s cock and knot. Her orgasm milking out the last of his cum.

The sight of seeing the redhead orgasm around the Doberman’s cock and knot while she worked his knot over her g-spot brought on Heather’s orgasm. “DUKE! I’m CCCOOOOMMMIINNNGGGGGG!!!! Heather shouted hoarsely. Her throat had started to become sore from her shouts and the scream. Duke whined. He had already fucked a couple of times that day before starting with Heather. He was tired and had sore balls. But more than that, the exertion from mating with Heather had made him thirsty.

It was Bruno however that was free from his bitch first. “Baby, I think you’re about done. You fuck me so good but you always do. You’re so much better than any man.” Brittany told Bruno. The redhead scratched the Doberman behind his cropped ears as she uncrossed her ankles and brought her legs down and placed her feet on the floor. She grunted as Bruno pulled backward. “That’s it baby. Almost out! Uunngggghhhh! There!” Brittany said loudly as Bruno’s knot and cock popped out of her well-fucked pussy with a gush of his and her cum.” Bruno began licking up their combined juices as the redhead laid there twitching.

Just then Heather released Duke from her arms and legs knowing that his knot and cock had shrunk enough to pull out without discomfort. Duke jerked back pulling out his cock and knot with a gush of dog and girl cum. He too began licking up their combined juices from Heather and the couch. Heather leisurely enjoyed the licking but was all fucked out for the night and didn’t want any more. Until something started happening on the screen that started a fire in her cunny again.

As she watched the video Bruno had retreated to the corner of the bedroom as the camera followed him. He began licking his still erect cock and knot. Then a voice from off-camera said in that familiar syrupy Southern accent, “Baby, here let me help you with that.” Heather watched the masked redhead’s legs and ass come into view as Brittany walked over to the corner and knelt beside Bruno, which brought all of her into view, with her knees pointed towards the Doberman’s cock. Brittany reached down to the large and reddish-pink mottled cock grabbing it behind the knot and pointed the top of the tapered dog-cock towards her face. Heather with her mouth open in stunned shock watched the redheaded dogfucker’s mouth open and move towards the Doberman’s cock. Heather was in shock that the redhead was going to give the Doberman a blowjob. Just as the redhead was

about to take her lover's cock into her mouth there was an interruption.

BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! Heather jumped in fright to the knocking on the door. Heather paused the video.

The door to the soundproof room opened a crack and Monica peaked inside seeing that Heather had been watching a video. She then stepped half-way into the playroom as Heather covered herself despite having her back turned towards the door. "Good, I see that you and Duke aren't..... Never mind. It's 9:30 and you have school tomorrow. You have to clean up any mess you've made then jump into the shower. You still have to be in bed at 10. You can watch the rest of that video the others some other time. I've left a bathrobe on a hook just outside the door. It's yours to use from now on when you visit the playroom. Use wet paper towels to clean yourself and whatever is ...um....soiled. Then mop the floor in that spot and wherever he has dripped. Rinse the mop out in the sink when you're done. After that hop in the shower. Don't forget to douche and wear a pad when you go to bed. Love you Sweetie." With that Monica whistled and slapped her thigh causing Duke to stop licking his retreating cock and join Monica outside the playroom. "I'll pop into your room at 10. Okay Sweetie?" Monica asked.

"Sure mom. I'll be upstairs in a few minutes after cleaning up down here." Heather answered.

Monica closed the door and the room was silent again. Heather was tempted to watch the last ten minutes of the video but instead backed out of the video to the main menu for the hard drive. Her mom's intrusion had killed the mood. While she went to work cleaning the playroom as her mother instructed a thought occurred to her. There was a hard and fast rule about when she had to go to bed on school nights but not when she had to get up. She would be in bed at 10 pm like usual but she would get up an hour earlier than usual to come down and watch a video or two. Even if she had to watch without Duke. She wanted to learn new techniques. Like her mom told her. There were a lot of firsts out there and she wanted to experience as many of them as her conscience allowed. And her conscience allowed her to have sex with dogs.

After cleaning herself and the couch with wet paper towels, Heather mopped the floor, then rinsed out the mop in the utility sink. She gathered up her clothing and checked that the playroom key was in her pocket. Just as she was about to leave the playroom she took one last long look around thinking about all the fun she had and would have in the room. She then turned off the light and left the room. The door locked behind her. She put on the robe, tied the belt, and headed upstairs to the shower. She showered, washed her hair, and douched. After brushing and drying her hair she slipped back into the robe she walked down the hall to her bedroom at 9:55. After putting on a long t-shirt and panties, she put an extra-absorbent pad into her panties and climbed into bed. She then adjusted her smartwatch to wake her up an hour earlier than usual.

At 10 pm there was a lighting rapping at the door. "Come on in mom." Heather half mumbled tiredly.

Monica stepped into her daughter's bedroom; walked to Heather's bed; sat on its edge; and faced her daughter. "How are you doing Sweetie?" She asked.

"I'm doing great mom. I can't remember being this happy." Heather answered.

"I'm so glad to hear you say that dear. This is a great weight off your father's and my hearts. I'm surprised that Duke had any strength left. He and I made a couple of visits to the playroom today. Tell me, did you watch any of the videos" Monica asked.

"Just one and not all of that one. It was "Doberman Missionary. Or was it Missionary Doberman?"

Whichever one it was, the woman was a redhead and from the South. She said her name was..... Brittany. That's it. Brittany and Bruno." Heather answered. Just then Heather yawned deeply. "Yyyaaawwnnn."

"That's one of our favorites. Your father and I met her. She is a friend of ours. It was a couple of years ago during our vacation in Mobile. The last vacation the four of us had together. We knew her from online. But we met her in person that afternoon when we left you and Frankie to enjoy the beach on your own. But I see you're sleepy. Before I go, do you have any questions?" Monica asked.

"No questions mom. I just want to say that I've never felt this close to you before. Now that this secret is shared, it brings us together instead of dividing us..... I love you mom." Heather said stifling another yawn.

"Oh Baby." Monica leaned down and kissed Heather's forehead. When she sat back up there were tears in her eyes. "I love you too. I'm so proud of you. Good night Sweetie." Monica said from her heart. Brushing a stray hair from Heather's face with her fingertips, she stood up and walked out of Heather's bedroom quietly closing the door behind her. She then walked downstairs with tears of joy streaming down her cheeks as Heather drifted off to enjoy the sleep only complete contentment can bring.

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Chapter Five

It was Friday and like every day she had cheer practice, Heather was once again in the communal showers with her fellow cheerleaders after practice. She felt very well. She made an extra effort to focus during practice and was pleased with her performance and Coach's praise of her performance. She slept like a baby the previous night although her dreams possessed none of the innocence of a baby's dreams. She and her dream Lab made love all night long. She lost count of the number of dream orgasms she had. Her pussy was soaked when she woke up that morning. The only good thing about it being only a dream was that if it had not been she'd barely be able to walk today much less participate in cheer practice. She was walking on cloud nine all day despite waking up an hour earlier than usual to watch videos in the playroom. As the prior morning, the elation she felt during her dreams with the Black Lab was matched by the disappointment from her sense of loss on waking. This worried her. She did not want to be in love with a dream dog. She could only hold Cindy off for so long. So long as she was emotionally attached to a dream dog how could she have an emotional connection with Cindy or anyone for that matter? Her feelings were real even if the Lab wasn't. She felt like she was cursed. Could she love the Lab and Cindy? Would Cindy accept that? Fortunately, she would not have to inform Cindy of her decision until Tuesday since Cindy would be working in her parents' shop all weekend and Monday.

Just then Coach blew on her whistle. "FWEET! Okay girls it's Friday evening shouldn't all of you have somewhere else to be? I'm not running a babysitting service. Hurry up and finish." Coach shouted over the sound of the running water.

Heather and the remaining girls in the shower rinsed off the soap. The din of chatter increased when most started talking about their plans for the evening and weekend. Heather and Cindy dressed. Before they left Heather stuck her head into Coach's office with Cindy standing a few feet away.

"Hey Coach! I'll be at your house in about an hour." Heather said.

"Okay Heather. That will give me time to pack for my weekend. I'll see you in an hour. Here take this. It's a temporary passcode for the main gate." Coach responded.

"Thanks Coach." Heather said taking the note. A few minutes later Heather and Cindy were pulling onto the State highway heading for Cindy's home.

"Well Heather, tell me everything. Have you and Duke done any fucking that you haven't told me about yet? Have you gotten any dog dick since Roddy's?" Cindy asked straightforwardly and without embarrassment.

"I have actually. Duke and I fucked last night in the basement while mom was upstairs. I watched a video of a redhead getting fucked missionary by her Doberman. I was so turned on that I had to give it a try. It was so good feeling Duke's fur on my breasts and nipples while I wrapped my arms and legs around him. I came so hard." Heather answered being careful to keep her mother out of it by implying she and Duke had sneaked into the basement.

"Sounds like a good vid. Send me that link by encrypted chat when you have a chance." Cindy said. "Have you watched anything else that gave you any good ideas?" Cindy asked.

"Plenty of educational videos out there. The same video with the redhead gave her Doberman a blowjob after he was able to get his cock out of her. I watched that part this morning when Duke wasn't with me. That left me with no choice but to handle things myself. I'm going to have to try blowing a dog at some point. Maybe I'll swallow his cum like the redhead did. But maybe I won't. It depends on whether I like it. Then I watched a Latina ride a huge mastiff. He was laying on his back. She straddled him and lowered herself down on his giant cock. You have to see it Cindy. His cock looked like it was fourteen inches long and as thick as my forearm. She would never have been able to take it all. She said that is why she took him that way." Heather explained excitedly.

"Was she straddling him where she could look into his eyes or was she facing his back legs?" Cindy asked by way of clarification.

"She faced him face to face so to speak." Heather responded.

"That position is called cowgirl. If she faced his hind-legs that would have been a reverse cowgirl. At least that's what you call it when fucking a guy." Cindy returned. "But my, aren't you broadening your horizons?" Cindy taunted.

"I can't stay a little girl forever. Everyone has to grow up sometime. Besides you're partly to blame." Heather countered.

"Blame!? I'm not laying blame. I'm taking credit. I'm happy for you." Cindy said as she quickly and briefly reached over and squeezed Heather's knee.

"Well now that you have heard of my adventures, how about you and Roddy?" Heather asked shifting the subject onto Cindy.

"What about me and Roddy?" Cindy asked in feigned innocence.

"Don't play coy with me Cindy Mindy." Heather returned giving as good as she got to Cindy's exasperation. "Do you two fuck yesterday after I dropped you off or not?"

"You're not going to forget I told you about that are you?" Cindy asked in reference to being called Cindy Mindy.

"No, why should I. Now answer the question. Did you two fool around yesterday?" Heather answered.

"Of course we did. You don't think I'm going to allow a stud like Roddy to just lay around, do you? When I got home I gave him a quick bath. Then after drying him off he and I got busy licking, fucking, and sucking. I've received my doggy instruction months ago by way of reading stories and watching videos. I only started putting it into practice a couple of days ago. You should try giving Duke a blowjob. Just be careful with your teeth. A dog's cock is very sensitive. Giving a dog a BJ is so kinky I can't help but get off on it." Cindy said.

"Maybe I'll give Thor a try. He and I will have all weekend. I wonder if he'll have sex with women." Heather wondered aloud to Cindy.

"There's only one way to find out." Cindy responded as they pulled into her driveway. "At least one of us will have fun this weekend. I have to help my parents at the store all weekend. It's a busy time of year and a full-time employee is out sick. And on top of that inventory has to be done. So today is my only chance to get some fucking in with Roddy. It's too risky when my parents are at home. Don't forget I also have to work at the shop Monday so no need to pick me up. I'll text or call you tomorrow night when I get home if you want to talk." Cindy reminded Heather.

