

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

I was nineteen and had just started college at State University when I met Lisa and we became fast friends. Two months later, near Christmas Break, Lisa's housing situation fell through, and a day later mine did as well as my two roommates got married and left me alone in the apartment. Lisa and I decided to room together, and since we were both wealthy enough, we decided to split the third rent and keep the whole apartment to ourselves.

Actually, Lisa had another motive for buying out the third roommate in my apartment: Lucky. Lucky was her dog, and he was huge—part Doberman and part... something else. He looked big, mean, and powerful, with long, bright teeth, dark, reddish-black fur and eyes to match. Lisa explained that she had found Lucky four years earlier as a puppy wandering her neighborhood. She had turned sixteen and got her driver's license, but her folks didn't give her a car, so she asked them if she could keep the dog instead. They agreed, and soon Lucky had become her near constant companion.

I didn't like Lucky, because he scared me, and he was always sticking his nose where it didn't belong. I mean where it REALLY didn't belong. Every time I walked by, the dog would stick that big, black nose into my crotch and sniff. At first, I had jumped back in alarm, but after a few weeks of it, I started to just swat his head aside with the palm of my hand and scold him. Lisa laughed and said Lucky did it to her, too, but that he didn't seem as interested in her as he was with me—probably because I had a “new and different scent,” she guessed. I just kept on swatting his head, although it didn't seem to make a difference—he flinched slightly, but only gave up when Lisa snapped at him.

We kept Lucky in the third room, especially because dogs were not allowed in our apartment. The landlord never really checked on things like that, though, so we weren't too worried; Lucky was house-trained and there was an open field behind the building that he could use to relieve himself a few times each day. When Lisa was home, she would get Lucky out and allow him to lounge around the house, only returning him to the third room when a guest arrived.

When Lisa was not home, I kept Lucky locked in his room, and I tried to ignore any scratching or sniffing he made on the bedroom door until I grew concerned that he would have an accident on the carpet. I never let Lucky stay out for very long, though, because he would always get lonely for Lisa. Then he'd start humping things—furniture, the corner of the bed, and—worst of all—my leg. I hated it when he did that, because he was so big and strong as steel wire that it was always a huge struggle to get him off. I learned very quickly to keep him collared and leashed when Lisa wasn't home, because I was sometimes able to use those things to jerk, threaten, and guide him off of me and back into his bedroom.

Besides my dislike of Lucky, things went well for the next few months after that, until that one day came. A phone call had Lisa going on a study-abroad trip for three weeks, out of the country. While the opportunity included covering expenses for housing and assured that her part of our rent would be covered, she explained to me that there would be no place Lucky could go while she was gone. Without telling her, I looked up a dog kennel service in town but found out that it was much too expensive for me to consider alone—my finances were tight as I neared the end of my Freshman year.

So, I decided to put up with Lucky, determining that I would keep him locked in his bedroom as much as possible. I watched Lisa hug and ruffle and kiss him when she left, asking him to “take good care of Stacy,”—that's me—while she was gone. Lucky just wagged his tail and licked her face. Then Lisa left, and I wished her “good luck.”

As it turned out, Lucky really “took care of me,” and I was the one who would need the luck.

Things went well for three days, but then Lucky started acting strangely. He became somber and silently earnest, never wagging his tail, and refusing to play or dally at all when I would let him out to use the bathroom. He became all business, and could almost perform in his role without any input from me except for opening the door to his bedroom and the front door four times each day. He ate his food and drank his water without hesitation, and mechanically.

Now, while I was pleased to see the dog behaving himself and becoming, more or less, a non-entity in my life, by the sixth day it started to unnerve me. His crotch-rooting even went on hold at that time, and though I didn’t miss it at all, I started to get concerned that Lucky was sick. I actually looked in the phone book for veterinarians in town to see if I could get him for a check-up—I didn’t want Lisa coming home and finding that I had somehow killed her dog.

When I learned that a check-up for Lucky would cost \$65-\$100, I decided to wait for a few more days and see if anything changed. During that time, I was studying hard for an exam, and I found that it wasn’t disruptive at all to let Lucky out of his bedroom and come into the apartment’s living room to have some company. We both sat there in silence, me pouring over my books, and Lucky sitting with his head on his paws, tense and staring. After about an hour, I started getting distracted and nervous, so I put him back in his room. He went without a single antic, resumed his tense resting position near the spare bed, and watched as I closed the door behind me.

The next day, after I completed my exam, I was walking across campus when a guy I knew—and liked—crossed my path with a happy, barking beagle on a leash. The brown and white dog was sniffing and growling excitedly, tugging as far as his owner would allow. The guy’s name was Tim, and I had tried many times to get him to notice me, but without a lot of success. So, almost without thinking, I went for his dog. I asked for the thing’s name—“Duchess”—and ruffled HER face like Lisa had done many times with Lucky. She responded to my affections with some excitement, and I asked Tim why he had never brought his dog around before. He explained, as Duchess crawled all over my jeans and sweater, that the dog was in heat, and he hadn’t wanted to leave her in the kennel with the other dogs that would certainly impregnate her.

His sheepish, slightly bashful way of explaining it all made me laugh and play around with Duchess a bit further, finally hinting to Tim that he would be welcome at my apartment by telling him that he should bring the dog over to liven up Lucky. He smiled and nodded, although he didn’t pursue it at all. Sighing, I smiled and said “goodbye” and went home for lunch.

By the time I came in the front door, I had forgotten about Duchess, although Tim was still bouncing around the inside of my head. I closed the door and went to the kitchen to make something to eat. I remembered Duchess as I opened the fridge, and thought I should wash my hands before handling food. In the bathroom, I found that Duchess’ hair was all over me, and I decided to take a shower. I stripped down to my underwear, removed my panties, and was just reaching to undo my bra strap when I heard Lucky scratching at his bedroom door. Sighing, I checked to see that the front room curtains were still closed, and then I decided to let the big dog out.

I opened the bedroom door and turned without thinking to lead him to the front door so he could go relieve himself in the nearby field—I would just open it enough to let him out while I modestly hid behind it. I hadn’t made it four steps from Lucky’s bedroom before the big dog was rooting all over me, sniffing my legs and feet, and trying to sniff my hands. Surprised and annoyed, I backed away from him with my hands in the air, prompting him to go outside, but then he tried to sniff my crotch.

Growling in frustration, I covered my pubic region with one hand and tried to grab his dangling leash with the other. Lucky insisted on continuing to sniff my protective hand even when I got hold of the leash and smacked his head with it, then he sniffed the carpet and lurched toward the bathroom, yanking me off balance.

I barely kept my feet and tried to pull him toward the front door again, shouting at him and using both hands on the leash. He ignored me and I realized with great annoyance how strong he was. He tugged me into the bathroom where he found my discarded jeans and sweater, all saturated with Duchess' hair. Afraid he was going to harm the clothing, I reached down and snatched them from beneath his nose, noting with alarm how intently his eyes followed them up into the air.

Before I knew it, Lucky had leapt upright on his hind legs, placing one forepaw on the sink for support, and the other on my bare belly. The action startled me, and his claws scratched my skin. I swore at him and pushed him away, but all it did is move me away from him and bring my clothes down within range of his nose. I turned away from him, looking for a place to stash the Duchess-saturated jeans and sweater. I succeeded in dropping the jeans into the laundry hamper when I felt Lucky's cold nose brush quickly up my leg to my crotch from behind. I whirled on him, bringing the sweater down tightly to my bare pubic region, guarding against his rooting nose, and shouted at him.

Immediately his nose was burrowing into the sweater, toward my pussy, and I smacked his head away. He came back quickly, even with a low growl, thrusting that black nose against my sweater-covered crotch and driving forward. I had to catch my balance again but still tried to bat his head away. I could see and sense the muscles of his back, neck, shoulders, and legs tensing with determination and interest, and a matching growl of frustrated intent sounded low in his chest. It made me scared and angry at the same time, and I whipped the sweater away from my crotch to hit him in the face with it.

Suddenly his whole body went rigid before me, and he made a slight, quick lunge at me that ended with his nose probing my pussy. I pushed his head away, but he answered with that same, menacing growl and returned immediately. I turned away from him and made to run to my bedroom but found that I was backed up toward Lisa's door—Lucky stood between me and my safety. He lunged ahead another half-step, leg-muscles taut as if at any instant he would leap into the air or attack. My breath was coming in short gasps now, and I realized I was terrified. Lucky's nose sniffed my backside, rooting deep between the cheeks of my butt, and I swatted him away with a half-choked shout. He dodged the blow and moved toward my front side, uttering a quick bark that trailed off into a sustained, determined growl.

I froze, not wanting to anger him any further, and swearing that I would lock him up in his room and not let him out until Lisa came home. His nose scanned my entire pelvic region, rooting around the sweater that still guarded my pussy, and probing all around my buttocks. A few times he actually stroked my skin with his cool tongue, but each time I went to hit him he growled and almost nipped at me with his teeth.

Slowly I turned so that he could reach all the way around me, and when he moved a little to the side to sniff me from a new angle, I bolted for my bedroom. I was vaguely aware of his pounding paws and pounce before he bounded into me from the side. Tensing for the feeling of his teeth somewhere on my skin, I barely kept my feet and reached the door, but his leash got caught under my foot and around one ankle, and I tripped.

I fell on Lucky's shoulder and bounced off onto my stomach, the huge black dog slipping away with a great huff of breath. Immediately he was back at me, his nose probing my revealed pussy and ass.

“Get away!” I shrieked and rose up to crawl into my room to safety, but Lucky pounced over me and landed on my back. His forelegs were planted to either side of my head, one on my right shoulder. I rose up beneath him, bucking against his belly and barely lifting him into the air, but his weight bore me back down again beneath his forepaws. I craned my neck to look up at him and found that he was watching me out of the corner of his eye, with every muscle of his black-furred body taut and wire-strong. I started to move, and he tensed—a short, decisive action, as if to say “I’m ready for you.” He issued that low growl again, and replaced his paw onto my right shoulder, as if to establish his dominance over me.

Afraid he would bite me, I held my place beneath him and shook. “Go away!” I cried. “Leave me alone!” The dog ignored me like he always did. He simply lowered his head toward me, sniffing my hair, then gingerly lifted his paw and sniffed my shoulders. I inched my way further toward my room, and his paws were instantly planted about me again. His quick, raspy breath was anxious and right above my head. I froze again, holding my breath and waiting.

Again he sniffed me, across my scalp and down my back—his forepaws were deliberately placed about my head as if he would discourage any more movement. Then he stepped over me, rotating above my body so that he could sniff at my buttocks some more. “Leave me alone,” I whimpered, feeling his cold snout moving between my legs. Then his cool, slimy tongue stroked between my buttocks, and I gasped. My reaction had him once again standing guard above me, so I held still, bringing one hand up to protect my face.

That was when I saw it. Lucky’s penis had changed. What had always been a roundish, furry knob dangling underneath his belly was now a long spear of angry red that extended far longer than I would ever have suspected. It pointed down at my backside from the furry knob I was familiar with, almost as if it had impaled him painfully. As I watched, wide-eyed, it extended further, until it was as long as my thumb and as big around as my big toe.

Lisa had said something about Lucky’s penis one time when he had humped her bedspread, but I had never been interested enough to look. Now, however, dominated and held prisoner beneath the animal, the organ had my complete attention. I had no idea what he wanted, but I didn’t want to stay and find out. I lurched upward again onto my knees and shoved forward this time, barely keeping myself up to crawl beneath his great, furred weight.

Lucky barked twice and crouched low over my body. I could feel his clenched paws and muscles bunched about me, and suddenly his hot breath was upon my shoulder. I screamed and reached for my head, hoping to climb to my feet, but his mouth came down near my neck and shoulder, startling the motion from my body. Images of dog-fights flashed in my mind, of animals being whipped around from side-to-side by the neck, but then that was all blasted out by the pain of Lucky’s mouth yanking back on my hair. That low growl sounded right in my ear and I ducked my head low, hiding my face below my shoulders.

Lucky held me there, neither of us moving, although we both were panting—the dog from excitement and I from fear. Then I felt him shift his hindquarters, although he kept his bite-grip on my hair. One of his back paws came to rest on the back of my left calf, and I jerked slightly as it scratched me, but that threatening growl and hair-lock held me still. I was too scared to cry, so I just waited.

Something wet touched my right buttock. I remembered the red spear of his penis and the thought sickened me. I closed my eyes, trying to ignore its barely yielding tip pressing against my bare flesh. It brushed forward across my skin and then moved back. Again it moved forward, and back. The fur of Lucky’s underbelly crowded down over my backside, and his rear legs stamped next to my knees

as the slimy thing prodded me.

He was humping me! I almost laughed, and the thought brought confidence and relief. The stupid dog was humping me like the corner of Lisa's bedspread, or like my leg! So that was what this was all about!

I remembered Duchess and it all made sense. Lucky had smelled the scent of a dog in heat, and I had it all over my jeans and sweater. And I had been stupid enough to get it on my pubic hair when I was trying to protect myself. I sighed and chuckled and started to get up, saying, "Lucky,..."