"I'm sorry that you have to work all weekend. Just call me if it's not too late." Heather said as she reached over and laid her hand on top of Cindy's and leaned over slightly.

Cindy took the hint and leaned over the center console. They kissed briefly and with affection.

"I'm sorry too. But this weekend will be a good chance for you to think about us and whether you are willing to give us a chance." Cindy said lowly as she moved back from Heather slightly.

"I will Cindy. I promise. This sudden sexual attraction to dogs has me a bit confused. But Coach is expecting me. I'd better go." Heather said quietly as she looked into Cindy's eyes a few inches away from her own.

Cindy quickly leaned back in for another quick kiss. They parted. As Cindy opened the passenger side door she paused saying. "I'll be thinking of you. Enjoy your weekend fling."

"I'll be thinking of you Cindy. Enjoy Roddy." Heather said meaning it. Then Cindy stepped out of the car into the drizzle and hurried inside.

It was no more than five minutes later when Heather was walking into her own home. Monica was out walking Duke as usual. Heather, like every day, slipped off her shoes once inside to keep the floors clean. She walked upstairs into her bedroom to change and pack a few things. Her mother had left a note on her bed.

"Hey Sweetie, just a note in case you leave before I get back from walking Duke. If you come home before Sunday afternoon be sure to talk to me first. I will have house guests this weekend and a warning that you'll be home earlier than expected would be great. I don't want to embarrass my guests or you. Thanks, Mom."

"Looks like Duke is going to have a busy weekend." Heather said to herself as she held the note in hand. After the revelations the previous day Heather had guessed that her mother could only have hosted dog parties when she was either out of town over-night cheering at an away game or was otherwise out of the house for the night.

Heather changed into jeans, a sweatshirt, and runners. She quickly packed a few changes of clothes, a phone charger, her laptop, and toiletries then hit the road. Fifty-five minutes from speaking to her Coach she rolled up to the gate for the community where Coach lived and tapped in the temporary

passcode. This time the same as every time she house-sat for Coach she wondered how Coach could afford to live in this upscale gated community. Heather had always assumed that she had inherited money. Heather pulled up to Coach's house and walked to the front door.

Before Heather could knock on the door, Coach, with Thor sitting tall beside her, had the door open saying. "Come on in Heather. Get out of the rain. Just take your shoes off and leave them in the foyer. Thor won't touch them."

"Hey Coach. I hope you weren't waiting for me." Heather said as she reached out with her right hand and scratched Thor behind his ear. "How is my big boy?" Heather said in that baby voice reserved for toddlers and animals. She took off her shoes and left them in the foyer.

"WOOF!" Thor barked deafeningly.

"That's my Thor. He has a bark as loud as thunder." Coach said. "Is that all your stuff? Coach asked as they stood in the sunken common room near the front door.

"This is it. A couple of changes of clothes. Rain-jacket. My laptop. And toiletries." Heather answered.

"Well okay. There are some instructions, the guest wifi password, and some commands to help control Thor on the kitchen counter. There are plenty of towels and washcloths in the linen closet across from the guest bedroom. Sunday morning just wash whatever linen you use. I've placed fresh sheets on the guest bedroom bed. Don't worry about letting Thor out into the backyard to take care of his business. He has a doggy door connected to his collar which unlocks when he's within a few feet of it and locks when he isn't nearby. I'm ready to leave if you don't have any questions. If you do feel free to text me. It will be a couple of hours until I reach Seattle." Coach said.

"No questions Coach. I'm looking forward to a relaxing weekend. I'm sure Thor will be excellent company." Heather said.

"He is at that. Old Thor here gives as good as he gets. You treat him right and he'll treat you right. Isn't that right handsome?" Coach said knowingly. "Heather, I really appreciate you watching the house and taking care of Thor while I'm away. I wouldn't trust just anyone to do this but I know you're responsible and won't have guests over and just as importantly won't leave Thor here alone just to go out and have fun with your friends." Coach said.

"No problem Coach. I'll watch the house and take care of Thor." Heather said reassuringly.

"I know you will Heather. But it's getting late and I have to get going. You know how to reach me if you have any questions or if any problems come up." Coach responded. "Now Thor, you do what Heather tells you to do and treat her right. We want to make sure she comes back." Coach said to Thor as she bent down to hug his neck, scratch behind his ears, and give him a peck on his nose. Thor licked Coach's closed lips slightly surprising Heather.

Heather standing beside Thor watched Coach stand and walk around the corner out of sight on her way to the garage through the kitchen. Thor stayed but whined slightly as his mistress left. Heather heard the door to the garage open and close. Then a few moments later the garage door opened and Coach was driving away in her new Lexus LX SUV.

"Well Thor. It looks like it's just you and me until Sunday. What do you say we go into the kitchen. I need to read the instructions to make sure nothing is missing." Heather said to Thor.

As they walked into the kitchen Heather could help but be somewhat in awe of Thor's immense size.

He must have been over 160 pounds and 36 inches at the shoulder. Thor was a pedigree fawn Great Dane and about five years old. As he walked towards his water-dish she noticed that he was intact and considering the size of his sheath had to be well endowed. Heather had some trepidation. She didn't think she could sexually accommodate a dog of Thor's size despite how attractive she found him. She could feel herself starting to become aroused at the thought of his immense power. With disappointment, she decided that their activities would have to be limited. However, she did not consult Thor before making that decision.

Heather saw the instructions on the kitchen cabinet and read through it quickly. At the top, there was already a one hundred dollar bill paper-clipped to the top of the sheet which Heather pocketed. The list contained feeding instructions, walking instructions, standard obedience commands for Thor, emergency vet number, the temporary passcodes for the door and security system, and the Coach's encouragement to make herself at home except for drinking her alcohol. Heather took a picture of the instructions with her phone. As Thor lay in his immense doggy bed in the kitchen, Heather looked in the cabinets, pantry, refrigerator, and freezer. She decided on burritos for dinner and then to take Thor on his walk before it became dark.

By the time Heather had placed a couple of frozen burritos on a plate into the microwave for dinner Coach Carter had pulled into a nearby gas station. She took out her smartphone and logged into her home security system to check in on Heather through the security cameras. Seeing that Heather was only fixing her a bite to eat Coach turned on the recording function to the security system. Every camera inside and outside would record HD video whenever the system detected motion or sound. Heather would never know she was being recorded unless Coach told her. Coach then got back onto the road heading for the Hilton Hotel on the outskirts of town off the interstate highway.

Heather ate her dinner with a diet soda from the refrigerator and watched Thor watching her.

"Just a few more bites Thor and Heather will take you for walkies. Does handsome want to go walkies?" Heather giggled as Thor whined as he began getting excited for his second daily walk.

Heather placed her dirty plate and fork in the sink saying in an excited voice, "Okay Thor, time for walkies. Come on boy. Let's go!" She said slapping her thigh walking towards the front door while slipping her smartphone into a pocket. After putting on her shoes and rain-jacket she took the sturdy leash and snapped it onto Thor's collar. With the knowledge that she was staying within the gated community and that the door passcode was on her phone, Heather flipped her hood over her head and took Thor for his evening walk in the drizzle.

As Heather walked Thor in the drizzle her thoughts once again turned to how sexually attractive he was. Majestic was the most apt description for Thor. His immense size and power combined with his graceful movements couldn't be described as well any other way. The nobility of his lines. His coat color just a bit duller than her own blonde hair. She began thinking about what they could do once they got back to the house and they dried off. She wondered how long and thick his cock was and about the size of his knot. She thought about the giant load of cum he must have in his balls and how his cum would fill her tummy and cunny.

Thor heeled her well as if he were protecting her. His attentiveness to all movement, sound of cars, other dogs, and people they encountered lead her to believe that he was staking his claim to her and informing any potential challenger to keep away from his mate, his bitch. The way he stared down other people and dogs on the side-walk always made all give them a wide berth. Thor owned these side-walks and lesser beings had better submit to his power. Heather could not help but think that included her as well. Her panties became wetter and wetter despite the long rain-jacket keeping the rain far from her crotch.

As she kept thinking these thoughts to herself her desire built and built until she was almost jogging to get back to Coach's house so that her needs could be tended to. To anyone watching it would look like someone walking her dog in a hurry to get out of the rain. That is unless they were observant enough to notice, through the waning light, the tip of Thor's immense cock peeking out of his sheath. The reality was something far different. It was the haste of passion. They reached the front door and Heather entered the passcode. They leaped through the open door shutting it behind them for it to lock automatically.

Heather leaned down to remove the leash and as she was doing so she deeply inhaled his musky scent. Her unbridled lust caused her eyes to close and her mouth to open. Thor's tongue entered her mouth driving its way into her throat. Heather's mind blanked as she was caught up in the moment with a new lover. Not that it would have mattered. The hidden cameras started recording once the front door opened. Heather would not have been able to see them even if her eyes were open. Coach was sitting in her hotel room watching Heather and Thor on her MacBook waiting on room service. She had logged into her home security system through a VPN as soon as she entered her room and booted the computer.

Heather was short of breath from having nearly a foot of Dane tongue in her mouth and throat. By now her panties were soaked and her juices were starting to show through her jeans. Her nipples were as hard as diamonds. She pulled away to catch her breath and swallow the drool with which Thor had marked that orifice. Soon other fluids would mark her mouth and throat as belonging to him. As Heather stood there, Thor shook most of the rainwater from his coat. Heather took off her shoes and rain-jacket, hanging the latter on a coat-rack in the foyer. But she needed a towel to finish drying Thor.

"Sit. Stay." She tried to command despite being weak in the knees from the kiss.

She fetched a towel from the linen closet thinking if the weekend turned out the way she expected that she was going to end up washing a lot of towels Sunday morning. She dried the bit of her hair she got wet from the walk. When she reached Thor, she started rubbing him down to dry the remaining water from his coat. It was then that Heather noticed about four inches of thick dog-cock sticking out of his sheath. Her mouth watered instantly. She had been thinking of what it would be like to suck a dog's cock since that morning when she watched the video of the redhead and the Doberman. Soon she would know and would not have to wonder.

"Come Thor." Heather begged as she stepped down into the common room from the foyer. When she reached the coach she spread the towel out on the floor and started removing her clothes. By the time she had removed her t-shirt from around her head, she could see Thor sitting in front of her watching her strip for him. "Do I turn you on handsome? I know I do. Half of your cock is showing. Don't worry. You're seconds away from getting my mouth and throat cherry. Be gentle with me." Heather said huskily as she began a little dance; moving to the beat of her arousal. After removing her bra she reached down and unfastened the metal button, then unzipped the fly of her jeans. She bit her lower lip then turned and hooked her thumbs into the waistbands of her jeans and panties. She leaned over at the waist and pushed both off her hips and down her thighs until they were below her knees. Thor whined in anticipation of mounting the female then presenting her pussy and perfectly toned ass to him. Heather raised one leg and then the other and kicked the discarded jeans and panties to the side. Lastly and almost as an afterthought, she removed her socks by stepping and pulling on the first one then the other. Finally, she was nude before her lover for the weekend.

Heather stepped to where she had laid the towel down on the hardwood floor and knelt. "Come Thor." She commanded. Thor stepped on top of the very large plush white towel. "Lay down." She said huskily as she eyed his large cock, sheath, and balls while he lay on his belly. "Over." Thor

rolled over onto his side which fully exposed his thickening and extending red cock to his new bitch. Its weight pulling it towards the floor. He had become accustomed to the mating habits of human bitches over the last couple of years.