But Lucky wasn't about to let me get up. He held my hair in his teeth and his forelegs abruptly groped backwards, scraping his bony joints across my ribs and coming to rest on my hips. I cried out and rose up on my left arm, trying to bat him away from behind me with my right. "Knock it off, Lucky!" I shouted.

He ignored me, and I could feel his penis humping along the top of the crack in my butt. "What a stupid dog!" I snarled, reaching back my right hand to his paw that gripped my hip. I took hold of the foreleg and pulled it away with a grunt of effort. His weight shifted over me and forward, and I almost went down beneath him. But his grip on my hair forced me to keep my head up, and so I ended up sliding forward below him, my knees sliding outward and spreading my butt cheeks wide. With a quick nip, he reacquired his grip on my hair and shifted his weight to match my move, leaning backwards into his crouching back legs. I felt my head drawn further rearward and up, arching my back beneath him and exposing my throat. "Lucky," I coughed, unable to speak clearly like that. "Lucky, get off of me!"

He resumed his humping, and with a gasp I felt the slippery tip of his penis pressing down closer to the opening in my ass. My laughter of moments earlier now rang hollow through my mind. "No way!" I blurted. He couldn't actually do this!

As if sensing my panic somehow encouraged him, Lucky's humping became more persistent and forceful. His penis shoved at my butt like a large, wet hammer. I could feel it getting longer and stronger as it rubbed against me, but, worst of all, it felt like the thing was finding its way toward my anus! Every thrust brought it closer and closer! Straining against the dog's hold on my hair, I twisted slightly and craned my neck to look backward. I barely caught a glimpse of the glistening tip of Lucky's weapon before I realized that my shifting position was making matters worse—I felt that slimy hammerhead first bump and then push against my anal sphincter! Worse still, before I could react, I felt Lucky nip again to fortify his grip on my hair, and I found I couldn't turn my head back! I was trapped! I couldn't return to my former position, nor could I shift my ass away from his humping!

"Lucky," I choked, gritting my teeth and tightening my anal sphincter to keep him from getting in. His weapon continued to knock wetly and forcefully at my back door, as if the dog knew he was in the right place. I gasped. I couldn't let him penetrate me!

The dog pounded at me mercilessly, and in panic I noted how my anal muscles were tiring. I felt his slimy weapon push through my opening, but I grunted and clamped down on it before it went in. Encouraged by this taste of success, Lucky quickly withdrew and pounded forward again, his breath hot in my hair. He wouldn't quit! Again I clamped down and barely kept him out. He came forward again, and his thrust felt like it could drive a nail home into wood—my muscles held, denying him entrance, but gave way just as he completed the push. I wouldn't be able to resist him the next time!

I realized in that instant that somehow Lucky knew he'd beaten me, too. Time slowed, and with rising panic I felt him withdraw completely. I opened my eyes to see the red shaft of his penis kick back and pause, as if he was mocking me. I was defenseless! Lucky grunted, as if in agreement.

Then he rammed forward. In the next instant I closed my eyes, teeth gritting against the inevitable, and grunted, "No!" but in one fluid motion, Lucky drove his erect penis into my anal sphincter, parted it, and pushed inside. Pain smashed me open! I squealed and choked on my own breath.

Time sped up again and before I could realize what was happening or react, he had pulled back out and penetrated me again, and again. I tried to resist him, but I couldn't! I was too weak. All I could do was moan in pain and misery as he pounded my rear end for what seemed like a half-hour. My ass burned!

Unable to move my head, my neck began to hurt. My back and hips were quickly growing tired of holding such an uncomfortable position, let alone being forcibly penetrated by the large dog. I started to slip from my awkward stance, which brought a short growl from Lucky, both desperate and threatening, and made him shift his humping hips to compensate. I couldn't get him out of me! He just kept violating my hind end like I was some mindless, four-legged bitch in heat!

Abruptly I realized that Lucky's violation of my anus had stopped—a slight change in position had dropped me below the angle of his erect penis. Lucky was humping the tops and sides of my buttocks again, moving like mad, growling and squatting in earnest behind me. He held my hair like his teeth would never let go, like I was the rope in some canine tug-o'-war. It hurt! I cried out in pain as he tugged at my head. "Let go!" I blurted. I yanked my head forward, feeling a bunch of my hair ripped free of my scalp, and bent low.

I was free! Immediately I crawled forward, my left arm reaching the bedspread and gripping the top of it. I had to get away from him! Lucky moved with me, gripping my hips and walking as he humped. My buttocks rose up beneath him as I crawled, pressing my backside against his furred belly—his penis thumped against my buttocks several times while we struggled forward. I reached my right hand up toward the bed, preparing to heave myself out from underneath him.

His forelegs left my hips and clamped down on my shoulders—he was trying to keep me down! I shrugged and his paws rolled off and back, and I started to rise again. I was almost there! A nudge warned me—he was pouncing again! I felt one of his forepaws scratch down my left shoulder-blade and the other catch on my bra strap, and abruptly, with the extra leverage gained, Lucky threw his weight on my upper body. He was too fast! I collapsed, kneeling at my bedside, with my head buried in the bedspread. Lucky's forelegs weighed down on my shoulders. I was pinned! His mouth was in my hair again, and I had no leverage to push myself up. I tried to shake my head away from his snout—I didn't want him taking me by the hair again! I couldn't do much to prevent it, however, and seconds later I felt a swath of my brown tresses snagged in his bite. My head was pulled backwards again! I cried out. I was again trapped and held beneath the dog. No!

This time, however, it was worse. Lucky had me sandwiched against my own bed! I flailed at him with my arms, but his humping resumed.

Not again! I clenched my buttocks to keep him out of my ass, but was shocked to find that his erection was now pounding much lower than that, angling downward across the lips of my vagina. I shrieked, feeling him probing against me, and reached up to grab his mouth. He pulled back, avoiding my arms. My head was pulled farther back! It hurt! I had to lower my arms back to the bed for support, arching my back to take the pressure off of my neck. I could feel the move adjusting my hips. My rear end was being thrust out behind me, against Lucky's erection! His blunt pounding was

becoming more focused. It was pummeling my vaginal lips, and moving toward the opening!

That son of a bitch! With sudden shock I felt his slimy erection pound the opening of my pussy. I panicked. I couldn't get away!

"No you don't!" I gasped. In desperation I shifted my hips right, and Lucky missed a stroke. I had dodged him! But he quickly reoriented himself and plunged forward again. Didn't the stupid animal ever give up!? I rocked my hips to the left, and then the left again, hoping that in all of his misguided humping I would be able to crawl out from underneath him. But he continued holding me by the hair and by his paws on my back, pushing and pulling me into submission.

But I was a mate who wouldn't hold still. I ignored his growling now, which was full of anger and menace and frustration, vented on the locks of my hair in his teeth. I kept shifting my buttocks left or right in rhythm with his thrusts. Though he had corralled me against the bed, and could keep me there as long as he wanted, he wasn't going to penetrate my pussy.

I dodged him for several more humpings, feeling that slimy weapon of his slipping and pounding against my lower buttocks. I had the advantage now, I thought, because the bed supported me and I wouldn't tire as I had done before. I began breathing a little more easily, deciding to dodge and wait him out.

He shifted position behind me several times, trying to find my opening and hump away, but nothing worked. I felt his grip on my hair slipping. He nipped to reinforce it, but it slipped again. It felt like he was tiring. I chanced a slight move forward and gained a bit more freedom, although he clamped down on me tightly with his forelegs and re-determined his hold on my hair, pulling me backwards again.

Abruptly, his hind legs found a better position on the backs of my calves, and as this elevated him, his penis again pushed against my anus. Not there again! I shifted my hips left to dodge him, but he moved with me! I only succeeded in moving both of us left, as he was standing on me. I tried to shake him off, but he thrust too fast—his penis drove home and pushed partway through my sphincter! I shrieked and struggled like a wild animal against him, grunting and growling and trying to throw him off of me. He kept humping me, further violating my ass. I went crazy, and I felt his claws sliding off of my calves and alighting on the carpet outside of my legs.

He was out! "Yes!" I gasped in relief. He humped high at me, trying to reacquire his target on my anus, but I didn't move. I didn't want to mess this up!

And then his penis was low enough to thrust right at my pussy. I gasped "No!" and froze in shock. It was too late to try and dodge him—he was already penetrating me! I tried to clench the lips of my vagina together and block him out. But Lucky had tasted success and hammered on me so forcefully that it drove me into the bed. My pussy opened to him like a blooming flower! His erect penis pushed inside me and rubbed my inner walls like a rubber knife. It was huge! I felt stretched around him like a latex glove, but he pounded into me easily, his breath hot in my hair and ear again as he grunted with the effort.

This couldn't be happening! I was being raped by a dog! His breath sounded heavy and gloating in my ears.

I reached back to try and dislodge him but found that my position on the bed limited the use of my arms—his business down between my legs was beyond my reach! I was helpless. We both knew it.

He had me exactly where he wanted me—his wild, struggling mate had finally been tamed. Ugh, the whole thing was so humiliating! I had been reduced down to “bitch” status in my own apartment!

Lucky seemed quite pleased with the new arrangement. He humped away at me, and I could feel his erection growing even larger inside me. His claws pressed down commandingly into my shoulder and ribs, the bones of his joints and his nails digging into my flesh. I tried to kick out, to press my legs backwards. For my own pride I had to show him that there was still fight left in me—I wasn't just going to sit there and take this! My resistance did little—the dog's grip on me was too efficient! I hated my hair!

With no way out, I realized Lucky wasn't withdrawing fully from me in between thrusts. It felt like my insides had been inflated by a huge balloon! Lucky's erection seemed long enough to reach the bottom of my throat from where he was, pounding at my pussy. I heard my own hideous gasp of pleasure, and the sound enraged me. How dare he do this to me! I renewed my efforts to get him off of me. I tried kicking, yanking my head forward, rotating my hips. Nothing worked! I was exactly where he wanted me, and he let me know so with a sharp tug on my hair. I used up my last bit of resistance, but he ignored my feeble attempts to escape, holding me as surely as a locked door would. I could do nothing else, and finally just slumped against my bed as he drove forward toward the inevitable conclusion of his deed.

I could hardly breathe, and was barely able to hang on to consciousness as the wild ride went madly on. I felt something growing at the base of his erection—it slammed continually against the outer lips of my vagina a number of times. I didn't want that thing in me! But we both knew there was nothing I could do to stop it from happening. With a grunt of effort, Lucky pressed his hips roughly against mine and propelled the new growth inside of me—my loins exploded as something the size of a tennis ball entered my vagina and filled the space behind my opening! I gasped and screamed weakly as Lucky's desperate humping continued, rubbing that round object against my inner walls but never withdrawing it.

It was expanding! Like the balloon I had pictured moments before, that round bulge at the base of his penis was growing against my insides. It was stretching me! And the larger it got, the deeper beneath my pubic mound it went. It was like the taproot of a large tree, planting itself in me! Lucky seemed both agitated and extremely satisfied at the same time—the animal was pleased with what he was doing to me!

The dog gave two tight, controlled humps and I felt something stir deep inside me—a liquid warmth that spread throughout my innards like melted honey. He was climaxing! Realizing what had just happened, I shrieked and with newfound strength lifted myself from the bed. Lucky lifted partially away from me and came down slightly to the side, barely holding my hair in his mouth. I pushed back on his belly, trying to force him off of me, but as he moved back I felt a great, painful pressure on my insides—the expanding bulge he had stuffed inside me was too large to escape!

I was tied to him!

I panicked and began hyperventilating, my breath coming in short gasps that did little to keep me conscious. I had to get him out! I dropped down to the carpet on all fours and tried to crawl madly away from Lucky, but the connection between us held, and Lucky merely walked along behind me. We were stuck together! I tried to slump down to the carpet but found myself painfully suspended beneath the huge dog's penis—held by his knotted erection! “Help me!” I cried, turning to pound my fist at Lucky's sides and barely managing to spin in place with a deal of pain.

I was crying, horrified at what I had just been through and now seemed unable to get away from.

Lucky stood over me, his legs assuming a somewhat awkward position over and around my buttocks. I pushed at him again, and he actually moved to avoid my fists, turning over me and lifting a leg. I felt a great stretching pain between my legs as he rotated, and then he settled back to all fours—still connected to me, but now facing the opposite direction. Our hind ends met, and between our legs, his erection reached backwards and remained locked into my vagina.

Like a bitch—his bitch—I was tied to him. I had barely seen it when I was younger, but had never understood it. Now it seemed horribly real and clear that I had been raped by a dog and was now held and bound to him by nature's mating system—for how long I didn't know. Lucky seemed satisfied by the event, and began sniffing around himself, even taking a few awkward steps out into the hall. I was pulled along behind him by our connection, which continued to stretch my insides as I scabbled on the carpet to keep up, crying.

After what seemed like hours, I felt the knot inside me shift and shrink slightly, and Lucky's erection slipped partway out of me. My throbbing pussy seemed to unwrap around him, and his penis popped out. I lay there on the floor, sobbing, as Lucky came up and began sniffing and licking my face.