“Oooohhhh, Thor. Is all of that for me?” Heather asked in anticipation and by way of feeding her passion. She joined Thor by laying prone on the floor albeit more on her stomach than her side. Laying partly on top of his chest to keep him on the floor, his fur rubbing her already erect nipples, she reached out with her right hand. It looked so small compared to his girth. The knot was beginning to swell in his sheath. Grabbing his sheath, she pushed it back wanting to get his knot out before it swelled to large to exit. She pushed back extra hard on the third try and his knot popped out of his sheath. She sat there in awe for a few moments just taking in its growing majesty of mottled red and pink length, tapered end, and cylindrical shaft down to his knot. A bit of drool sliding down her chin reminded her what she had intended to do. After drawing in a deep breath to both steel her nerve and feed her desire by his musk, she leaned forward towards his swelling cock after taking hold of it behind his knot as light squirts of pre-cum fell onto her arm.

With the Dane’s cock under her nose, Heather closed her eyes and stuck her tongue out; licking the shaft tentatively at first. She grew bolder as she grew accustomed to the taste and scent of his cock and pre-cum. After licking up and down the swelling shaft several times she opened her eyes and placed her lips on Thor’s shaft while giving small sucks and flicks with her tongue. Suddenly Thor was licking her left armpit. “Stop handsome. That tickles.” Heather said giggling innocently. She took her left hand and pressed it against his neck forcing it back down to the floor and turned her attention back to his cock. By then Heather was ready to take the head of his cock into her mouth. “Get ready boy. Just remember this is my first time.” She said to Thor but mostly to herself by way of reassurance.

As she pointed the head of his cock toward her mouth a spurt of pre-cum hit her chin and neck. By now Thor’s cock and knot had swelled fully. Opening her mouth, Heather looked down the length of his cock, over his huge knot, to the leathery black balls between his long hind legs. The length of his cock must have been twelve inches including the knot. She decided to take as much of his length to his knot as she could. Fortunately, there was no way his knot would fit into her mouth. Just as her mouth was about to close around his girth a shot of Thor’s cum shot into her mouth. The taste was salty, somewhat bitter, and slightly metallic. It wasn’t much different than Roddy’s cum she had sucked out of Cindy two evenings before. There just wasn’t the taste of Cindy combined with it. Maybe some other time she thought to herself as she took him further into her mouth while swallowing the regular strong pulses of dog cum. Keeping her tongue in contact with the underside of Thor’s cock she moved her mouth up and down the first four inches being sure to keep her teeth away from his cock. On the last backstroke, she stopped just short of his cock falling out of her mouth. With only the head of his cock between her lips she ran her tongue across the blunt tip, flicking her tongue into the hole only pausing occasionally to pull her tongue briefly into her mouth long enough to swallow the accumulating dog cum. Needing to feel his girth again she decided to try taking him into her throat.

Heather pulled away from Thor’s cock for a moment to concentrate on relaxing her throat while his cum squirted onto her face and neck. She had learned of the technique by overhearing some of her sexually active classmates. They had not been discussing deep-throating dog-cocks. Their loss Heather decided. It just left more for her. She assumed the technique would be the same regardless of what type of cock it was. As dog cum ran down her perfectly tan breasts Heather once again took Thor’s cock into her mouth, using her tongue to guide his cock toward her throat. The head of his cock quickly reached the top of her throat where she paused momentarily. She swallowed the cum pooling in her mouth and took in a depth breath. She concentrated on relaxing her throat and pushed forward. Bit by bit the head of the dog’s cock went further into her throat. Heather could

vaguely hear his whining over the sound of the blood pumping in her ears. Heather began backing off his cock just before the point that her gag-reflex could no longer be suppressed. As his cock left her throat she took a breath and swallowed her drool and the cum that had accumulated since her last swallow. She then pushed forward and took his cock into her throat once again.

Heather developed a rhythm. She'd take his cock into her throat, gradually going a bit further each time until she gained better control over her gag reflex. She'd push further each time, lasting longer until she had to draw a breath and swallow or spit out all the drool. Eventually Heather was taking Thor's length until her lips bumped against his knot all while he continued to cum down her throat or into her mouth when she took a breath. Once Heather had managed to take the length of Thor's shaft to the knot she was able to tend to her own needs. She slipped her right hand away from behind Thor's knot and reached down to her clit. Sucking Thor's cock had driven her arousal beyond reason. She needed an orgasm.

That was easier said than done. Deep throating Thor required too much concentration for her to probably masturbate. She would have to do her best until it was time to take Thor's cock out of her throat. After a few minutes, she noticed that the pulses of his cum were weaker than they had been. She guessed that Thor's orgasm was almost over. Confirming that guess she noticed his balls were not contracting as much as they had been a few minutes ago. Heather decided to savor the remaining spurts of his cum in her mouth. She pulled away until his cock was out of her throat, leaving only two or three inches in his mouth. Since she did not have a dog cock stuck down her throat she was able to apply some suction. Heather wanted to drain every drop of cum from Thor's balls into her belly. Not having a cock way down her throat also allowed Heather to masturbate properly.

Heather was not the only one masturbating. At the same time Coach Carter was laying on her bed watching her blonde student and cheerleader give her Great Dane a blowjob that until a minute ago included deep-throating his huge cock down to the knot. Coach had already had several orgasms and was working on the next. As far as Coach was concerned she was looking at the birth of a zoo-porn superstar. While any video she recorded that weekend would remain strictly in her private collection she would definitely approach Heather about starring in another movie while wearing a mask. But for now, she was going to work on the next orgasm. There would be time for business later. "Suck Thor's cock Heather! Swallow all his cum!" Coach shouted to an empty room to drive her arousal. She enjoyed dirty talk, especially when seeing a young beautiful woman with a dog. "Come on Heather! Take every last drop of his nut! Service my dog!" She said aloud on the verge of orgasm. "Suck it! Suck it! Aaaaahhh! AaaaHHHH! I'm cccuummmiiiiinnngggg!" Coach said as her back arched off the bed and her body convulsed until she relaxed and lay there twitching having been satiated for the moment.

Meanwhile Heather swallowed down the last of Thor's cum, the fingers on her right hand were flicking her clit driving her towards orgasm. "Mmmnnnnhhhh! MmmnnnnhhHH!" Heather moaned around Thor's cock as her orgasm approached. Lifting her mouth off of Thor's cock Heather shouted out. "FFFUUUCCCKKKK Thor! I love sucking your cock and swallowing your cum! Aaannnnhhhhh! AaannnnhhhhHH! I'm cccuummmiiiiinnngggg!" Heather shouted as she rolled over onto her side and went into a fetal position. All as she clamped her right hand over her sex and she clasped her thighs together as she convulsed.

As Heather came down from her orgasm her body relaxed and she snuggled up to Thor as he licked his cock until it returned to his sheath. "How's my handsome boy? Did you enjoy me sucking your cock and swallowing down your puppy batter?" Heather asked while licking his cum off her fingers she'd scooped up from her neck and boobs. After she had gotten it all, she lay there snuggling with the Dane and began to lightly stroke her labia to maintain her arousal. She had gone down on Thor

and now she wanted Thor to go down on her.

She scooted her butt until it was on the towel and positioned herself spread eagle to expose her shaven sweet petpussy to Thor. She dipped two fingers into her juicy pussy drawing out some of her creme then held it up to Thor's nose.

As Thor began licking her cum from the offered fingers with his gigantic tongue Heather cooed and asked, "That's it handsome. Do you want some pussy? I'm got plenty right here and it's all for you." Heather dipped the same fingers back into her pussy for more creme which she quickly offered to Thor. "I'm thinking that when it comes to doggies you can say big tongue big cock. But then it works both ways doesn't it." With that Heather slowly pulled her fingers back to her pussy with Thor's muzzle following.

Heather gasped as Thor's cold nose touched her clit while his hot tongue slathered her labia and curled around to touch her ass. After Thor inhaled her scent deeply he pulled back about an inch and began to lick her pussy. His tongue matched his cock in size. It was long enough and wide enough to stimulate all of her vulva, clitoris, and mons at the same time. Thor began working over Heather's pussy as she leaned back on her elbows and watched the noble Dane's majestic tongue take long licks of her lower lips and clit.

"That's it, my handsome good boy! Lick my kitty for me. Get me hot enough to allow you to stick as much of your cock into my petpussy as will fit." Heather begged. "Nnnngghhh!" Heather moaned out biting her lower lip. "That's it! Sooo good! Sooo fucking good!" Heather spread her knees further apart and laid down onto her back. As Thor continued to lick his weekend lover; Heather reached up to her breasts, pinching and pulling her nipples. "Fuck yeessss!" She hissed. "Your huge tongue hits all the right spots all at the same time."

By this time Coach had received her room-service dinner. She did not however stop watching the streaming security video. She merely muted as she hurried to the door to retrieve her food and tip the hotel employee in her bathrobe. She placed the tray on the desk, retrieved a bottle of water from the mini-frig, and placed the MacBook on the desk to watch as she ate.

Heather moaned from the stimulation given to her by Thor as he licked her nether lips and clit and from the pleasure-pain she inflicted upon herself from pinching and pulling her nipples. After her nipples became a bit too sensitive from rough treatment, Heather's hands stroked the underside of each boob and traveled down her flat toned stomach. She thought about her yummy cummy tummy and giggled to herself; reveling in her sexual freedom. After circling her belly button with her fingertips she slid her fingers down to her thighs and began spreading her sex, to open her labia. She hoped Thor's mighty tongue could penetrate her. That he could fuck her with his tongue.

"Come on my handsome boy. Stick that tongue in me! Tongue fuck me!" Heather pleaded. Thor seeking out the source of that wonderful tasting drink could tell that it was seeping from Heather's slit. He turned his head for a better angle and pushed that mighty lingual muscle into her to gather her fuck nectar and pull it into his mouth. Heather could feel it push into her and open her up. She felt the rough tongue quickly enter, flick a couple of times, then pull out into Thor's mouth taking a load of her fuck juices with it.

"Oh FUCK! That's amazing Thor! Tongue fuck me!" Heather shouted in encouragement while trying to remain still so the tongue fuck would not end. "Aaannnnngghhh! Thor, you're going to make me cum! Soo good! Sooo goood!" Heather using her cheerleading skills spread her legs into a near split which opened her pussy up as wide as possible. Thor continued to tongue fuck her pussy. The additional depth of his tonguing pushed Heather over the edge into orgasm. "Aannnnhhhhh! FUCK

MEEEE! I'm cumminnnngggg! Aannnnhhhh!" Heather's body went out of control as she began convulsing. Which made it impossible for Thor to penetrate her. He remained at his station licking the cum from her slit and occasionally hitting her clit, which drove Heather from one orgasm into another as wave after wave crashed over her until his licking began to become pain instead of pleasure. Still convulsing she closed her legs and thighs causing Thor to back away. Her hands covered her pussy to keep her overly sensitive pussy away from his inexhaustible insatiable tongue.

Coach orgasmed when Heather orgasmed. After she had finished eating, she removed her robe and returned to the bed nude with her MacBook about the time that Thor started fucking Heather with his tongue. She was awestruck by Heather's combination of raw uninhibited sexuality and innocence. She had to have Heather in some of her films. The distributors would love her if she could knowingly perform in front of cameras as well as she was now performing unknowingly in front of cameras. Not that Coach did not also want a taste of Heather but she did not want that kind of trouble with the law or risk her job. Heather was a student and she was a teacher. As far as Coach was concerned she had a near-ideal arrangement and no piece of ass was worth risking it; even a piece as fine as Heather. Coach was patient and could wait until Heather graduated. She was going to have to devise a way for Heather and Thor to continue seeing one another though. She'd have to give it some thought. What could she do to encourage an emotional bond between them beyond the one already developing? The germ of an idea entered her mind.