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## **Chapter Two - The Lucky Beast Scores Again**

The next few hours were rather blurry, although I remember some things all too clearly. My scalp hurt from Lucky's yanking on my hair, and my crotch from the pounding he'd put me through. I remember a quiet part of my mind taking over, dutifully and gently reminding me to open the front door and let Lucky out as I'd planned to before... before "it" happened. I remember not wanting to think about what I'd just been through, what had been done to me. That part of my mind got me to prep the shower water, to let Lucky back in and lock him in his room, and then to take my shower.

I remember feeling the scratches on my skin, burning under the water's cascading warmth. I remember keeping my eyes closed and letting the tears flow, and sobbing as I tried to clean all trace of the dog from my body, inside and out. I was no virgin at the time, but nothing I'd experienced had felt as dirty and degrading as that. A dog had raped me. A dog!

A desperate anger grew in the middle of my humiliation and grief. I became furious at Lucky, and at Lisa, blaming her and the animal together for what had happened to me. I had had enough of Lucky in my life and in my house, and if Lisa was heartbroken to come home from her trip and find that Lucky was gone forever, it would serve her right.

I had dressed and had Lucky in my car and was 20 miles away before I realized what I was doing and came to my senses. Lisa was my friend, and although I didn't like her dog, I didn't want to see her hurt, especially hurt by something I did out of anger. I realized that I had been planning to drop Lucky off an hour away from our apartment in a rural part of the suburbs where he'd likely be picked up and dropped off at the pound, to be put to sleep before Lisa ever knew about it. Thinking of the lies I would have to tell and the destruction of my friendship with Lisa that would inevitably result, I pulled off the road and thought about what I was doing. Lucky sat in the back seat, his head up and tongue hanging out, gazing at me as if nothing had ever happened.

I realized I needed some time to collect myself and deal with the situation. Time away from Lucky. I drove back home and went inside the apartment, going to Lisa's room and taking her emergency cash card. She was pretty loaded, and I felt sure she'd understand me needing to board her dog in a costly kennel after what he'd done to me.

Twenty-five minutes later I pulled into the small parking lot of the Bright-Field Kennel and Grooming

Service. Hauling Lucky by the leash in through the double glass doors of the front entrance, I was greeted by a blond-haired woman in her late 30s whose muscular, tanned shoulders and winning smile directed at the dog convinced me she would know how to take care of him. Her name was April Field, and she was part-owner of the facility, assuring me that she had a love of animals and could tell that Lucky would not be a problem. When I addressed her as “Ms. Field,” she told me to please call her April, and she patted me lightly on the shoulder and offered to help me get through the red tape.

There was a good deal of paperwork to fill out, which required me to fudge some answers, but for the most part I was familiar enough with Lucky and Lisa that I was able to present good information about them that would not get me in trouble. I had to prepay for Lucky’s entire stay, and therefore had to commit myself to his length term of occupancy at the kennel. Knowing that Lisa was not due home for another 15 days, I settled on three days of dog-free recuperation in my apartment, acknowledged the free bathing and grooming Lucky would receive, signed the contracts and liability forms, paid the fees, and walked out. I looked back inside the glass doors only once as I was pulling out, and that was to see April Field ruffling up Lucky’s big head, face, and ears, silently cooing at him in a way that made me feel both guilty and hateful.

I set up a spur-of-the-moment check-up two days later with Dr. Lieber, my gynecologist—I had this underlying fear that Lucky’s violation had left me with some infection or interior wound that would ruin sex for life. But Dr. Lieber found nothing wrong other than minor irritation over soap content and counseling me to use a douche twice daily for the next week. When she gently directed questions at me about the nature of my visit while she was probing my vagina, I only told her that a recent event in my sex life prompted me to check and make sure things were “okay.” Feeling somewhat relieved, I returned home with one more day before Lucky was due to be picked up from the Bright-Field Kennel.

I was nervous. I was scared. Scared of Lucky. Scared of any dog that was big and mean enough to assault me as Lucky had. In my own mind, I had been a confident, innocent young woman a few days before, and now I was a traumatized victim.

But, while a relatively sleepless night passed, I realized that I hadn’t been all that innocent before Lucky had raped me. I had been with half-a-dozen guys before that, some of whom had been somewhat rough and aggressive with me, and I hadn’t minded it then. And, given what I knew of rape being as much about power as it was about sex, I realized that Lucky had only been acting on instinct—he wasn’t a human, and I couldn’t look at him as if he were a human. That made me feel a little better. Knowing that Lucky’s intent had only been to breed, rather than to hurt me, I realized I could forgive him for what he had put me through and put it behind me. Lucky hadn’t raped me, he had only bred me—it was both an odd and humiliating thing, but ridiculous enough for me to even chuckle a little bit about it as I deactivated the early morning alarm and finally drifted off to sleep.

Mid-afternoon of the next day saw me pulling back into the parking lot of the Bright-Field Kennel and Grooming Service, dressed and fairly confident again, and even a little eager to see the big brute who was too stupid to know the difference between a female dog and a woman. I had spent some more of Lisa’s cash card money to purchase some helps to use in dealing with Lucky for the next two weeks until she came home. I grabbed the bag that held those items and left the car.

I was at the double glass door before I saw the handwritten sign taped to the other side: “Unscheduled Vet Trip; Back at 2:30 pm.” I looked at my watch; it read 2:44 pm. “Damn!” I didn’t have anything pressing—I had already missed my morning class and had nothing else scheduled today until a study session later in the evening. But I wasn’t eager to be kept waiting, either. Then I checked the door and found it open, rolled my eyes and felt a little sheepish for my reaction, and

went inside.

The place was quiet, but the lights were on. The strong smell of dogs and dog shampoo was heavy in the air, but the front desk/countertop was un-manned. Near the only hallway leading from the lobby area were two chairs, and I shrugged and sat down in the closest one, placing my bag on the floor beside me. I found myself looking back at the sign taped to the door, now facing away from me. Something else was written there, but in pencil. Curious, I stood up and moved over to read it, and was surprised to find my own name on it.

The note read: "Attn. Stacy Whittier. Sorry I missed you—a patron of ours had a puppy emergency and I had to go, but I got Lucky all ready for pick-up. Call my cell at 314-159-2653. Thanks! -April" I was a little mystified that the woman had left the door unlocked, but I recognized that I hadn't had much to do with pet care anytime during my whole life, and April had seemed like a rather, open, trusting woman. And then there was the paranoia and fear I was feeling from the rape... from the "breeding" I had gone through a few days before.

Still, I found myself a little nervous to see and deal with Lucky on my own again. So, I drew my cell phone from my pocket and went to call the number. I remembered switching my phone off a day before my... my "breeding," and turning it on I found that I had two messages. The first was dated that morning and was from my study group, telling me that they had cancelled our study session for tonight. Oh, well, it looked like I'd be hitting the books alone after all.

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The next message was from a number that looked familiar, but I couldn't immediately place it until I selected "Listen to Message," whereupon I recognized it as the number April had left for me on the note! The message was sent to me at 1:57 pm—not even an hour before. My phone beeped to signal the beginning of the recording, and I heard April's deep, cheery voice smiling at me. "Hi, Stacy. This is April Field at the Bright-Field Kennel. Don't panic; there's nothing wrong with Lucky, here. He's been a very good boy, and I'm getting him ready for you to pick him up—he's having his free bath right now, and as soon as I get him dry I will put him in our pick-up run out back so you can get him without a key to the other dogs. My neighbor just called to say that her bitch is having puppies today, and I promised her I'd be there to help, so I'm going to run, but I'll put a sign for you on the front door and leave the back door open..." She broke off for a second, and her voice was replaced by a loud, static roaring that I recognized as the gurgling of water from a spray hose. Her next words sounded a bit distant and I couldn't understand them, but I could still hear the cheer in her voice. "...-mon, there, Lucky Boy, you're not finished yet! Oh, for goodne-..." More gurgling static followed. "Hey! You think you're funny, do y-..." Then I heard Lucky bark. It was loud and close enough to the phone to scramble the audio settings.

Slowly the audio returned to normal, and I could still hear the gurgle of spraying water in the background, but nothing else for eight or ten seconds. I thought the message recording had malfunctioned, but then I heard another shout recorded from somewhere away from the phone. "No, Lucky! Calm down!" The words suddenly filled me with dread, and I had to steady myself on the front door handle as I stood, riveted to the cell phone and staring at the beige tile floor of the lobby. "Lucky, let go!" I recognized April's deep voice, but the cheer in it was gone. "No!" April shouted, and a crash followed. "Oh my god! Tom! Tom, the dog is trying to-... -et him off!" Another crash was interrupted by a digital voice announcing: "End of Message."

I stood there, frozen, willing my phone to continue relaying the message to me for a few seconds before I realized that the time-limit had been reached and April's recording had been cut short. I was shaking! Suddenly the memory of being powerless and completely dominated by Lucky came to

my mind, bringing with it the paranoia, uncertainty, and fear.

Without thinking, I dialed April's cell number, not realizing I could have simply selected "Send" and my phone would have immediately returned the call for me. It was a mistake, and I swore at my fingers as they mis-dialed three times. Then I got it right and the phone worked to establish a connection. I held my breath and waited until I heard the ringing signal. It rang once, twice, three times, but no one answered. I gasped and tried again, redialing and placing the phone to my other ear. This time as my phone indicated a ringing signal, I heard a parallel chime somewhere nearby, faint and echoing through the lobby walls.

I let my phone keep trying, and slowly began moving through the lobby toward the sound, both hoping and fearing that what I was following was actually April's cell phone. I walked down the short hall to two doors at the end and listened. A high-pitched chirping noise drew me to the left door, and I selecting to end the call, I listened as the parallel ring also ceased.

I immediately knocked. "Hello? Is anyone there?" I tried the door and found it unlocked, so I pushed it open.

The room was about three times the size of the lobby, occupied by a central, steel-topped table that stood waist-high and was half-covered by a sheet of translucent plastic and a folded blanket of brown wool. Beyond the table the floor of the room sloped down to a central drain, and a hose lay haphazardly uncoiled there and spraying its jets of water through a shower nozzle pointed almost directly at the drain. The hose attached to a faucet on a low, aluminum sink against the wall. Below the sink was a large, clear plastic bottle of Sunnelather Pet Shampoo, tipped on its side with its lid sealed, its thick yellow contents casting the floor around it in a golden hue. Next to the sink was a thin counter and wall of shelves holding pet grooming tools and products, including an assortment of brushes, trimmers, shampoos and conditioners, hair dryers, nail clippers, and roughly-folded towels. Beyond the drain, sink, and shelves, an open doorway led to a room bathed in daylight from many windows.

Cautiously, I took a few steps forward, my phone held out before me like a flashlight or can of mace. "Hello?"

A low bark sounded like a lawnmower engine revving, and I took a step backward as Lucky came bounding around the open doorway toward me, slipping in the water spiraling around the drain, scrambling and regaining his footing. His red-gold eyes fixed on me, he stopped a meter away, next to the table, happily barking again and then turning to raise his lean snout in the air toward something that drew him toward the shelf of grooming supplies. "Lucky!" I said, somewhat relieved to see his familiar form, and yet also unnerved by his presence, especially with the strange and alarming message. "Lucky, what..."

I stopped as Lucky turned away from me, moving over toward the shelves and rising up on his hind legs to view the countertop. Presented in profile to me was Lucky's penis, swollen and rigid, pointing at a 45-degree angle down from his hind legs. It was a mixture of red-orange, pink, and pale in color, glistening with veins and slime or slobber. It was as long as my woman's size 8 foot, and its thickness varied from that of my big toe at either end to almost as big around as my wrist in the center. Before it merged with his furry underbelly between his legs, the organ was bloated into a knot as it had swallowed two golf balls that had lodged on either side. Behind the shield-like knot, the money purse of his scrotum crouched between his legs.

The site of his erect penis was jarring, and I stood transfixed and uncertain until Lucky dropped down from the counter and barked twice, quickly. I stepped back against the door that had shut

behind me, holding my phone out like a shield as Lucky came forward again, ragged breath rolling over his hanging tongue. Then he barked again, turned around, and bounded into the other room. After a few seconds, I followed him, my heart beating loudly in my ears. For some reason my scalp, pussy, and ass were aching and uncomfortable, and I felt a need to cover my crotch with my free hand as I entered the day-lit room beyond the open doorway.

I found April's phone lying on the beige tile floor right there, open and its screen black. The floor around it was a mess of splashed water and vanishing soap suds. Feet and other objects had moved through the liquid scattering it over most of the square room's floor. Carefully I knelt to retrieve the phone, and that's when I saw April Field's blond hair.

Seeing her lying there, I felt I was looking at myself after Lucky had "bred" me three days ago. April was lying halfway over the top of a large cage of plastic and wire on castors. Dressed in a torn, yellow sleeveless blouse, her chest was high-centered on the wire mesh of the cage's door, closed beneath her, with the cage upended on its rear so that I was looking at its wheeled foundation. April's tanned arms fell limply down over the plastic underbelly and wire-windowed side, and her head hung oddly over the corner, the blond hair draped down so that I couldn't see her face.

Bitter bile rose to my throat as I realized the woman was not moving, and I half-choked, half-shrieked.

I stumbled and nearly fainted when my half-scream caused April's figure to start, and she slowly turned her head and looked up at me. Her brow furrowed, and her eyes struggled to focus. "St-Stacy? You're here. Oh,... what... what happened?" She started to climb up and off the knee-high cage, and I noticed for the first time that her lower body was naked, exceptionally tan, and distressingly criss-crossed with angry red scratch marks on her hips and thighs. Then I was rushing over to help her.

"What happened?!" I blurted, steadying my feet with all the water on the floor. I helped her move off of the cage and sit down on the beige tile, her arms propping her up from behind. There was a red bump on her forehead, just above the hairline. Her tanned face was somewhat white. "Are you alright?" I knelt down next to her.

"I... I don't know," she said, carefully, bringing her hand to her forehead and wincing as she touched the bump. "I think so." I watched her carefully as her eyes darted from me to the room around us, taking in the site and the mess. Ultimately her gaze came back to me and down my crouching figure to her own legs, knees, thighs, and pelvis, all completely bare. I couldn't help but glance at her shaved pussy and the small blue tattoo of interwoven roses and thorns where her pubic hair had been removed. Her eyes blinked and stared back down at her exposed vagina again, then she blinked and looked up at me. "Why-...?" she started.

Lucky's bark sounded from around the far corner of the room, where a half-open door led into a white-walled hallway. Lisa's big menace of a dog abruptly came trotting into the room with April and myself, and finding us there together on the floor, pranced right up and stuck his nose first in my face, and then in the other woman's. I pulled away from him in alarm and disgust, and April tried to block him with a look of confused pain on her face. "Oh-..." she said, bringing her hand to her forehead again. "I remember."

"Get out of here, Lucky!" I shouted, backhanding him lightly across the chops. He evaded most of the blow and stepped away, dropping his nose to the ground and sniffing in a large semicircle around us, presenting me once again with a view of his now shrinking weapon of impalement. I could feel myself blushing and turned quickly back to April Field, who was also staring at Lucky's

penis. "What happened?"

April's eyes grew wide—she used very little eyeliner and mascara, having a natural beauty that not even freckles or middle age could apparently threaten. But gingerly slipping one hand down between her legs to her pussy, she suddenly seemed to grow both more pale and bright red at the same time. "My god, he did it!" she blurted, eyes closing. "That bastard did it!"

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Guessing what she was talking about, but not wanting it to be true, I kept my silence.

"I... there was something," she said, stuttering. "What time is it? The puppies-... I..."

"It's almost 3 pm," I said, holding up her phone to her. She took it like a starving prisoner grabbing a hearty meal.

"I called you!" she said. "I called you an hour ago..."

"I just got the message," I nodded, noting that Lucky was no sitting in the corner as if watching us was all he ever cared to do. "I... I had my phone switched off until I got here, and when I switched it on I got your message. It... it sounded like something happened."

April's gaze met mine and bored into me, both accusingly and fearful. Then they dropped back to her ink-decorated mons and she nodded. "It did," she said, her eyes climbing back up slowly past my shoulder to fix on Lucky. "He... that dog..."

"Did he rape you?" I asked, wincing.

She turned back to me. "Yes!" She paused to build the fire in her voice. "That bastard raped me right here in my own kennel!"

"I'm so sorry," I said, feeling somehow responsible. Feeling like I should have told her what Lucky had done to me, why I had put him here three days ago.

April went on as I was hardly there. "I've heard of it happening to some women, but I always assumed they were either making it up or trying to rationalize their own tendencies toward bestiality." She shook her head. "Serves me right for thinking that, and for wearing my bikini bottoms to bathe that sucker." She glanced over again at Lucky. "I should have left my jeans on."

"Do you want to put something on?" I asked.

"Yes, I should," April responded, bringing her knees up and allowing me to stand and brace her arms so she could climb to her feet. Once there, she was rather shaky for a moment, holding me while she steadied herself, and then she moved well enough on her own. "I think I took my jeans off in the grooming room," she says. "Although if Lucky got hold of them, they could be anywhere..."

We found her blue jeans and sandals tucked away behind the partly covered table in the first room I had entered. April looked around bleakly for panties or bikini bottom, but found nothing and so stepped into her jeans and drew them on, commando-style. I watched her rose tattoo vanish beneath the denim and copper rivets.

"A-April," I said then, standing in the room next to her. Her eyes rose from her own figure and met mine. "Can you tell me what happened?"

She was silent a moment, alternating between seeing me and the events of the past hour. Then she nodded. "We might have to have that dog put down, so I'll tell you what I can remember." Leaning back so that her denim-clad bottom rested on the edge of the table, April motioned at a stool in the corner. "Sit down, if you would like."

I nodded, drawing the stool up and sitting across the room from her. April had turned the water off when she had stepped into the grooming room, but the hose was still lying haphazardly like the coils of an electrocuted snake. I nudged a coil out of the way and settled on the stool.

"Some dogs seem friendly at first," she said, "but it's a trick of certain temperaments. What they really are is interested, or even horny, but we perceive them as friendly." The blonde gestured to the other room, where lucky sat licking his crotch and front paws. "The big ones like Lucky are real trouble if they come that way. I've handled enough of them, though, that I thought I could tell the difference, but this dog of yours fooled me completely.

"I should have picked up on it two days ago," she continued, "when he burst out of his day-run and barreled after Daisy, the Cocker Spaniel we were keeping until late yesterday. She was in heat three days ago, and the scent was still on her until we took her to the grooming room to bathe. Lucky went ballistic. It took Tom pulling Daisy away, and my pulling Lucky away, to get your fella' there back into his own run." She shook her head.

I could only nod. I had experienced Lucky's bull-headed, stubborn strength myself, and I was afraid too much of my own ordeal was written on my face. But April continued on, apparently without noticing.

"Yesterday was pretty quiet," she said, "and today in the yard Lucky did a little running around and then simply lay down and slept. We are expecting six pick-ups tonight, and Lucky was only the second, so I stripped out of my jeans and into my bikini bottoms to do the washing. Tom—my partner, Tom Brightley—took the trio of cats into the dark room because they were mewling loudly enough it was spooking the dogs." Her eyes absently slid past me to the wall. "I'm not a cat person, really, and Tom knows that, but I wonder if sometimes he just isn't comfortable around me when I'm doing the bathing in my skimpies."

I waited as she considered it, which she did for perhaps a minute until Lucky gave a light "hoof!" as if to remind her that I was waiting. "I'm sorry," she blurted, her hand going down to rub gingerly at her crotch again. "I think it's that shampoo," she said, gesturing toward the Sunnelather Pet Shampoo container still lying on the floor. "The fine print on it says that its scent soothes nine-out-of-ten aggravated domestic breeds, particularly purebreds, but that mutts can sometimes have a more pronounced reaction to it, including an increase of sexual aggression." She snorted in mockery and disgust. "I should have known better than to use that on the Border Collie I washed before Lucky.

"From the moment I got him in here, that dog of yours was anxious and jittery, jumping at the water, at my petting him, at my voice. I washed him anyway, and I'll get that scent was pushing him over the top. Of course, not realizing what I was doing, I only lathered him up more, hoping to calm him down. I used every trick in the book, and had him calmed down a bit, but when my phone rang, and I found out Genie's puppies were on their way, I realized I had to cut things short." She looked at her phone, clutched loosely in her palm. "The puppies are born or dead now, and there's nothing I can do about it."

"So, what happened?" I prompted.



April snorted again. "That's when I wrote that note and called you. I was talking to you when I started rinsing the shampoo out of his fur, and Lucky went berserk. He was snorting, running around, and getting tangled up in the hose. I had taken his collar off of him for the bath, and I tried bodily keeping him in here to get him rinsed, and he just took off, hauling me across the floor with him into the other room. I think I slipped on the suds under my feet, and we kind of sprawled into the cages against the wall. One of them must have fallen and hit my head. I kind of remember climbing up on one of them to get off the wet floor, and I could feel Lucky's nose and tongue licking all over the skin of my legs and thighs. I... I blacked out, I guess."

"Is... is that all? Maybe he didn't... do..."

"No, I woke up," April said, her eyes fixing back on mine. "I woke up on that cage, feeling like I couldn't breathe—I was suffocating, being crushed beneath something, and squeezed, too, around the waist. There was hot breath in my ear, and fur brushing my ass. I... it..." she pursed her lips and blinked embarrassment from her rolling eyes. "I think I hallucinated about sex, or dreamed it, but I felt it when he penetrated me. And I know the feeling of 'recent sex' well enough to know I'm there now. Plus, in my hallucination, I ended up being perched on a big, hot-air balloon that continued to inflate and rise beneath me, until somewhere in there things shifted and it felt like the thing was inside me, still growing. Being as familiar as I am with a dog's knot, that's too much to be coincidence, I think."

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She stopped, looking over at lucky and then back at me. "So, the question we have to ask here is: What now?"

"What do you mean?" I asked timidly.

"Your dog has assaulted a human being. A sexual assault is not the same thing as a mauling," April said. "But it's still serious. And I have to report it, since it could affect the other pets we've had here while Lucky has stayed."

"Report it to whom?"

"Animal Control," she responded. "Honestly, I hate to think of how they're going to look at me when I show up with this story—probably the same way I looked at the other women who've made those claims..."

"What will they do? Animal Control, I mean?"

April raised her shoulders in a half-shrug. "Well, it's an unusual dog who gets a taste for breeding with humans," she said somewhat wryly. "Those that attack humans with warrant are put down enough that those who do it without are put to sleep for sure. But that's for physical assault, mauling, and the like." She looked down at herself, seeing in her mind's eye, the scratches on her legs and hips. "It looks like Lucky's only intent was to mate with me, not to hurt or maim me. He scratched me up good, but that's all. Honestly, I don't know what they'll do when I report it."

"They... they can't kill him," I blurted, feeling the blood rush to my face.

April smiled sympathetically. "Believe me, I know what how you feel. But the law in a case like this treats a dog as an independent agent, rather than as your possession, and as such he can be sentenced to be put down independent of what his owner wants."

"I... I'm not his owner," I said quietly.

April frowned. "What?"

I paused, unable to meet her gaze and looking instead at Lucky. "He's not my dog," I said finally. "He's my roommate. He's Lisa's dog. She's my roommate, and I'm watching him while she's away for a couple of weeks."

April angled her head downward to draw my gaze back to her. "So, you falsified your paperwork?" Her eyebrows rose menacingly.

"Yes," I nodded. Then it all started to bubble up from within me, and I found I couldn't hold it back. "But I had to get him out of my apartment because he... raped... he 'bred' me, too! Three nights ago he cornered me in my own house—the apartment I share with Lisa—wrestled me onto the ground and held me there on all fours, standing over me and not letting me up!" I could feel tears in the corners of my eyes as I continued. "I tried to get away from him, but he bit my hair and tugged me backwards, and then pinned me against my own bed! I couldn't get away, and the next thing I knew, he was... inside me, and the knot was forming on his penis, and it got stuck..."

April's eyes had gone from wary to utter shock and amazement while I spoke. And now her jaw dropped. "He knotted you? Knotted you while you were trying to get away from him?" Seeing the affirmation on my face, she drew back in disbelief. "Pardon me, Stacy, but I find that hard to believe. Surely you could have simply dropped your pelvis down too low for him to find his target! The human pelvis, legs, and thighs are capable of a much wider range of movement than a dog's—that's why we have several sexual positions and they have only 'doggystyle.' You can't expect me to believe that."

I nodded emphatically, brushing tears from my eyes and growing defiant and angry. "I swear to you that that is exactly what happened! Lucky raped me! And after I saw my gynecologist yesterday and thought things through, I realized that he didn't mean it as a rape, but was just doing what his instincts say to do, so I didn't need to blame him like I would another person."

April's eyes narrowed, and she pursed her lips in thought for a moment. "Look, Stacy, I'll be honest with you. If Lucky did really force you like you say, then he's a dangerous animal. If he did the same thing to me while I was out cold, then he's more than just dangerous, he's psychotic, from a dog's perspective. Mating behaviors in dogs are instinctual, yes, but they are brought on by certain cues in sight, scent, touch, positioning, taste. Very little of what you present in those areas to Lucky are enough to cause his instinctive mating drive to turn on at you, let alone drive him to follow through with a full coupling. But what you're suggesting, that Lucky forced you to accept a mating with him, is just beyond consideration, since it requires that he be trained to ignore his canine instincts and instead react to the cues that a human female would provide."

"It happened!" I shouted. "I don't care what you say! I'm sorry for what happened to you, but I wasn't hit on the head and blacking out when it happened to me. I was awake and fighting him the whole way, and he forced himself on me! All I did was play with the dog of a friend of mine, and the dog as in heat. I went home to get cleaned up and Lucky attacked me." I stood and moved toward Lucky, intending to collect him and get the hell out of there.

But April moved to stand in front of me. "Hold on," she said, raising a hand in my path. "If what you say is true, then this dog is a danger to anyone around him and he'll have to be reported for sure." She lowered her hand, pulling my eyes back to hers. Even without her sandals, she was a couple inches taller than I was. "But if I'm going to report it, I need to know exactly what I'm reporting, and

I will need some proof so that I don't get made a laughingstock."