As Heather regained her breath from the tongue induced orgasm she noticed that Thor was half-hard again with three or four inches of red dog-cock poking out of his sheath. She wondered how she could fuck Thor but control the depth and speed. Then she remembered what she'd seen on the video and had discussed with Cindy. She could fuck Thor in the cowgirl position if he would allow it. But first, she needed to get his majestic cock all the way out of his sheath.

Heather rolled onto her hands and knees and then crawled over to the recumbent Dane. She once again lay across his chest and placed her left hand on his neck for a modicum of control over the giant dog. Again her right hand went to his sheath and confidently pushed it back over the beginning of his knot. "Just lay still handsome boy. Let me get you ready for my pussy. My pussy needs a big red cock... just... like... yours." With her arousal building, Heather began sucking on Thor's cock, while keeping an eye on his growing knot. With ease, she took the dog-cock all the way down her throat. Her gag reflex was gone. It would never interfere with a sexual adventure again. With the taste of Thor's pre-cum on her tongue she continued to deep-throat him until his knot was fully swollen along with his cock. Just as she tasted his pre-cum turn to cum she pulled her mouth off his knob catching a bit of cum on her chin.

"Okay handsome! Time to fuck!" With more strength than she knew she had, Heather rolled Thor onto his back. "Stay!" She commanded with an authority driven by desire. Heather swung her right leg over Thor's belly to straddle him on her knees. She reached behind her, grabbing Thor's cock behind his knot, and aimed it toward her petpussy. Just before she lowered herself down onto his cock a pulse of Thor's cum shot onto her cunt to ease the passage of the largest cock she had ever had and may very well ever have.

She lowered herself down onto his cock using her weight to push through her opening. She gasped as his girth stretched the walls of her cunt. She slowly slid his cock deeper into her pussy as the parts of her pussy beyond the first few inches spread further than they had ever spread before. Those first few inches had been stretched by Duke's and Roddy's knots. But neither of their knots had been that deep. "Fuck Thor! Your cock is so big! Ugghh! Don't know how much more I can take! Ugghhh!" Just then the tip of Thor's cock kissed Heather's cervix and squirted a pulse of cum against the door to her womb. She opened her eyes and looked down to see the taper of his knot had just starting to spread her labia. She'd taken all of Thor's shaft up to the knot.

Heather closed her eyes and lifted about four inches savoring the feel of the girthy dog-cock sliding along the walls of her pussy. She bit her lower lip and fell taking the dog-cock into the depth of her sex until it struck her cervix a bit harder than before. The sudden stop caused her tits to jiggle. "Fuck Thor! I could get used to this. We're going to give my thighs a real workout." Thor growled in pleasure and only with what Heather could take as agreement. Heather reached up for her nipples, once again pinching and rolling them between thumbs and forefingers. As Thor continued to jet his cum into Heather's pussy in pulses thereby easing the passage of his cock into his bitch, Heather continued to rise and fall in a steady fuck rhythm with her eyes close. She knew there was no way his knot could enter her and injure her. His cock was simply too large for her petpussy. Once in excitement, she rose too far and his cock slipped out. "FUCK!" She cursed in frustration as she quickly reached down to return the dog-cock into her petpussy and to resume her previous rhythm. With her passion building towards an orgasm, her right hand released her right nipple and fell to her clit. Rising and falling on Thor's cock while she thrummed her clit was quickly pushing her to the edge. Just as she approached the precipice she took Thor's cock down to his knot thereby jamming his dog cum shooting knob against her cervix. That pulse of hot dog-cum against her cervix pushed into orgasm. As her body convulsed her cunt clamped down onto Thor's cock causing him to whine in response to his bitch's passion for him.

"I'm cumming Thor!... I'm cumming!" Heather managed to whisper out short of breath with her eyes rolled back in their sockets. Heather rode out her orgasm kneeling astride Thor with his magnificent cock embedded into her sex as deeply as it could be. With her orgasm waning, she became aware of the burning in her thighs caused by the time spent kneeling and the workout given by the fuck. She fell forward crushing her breasts into Thor's chest enjoying the feeling of his short fur on her breasts and nipples. Keeping his cock firmly buried in her cunt her lips kissed his neck and upper chest in adoration and gratitude.

Eventually, Thor's cock began shrinking. Heather eased off his cock causing a large amount of their combined cum and other juices to splash onto Thor's cock, balls, and belly. Heather paused for a moment to allow any remnant of their cum to drip out. She then lifted her right leg and set her right knee beside the left. She repositioned herself to a prone position lying on top of the reclined Thor. "Let me clean you my handsome Thor." Heather began licking up their spilled combined juices from Thor's cock and black leathery balls while his cock shrank enough for his cock to return to his sheath. Once his depleted balls were licked and sucked clean and his cleaned cock had returned to his sheath. Heather then pulled the soiled towel from underneath Thor and cleaned up their spilled juices from her thighs and Thor's crotch. She then wiped up the small mess they had made on the floor.

Sexually spent Heather laid back on the carpet to rest a moment. Thor stood up towering over her then trotted off. A few moments later in the quiet, she could hear Thor drinking from his water dish. After a minute of hearing sloshing water, it stopped and Heather heard a tone indicating that Thor had gone into the backyard. She presumed to piss. Speaking of which Heather needed to tend to her personal needs herself. First a pee, then a shower, a snack for herself and Thor, and then relax and wind down with a little television. Which is what Heather did.

Coach had two powerful orgasms watching Heather suck Thor to hardness and riding him in the cowgirl position. She could not help but think that Heather was not as innocent as she had always thought. She had no way of knowing that Heather had only lost her virginity to a dog that Tuesday. But regardless she was a hot little piece. As Thor moved about the yard and Heather the house Coached watched them both. Deciding there wasn't going to be any more action for a little while at least Coach decided to shower off the sweat she had worked up watching Heather and Thor. While in the shower Coach figured out just how to push Heather and her Great Dane a bit closer together. She'd wait for an opportune time that evening to call Heather and put that part of her plan into

motion.

While Heather was drying herself from the shower she heard Thor come back into the house by the doggy-door tone going off. She hurriedly finished drying then slipped on her long nightshirt without bothering about panties. Walking into the kitchen she found Thor eating the remaining food in his dish. She threw the soiled towel into the wash so the stained wouldn't set. Then after washing her hands, she grabbed herself a bottled water and popped some popcorn in the microwave. She then walked out into the front common room and turned on the television. Just as she settled in to watch a movie on Netflix her phone rang. She looked at the phone and saw that it was Coach Carter.

"Hey Coach." Heather said answering the phone.

"Hey Heather. I'm just calling to see if you're okay and to ask how Thor is behaving." Coach replied.

"Thanks for calling. No, I'm great and Thor is just a wonderful dog. He's very affectionate. He's behaved very well since you left." Heather answered.

"He is that and I'm happy to hear that he hasn't caused any problems or made any messes. I do have a word of warning though. Thor has gotten in the habit of sleeping on my bed at night. So unless you want a snuggle buddy tonight and tomorrow night you should be sure to close your door. He will probably howl outside your door half the night begging to be let in though. I don't think he likes to sleep alone. He is a fine snuggle buddy even though he generally gets up during the middle of the night to take care of his business outside. Don't worry he's a clean dog if you do allow him into your bed." Coach said.

"Thanks Coach. I'll keep that in mind." Heather said noncommittally. "Is there anything else? I was just about to watch some Netflix." Heather asked.

"No Heather. That's it. I just wanted to thank you for taking such good care of Thor and to say goodnight." Coach responded.

"You're welcome Coach. See you Sunday. Goodnight." Heather said.

Heather ended the call then relaxed while watching the movie, drinking her water, and eating popcorn. Thor walked into the common-room and settled down on the floor near her. She considered what Coach had told her. She had not shared a bed with anyone since she was a small child. That ended once she stopped believing in monsters. After she thought about it, she decided that she would like to share a bed with Thor. Considering everything they had done together that evening sharing a bed would be pretty tame. It would be nice to snuggle up to a warm body and know that comfort especially when it was with someone with which she had sex. She then asked a question aloud to herself. "If I share a bed with Thor after having sex with him does that make us lovers?" She looked at the handsome and majestic Great Dane and decided that she was happy to think of herself and Thor as lovers.

After the movie, Heather walked into the kitchen and placed the empty bowl into the sink and the empty water bottle into recycling. After double-checking the alarm system and the doors, she walked through the front common-room on the way to the guest bedroom. Thor got up and followed her to the guest bedroom. Feeling adventurous she slipped off her nightshirt and tossed it onto a nearby chair. She wanted to feel Thor's fur on her body as she held him while they fell asleep. She pulled the comforter off the top sheet. She expected Thor to keep her warm during the night and if it got cool she would pull the comforter over them.

"Go on Thor. Get into bed." She commanded. Thor jumped onto the bed causing him to tower over

her. She stepped up to the edge of the bed reaching up to take his head into her hands saying, "Come lover. Give me a goodnight kiss." Thor's tongue plunged into her open mouth and she wallowed in the sensuality of his kiss with her eyes closed. She was heading for the point of no return in her arousal so she stepped away. "Lay down my handsome boy." She commanded in her certainty of his affection for her. She then turned off the light and climbed into bed with her breasts in his back and her left arm and leg reaching over his body in an embrace. Heather, comforted by the rhythms of his heartbeat and his breathing drifted off to sleep.

She did not sleep as soundly as usual since her bed was shared. Her sleep was interrupted now and either Thor's moving or an occasional snore from him. She supposed that her occasional movements or particularly strong embrace woke him as well. But he could not tell her of it. She remembered that at about 3 am he woke and left the bed. She took the opportunity to pee supposing he was doing the same only to have her suspicion confirmed by the doggy-door tone faintly beep from downstairs. A few minutes after another beep he was climbing back into bed and her arms. She pulled the comforter over the both of them after noticing the chill of the night air. They each soon drafted back into a light sleep.

Coach Carter had watched them up to the point that Heather turned off the bedroom light. She was happy that Heather had taken Thor to be her bed-mate. She had overheard Heather ask herself whether taking Thor into her bed after having sex with him made them lovers. Coach, satiated from her self-induced but Heather and Thor inspired orgasms, went to bed right after Heather and Duke. Sleeping alone for the first time in a couple of years caused her to miss her snuggle buddy Thor.

Heather woke snuggled up to Thor. She could not help herself from smiling when she realized that she had four firsts with him. There was the first kiss she had with a dog. There was the first time she gave a blowjob. There was the first time she used the cowgirl position during sex. And most memorable is the first time she shared a bed with a lover. As she opened her eyes she noticed that it was brighter than she expected. She checked the time on her phone and saw that it was the time she normally got up. Getting out of bed walked to the blinds still nude and lifted a slat at eye level only to be greeted by sunshine. It wasn't raining! The sun was shining! The thought that she and Thor could spend most of the day outside excited her. Just then she heard the doggy-door beep and saw Thor outside frolicking in the backyard. It had been weeks since she last saw sunshine.

Heather hurriedly peed and pooped. She washed her face and brushed her teeth. After returning to the guest bedroom she dressed in her yoga pants, sports bra, running socks, and tank-top. Heather did not put on any panties since she would only take them off for a shower after her run. She tied her blonde hair behind her head and rushed downstairs into the kitchen in time to see Thor pushing through his doggy-door and the door to beep on his entry.

"Hey handsome! What do you say instead of a morning walk that we have a morning run? Would you like that?" Heather asked Thor.

"WOOF!" He thundered in answered.

"Good!" Heather responded cheerfully in her enjoyment of life. "But first let me drink a water and eat a granola bar. Then when we get back, we'll give you a bath and I'll get a shower." After putting about a half serving of food into Thor's bowl and refilling his water, Heather drank her water and ate a granola bar as she watched Thor drink from his water bowl and eat his breakfast.