"What do you mean, 'proof'?" I asked.

She smiled. "If Lucky did to you what you said, and he did what I think he did to me, then it stands to reason that he'd do it again, provided we could find the right cues."

I glared at her incredulously. "What you want him to rape... to breed someone else?!"

April's smile grew even more broad. "No," she shook her head. "You and I would both be sentenced for forcible sexual assault if we arranged to put Lucky up against another woman in the role of 'victim.'"

I rolled my eyes and turned back toward the troublesome dog, now panting in the afternoon daylight. "What then?"

She touched my shoulder. "We'll take that part ourselves. You and I. Here, tonight. And we'll videotape the whole thing. And if what you're suggesting does happen, I'll even reconsider reporting him to Animal Control."

The floor suddenly seemed to sway beneath my feet as April's words sunk in. Across the room, Lucky closed his mouth and looked at me—at us—with his red-golden eyes.

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Chapter Three

I wasn't ready for what happened that night.

Neither was April Field.

At April's suggestion, I left Lucky with her at the Bright-Field Kennel, and went home to run errands and get myself prepared. Once I got home, however, I recognized that other than a little homework and the study session that was canceled, I had nothing to do. And worse, I had no idea how to get "prepared" for the experiment with Lucky.

I'm embarrassed about how long it took me to think of calling Lisa. But after trying to complete my assigned school work for a couple of hours and busily fussing over cleaning the apartment, making a shopping list, and nothing whatsoever, the thought occurred to me and I immediately called her at close to my dinner time. With the time difference, that made it two hours past dinner for her.

Lisa answered the call with her usual, cheery "Hello!" and must have recognized my ID on her phone because she followed up immediately with "How's that big brute of a dog of mine?" It took me so by surprise I was frozen with guilt and shame for a moment, stuttering to respond.

Ultimately I squeaked out that Lucky was fine, though he missed her something fierce and was humping everything like mad, including me, and it was getting kind of out of hand.

Lisa was silent a moment, and it put me on edge before she asked, "Like, how out of hand?"

I didn't know what to say. For some reason, I couldn't blurt out, "Your damn dog bred me, Lisa. He trapped me against my bed, pulled my hair, and raped me!" Instead, I simply raised my voice with earnest and said, "Believe me, it's out of hand."

Lisa was quiet again, and it made me really nervous. I was starting to feel like calling her was a bad idea. Then I realized that I hadn't done anything wrong! The dog had taken me against my will, and I had been dealing with it for three days, and I suddenly felt angry again.

"He has a tendency to do that," Lisa said, carefully but calmly, as if she was measuring her words. I'd known her long enough to tell when she was being cautious in what she shared. "It's worse when he can sense a dog in heat somewhere nearby, maybe in our neighborhood there. He just needs to get laid, you know, ha ha."

I wasn't laughing. "Listen, Lisa. I was trying to take a shower, and Lucky was sniffing me all over and even trying to hump me, and it was scaring me! I'm taking care of him, but it's scaring me, and I don't like it."

Strangely enough, Lisa's voice sounded relieved. "Oh, I know! He does that to me all the time. He's a monster, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is a monster," I agreed, thinking about how I had found April Field in the kennel that afternoon.

Lisa laughed, sounding almost devilishly amused. "Okay, Stacy, let me tell you something about Lucky. When I told you I found him four years ago, that wasn't true." She paused, as if wondering about what she was telling me. "That wasn't what happened."

"It wasn't?"

"No," Lisa said. "Actually, he belonged to a friend of my older sister, Maddie. The friend, Nakia, was someone Maddie met at college who suddenly needed to either get rid of Lucky or have him killed. Maddie brought him home and asked us to watch him for a while, and Nakia never asked to pick him up. That was three years ago, actually, and I heard from Maddie not long after that that Nakia's visa had expired and she was going back home to Europe—France, Italy, Amsterdam, I can't remember which. Maybe Russia.

"So, Lucky was ours, and I decided to keep him. By then we'd already come up against Lucky's stubborn humping urge. He'd gotten several dogs in our neighborhood pregnant, and some of the owners weren't happy about it. So, we kept him inside, and that's when it happened."

"What?" I asked, breathless and knowing what she was going to say. "What happened?"

"Well..." She broke off for a moment as if checking her surroundings before going on. "I don't want to scare you, and I'm sure everything will be okay between you and Lucky, okay, so don't panic."

"What!? You say, 'Don't panic,' and then expect me not to be worried?"

Lisa laughed uncomfortably and said, "No, that's not what I meant. It's just that one night when we were keeping Lucky in our house and Maddie was home with him and kind of drunk, he got in a mating urge and she got kind of careless, and-..."

"He raped her? Lucky raped your sister?!"

"No! No! It wasn't rape!" Lisa corrected me, eagerly. "An animal can't 'rape' a person, Stacy! Think about it!"

I wanted to tell her that, Oh, I'd thought about it, but I kept quiet and listened instead as Lisa

continued to rattle through her increasingly desperate explanation.

“Maddie didn’t know what she was doing,” she went on, “and she was fingering herself in her room at home when she had had too much to drink. She claims she had her panties on when Lucky went into her room and came up and started licking her pussy. She said she even came there on his tongue. Even with her panties on.” Lisa chuckled at that, and the sound was a bit disconcerting. “So, she claimed that she tried to get up off her bed and didn’t quite make it because she was more drunk than she thought, and so she fell down. That’s when, according to her, my dog jumped up on her back, grabbed her around the waist, and started humping her. She thought it was funny and didn’t fight it, and so it was an accident that Lucky actually got his cock inside her and started pounding her.

“Not long after, when I came looking for Lucky and found her, Lucky was locked into her, his penis knotted up inside her vagina and stuck. She was pretty much passed out, and he was just half-standing there, looking around like he didn’t know what was going on.”

Something nagged at me. “What about her panties?” I asked.

“Huh?” Lisa blurted, taken aback.

“Your sister’s panties—how did Lucky breed her if her panties were on, like she said?”

“Hmmm, that’s a good question,” Lisa answered, sounding very uncertain. “I’m sure that she must have taken them off while he was tonguing her, and she just can’t remember because of the liquor.”

She really sounded unconvinced, and shifty now, like she was making things up. “Lisa,” I said warily, “come on. I’m taking care of this monster mutt here for another couple of weeks, and if there’s a potential problem, I should know about it, don’t you think?”

Lisa was silent a moment. “Yeah,” she said at last. “Yes, you probably should.” She sighed. “Okay, Stacy, then I’ll tell you a couple of things I’ve learned about Lucky. First, I don’t think his real name is Lucky—I think it’s ‘Lucifer.’ That’s what I heard Nakia call him the first time I met her, and I remember that she corrected herself and called him ‘Lucky,’ instead.”

“What,” I interrupted, “you mean, like, ‘Lucifer’ the Devil?”

Lisa laughed. “Well May-Be! But, no. I think Nakia brought Lucifer here from her own country, and I... I... well, let’s just say that bestiality is not illegal everywhere.”

“You think Nakia was having sex with Lucky?”

“Yes, I do,” Lisa said. “But I think she even had him trained to have sex with a woman. She might even have trained him herself.”

Images filled my head—images of dogs and women together, bodies entwined and humping and spurting fluids all over the place. “You think Nakia trained her dog to fuck her?”

“According to Maddie,” Lisa said, “it would fit Nakia. She was pretty liberal and wild when it came to sex. ‘Unorthodox’ is the word Maddie used when she was sober, I think.”

I was a bit bewildered. There was a story here deeper than an over-sexual dog mistaking a human

woman for a female dog in heat. I realized that Lucky—Lucifer, actually—was probably more dangerous than I'd thought... than Lisa thought, too.

"Lisa," I said, growing angry again, "I can't believe you didn't te..."

"I know," Lisa interrupted. "It was pretty shitty of me to not warn you about him, especially when I left him there with you. But he's been so good for so long, I didn't think there would be a problem, nor would there be a reason to get you scared by warning you. So, now that you are worried, let me tell you something that Maddie told me about Lucky—something that can help you with him if he starts to cause trouble."

"What do you mean, 'trouble'?" I asked, frowning.

"I mean that if Lucky gets too frisky with you, you can use this little trick to keep him off of you."

I pursed my lips, holding back the sneering, vicious words I had on my tongue to tell Lisa that such a trick would have been more useful three days ago. Instead, I said simply, "Tell me."

"Well," she said, "according to Maddie, Nakia said that Lucky only takes to women with a certain scent, or those he has... fucked before. So, unless you fall in one of those categories, you should be okay."

I held back my response yet again. I didn't feel like here, over the phone, was the place to tell Lisa about how Lucky had "categorized" me three days ago. Instead, I just listened, probing Lisa onward with my disgruntled silence.

It worked. "And, if he does start humping you and you want him to quit, Nakia apparently had some commands trained into him to manage his mating behavior, though she said that Lucky's training wasn't complete and so using them might make for more trouble."

"What commands?" I asked.

"Well, there's 'snahvitch,'" she said, uttering a word I didn't recognize at all and told her so. "I don't know what language it is," she said, shrugging through the phone. "I don't even know how to spell it, or what it means, though I've tried looking at an online translator service a few times. Another is 'cattoowhy,' which Maddie said has something to do with how he relates to and treats other dogs. And, finally, there's 'yevmialo,' which is supposed to get him to stop humping."

"They sound kinda' Russian," I said.

"I know," Lisa said, "but they're not. I asked Alexei and he said they're not. Just gibberish."

"So, basically, without knowing what they mean, using them is not such a good idea, is it?" Lisa sighed. "No, I guess not. Sorry."

We were silent for a few seconds, and then I decided I needed to flat out ask her. "Lisa, which category do you fit in with Lucky?"

I heard a muffled curse. "I'll tell you about it when I get back," she said abruptly. "For now, just promise me, Stacy, that you will take care of my dog, and if you need to, just keep him in his room and let him out to relieve himself a couple of times each day."

I found a bit of resentment for Lisa smoldering inside me. I found I didn't respect her like I used to,

and I was wishing that Lucky would shame her the way he had me. “Okay, Lisa,” I said evenly. “I will.”

“Thanks, Stacy! You’re the best. I’ve gotta’ go now, but I hope your test went well, and good luck.”

“Bye, Lisa,” I said, and we hung up.

I sat and pondered for a while, considering what Lisa had said—and NOT said to me. Then I had an idea, and I went and opened my laptop, logging in on a search engine and typing “dogs trained to rape women” and submitting the search request. There were a lot of bestiality porn sites that popped up in the results, but sifting through them, I found a couple of old e-news articles about some eastern European sex-club that had been closed down after they had trained guard dogs to strip, dominate, and rape people. One of the articles said that humanitarian services and animal-rights activists had stepped in and taken possession of the trained animals to try and rehabilitate them safely, but not all of the animals had been accounted for.

If I had read that article four days earlier, I would have laughed at it as some kind of porn-fantasy. Now, however, I didn’t doubt that there was some truth to it. Whether or not Lucky was one of the trained dogs the article said were missing, I felt certain he had been trained to perform just like them.

What had I gotten myself into?

I sat there for another hour, surfing for more information and considering my situation and what all of this meant for me. And for my evening. Some questions grew in my mind, and I realized that if I didn’t answer those questions, no one could say what would happen that night with April Field.

Glancing at the clock, I saw that I had only about an hour remained before the Kennel was scheduled to close, and an hour after that I was due back with April and Lucky. No, with April and... Lucifer.

On a hunch, I typed in one more search with the terms “Lucifer” and “trained dog” and scanned through the results. Many of the same sites I’d seen before came up, but one different one caught my eye. On some bot-translated sex forum originally in a foreign language, someone had left a comment saying that they had owned a dog trained to mate with them when ordered, and that the orders were actually phrases in a foreign language. The commenter didn’t say what the phrases or the language were, but I was able to guess that he was male. Further, though the online translator was pretty vague about it, it seemed that the dog would even take a guy if given the order or the scent was right, force-fucking him in the ass. That I found hard to believe, but at this point, I realized I couldn’t really doubt it, given what I’d seen and experienced so far.

I suddenly felt very dirty again, and I decided to go take a shower. As I cleaned myself underneath the warm water, I went over what had occurred between Lucky and myself, considering it in light of this new information I’d found. Thinking about what Lisa had told me—the strange words that seemed like gibberish—it occurred to me that they could actually be English words, but spoken by a foreigner with a heavy accent. I struggled coming up with the words again, bringing only “cattoowhy” back to mind. Remembering what I had cried and yelled at Lucky when he was trying to breed me, I wondered aloud, “What if ‘cattoowhy’ is actually ‘get away!’?” And I recalled that when I had said that, Lucky was actually standing over me, keeping me in place.

Suddenly I was certain that I had pieced it together. I knew what prompts would get Lucky to act sexually aggressive and dominant, and that was something. Admittedly, I was curious about it, studying Psychology myself, but I was also dreading the evening. Who knew what would happen?

I put the question out of my head and finished my shower, got dressed in bra, panties, jeans, sweater, socks and shoes. Then I made myself up in a rather unattractive ponytail and a minimum of cosmetics and perfume. Grabbing my jacket, purse, keys, and cell phone, I headed out the door.