After both had a bite, Heather slipped on her runners and leashed Thor. Together they ran in the mid-morning sunlight enjoying each other's presence and basking in their mutual attraction. Heather couldn't help but notice that she was becoming aroused watching Thor's balls bounce up

and down as he ran. She was also being stimulated by the thin Lycra of the yoga pants as it slid back and forth over her sex. During the return loop just as they were about to reach Coach's house a neighbor stepped onto the sidewalk and waved Heather down.

"Hi, I'm Allison Jones. I don't think I've seen you before. Are you new to the neighborhood?" The middle-aged neighbor asked.

"No, not new. I'm Heather Sims and I'm just house-sitting and watching this handsome boy, Thor, for Coach Carter while she's out of town." Heather answered. "I'm just here for the weekend. Coach is coming home tomorrow." Heather squatted down beside the sitting Thor with her knees slightly parted unknowingly showing the wet crotch of her yoga pants. Allison was intrigued but looked away only to notice that the Great Dane was showing a few inches of red cock out of his sheath. She locked eyes with Heather.

"Do you dog-sit for other people? Occasionally we need to have a night on the town or travel overnight. Our son is at university now so we sometimes need someone else to watch Brutus?" Allison asked.

"I haven't before but I may be able to help out. I love dogs." Heather answered. "What sort of dog do you have and is he obedience trained?" Heather asked.

"We have a three-year-old Doberman. He's trained and minds very well." Allison answered.

"Sure, I'm interested." Heather answered thinking about the video she had watched of the redhead and the Doberman. "I'm a cheerleader though, so I'm usually pretty busy on the weekends when there is a game so I can't promise you that I'll be available." Heather said.

"It never hurts to ask. If you're busy just say so and if you're not then we have a dog-sitter." The woman answered.

After exchanging their info Allison leaned forward and whispered as she glanced at Thor's cock, "I see you've gotten him as excited as he's gotten you. You should take care of that." She then looked back into Heather's eyes with a smirk.

Heather blushed because she knew that she had been found out and had also confirmed Allison's suspicions. "I have to go." Heather mumbled. "Come on Thor." After a few steps Heather trying to act normally turned to say, "If you want me to take care of your Doberman send me a DM."

"I definitely will Heather. You can count on it." Allison shouted as she watched Heather's trim ass sans panties jog into Coach Carter's yard heading towards the front door.

Heather and Thor had a busy day enjoying the sunshine and each other. Both were exhausted by 10 pm and were relaxing in the common-room watching Netflix when Cindy called.

Heather answered the phone. "Hey Cindy. I'm glad you called."

"Hey Heather. I just home from the shop a little bit ago and wanted to see how your weekend is going." Cindy replied.

"Are you in your room?" Heather asked.

"I am so tell me the kinky stuff. I'm just going to lay back to listen and pleasure myself so make it good." Cindy responded.

Heather paused for a moment. "It's been wonderful so far. Well almost wonderful but I'll get to that later. I got here about thirty minutes after dropping you off. Coach was still here. She left a few instructions about walking Thor and feeding him. She told me to make myself at home. I fixed myself a couple of burritos then walked Thor. While taking him for his walk yesterday evening, we got the hots for each other. We were practically running back to the house from the walk. We were going at it as soon as we made it through the front door. He had me dripping when he tongue kissed me in the foyer. After grabbing a towel from the linen closet, I stepped into the front common-room. It's one of these rooms that you take a couple of steps down into. I was stripping on my way to the couch. The couch is where I took off my jeans and panties. I ordered Thor down onto the towel and laid on top of him with my face pointed towards his cock. I started licking his cock and sucking his balls. Then I started sucking his cock and deep-throating it. It took a little while to get over my gag reflex. I deep-throated him and swallowed nearly all of his cum. I like the taste. Thor then licked me off and tongue fucked me. He stuck his tongue deep into my pussy. It was so good you've got to try it with Roddy. After he made me cum on his tongue, I rolled him onto his back and fucked him cowgirl style. His cock is huge. It's much bigger than Duke's or Roddy's. There is no way I could take his knot. It was all I could do to take the shaft up to his knot. And god, it's so thick. It stretched me out so well. Fuck I'm getting a little wet just thinking about it. I rode him to an orgasm and got off of him. Then I licked and sucked our juices off his cock and balls. After that, we both were wiped out. He drank some water then went outside to take care of his business while I cleaned up our mess then took a shower. We then watched a movie and went to bed together."

"Wow, sounds exciting. Were you able to get much sleep?" Cindy asked.

"Not much. I've never slept with anyone before so his movements and snoring kept me from getting much sleep. But snuggling up to him in bed was so wonderful. It's one of my favorite things I've done with Thor. Sharing a bed is so much better than sleeping alone." Heather answered.

"Most people feel that way. I remember the first night Jennifer and I spent together. I miss it. But how about today. How do you enjoy the sunshine today?" Cindy asked.

"We went for a run. You know I'm not going to use the treadmill if I can run in the sunshine. But about the time we finished something strange happened." Heather said.

"Really? Like what?" Cindy asked.

"Well, Thor and I were just about to Coach's house when a neighbor came out to find out who I was. I told her that I was just house-sitting and dog-sitting and then she asked if I could dog-sit her Doberman. There's nothing strange about that but she must have seen that Thor and I were turned on and she suggested that I should 'take care' of Thor's cock." Heather answered.

"She said that?" Cindy asked excitedly.

"Pretty much. She didn't come right out and say that I need to fuck him or suck him it but she definitely implied it." Heather answered. "I tried to act normal but I was already blushing and I'm afraid that I gave myself away."

"Don't worry about it. She's just some stranger. You never have to talk to her again." Cindy said trying to reassure Heather.

"Not exactly, I had already told her my name and given her my contact info in case she needed

someone to dog-sit." Heather countered.

"Well, there isn't any point in worrying. We'll deal with that problem if it ever comes up. There's still a chance she did mean what you think she meant." Cindy said. "But tell me about the rest of your day." Cindy asked trying to keep Heather from worrying.

"I'll hit the highlights since it's getting late and I want to get to bed with my snuggle buddy." Heather responded. "After our run, I gave Thor a bath paying special attention to his sheath and balls. then I jumped in the shower and put on just some thin shorts and a t-shirt. By that time I was hungry and got something to eat and drink. I also put some food out for Thor and cleaned and refilled his water dish. After we both ate we went outside in the fenced backyard to play Frisbee. After a bit, we were both winded and went to the gazebo to rest. Watching him run got he rather horny. So after making sure no one could see into the backyard I have Thor another blowjob and afterward, he tongue fucked me again. I had to bite down on my hand to not scream when I came. We napped a while under the gazebo. I put my shorts and t-shirt back on and we came into the house for something else to eat. Once back in the house I stripped out of what little I was wearing. Eventually, Thor and I got worked up again to the point that I wanted to fuck. I wanted him to fuck me doggy style and that was a mistake. I took him into the common-room and knelt down on the bottom step so I'd be high enough for our parts to align and that worked fine. What I didn't count on was his strength and how hard he was going to fuck me. Although he couldn't get the knot in he pounded me hard and now I'm sore." Heather expounded. "But tell me. Did you at least get fucked and knotted by Roddy Friday?"

"I'm sorry. Give it a few days and you'll be fine. You're probably just bruised a little. It happens to every woman at some point. Roddy gave me the knot so well. He made me see stars. I'll tell you all about it sometime but for now, I'm going to let you go. I'm rather sleepy myself. It was a long day. Nothing exciting happened today though." Cindy said.

"Okay Cindy. I'll see you Tuesday. Give me a call tomorrow or Monday night. I miss you." Heather said.

"I miss you Heather. Sleep tight. Snuggle up to Thor." Cindy suggested.

"I will. Goodnight Cindy." Heather said.

"Goodnight Heather." Cindy responded.

With that Heather turned off the television, checked the alarm system, the doors, and then went to bed with Thor with much the same sleeping arrangements as the previous night, nude snuggled up to Thor.

Coach across town had been in the hotel room all day except when Heather took Thor for a run. Coach took the opportunity to run a few miles on the hotel exercise room treadmill. Other than that she was watching Heather and Thor during their day. Fortunately, she has cameras hidden in the gazebo and others covering the entire backyard. She had also overheard Heather talking about her neighbor on the phone. She knew which neighbor since only once had a Doberman. She'd have to start a friendship with Mrs. Jones. But it sounded like Heather had told Cindy all about fucking Thor and did she hear Heather say she had fucked two other dogs? Was it the same Cindy who was on the cheer squad with Heather? It had to be. Had Cindy been fucking a dog named Roddy? It sure sounded like it. Men don't have knots. Coach had a change of plans and decided to go home on Sunday mid-morning instead of the afternoon. She texted Heather even though she knew that Heather had turned her phone off for the night. She thought perhaps she could catch Heather in the

act Sunday morning.

It was drizzling when Heather woke up Sunday morning. She had slept better than the night before. Perhaps she was simply more tired from not sleeping well Friday night or perhaps she was getting used to sleeping with another in the bed. Thor did wake her once in the middle of the night but both were able to get right back to sleep when he returned to their bed. She dreamed of the Black Lab again. They had made love in the meadow over and over again. It was a fleeting bliss that left Heather horny when she woke up.

She snuggled into the back of Thor's neck with her left arm still wrapped around his massive chest and her left leg thrown over his abdomen. She felt a slick wetness on her left calf and knew that part of Thor's cock was exposed. She slowly lifted off of the snoring Great Dane and moved until her face was opposite his cock. She wanted another taste of Thor before Coach showed up in a few hours. She had not yet turned her phone back on.

She grabbed Thor's sheath with her right-hand and pushed it back toward his balls. Thor whined and lifted his head at the pleasurable surprise. Licking her lips Heather lowered her mouth onto Thor's cock. She gently sucked and flicked her tongue on the tip of the dog-cock; paying special attention to the hole. After a few seconds, his cock began to swell and shoot pre-cum. She relished the taste of the pre-cum, then swallowed it down before more spurted out. Heather began to deep-throat the Dane's cock as she watched his knot swell. She'd take him into her throat and hold it then back off of his cock. She noticed the taste had changed. His pre-cum had turned to cum as his orgasm started once his knot had fully inflated. Again and again, she took his red cock into her throat as Thor shot his cum into her belly. She thought to herself "best breakfast ever." As she took his cock down her throat to the knot again Thor attempted to get up. Frantically, she threw her arms over his chest and hips forcing him back down. Thor calmed down. The sound of her sloppy dog-cock blowjob prevented her from hearing either the door open or shut. She focused single-mindedly on giving Thor the best blow-job he'd ever have. Dog-cum continued shooting down her throat. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets in the pure joy of sucking and deep-throating Thor's immense cock. She'd take his cock to the knot then hold it until she needed to breathe. She'd then back off to take a breath and swallow his cum and her drool. Long minutes rolled by adding more and more dog-cum to that already in her tummy. Gradually the pulses of dog-cum lessened and ended. She backed off his cock leaving just the tip in her mouth to catch the last few spurts of dog-cum. She had swallowed all his cum with most of it being shot straight down her throat.

Meanwhile, Coach was downstairs watching everything on her phone. She'd never seen anyone so dedicated to dog-cock. Heather was truly special and the last thing Coach ever wanted to do was to hurt her. Coach watched Heather clean Thor's cock until it had returned to his sheath then watched Heather get up and get in the shower. Coach turned off the cameras and began fixing breakfast for the two of them. Thor walked into the kitchen to greet his mistress, drink some water, and go outside.

Heather showered and dressed in panties, bluejeans, bra, and a fresh t-shirt. She turned on her phone and noticed the text from Coach. It was already past 10 am. Coach could have already come home. Heather listened carefully. She could hear cooking noises from the kitchen. Coach was home already. Heather stripped the bed to wash the linen.

"Fuck! Did Coach see her giving Thor head?" Heather asked herself. "Surely not. The door was closed and Coach wouldn't just enter the bedroom without knocking." Heather tried to reassure herself. She took a deep breath to calm herself and walked into the kitchen on the way to the adjoining laundry room to put the linen in the washer.

"Hey Coach. How was your trip?" Heather asked normally.

"It went great Heather. Finished everything early yesterday and was able to get to bed at a decent hour last night to get up bright and early this morning." Coach answered. "How do pancakes sound?" She asked.

"Sounds wonderful. Just one for me though. I'm not very hungry." Heather answered not giving the reason she wasn't hungry.

Coach Carter and Heather chatted about their weekends neither revealing what had really been doing. They also discussed the first game coming up the next Friday and Coach's plans on which cheers to use. They ate their pancakes with light syrup while they each drank a glass of milk.

"Heather I appreciate how well you took care of Thor. As a matter of fact, I'd like to pay you another hundred for doing such a good job. You did as good a job that I could do myself." Coach said.

"Thanks Coach. But that's not necessary. He's a great dog. I had a great time taking care of Thor." Heather responded.

Coach sighed deeply then said, "This is awkward. I know you had a great time Heather. I saw the two of you in bed this morning. I opened the door to ask if you wanted breakfast and saw you with Thor."

Heather's face blanched. "Coach, it... it.... wasn't what it looked like." Heather stammered.

"Yes, it was Heather. I should know. I've been in the same position with Thor many many times." Coach said to calm Heather. "He's my lover and has been for a couple of years. Now you know my secret and I know your secret." Coach said.

"Then you're not upset?" Heather asked.

"No of course not. I'm not married to Thor or anything. I'm happy that you took care of Thor's needs while I was away." Coach answered. "To be honest with you Heather, I didn't have to go out of town. I saw scratches on your thighs when you were in the shower after cheer practice. I instantly recognized what they were and how you got them. I was curious whether Thor would be interested in you. And he definitely was. I've never seen a woman so dedicated to petsex as you Heather or one that dogs find so irresistible either." Coach said.

"I don't know what happened but it only started last Tuesday evening. I lost my virginity to a dog. Thor is the third dog with whom I've had sex. It's actually sort of a problem. The attraction is difficult to control and sometimes people pick up on it." Heather responded.

"Well in the future if you have scratches you need to keep hidden just let me know beforehand and I'll let you skip showers after P.E. and after cheer practice. Have you considered using heaving socks over the front paws?" Coach asked.

"No, I'm still learning. It's all still pretty new to me. But Coach if you don't mind I'm going to put the washed linen into the dryer and call my mom? She had house guests this weekend and wanted me to call if I came home earlier than this afternoon." Heather asked as she stepped into the laundry room to place the linen in the dryer and start it.

"Sure Heather. Go ahead. I just want you to know that you're always welcome to come and visit Thor. I'm sure he'd be happy to see you again." Coach answered.

"Thanks Coach. I'm going to make that call." Heather said walking away for a little privacy while pulling her phone from the pocket of her jeans."

Twenty minutes later Heather was home talking to her mom as they waited for the arranged time for the video-chat with Heather's father. They mostly talked about whether Heather should have a dog of her own and what type of dog would be a good match for her. Shortly before the time for the video-chat, Monica changed the subject.

"Heather, your father knows about you and Duke and the possible relationship between you and Cindy. He and I discussed it yesterday afternoon. When it comes to your sex life I hope you understand that your father is still your father despite his and my unconventional sexual interests. He knows you've taken a big step into becoming a woman but you'll always be his little girl even when you're married and have children of your own. He was uncomfortable discussing these things with me. So discussing them with you is simply impossible. Don't bring these matters up with your father." Monica instructed.

"I had no intention of talking with dad about these things mom. It's difficult enough to discuss them with you. I'd rather die than discuss them with dad." Heather affirmed.

"Good. I'm glad you feel that way. You're normal. But right now it's time to start the call." Monica said.

Monica clicked the button to initiate the call. It chimed twice and Major Sims answered bringing a video up of him in a blue polo shirt. The three happily talked of many things except what was foremost on their minds. The Major talked about some of his more recent duties, a few of his fellow officers, and when he may be able to get a week of leave to come home. Monica talked about the house and Frank. Heather talked about school and cheering. They also managed to talk about getting another dog but avoided the reason why. They decided to wait until Heather could decide the particular breed that she wanted.

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## **Chapter Six**

It was late Monday afternoon. Tabitha sat on the hood of Heather's Toyota Camry in the light drizzle enjoying the moment of anticipation. She had put her plan of Heather's bitchification into effect last Monday when she had stroked her Black Lab Barney off to get the key ingredient of the spell. The spell that had ruled Heather's life and turned it upside down since last Tuesday. Today was the day of her victory. She was going to destroy Heather's life. Starting tonight Heather would always and everywhere be known as a dogfucker. Heather's life was almost over. Tabitha would have her revenge and then some for the last three years of hell. But most importantly Heather would know who had destroyed her life. Tabitha had planned on slipping Heather a note when they passed in the hall or perhaps slip it into her locker. Those plans changed once Tabitha saw that Cindy wasn't in school today. Tabitha wanted to gloat more than planned and that required humiliating Heather face to face. The school doors to the Senior lot opened right on time as Tabitha guessed. It had been about 15 minutes after cheer practice ended and the cheerleaders were heading home or wherever else they went after school and cheer practice. Tabitha smiled maliciously to herself. Heather was walking towards her car.

"Get off my car freak!" Heather demanded.

Heather slid off the car standing by the driver's side front door. "That's no way to treat an old friend Heather. I missed the bus and you're giving me a ride home." Tabitha replied mockingly sweet.



"Keep dreaming. I'm not giving you a ride." Heather shot back harshly.

"You're being awfully snobby for a dogfucker." Tabitha returned fire.

Heather stopped standing stock-still. The blood drained from her face as she glanced towards the other cheerleaders heading for their own cars or rides. She would have died from embarrassment if any of them heard. She remained silent not knowing what to say. Heather for once had no sharp remark with which to cut Tabitha.

"Didn't you hear me DOGFUCKER? I said you're giving me a ride." Tabitha said.

"Shush, please be quiet. I'll give you a ride home. Just don't say that again." Heather said as she once again looked around but not seeing anyone. Thankful for once that the drizzle meant car windows would almost certainly be closed. By the time she looked back towards Tabitha, she had already walked around to the passenger side.

"Come on bitch. We don't have all day. I've got big plans for you. There's someone at my house you'll want to meet." Tabitha said.

Heather unlocked the car doors with her fob. Tabitha opened the door and sat in the front passenger seat quickly followed by Heather. Heather's blood ran cold with foreboding. Four people knew about her having sex with dogs and now Tabitha knew. Calling someone 'dogfucker' wasn't a casual put-down. Without a doubt, Tabitha knew that she had been having sex with dogs. But how? She decided to try and play it cool. By the time Heather had calmed down a little, they were half-way to Tabitha's house.

"Well, Tabitha it's been a long time. How have you been?" Heather asked somewhat casually.

"Cut the shit Heather. You're wondering how I know you're a dogfucker." Tabitha answered.

"So tell me how you know." Heather begged on the verge of becoming frantic.

"I know you're a dogfucker because I made you a dogfucker." Tabitha said calmly as if it were something she did everyday.

"That's ridiculous. How could you make me have sex with dogs?" Heather countered letting slip that had sex with more than one dog.

"So you've had sex with more than one dog in less than a week?" Tabitha asked rhetorically. "You're not a mere dogfucker. You're a dogslut." Tabitha mocked her.

Once Heather realized that not only did Tabitha know that she had been having sex with dogs but also the time frame she accepted that Tabitha had made her a 'dogfucker.'

"Okay, I believe you. But how? What did you do to me? We haven't really spoken in three years." Heather asked.

"Come on Heather. Jesus. Aren't you supposed to be smart? You're taking AP classes. Haven't you heard the rumors about me? That I'm a witch" Tabitha asked and answered.

"You're a witch? Witchcraft isn't real. It's just superstition." Heather countered.

"If you say so. You must just naturally be a dogfuck... no, not just a dogfucker but a dogslut." Tabitha hit back.

Heather was silent considering the possibility that she had inherited her sexual predilections from her parents.

"But if it wasn't witchcraft tell me how I would know about the dreams you've been having. Dreams of you fucking a certain Black Lab over and over again and the forest god Cernunnos? Is that something you told anyone? Did you tell anyone about how you felt when fucking the dream Lab?" Tabitha asked.

"How could you know about my dreams? I didn't tell anyone about them. I've never heard of any forest god 'Cernunnos'. There were only the Black Lab and a hidden presence telling me what to do and how to do it." Heather answered after pondering these revelations. "It had to be witchcraft. No matter how ridiculous it sounds nothing else explains it." Heather admitted resignedly.

By this time Heather had pulled into the driveway outside Tabitha's house. It was the same house she and Tabitha had often played before high-school. It was the same as it was before except for being a bit more dilapidated from lack of maintenance.

"Come on there's someone you'll want to meet." Tabitha ordered.

"Isn't your mother at home?" Heather asked.

"No, she's at the diner the same as every afternoon and late into the night. Now get out of the car. Give me your phone." Tabitha ordered as she continued to sit in the passenger seat.

Heather got the hint that Tabitha wasn't getting out of the car until she did. Defeated Heather turned the car off, handed her phone over to Tabitha, and got out of the car. Tabitha quickly followed. Tabitha pulled out a ring of keys from her purse and unlocked the side door of the garage and turned on the light. Unseen to either and known only to Tabitha was the hidden camera connected to her phone via Bluetooth. As Tabitha opened the door she surreptitiously tapped the record button. The hidden camera pointed towards the center of the garage floor where a blanket was spread. It had taken all of Tabitha's savings to buy the camera but she considered it well worth the price.

"I have to go get someone. Lay down on the blanket. Don't even think about leaving. Tabitha ordered. You remember our little conversation in the car?" She asked. "I recorded all of it on my phone. I own you. Do as I say or everyone at school will hear it." Tabitha said not giving Heather time to respond to her question.

"Tabitha, why are you doing this to me? I don't deserve this." Heather asked on the verge of tears as she sat down on the blanket.

"Why do you think I'm doing this dogslut? You ended our friendship and made my life hell. Because of you, the only so-called friends I have are druggies and freaks. You've been a BITCH to me for THREE YEARS! I decided that if you're going to act like a BITCH then you should be treated like a BITCH. So that's what I did. I made you into a BITCH. A BITCH WHO'D GET ON HER KNEES TO GET MOUNTED JUST FOR SOME MORE DOG-COCK AND ANOTHER LOAD OF DOG-CUM. MY SPELL MADE YOU START JUICING UP AT THE FIRST SIGHT OR SCENT OF A MALE DOG." Tabitha said starting normally but ending up screaming nearly hysterically while spitting froth in a rage.

A terrified Heather began crying and then begged. "Tabitha, please don't do this."

Tabitha stepped on the blanket in a fury and with her right-hand slapped Heather on her left cheek.

Tabitha trembling and with tears of rage and hate pouring from her eyes screamed. "NOT ANOTHER FUCKING WORD BITCH!!! NOT ANOTHER FUCKING WORD!!! SHUT UP AND DO WHAT I FUCKING TELL YOU!!!!"

With that Tabitha turned and walked towards the side door, leaving a terrified Heather holding her left cheek shaking and crying tears. Tabitha when outside closed the door behind her. She leaned against the exterior wall of the garage until the tears stopped and she regained some control. It had frightened her how out of control she had gotten. She had never intended to physically attack Heather. Tabitha had seriously under-estimated the hate she felt for Heather.