The sun was just going down when I arrived at the Bright-Field Kennel, parked my car, and went to the front door. It was open, and the note was gone, but the interior lights were mostly off. I stopped inside the lobby and asked aloud, "Hello?"

"I'm back here!" April's voice sounded from down the hall. "Bolt the door and come on back."

I turned and found the bolt knob and set it, then walked nervously down the hallway to where artificial light streamed out from the open door to the Grooming Room. I walked in and found April sitting on one of the stools with a clipboard on her lap. She was writing with a pen and didn't look up, but I could see that she had cleaned herself up considerably and re-done her hair since the afternoon's ordeal. She was wearing a loose-fitting violet blouse, top three buttons open so I could see down into her tanned chest to the pale mound of her breast and the black lace of her bra. A tight, black pencil skirt hit her mid-thigh, and her well-muscled legs crossed so that one of her sandaled feet bounced above the other one.

Lucky was chained on a lead to the faucet on the sink—the lead gave him the run of the entire room. The steel-topped table was covered in three layers of blankets. A tripod was set up on the counter with a digital camera atop it, aiming at the table from the far end. The Sunnelather Pet Shampoo container was also on the counter, together with several jars and small, white plastic bottles.

"Hi, Stacy," April said lightly to me, looking up and smiling. She gestured to the table. "How was your afternoon?"

"Fine," I said uncertainly. "And you? You look better. Are you okay?"

She nodded, continuing to smile. "Oh yes, much better. Here," she handed the clipboard to me. "This is a report to Animal Control. I want you to read it so you know where I'm going with this before we start."

"That sounds... very serious," I said, worried.

"Oh, it is serious," she said. "I went to the Dog Pound today and talked with the people I know there they've actually had a number of cases recently where a dog like Lucky has raped a woman. They even had two animals on location that matched the description of the animals in question."

"Really?" I was surprised, and I knew my ignorance was written on my face when April smiled a bit condescendingly to me.

"I actually convinced my friends there to let me bring them back here to have Tom look at them," she said. "They were overloaded enough that they agreed just for the space." She turned back to look at Lucky. "And because they don't believe a word of the claims."

"Why not?" I asked, turning my eyes down to the forms on the clipboard.

"Because," she answered, "they're quite used to people claiming an animal is a hazard just to bring the law in and deal with what, to them, is only an annoyance. Lots of folks would just as soon have the law come in and clean up what they don't want to feel guilty about. 'Out of sight, out of mind,'

and all that bullshit. They don't consider that they're throwing away lives just as precious as their own."

"And the other two dogs are here?" I asked, feeling even more uneasy. "Now?"

She nodded. "They're locked up in the dark room for now. One's a German Shepherd and the other is a smaller, more mutty version of Lucky here, probably with some husky thrown in."

I nodded, trying to envision the two animals in my mind, while my eyes scanned the clipboard she'd given me. The forms had a full description of Lucky, a paraphrasing of my own experience with date and time left blank, and a fully detailed account of what Lucky had done to April. The accusations were thorough, clear, and condemning. Printed photos of the entire "crime scene" were attached to the rear of the form, along with a series of photos of Lucky.

"I'll make this clear," April said as my eyes neared the end of the documents, "Lucky's had it. When I talked to my friends at the Pound, they said that if there was solid evidence to pinpoint Lucky in a sexual assault situation, he'd be put down for sure. That form you're holding is plenty solid."

"Did you tell them?" I asked.

"No," April said. "I only told them that I'd had one of my patrons ask Tom and me about it out of concern for their own pet who was in heat. They shared what they knew and let me take the two 'suspects,' but I didn't mention Lucky to them, and I won't..."

She paused until I looked up at her.

"I won't, provided he does it again, and you show me how he does it."

I took a step back. "What do you mean, 'I show you'?"

She held my gaze, stood up and walked behind me, shutting the door to the Grooming Room. Then she came up and stood behind me, making my skin crawl. "Here's what I mean, Stacy. You're going to strip down to your underwear only, and you're going to bend over that table right there, presenting yourself to Lucky as a bitch in heat. I'm going to watch and film what he does, and if nothing happens, we're going to try to coax him to do it, using that horrible shampoo, and a bunch of other scents and pheromones we keep h..."

"Me?!" I blurted, stepping away from her. "Like hell!"

"Oh no?" April said, continuing to flash her smile at me. She was incredibly beautiful and compellingly charismatic. As she spoke, I could feel doubt weighing down the defiance in my mind. "Lucky's your dog, or your roommate's. If you don't want him put down, you'll do it. All I have to go on that he bred you is your word, while we both know what I've gone through here today with him."

"I don't care what he did to you, I'm not letting him rape me again," I said, squaring my shoulders.

"Well, then maybe you want to look at this other form here that I've filled out," the blonde said, reaching to the counter and handing me another paper. I found myself looking at a photocopy of a signed affidavit, claiming that I had knowingly placed a dangerous animal in her custody without warning or protection, and that the animal sexually assaulted her as a result. "I don't know how far it would go," she said quietly, "but I think it would get real ugly real fast."

"Why are you doing this?" I asked, horrified by the thought that I was actually being blackmailed.

“Well, actually because this isn’t the first time I’ve been approached with this kind of situation. We’ve actually had a few patrons who have subtly let on that they were curious about finding an animal that could be trained somewhat like Lucky has been.”

“You mean you know people who want to get raped by their dog?”

“Yes, to put it bluntly,” she said. “I’ll spare you the explanation, but just so you know that there are people who are interested in it—very interested, actually. And not only would they give Lucky a good home, they’d probably pay a great deal of money if he could do what you claim he did to you.”

“And to you,” I said, handing the paper back to her—it wasn’t the original, so tearing it up wouldn’t have made a difference. “I don’t see why it has to be me. Why can’t I sit behind the camera?”

“Because if I’m going to use this as evidence for my patrons, it’s going to have to be convincing. I’m going to show them exactly what they want to know in order to buy it. That’s why I need to run the camera, and you need to strip and bend over that table.”

I didn’t move for half a minute, my mind scrambling to come to terms with what April was proposing... no, what she was demanding of me. “I promise, Stacy, I won’t let him hurt you.”

“What about that knot on his penis?” I said, eyes narrowing. “That thing hurt like hell, going in, and I couldn’t get it out of me when he was done.”

April nodded, patting me on the shoulder—her touch made me cringe. “We’ll be careful and not let him tie this time.”

I felt lost, dreading what was happening around me, and to me, but feeling powerless to change it. The image of Lisa’s smiling face appeared in my head, and I blurted “Fuck you, bitch!” under my breath.

April heard it and shook her head. “Now, now. If he’s as trained and aggressive as you say, it’ll be over and done very quickly. C’mon,” she gestured back to the table.

I gave in. I was scared to death, but I decided to go through with it, but after that I would leave Lucky and to hell with Lisa herself. I pulled away from April and began unzipping my jeans, not looking in her direction.

“Good,” she said quietly. She went over to the counter and began working with the jars, her back to me, and I found myself reminded of my visit to Dr. Leiber’s office of the day before. Lucky sat on his haunches in the corner, watching both of us and sniffing the air, very interested. His big head darted back and forth and up and down rather bird-like.

The room was cool on the skin of my bare legs as I slid my pants downward, kicking my shoes off. “You might want to leave your socks on,” April said, not looking in my direction. These floors are not heated, and they’re quite acceptable to the padded feet of a dog, but to you, they’ll be pretty cold.” I left my socks on and stripped the jeans off, folding them and placing them on the blanketed table.

April turned around and I was suddenly conscious of my choice of panties, which were thick and cotton and covered in pink polka-dots. She glanced at them and smiled, somewhat mockingly. “Do I need to take these off, too?” I asked.

"Not yet," she answered. "Not at first. And you can leave your sweater on, too." So, I stood there and glared at her, and then at Lucky. I was about to be sexually used, and I hated the idea and the feeling of it. At least the first time I had not known what Lucky intended to do to me until he was right there, forcing himself on me. This time I was standing there contemplating it for a while before he even got to it.

"What are you going to do with the other two dogs?" I asked, clutching myself round the middle with my arms and fixing her with a steady glare. "I don't want to have anything to do with them."

"Of course you don't. And don't worry, Stacy. I'm not going to do anything with them tonight. I need to get to know the animals before I'd try anything like this."

"After tonight," I said, looking from her to Lucky and back, "I don't care if I ever see that dog again, or any other one for that matter."

"I understand," she nodded, motioning toward the table. "These dogs are actually very calm, though. I don't think they are anything like Lucky is, or capable of anything like that."

"That's what I thought about Lucky a few days ago," I said. "What do you want me to do?"

"First," she said, "I want to see what happens when Lucky senses bitch pheromones on you. Isn't that what you said set it off with you, just like it did with me?"

"I think so," I said. "I met a friend of mine that day walking his dog, and the dog was in heat, and I played with her quite a bit." I felt kind of sick just thinking about it now. If I'd only known what I was getting myself into.

April nodded. "That's what I thought." She paused, looking at the countertop. "Come to think of it, I'd like to know what the other two 'suspects' think of these scents I'm going to try on you."

I shook my head emphatically. "You're not letting them out," I said. "I don't care what your paper says, you don't get them out of their pens for anything."

"Of course not," she said. "I'm eccentric, and unethical," she winked at me, "but I'm not stupid. Tell you what. You stay here and keep Lucky company, warm him up and get used to him for a minute while I go see how they react to this scent." She picked up two small jars in one hand and patted Lucky on the head with the other as she walked out of the room.

I considered throwing my pants and shoes back on, grabbing Lucky, and bolting right there. In hindsight, that's exactly what I should have done. April was gone for only a couple of minutes when Lucky raised his nose and started sniffing the air with a great deal of interest. He stood up and pulled to the end of his lead, heading into the other room. "What is it, Lucky?" I asked him, thinking that I knew what it was that he was smelling, but amazed that he could pick it up this far away. I rolled my eyes. "Or should I say, 'What is it, Lucifer?'"

Lucky actually turned and looked at me intently, his tongue withdrawing and his mouth closing. Then he gave a deep whine and pulled as far as his leash allowed, his feet almost windmilling on the floor beneath him. He was growing very agitated, and it unnerved me a little more than I already was.

That's when I noticed how his leash was attached to the faucet of the sink—it was a simple wrist strap that April had looped over the upward-curving tap. The wrist-strap caught my eye now because as I watched, Lucky rose up on his hind legs, pulling powerfully at the collar and lead and causing

the loop of leather to slide upwards on the faucet's length. I realized the danger too late, seeing the wrist strap reach the apex of the curving faucet and then descend down the other, nozzle end as Lucky dropped back down to all fours. "Wait!" I blurted, but it was too late, and the wrist strap fell off of the faucet and Lucky was free.

The red-black dog shot out of the room like a rocket, his nails tapping on the tile floor like a snare drum roll as he scrambled across the room of rolling cages toward the far open doorway. "April!" I shouted as Lucky disappeared, and I padded in my stocking feet into the other room in time to hear a loud crash, and April's voice crying out in dismay. Suddenly there arose a choir of howling and barking—several dogs baying and yapping excitedly, and I could tell one of them was Lucky. Amidst the racket, I heard April shouting down at them, "Get down!" and "Back in your pen!" and "Leave me alone, Lucky!" and then, "Stacy, get in here!"

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## Chapter Four

I scrambled through the far doorway and around the corner into what April had dubbed the "Dark Pens." My stocking feet slid across the floor without a lot of purchase. The room was like a large, walk-in closet with two rows of four wire pens against one wall, a lower row of cages that were the height of my breasts when I'm standing straight, and an upper row of smaller ones about half as tall. The cages were each wrapped in a fitted sleeve of black canvas, with a door flap over the front of each pen where the cages had wire-gates.

I saw Lucky standing at the far end of the aisle, staring at me with his bright gray eyes and wagging his tail, but something was wrong with him. Confused, I found I could see no sign of April other than a fallen jar on the floor in front of one of the canvas-shrouded pens. Then I heard April's voice in a barely-muffled shriek, "Lucky, let go of me!" and I realized my mistake.

The dog I was looking at was not Lucky. And as the animal ducked his head to sniff passionately at the spilled vial of bitch pheromones, I quickly noticed the differences: gray eyes instead of Lucky's red-golden ones, a long, curving tail instead of Lucky's stubby one, and yellow-white patches of fur behind his ears. Seeing those gray eyes darting between the interesting scent at his feet and the covered cage next to him, I was relieved.

But, in the next instant, I realized that I was only relieved that the dog was not Lucky, which meant I knew nothing about him, including what to expect from him if he decided to treat me like a potential mate.

I didn't have time to contemplate it further, though. April Field was nowhere to be seen, nor was Lucky, though I could hear her voice as she swore, and the rattling of the lower row of cages suggested she was in one of those. A quick survey of the latches revealed that the flap of canvas over the far cage door—the one next to the not-Lucky dog—was being lightly patted outward from within in tempo with the cage rattling and swearing. I started forward, but the dog's gray eyes fixed on me and stopped me as short as my slippery stockings would allow.