"Goddamn it Heather. Why did you have to betray our friendship? Why did you have to hurt me so badly?" Tabitha asked herself for the thousandth time.

Tabitha stepped into the kitchen to wash the tears from her face. She took a sip of water to soothe the soreness of her throat from her shouts and screams. After reaching a reasonable modicum of normal she stepped into the backyard and called for Barney. "Here Barney! Come here boy! Mama has a present for you!"

Barney, her goofy overweight Black Lab, ran up to her expecting another round of fucking and sucking to which he'd become accustomed during the past week. He ran behind his mistress. He then jumped up on her back and hooked his front paws on her hips.

"No, it's not me this time. I brought you someone else. Someone who's been dreaming of you. Phew, you stink. What did you roll around in? It doesn't matter. One look at you and she won't care." Tabitha said as she grabbed his collar and pulled him towards the garage. Tabitha and Barney reached the side-door to the garage and she cracked it open.

"Are you ready to meet someone whom you've been dreaming of?" Tabitha asked.

Heather still sitting where Tabitha had left her only sniffled away the last of her tears resigned to whatever was going to happen. "I'm ready Tabby."

Tabitha paused on hearing Heather use the pet name she used to call her. She pushed her doubts aside then pushed the door open. Barney clumsily bounded into the garage. Heather was momentarily shocked. It was the same Black Lab from her dreams. Her dream lover. Here was the overweight goofy Black Lab she had been dreaming of. Barney ran up to her and began licking her tears away. Her nipples were instantly hard as diamonds. Her pussy gushed flooding her panties. Her slit gaped open. Her heart soared as the greatest gift anyone could receive was brought to her, by Tabitha of all people. Everything Tabitha had done was forgiven. She had brought her true love. A gift that could never be repaid. This was worth any price she would have to pay.

"What is his name?" Heather asked.

"Barney." Tabitha said simply.

"What a ridiculous name for a beautiful dog. But I love it. Kiss me Barney." Heather said. She then opened her mouth to receive the tongue of her one true love. She closed her eyes.

Barney's tongue entered her mouth and danced with hers. She joyfully swallowed his slobber. Heather felt a bliss beyond all others whether natural or synthetic. The bliss was indeed magical but she didn't care. While they kissed Heather caressed Barney's neck. Her right-hand traveled between his front legs along his belly until it reached the three inches of red cock peeking out of his sheath. Heather's eyes opened her open mouth formed a smile around Barney's tongue.

"Barney, I see that you're happy to see me." Heather said then giggled.

"Heather, take off all your clothes. You'll want to feel his fur on your back, butt, and thighs." Tabitha loudly commanded.

Heather did not have to be commanded to undress for her love. She first removed her shoes and then her knee socks were removed. Barney sat on the blanket and watched her undress for him. She then stood and hurriedly unbuttoned her blouse and slipped it off then handed it to Tabitha. The plaid skirt of her school uniform was next. Heather unbuttoned the three buttons and slipped it off her hips, letting it drop to the floor. After stepping out of it she reached down and tossed it to Tabitha. With her eyes locked onto Barney's, she reached behind her back and unhooked the clasps of her bra. She removed her bra and tossed it to Tabitha. Lastly, she hooked her thumbs into her wet panties. She pushed them down her hips to fall to her ankles. After stepping out of them with her left foot she kicked them to Tabitha with her right-foot.

She stood there in front of Barney nuder than he. He at least still had his red collar on. Before she could sit down to begin making love to Barney Tabitha spoke.

"Before I let you fuck my dog, you're going to have to answer some questions. Or I'll take him out of here and you'll never see him again." Tabitha threatened.

"Ask me whatever you want." Heather replied impatiently.

"How much do you want to fuck my dog?" Tabitha asked.

"I've never wanted anything more in my life. This is what I was born for." Heather answered sincerely.

"Is he the first dog you've been sexually attracted to? How many dogs have you been sexually active with?" Tabitha asked.

"No. I've had sex with three dogs before today." Heather answered.

"How long have you been having sex with dogs?" Tabitha asked.

"About a week. Since last Tuesday night. How many more questions are there?" Heather answered.

"Just a few more. Did a dog take your virginity?" Tabitha asked.

"Yes, next question." Heather answered impatiently.

What have you done sexually with dogs?" Tabitha asked.

"I've fucked them and given and received oral sex from them." Heather answered.

"Last question. How do you feel about Barney?" Tabitha asked.

"I'm in love with him and want to have his puppies." Heather answered as she sat down and leaned back on her elbows while raising and spreading her knees.

Heather, with the look of pure joy in her eyes, stroked her slit a few times and pushed two fingers into her, and pulled out some pussy juice. She held those fingers out to Barney. He licked her fingers clean then rushed between her spread knees. His cold nose hit her clit as his hot tongue slathered her labia. As his tongue worked upwards his nose came off her clit which made room for his tongue.

"Ooohh! Oooh! That's it Barney! Soo good! Soooo goood!" Heather moaned as Barney tongued her clit. "But I want your tongue in me."

Heather put her legs into a split. She then reached down and pulled her labia apart to clear the passage for his tongue. Barney continued to lick Heather's clit. The pleasure of which caused her to twitch. Despite how much she enjoyed the pleasure she wanted his tongue in her pussy. She wanted to be tongue fucked. She took her right hand and covered her clit. Barney began licking her slit. Then in his eagerness to drink the juice of her arousal Barney's tongue pushed into her. First, it went in an inch only to be drawn back into his mouth wet with her juices. Then upon learning of the sources of her sex fluids his tongue went into again but deeper. He began fucking her with his tongue. Again and again, his tongue entered her slit and sink deeply into her. His tongue fluttered and curled against the walls of her pussy and her cervix.

"FUCK! He's licking me deep. I don't think his tongue can go any deeper. Oohh fuck!!! He's going to make me cum." Heather shouted to Tabitha's amusement.

"Go ahead and cum on his tongue dogslut." Tabitha shouted.

By this point, Heather was beyond caring that Tabitha was even there much less of what she thought or said. Heather began strumming her clit with just her fingertips while Barney continued tongue fucking her and pull out her freely flowing fuck fluids with his tongue.

"That's it lover! Come on Barney. Tongue fuck me! Almost there! Aaannnnhhhhh! Fuck, I'm cuuummmiiiiinnngggg! I love you Barney! Tongue fuck mmmmeeeee!!!! Aaannnnhhhhh!!!!" Heather shouted out her orgasm. Her convulsing body caused Barney tongue to slip out of her slit and her closing thighs caused him to jump away to keep from being trapped by the flailing young woman. Heather curled up into a fetal position on the blanket while the waves of her orgasm caused her to uncontrollably twitch. She lay there attempting to regain her breath.

"You enjoyed that like a true dogslut. You have absolutely no shame whatsoever. You laid there getting tongue fucked by a dog. You moaned and screamed out your orgasm like a whore." Tabitha said for the benefit of the recording and just for the enjoyment of degrading the haughty cheerleader. "But you're not done. You're not leaving my dog with a case of the blue-balls." You're the dogfucker, not me." Tabitha lied. "Come on, get on those knees. You know you want to get fucked and drain those balls. You're not going to get knocked up with his pups laying on your back." Tabitha said for the camera and just to humiliate Heather.

Heather was indifferent to Tabitha's taunts so long as she was with Barney. She was in love. She briefly thought of Cindy and how she would have to tell Cindy no and how it would hurt her. But she had no choice. Only Barney mattered. He was her world and her life. Heather sat up to look at Barney standing on the edge of the blanket waiting for her. Smiling serenely and with contentment, she rolled over into a kneeling position then dropped down onto her elbows. As she arched her lower back down she looked back into the eyes of her love silently begging him to take her and make her his bitch forever. Barney was oblivious to her higher emotions though. He was driven by the instinct to mount this bitch and give her a belly full of puppies. It was the same instinct he had for every bitch in heat he came across whether four-legged or two-legged. He was certain that his young mistress already had a belly full of puppies considering the number of times they fucked over the last week.

Barney walked up behind Heather. He sniffed her sex and licked a couple of times. Then he lowered his rump and leaped onto her back with practiced ease. His forelegs and front paws sought a good hold on her hips which scratched her slightly. Getting the grip he wanted he pulled Heather back

towards his cock.

"Ow!" Heather gasped out at the slight pain. She considered it a small price to pay. She'd proudly bear his marks. She was his now and would be until death parted them she thought to herself.

She lowered her head down to her left arm. She then reached back with your right-hand to guide Barney into her sex. As the dog-cock approached her sex a pulse of pre-cum squirted onto her vulva. Heather focused on the job at hand and aligned her slit and his cock. With another squirt of pre-cum from Barney and a shuffling step forward he was in her!

About the time that Heather gasped, Barney thrust forward pushing his sheath down his cock past the small bulb that would soon swell into his knot. He began hammering her. His cock swelling and shooting more and more pre-cum into her.

"That's it Barney. Rail that dogslut's cunt! Give her a fuck she'll always remember." Tabitha shouted out tauntingly.

Indeed Heather would always remember this fuck but not for the reasons she thought. She mistakenly believed that it would be memorable as the first time she had sex with her love.

Barney's cock began swelling which further stoked Heather's passion.

"Oh Barney! That's it give me that cock! Give me all of it!" Heather begged as she felt the swelling dog-cock stroking her pussy walls and kissing her cervix. Just then she felt the knot begin swelling and popping in and out of her labia. Which only increased her stimulation and arousal. Heather reached back with both arms to grab Barney by his back legs. She pulled him into her to seat his knot. After successfully seating his knot she felt it swelling. They were tied! The pulses of pre-cum turned into pulses of cum. The familiar feelings of being stretched; her cervix rubbed; his fur on her back, butt, and thighs; pressure on her g-spot; the twitching of his cock and knot; and pulses of cum blasting the door to her womb all combined with the intense emotional high pushed Heather over the precipice into an ocean of pleasure. Wave after wave of orgasms rolled over her. Each inundating her consciousness in turn. The pleasure was so intense that she alternated between seeing stars and her vision tunneling to blackness and near unconsciousness.

"Aaannnhhhh!!! I'm cumming! I'm cummmiiinnnggg!" Heather repeated over and over as the waves crashed over her.

Tabitha stood silent for a moment. She was awed by what she witnessing. She was jealous of Heather and wished to experience such pleasure and passion for herself. But she remembered why she was doing this and started taunting Heather again even if Heather probably couldn't hear it.

"That's it Barney! Fuck your bitch! Give her all your cum! Knock her up!" Tabitha said mockingly.

Barney resting and whining on top of Heather's back continued to pant and to shoot cum in long strong pulses against her cervix. Her womb and pussy were over-flowing with dog-cum. Some escaped from around the knot and leaked onto the blanket.

"That a good boy! Breed your bitch! Is she trying to pull your cock off with her bitch-pussy boy? I can hear you whining likes she trying to." Tabitha asked in mock concern for Barney.

After about ten minutes of Barney shooting dog-cum into Heather's thankful and adoring petpussy his orgasm had greatly diminished and his cock and knot had greatly shrunk. Disappointed, Heather released Barney's legs and he jumped down giving her a nasty welt on the left butt cheek.

"Ow, Barney. Please be gentle with me." Heather begged futilely.

"Okay dogslut. You're not finished. Clean my dog's cock and balls. He shouldn't have to lick up his own cum and your pussy juice. You do it." Tabitha commanded.

Heather crawled to Barney on her hands and knees as he stood there licking his cock. She pushed him down and rolled him onto his side. Laying down she placed her left shoulder on his rib-cage and her left arm across his neck. She took hold of his cock behind the knot and began licking up and down his cock sucking down their combined juices. Heather then took the exposed portion of his cock into her mouth. She hoped to suck him hard again for another fuck. She was not successful. All of his cock soon returned to his sheath. Heather then licked and sucked his balls clean. Barney joined her in licking any remaining fuck juices from his belly. He then got up and walked over to a water dish for a drink. Heather took a long look at her love. She had never been happier than when they were tied together and he was shooting his cum inside her.