"April?" I called, hesitating but desperate.

"Goddammit, I'm in the last cage!" she hollered back. "This damn dog of yours pushed me in here and he's got me trapped!" I felt a chill race up my spine at the words, and as I tried to respond and move to help, the unfamiliar dog's eyes caught me again and froze that chill right at the base of my skull.

“Uhhh, there’s another dog here,” I called out. “He’s standing in front of the cage, looking at me.”

“The one in here is doing a lot more than looking at me!” she snapped back, finishing up with a growl of rage and effort that trailed off in the static hiss of ripping fabric. “For gods sakes, hurry and open this door, Stacy!”

I was petrified, but the sounds of April’s struggle with Lucky spurred me forward a step at a time down the length of the aisle. I just didn’t look at the dog and tried to walk easily, and it turned out that the combat next to him distracted the animal enough from my approach that I didn’t strike him as any kind of threat. As I drew within arm’s reach of the rippling cage door, he dipped his head one last time to the pheromone jar, gave it a good lick with his grapy-pink tongue, and then hopped back toward the corner. I flinched as he rebounded with elastic flexibility and shot past me into the other room in three bounds. Ignoring the crash sounding behind me, I grabbed the door flap of black canvas and drew it aside.

The cage’s interior was about as deep as I was tall, and half-again as wide, with a floor of dark-gray, textured plastic. Very little light from the room’s overhead lamps filtered through the upper cages’ coverings and the canvas on this one. Several dark-hued blankets were matted on the floor or rolled and scattered against the base of the wire-mesh sides.

On these blankets, April’s battle with Lucky raged. The blond woman was on her left side, her thighs and legs splayed out parallel to the front side of the cage, her feet close to the door. She was oddly propped up on her left arm against the middle of the cage’s left wall, her head turned back down the length of her body toward the cage door where I gaped at her. Lucky was standing facing me, his front legs straddling her waist, with his hindquarters pressed against her face, pushing her scalp and shoulders against the mesh of the cage wall. Lucky’s teeth were locked in a death-grip on April’s skirt, which was all-but-reduced to ribbons of torn fabric as he jerked it off her body and legs, revealing her tanned thighs that seemed to glow faintly in the shadows of the cage. April’s free right hand was flailing around, closed into a fist that she thumped desperately against Lucky’s ribbed side with a dull, ineffective thud. “Get off of me!” she shouted again, then delivering another hit on Lucky’s shoulder she snarled at me. “Open the door, get in here, and get this fucking dog away from me!”

I winced at the tone in her voice. I wasn’t the one who had caused all of this trouble! Sure, I had lied about owning Lucky and all of that, but this mess wasn’t my fault.

I looked for the latch and found it a rather difficult contraption of bars and handles at the top of the wire gate, with a U-shaped pin exposed through a seamed hole in the corner of the canvas. As I tried to work it loose, Lucky heaved his head forward and tore the skirt’s remains from April’s body. “Shit!” the woman swore, slamming her sandaled right foot into the cage door and jarring my fingers away from the pin. “Ow, my arm!” April cried out. “Dammit, my arm is trapped in the wall. Hurry up, Stacy!”

I grabbed again for the U-pin, found that it had oddly slipped sideways to the right about a hand-span. Without thinking, I grabbed and tugged at it. It popped free easily, and I stepped back to take hold of the cage door and pull it open.

Something was wrong. The cage door wouldn’t budge. “Open it!” April shouted, Lucky’s hopping back legs slamming her head back against the wall. Then he spun over her figure, orienting his lower body above her legs and snagging the lower hem of her blouse in his teeth. As he moved, I could see that April’s left arm had actually slipped through a fist-sized gap in the wire mesh of the wall and was pinned there between the canvas covering and the outside of the cage. “Don’t just

stand there!" April shouted again. "Open the goddam door!"

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"It's stuck!" I yelled back, horrified and fascinated at Lucky's efficient assassination of the woman's blouse. "I pulled the U-pin but the door won't open!" I tugged at it again, then pushed. Nothing happened.

Well, nothing happened with the cage door. But at that moment, Lucky's feet found solid purchase and leverage on the floor of the cage, and he succeeded in a mighty backwards heave, tugging April's blouse and her body with it, rolling her lower half over onto her stomach. "Owww!" she screamed. "You bastard!" Desperately April tried to brace herself on her right arm and relieve the weight from her trapped left. As Lucky yanked harder, April Field succeeded in drawing herself upward into a splayed all-fours position, her crotch covered in a pair of dark blue laced panties. "Get away, you sonuvabitch!"

As I went to try the door again, I saw Lucky come unhinged, like a greyhound beating the bell out of the stall and onto the racetrack. Just as April succeeded in climbing to her knees so she could back her left arm up and out of the trap, Lucky surged over her back and brought his hindquarters in alignment with hers.

"No way, you sonuvabitch!" April snarled at him, and a bell rang in my head.

"That's the cue!" I shouted. "The command word—Maddie said it was 'snahvitch,' but it's really 'son-of-a-bitch!'"

"What the hell are you talking about?!" April shouted. "Get in here and get this dog off of me, Stacy!"

But Lucky had paused when I had spoken, and he was holding position above her, looking at me. His eyes glistened in the dark. Then something drew his gaze behind him to the cage's right wall, opposite where April's arm was trapped. Movement at the base of the wall drew my eye while April cursed menacingly. "Oh, you're dead, you mutt, video or no video."

The movement at the base of the cage scared me—I thought it was a mouse or cockroach moving along the underside of the black canvas covering, but I realized it was simply the black snout of another dog, sniffing and agitated at the fiasco of scent and activity in the adjacent compartment. Pulling away from April, Lucky drew my gaze back to his struggle with the blond woman, who immediately dropped her thighs, abdomen, and pelvis down to the cage floor, sliding her feet across to where I stood, apparently worthless. "There," April said decisively. "I can't get my arm out, but you're not getting my pussy, you bastard." She turned her head to the side, viewing me out of the corner of her right eye. "Will you please just open the door?!"

"It's stuck!" I said, pushing on it as proof.

"Check the latch again!" she snarled as Lucky hopped back over her back and found her body too low to hump. He danced back off and began tugging at the shreds of her blouse, looking for leverage to yank the woman into position. April tried to bat him away with her fist and elbow, but it only drove him lower down her figure. His snout pressed into her panties between her buttocks, and I saw April's glutes flinch and tighten reflexively. "Get out of there!" she barked, swatting at him.

Lucky dodged the blow and came back licking, his large, slobbery tongue driving right up the panty-clad cleft between April's buttocks. I checked the latch again and found that somehow it had closed

again, which I thought was odd, but didn't take the time to think about it. Instead I grabbed the U-pin and pulled it out again just as Lucky dodged another swat from April's hand and dove into the cleft with a vengeance. "Oh!" April gasped, starting somewhat from her defensive position flat on the floor.

I gave the cage door a tentative push and it yielded a little, catching the toe of April's sandal. "Ouch!" she jumped, turning back to me as Lucky's teeth found the waistband of her panties. "Pull it!" she yelled, exasperated.

I pulled, and a bad thing happened. The wire edge was still caught around the toe of April's sandal and dragged the footwear with it, off of her appendage. Determined, I pulled without thinking and ended up lodging the sandal in the door's threshold and high-centering it. "Uh, it's stuck!" I said, pulling harder and succeeding only in making the situation worse. The sandal was wedged underneath the wire door, forcing it higher in its simple hinges so that its top edge was knocking against the frame and wouldn't pull through.

I knelt down at the threshold and tried to pry the sandal loose just as Lucky reared back toward me, his teeth gripping tightly on April's dark-blue panties. The delicate lingerie held momentarily, tugging the blond woman forcefully across the floor with a startled squeal, before Lucky gave a quick jerk in canine tug-o' war fashion and the waistband snapped. At that, the silky cotton tore and lace unraveled like butter before the dog's muscular onslaught, heralded by April's disbelieving "Oh my god!" She looked through Lucky's legs at me. "Hurry! The bastard has ripped my panties off!"

I stared, noting that the panties were ripped completely off of April's right leg, but still around her left, affording her crotch some small protection, but Lucky immediately homed in on her bared butt crack and drove his nose in deep. "Yeeagh!" April squealed, clenching her legs together. "Get away from there!" she howled, and I watched as Lucky again redoubled his efforts at the words. "Stop saying that!" I yelled desperately, pulling again on the wire door. "That's one of the commands he recognizes—it just makes him go after you harder!"

And it did. Lucky was digging into April's tensed crotch and buttocks like a gopher was burrowed in there, and April was rearing up in a series of jolts, shrieks, and squeals. "Ow!" "Oh!" "He's..." "...biting..." "...me!"

Then in a moment of clear thought, I realized that I could probably force the cage door inward instead of pulling it outward. Checking the hinges, I pushed hard and watched with satisfaction as the wire portal squeezed the sandal back out of the threshold and popped into the cage. "Got it!" I yelled, somewhat relieved, and then tried to climb into the cage with Lucky and April.

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That's when I paused. What was I to do? It wasn't like Lucky had any reason to listen to me, and I was potentially just getting myself into more trouble in this closed space. "Now what?" I blurted helplessly.

April saw that the door was now forced inward and frowned as she tried to swivel her hips back and forth across the floor to discourage Lucky's sniffing, licking, and nipping treatment. "Just pull him out of the way so I can get my arm loose!" she said, flexing her pinned left hand outside of the cage bars.

I started to push in, and the wire door caught on April's feet. She hissed and tried to slide them out of the way, but Lucky's tree-sapling legs were planted there and blocking her. Our eyes met, and we both knew she would need to risk climbing into an all-fours position to get her feet out of the way so

I could get into the cage. "Hurry," she said between Lucky-elicited gasps. Then, pulling her feet up between her, she climbed up on her knees and tried to swivel her ass away from the dog before he could mount her. But Lucky was horrifyingly quick, moving into position so that she brought herself up underneath him and into his clutches. "No!" she blurted, trying to drop back down but finding her feet blocked by the door as I pushed it open.

Lucky had her! I knew it as I started to crawl inside, but then I stopped cold as the hackles rose on the back of my neck. Out of the corner of my right eye, I saw two golden-brown eyes looking at me over a large, black nose masked in dark fur. "Waaahh!" I gasped, startled, twisting to the side and tumbling through the cage door away from the canine face coming at me from my right.

I sat up next to Lucky's humping figure, barely aware of April's desperate screaming for me to "Get him off, Stacy! Get him off of me before he gets it in!"

"A dog!" I blurted, still shocked and somewhat senseless as the large creature, a German Shepherd, stepped out of the adjacent cage and looked at me through the partially open wire door. "I... I mean, there's another dog!"

"Help me!" April shouted. "I can't get away from him!" Though my eyes were riveted with fear on the German Shepherd, I could see Lucky's determined, exaggerated humping next to me. "Stacy!"

"Okay," I huffed, tearing my eyes from the other dog and turning to face Lucky. "Stop, Lucky!" I shouted, reaching up toward his collar and the leash that now trailed down onto the floor. I thought about pulling on that to steer his head away from April, although there just wasn't that much room inside the cage for him to face someplace else.

That's when I saw Lucky's penis. It was red, as long as my middle finger, and growing, prodding rhythmically at April's crotch while his hind legs were planted one inside her legs and the other outside her right knee, making it impossible for her to drop her pelvis back down onto the cage floor. I saw then that the only thing keeping Lucky from hitting his mark was that he was slightly off-center, his erection stabbing April's right flank.

"He's missing you," I said encouragingly, still not sure what to do to get the big, powerful animal to leave his intended bitch alone. "He's too far to the right. Just lean left and stay there while I figure out what to do."

"Hurry!" April whined. Through the bars of the cage, her left hand flexed in vain. "God, I can't believe this is happening!"

"What about the other dog?" I asked, pointing at the cage door.

April tried to see him, but Lucky was in the way, and turning to look threatened to upset the stalemate that she had reached with her canine captor. "That's the dog-...one of the dogs I brought home from the Pound today. What's he doing?"

"Just... looking at me," I said, feeling somewhat like a skinned rabbit.

"He's harmless," April said. "Forget about him and get Lucky off of me. And hurry! That cock of his is starting to hurt!"

"Okay," I said, tearing my eyes from the German Shepherd and focusing back on Lucky's humping. I reached up and took hold of Lucky's lead, drawing it toward me and giving it a gentle, insistent tug. "C'mon, Lucky," I said with forced calm, "leave the poor lady alone."

"Yes," April whined. "Leave me alone!"



Her words tugged at my memory as the blond woman was speaking them, and I knew something terrible was about to happen. "April," I said, "don't say th-..." I trailed off in horror as the big German Shepherd lowered his head and pushed the cage door inward, taking two steps into the cage and staring me right in the eyes. "Ahhhhh..." I started to panic, shifting to the side away from the dog's yellow eyes. I bumped up against Lucky's humping backside, pushing him to his left.

"What are you doing?!" April shouted in blind panic, ducking her head to shout at me beneath Lucky's chin. This had her hair fluttering into and past Lucky's nose and mouth. "Stacy! What are you do-... ack!" I turned back to see that Lucky had snapped up several locks of April's blond hair and was tugging it playfully but insistently, just as he had done to me three days ago to dominate and control me. April's head was jerked back, exposing her neck. "Let go!" she blurted with difficulty. "Let go of my hair you sonuvabitch!"