"Tabitha, please let me see Barney again. Better yet let me buy him from you. I've got a little money saved up. I need him and can't live without him." Heather begged.

"I'm not selling my dog to you. He's the only real friend I've got. Anyway, by the morning you won't care if you see him again." Tabitha said with amusement.

"What are you talking about? I've never loved anyone or anything more than I love Barney." Heather pleaded getting desperate.

"You dumb bitch! I told you it's just a spell. Now that you've had sex with Barney the spell is broken." Tabitha said calmly.

"How did you cast a spell on me and what does having sex with Barney to do with breaking the spell?" Heather asked in confusion.

"Simple, I made a magic potion. Barney's cum was the primary ingredient. You rubbed it into your skin which had several effects. It caused you to become sexually attracted to male dogs. It caused male dogs to become sexually attracted to you. It caused your dreams. And it caused you to fall in love with Barney. Your second exposure to his cum from having sex with him broke the spell. By tomorrow morning you won't be in love with Barney anymore. You won't be irresistibly attracted to dogs and dogs won't be irresistibly attracted to you. So starting tomorrow any dogfucking you do is entirely on you." Tabitha explained.

Tabitha took out her phone. She theatrically hit the stop record button on the phone app that controlled the camera.

"What did you just do?" Heather asked starting to panic.

"I stopped the video recorder on the hidden camera." Tabitha said.

Heather now knew what Tabitha had planned. She wasn't going to tell everyone that she fucked dogs. She was going to show them that she fucked dogs. Tabitha also had her saying on the video the number of dogs with which she had sex; the types of sex she had with dogs; and that it had all happened in a week's time. Heather realized that her life was over and worse she hurt her family. Anywhere she went she'd be known as a dogslut. No matter where she went, eventually it would come out. She would have to either live like a recluse or as a nomad. She'd never have any close friends, much less marry and have a family of her own. Certainly, she and Cindy could never be together. While Cindy may be willing to sacrifice her life to be with her, Heather couldn't let her do

that. God, what about her parents? Her father was less than a couple of years from his twenty years in the military. When word got out about her he could certainly forget about any promotion to lieutenant colonel. Her parents were counting on that promotion which would have made so much difference to their retirement. Oh god, what if she caused her parents to be investigated and it came out that they were into this? He could not merely be demoted, he could be dishonorably discharged for conduct unbecoming. And Frankie would probably never talk to any of them ever again.

"Tabitha, if you release that video then not only are you destroying my life but you're also destroying the lives of everyone I care about." Heather stated numbly in shock at the consequences of her actions. "Why are you doing this?" She asked still kneeling on the garage floor covering herself with her arms and hands as best she could.

"I told you Heather. You hurt me and now I'm going to hurt you." Tabitha nearly whispered finding her victory empty and unable to gloat. "After dad abandoned us, mom blamed me for him leaving. She told me one night when I was about eight and she was drunk. After that, I knew that she hated me." Tabitha said on the verge of tears. "You were my only friend. But I loved you more than a friend." Tabitha said crying. "I loved you like a sister. When we started high-school you abandoned me too. It was worse than when dad left because I wasn't a little kid when you left me. And I had to see you every day at school and instead of being a friend you were mean to me. You hurt me more than anyone ever has and now I'm going to hurt you." Tabitha said in tears.

"But Tabby I only hurt you because you hurt me first." Heather whispered.

"How? How did I hurt you?" Tabitha demanded.

"You may have loved me like a sister but I loved you more. You were my first crush. When you said those mean things about gay people and lesbians especially, about how you thought 'dykes' were disgusting, you broke my heart. That's why I pushed you away and have been mean to you. I have lived in fear of loving anyone since then. I never wanted anyone to break my heart again." Heather said in tears.

"Heather, I didn't know. I'm so sorry. I didn't know how you felt about me then. I would never have said those things if I had known." Tabitha said tears flowing. "I could never have felt the same way about you but I wouldn't have hurt you for anything in the world. Your friendship was the best thing I've ever had in my life."

Tabitha walked to the wall clock and took it off its nail. Carrying it to Heather she flipped it over revealing it to have been a hidden high definition security camera. She took the SD card out and handed it to Heather.

"Here, this belongs to you. I think we've hurt one another enough. Don't you?" Tabitha asked wiping tears from her cheeks holding out the SD card in her hand.

Heather also wiping away tears could only nod in agreement. She reached out and took the SD card. She looked around the interior of the garage and saw a few paving bricks. She stood and walked over to the paving bricks placing the SD card on top of one and then immediately broke it into pieces with another brick. She walked to Tabitha and handed her the destroyed SD card. Heather then extended her arms to hug a reconciled friend.

"You know Heather I'd like to but you're naked and just had sex with Barney so let's get you into the shower and back into your clothes first." Tabitha said with a bit of laughter.

Heather could only nod and join in the laughter. Tabitha, after letting Barney back out into the yard



and still carrying Heather's clothes lead her to the bathroom. Where Heather showered and dressed back into her school uniform.

"Tabby, I'm finished. Where are you?" Heather called out.

"I'm in the kitchen." Tabitha answered.

As Heather joined Tabitha in the kitchen she asked, "A question came to me in the shower. How did the magic potion get spread on me?"

"Oh, well you see, one of my cousins is a school officer at another high-school and he told me a trick on how to open a locker even if it's locked. So early last Tuesday morning I opened your locker and filled your tanning lotion with the potion and then shook it up." Tabitha answered.

"Now that you mentioned it, I do remember that the bottle seemed too full last Tuesday..... Oh, fuck!" Heather exclaimed as she remembered that she had forgotten to put the tainted lotion back into her salon bag.

"What?" Tabitha asked in puzzlement.

"I forgot to put the suntanning lotion back in my salon bag when I left." Heather answered.

"Oh fuck is right! There could be a couple dozen women in town who used your tanning lotion since you left it there last Tuesday." Tabitha said in a near panic. She had almost certainly but unintentionally caused multiple women to become dogsluts.

"Tabby, we've got to fix this. We might be responsible for ruining people's lives. Where's my phone? I've got to call the salon." Heather said also starting to panic as Tabitha handed her the phone.

Heather scrolled through her list of contacts to the tanning salon and pressed call. It rang twice and the receptionist at the front desk answered.

"Hi, I'm Heather Sims, I seemed to have left my tanning lotion in booth four last Tuesday evening. The brand is Institut Esthederm. Could you check to see if it's still there? Maybe a customer brought the bottle to the front-desk as lost-in-found?" Heather asked. The attendant left to check.

"No ma'am. The empty bottle was in the trash bin. I haven't noticed an open bottle of that brand of tanning lotion at the front desk either." The clerk informed.

"Thank you for checking. Bye." Heather responded and ended the call.

"That didn't sound good. What did she say?" Tabitha asked.

"The empty bottle was sitting in the trash can." Heather answered.

"Is there any way to find out who used that tanning room?" Tabitha asked.

"No, not everyone makes appointments and how would we know which customers used my lotion and which didn't?" Heather countered.

"If we can't find them and they will eventually be exposed then there is another option but you're not going to like it." Tabitha said after a moment's hesitation.

"I'm listening." Heather said.

"Well, I know the guy that owns Naturally Clean Soap Company. He's offered me a job a few times because he has the hots for my mom. Honestly, I think he just wants to get me out of the house so he can come by while I'm not here. Pretty much everyone in town uses that brand of soap since it's local and it's good soap." Tabitha said.

"I think I know where you're going with this." Heather interjected.

"If someone who worked there were to add a special ingredient similar to the one added to your tanning lotion then it would hardly be scandalous if someone were exposed as a dogfucker would it?" Tabitha asked.

"There really isn't another choice that doesn't involve a bunch of women having their lives ruined is there?" Heather asked.

"Not that I know of. Would it really be so terrible if women had more choices?" Tabitha asked. "Since we're friends again. I don't regret taking Barney as a fuck-buddy." Tabitha volunteered.

"I wasn't going to say anything but I could tell that he had been with women before. He was too experienced even if he is clumsy. I'm certainly not going to stop having sex with dogs. I'll just be more careful." Heather responded. "But how does it affect men and children?" Heather asked.

"It only affects people who are sexually mature and doesn't affect sexually mature human males except to cause them to become sexually aroused by the sight of a woman and dog fucking." Tabitha answered.

"If having sex with the dog whose cum was used to create the potion breaks the spell what would happen if the cum of multiple dogs was used?" Heather asked.

"I don't know to be honest. If I had to guess I'd say that the spell wouldn't be completely broken until a woman fucked every dog whose cum was used to create the potion. Going further, since the potion will be a smaller ingredient in the soap than in your tanning lotion the effect would be less to start with until there had been enough use of the magic soap. Since we're talking about weeks and months depending on individual bathing habits the cum of many male dogs could be used over that time if we have access to that many. Using the cum of multiple dogs should also prevent women from becoming fixated on one dog like you had become with Barney." Tabitha elaborated.

"Then it looks like I will be volunteering in some of the local animal shelters or veterinary offices on the weekends while you get a weekend job at Naturally Clean Soap Company. To play it really safe I could get the cum from the male dogs who are either going to be neutered or put-down. That way no woman affected by the spell could ever break it." Heather said with a note of finality.

"Sounds like a plan. But it's late and your mom is probably worried about you. You should head home. I'll see you at school tomorrow." Tabitha said in agreement.

"She probably is. I'm surprised my phone isn't blowing up. How would you like to start riding to school with Cindy and me?" Heather asked.

"I'd like that very much Heather." Tabitha said thankfully.

The two reconciled friends hugged one another for the first time in over three years and parted until the following morning.

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Epilogue

As Heather lay in her tanning bed that late Tuesday afternoon she thought of how much had happened since last night's reconciliation with Tabitha. Heather explained her tardiness to her mother by telling her that she and Tabitha had a confrontation that ended with the renewal of their friendship. Then after eating dinner and finishing her homework she called Cindy and they talked until late in the night. Heather explained about her reconciliation with Tabitha and what had caused them to part three years ago. But most importantly, Heather told Cindy that yes, she wanted them to start dating. Tuesday morning, Heather picked up Tabitha and Cindy for school. Which was enough to get the entire school talking if there had not been something bigger to talk about. Just as the three of them were about to enter the school that morning Heather pulled Cindy to her for a deep and passionate kiss. They then walked into school hand in hand all in front of hundreds of other students. Heather and Cindy were the talk of the school that day and would be for days to come.

Between classes, Heather stopped by the student counselor's office to ask about internships at any local veterinarian offices or animal shelters on the pretense that she need to add volunteer work to her record for when she started applying to colleges or universities. During homeroom, Tabitha whispered to Heather that she would start working at Naturally Clean Soap Company that Saturday. Heather had to ask Coach to skip showering after P.E. and cheer practice because of the welt Barney had left the evening before. Coach was very understanding.

Within a few months nearly all the sexually mature women and girls in her town had taken dogs as sexual partners all with the eager approval of their human partners if there was one. It became everyone's "dirty" little secret. None of the women who had been affected by Heather's magic tanning lotion were ever exposed as dogsluts. In time the owner of Naturally Clean Soap Company married Tabitha's mother and Tabitha would go on to inherit the company. She and Heather would go on to expand Naturally Clean Soap Company nationwide and then worldwide. The magic soap would be used all over the world. Not only did the soap increase the choices women had when it came to sexual partners but after a few years, many women and men noticed that the special soap helped maintain a youthful appearance. And that my friends was how women all over the world came to take dogs as sexual partners. Now you know the rest of the story.