The next thing I knew, the German Shepherd completely entered the cage, bringing those eyes face to face with mine in that cramped space. I slid to the right one more time, shifting Lucky's footing, and I heard April choke out a horrified gasp.

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"Oh! He's got it, Stacy! He's got my pussy! He's trying to come in!" I suddenly felt Lucky's humping double in speed and intensity as his "weapon" sensed the warmth and wetness of his desired target and started to batter its way inside. "Oh, he's coming in!"

I was only partly aware of that, though. "He's inside," I murmured, staring at the German Shepherd. "April, the other dog is inside."

"Oh!" April heaved a great, sobbing gasp. "He's inside,... inside me! I can't keep him out!" I felt Lucky give a harsh jerk back on April's hair, as if to drive the point further home to her, and in her, that she had been claimed. She was his bitch. "Oh!" April groaned, apparently unable to get anything else out. "Oh! Oh! Oh...!"

"Oh no," I breathed as the newcomer stepped right up to me and started sniffing my hair and face. I held perfectly still as that black snout rose and fell and twitched over the whole of my head and neck. He blasted my ear with his breath, and then began to lick my face. "Nice dog," I said, not caring about how stupid and pitiful and weak I sounded. "Good doggy."

Next to me, Lucky continued to pound choked moans from April Field. Very slowly started leaning forward and reaching toward the door. My plan was to get safely out of the cage and go call the police. As I placed my hands on the cage floor and started forward, the Shepherd slid sideways out of my way and dropped his head down my back to my bared hips. I caught a glimpse of his collar and a small pendant inscribed with "Nero." I was just about to try to talk to him when I remembered how the cues had aggravated Lucky, and I didn't want that to happen right now.

Nero moved aside as I reached the door and started to pull it inward toward me, which was a struggle now with so many large bodies crowding the cage interior. That's when April started gasping out, "Oh! His knot! He's shoving it inside me! Oh! Stacy, get him off of me! Oh! Oh no!"

I didn't look, just concentrating instead on getting that door open a few more spans so I could slip out. Nero moved around behind me and continued sniffing me, coming to place his snout directly against the stockings on my feet. He was so interested, I didn't want to test him, so I paused a moment, turning to stare with amazement as Lucky hammered the swelling, baseball-sized knot on his cock against the lips of April Field's pussy. The portal's puffy layers were splayed open and speared by the dog's erection, which Lucky never totally withdrew in his rapid pounding, so that all

of April's attempts to gyrate her hips and rotate her pelvis out of the way never succeeded in dislodging him. Lucky's determination paid off as the knot sank inside, forcing a deep groan of aching dismay and humiliating pleasure from April's throat. The knot emerged, larger than before, and slammed against the entrance unsuccessfully, pulled back and tried again. The girth of the penis itself was startling, and I realized that Lucky's penis, fully erect, was at least a thumb-width or two longer than the length of my shoes.

Lucky's knot hammered twice more at April's defenseless opening, looking like a medium-sized orange, before it forced the woman's shaven lips aside and squeezed within, making her sing out with a sharp cry of stretching pain. Then, his cock seated in his bitch, Lucky's thrusts slowed and he didn't withdraw the knot again, and the stub of his tail started flexing downward as he pumped the woman's vaginal canal full of his dog seed. April's body merely shook, held in position beneath her triumphant master, her panting sounding ragged in her arched neck and throat.

That battle was over, and all I could do now was get myself out of the cage and to freedom and safety, to let April Field come to terms with being force-bred by a dog just like I had done. I started to move, but then felt the German Shepherd licking my stockings, and I realized that my feet were actually cold and wet. I wondered why—the dog had only barely started licking them—and then my eyes fell on the spilled bottle of pheromones lying just outside the cage door. The pool of pale liquid was scuffed and smeared by big feet, my big feet.

"You sonuvabitch," April panted as Lucky released her hair, his mating drive abating now that his knot was locked inside his bitch. But with her words, April caused Nero to tense, and suddenly I felt his nose up around my panties, rooting and probing between my thighs.

"Dear god, please don't let this happen again," I murmured, holding perfectly still. I realized, holding that position, that when I had tried to pull the cage's U-pin the first time I hadn't been paying attention to what I was doing, and I had inadvertently unlocked the door of the cage next to this one. I had unlocked Nero's cage, and he had found his way out at the most inopportune time for April and myself. "April," I said, "shut up. Don't say another word."

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Chapter Five

Something inside me broke—some chain of tension in my mind, pulled by resistance and fear, straining to maintain a hold on the life I had been leading before my ordeal with Lucky three days ago. The links of the chain were like metal, but malleable, and they had been stretched further and further as the events of this evening spun more and more out of control. Now, as I recognized my situation here, trapped in a cage with a woman who had wanted to use me for her own research, the dog who had forcefully raped her just as he had bred me, and another dog whose powerful eyes and stance had me crawling away from him timid as a baby rabbit, my hold on that past life and understanding of myself dissipated.

I needed to go on, to move on, but with a new appreciation for myself, and a new outlook on where I fit in this world I was no involved in. And right then and there, crouched on all fours, half-naked, with a powerful male dog sniffing me up and down with mouth-watering interest, my outlook was not defiant, but submissive. Not resistant, but yielding. Not exclusive, but accepting.

While April fussed and groaned at the unwanted violation Lucky had forced upon her, I breathed out a long, deep sigh, reached back, and slowly slipped my panties down over my hips and buttocks. They slipped down to my knees, exposing my vagina and ass to the dominant, single-minded

creature into whose grasp I had fallen. Then I carefully placed my hand back up on the floor beneath my shoulder, lowered my head, and waited.

Nero's nose slipped up the back of my leg and between my thighs a few heartbeats later, and I realized my pulse was quickening. I was nervous, but there was also a measure of anticipation replacing some of the fear. The whiskers on his nose and tufts of sniffing breath tickled me and sent shivers up my back to my scalp.

Then he licked me.

He was hesitant at first, almost timid, which was good because I was feeling very much the same. I was uncertain, and hovering over a powder keg of emotions that I knew could go off at any moment if I didn't force myself to simply hold my position and let Nero do his thing. The tongue caressed the lips of my vagina, and each soggy pass of it set a bird's nest of tingles in body, somewhere between the base of my skull and the pit of my stomach. The nests perched there and the birds therein chirped sweetly and compellingly, their song encompassing the back regions and thoughts of my mind and building.

A moment later I caught myself, mouth open and breath deep and ragged, eyes closed in complete rapture with the song in my head. "Oooohh," I breathed out, and closed my mouth as Nero's salivating assault continued insistently around the base of my pussy to my anus. Startled, my eyes flashed open, filling my mind with a vision of Lucky's hindquarters crouched around April's ass like a fist, gripping her relentlessly. I could see his tail pulsing with each jet of his semen spurting inside her body. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see April's head hung low in exhaustion and defeat, her blond hair falling over her face and trembling—possibly with tears, but I couldn't tell. Another pass of Nero's tongue broke through conscious thought and filled my head with chirping pleasure. Reflexively I clenched my buttocks together, but the determined dog continued without a hitch, and I found my butt cheeks pried apart by the slobbering tongue and intruding cold, wet nose.

I found my conscious thoughts prodded, driven, and forced further and further into a corner of my mind, leaving only a distant, objective critic offering a play-by-play description of what transpired, like a poor sports announcer commenting on the game his team is losing. My "team" was losing a mental and physical contest at the moment, as I found myself leaning slightly back into the caress of that slobbery instrument, and the pleasure of it further dropping my head down toward the floor. With an inwardly directed laugh of self-mockery and cynicism, I watched myself drop my upper body down onto my elbows, allowing my lower back to lower and my pelvis to tilt outwards, exposing more of my crotch to Nero's face. My pussy opened up, and my anal sphincter relaxed, and the devastation wrought by that tongue increased tenfold.

Someone in the cage was moaning, and as I observed the quieted gasps for breath and sobs that belonged to April Field, I realized the moaning was my own. I moaned while exhaling and gasped as I inhaled, and the sounds seemed to encourage the German Shepherd further, because his efforts became more forceful, almost frantic, even. That tongue!

But as the lingual assault continued, the commentator in my head droned that this was only the pre-game entertainment. The real game was about to start, and I found that measure of anticipation now growing and warming, tasting almost like dread. He was going to mount me! And I was positioned perfectly for him to gain what he wanted! Backed into its corner, that piece of self-preservation and resistance shouted out inside my thoughts, demanding that I at least try to get out of the cage! I had to move, dammit! Do something!

But Nero was sensitive to my changing mood, apparently, because he took that moment to surge up

on his haunches and plant himself over my backside, his nailed feet dancing around my calves and knees. I climbed back up to my hands and tried to slide forward, but the tentative motion of my right knee was halted by my panties, now rolled around my legs above each knee and pinned to the cage floor by Nero's foot. With my back arched and head down, my eyes were drawn beneath the length of my chest and figure, between the hanging orbs of my pale breasts to the slim scoop of my tummy, and to my pubic mound, behind which I could only see pale gray and brown fur from the back of Nero's legs and the underside of his tail.

I grew conscious of the dog's weight on my back, and the immense size of the legs and paws that he wrapped around my side. The bones of his leg joints pressed sharply into my ribs, sliding backwards as his humping motions began and propelled him forward over my back. His muzzle was panting right above my left ear, and his free leg jockeyed for position behind me while his other one fixed my panties—and legs—in place, I twisted my body and turned back behind me in dread to see what equipment Nero was bringing to bear against me.

"Ohmigod, oh my god!" I gasped, seeing a rod of glistening red fire emerging and swelling against my right flank. It's touch was like a huge thumb, pressing wet and warm into the tender flesh at the curve of my ass. Shock propelled me into action—clumsy action—but a motion nonetheless. I tried to stumble forward and crawl away from that probing monstrosity, but my confining panties once again derailed my attempt, causing my knees to scoot together painfully across the plastic floor, while my upper body lurched ahead and sideways. Grasping desperately to right myself, my left hand closed on the cage door, and as I leaned on it for leverage, it pulled it open and inwards toward me. Hardly a second after my attempt to free myself, I had driven my head and upper body down onto the floor next to Lucky's hindquarters, while Nero's strong, boney grip on my waist and hips kept my pelvis elevated and still in the zone for his questing penis. He danced forward, pushing and squeezing my body further into the trap I had made for myself between the cage door and front wall, and Lucky's back feet. As I sought to twist and turn, I realized I was screwing myself more neatly and tightly into the trap, and to make matters worse, Lucky readjusted his hind legs and stepped on my right shoulder, pressing down and locking me in place.

I couldn't move! I pushed my knees backward, trying to sink my legs down flat and drop my pelvis out of range of Nero's weapon, but I only moved a couple of inches before my panties stopped short against his leg. I had to get out of the way!

I tried to bring my knees up underneath my chest to lower myself down beneath him that way. As I shimmied my knees forward, the German Shepherd's hind legs danced aggressively in step with me, bringing him closer to me as my hips rose back up and then started to drop back down. It was going to work! That cornered part of myself surged out of the corner of my mind, swinging and combative.

"Stupid dog!" I crowed. "Trained or not, you're not getting a piece of this!" An instant later I pulled my knees forward, scratching them hard on the floor, and dropped my exposed crotch downward...

...right in line with Nero's massive, prodding penis. "No!" I shrieked, trying to pull back, but the dog's piston immediately fired and speared me while still in motion. He was inside me! Then back out and in, out, in, outinoutinoutinoutin... "Oh! My! God!" I cried out. It was like a wrist-sized roasting spit was being forced into my pussy, the contours and curves on its length playing a rough match of rugby with my lips and inner walls. "Ow! Oh! Ow!" I groaned, not able to keep time with the dog's maniacal, pounding thrusts so that I was alternating my expressions between shock and pain.

And just like that, I found myself retreating back onto the sidelines, watching the results of my brief resurgence of defiance and bid for freedom, seeing the dog who had conquered me driving a skewed, nine-inch sausage into my vagina while I sprawled there, high-centered and helpless on that cock. The cage filled with the slurping, slapping noises of our rapid-fire sexual merging, and I simply closed my eyes to block out the surrounding reminders of where I was and how I'd gotten here. But I couldn't escape that cock! It pounded me mercilessly, ramming and ramming through any reflexive or futile squeezing of my vaginal walls. Once again, I felt myself surrendering to the dog's instinctive urge, his powerful need. He had conquered me, just as Lucky had done, and I accepted my place here as the receptacle of his drive to corner and coerce a female target, position her like a canine bitch, and pound away any resistance to his efforts to plant his seed.

Another human voice drew me slightly out of my lethargic stupor. "Oh my god!" April gasped. "Look at the size of his knot!"

I closed my eyes even more tightly. I was defeated, and I knew it. No resistance on my part had amounted to anything when pitted against these hell-trained canines. Any effort at defiance would only result in further humiliation and a worse position in which the dog would fuck me. Even now, I knew there was no way I could stop Nero from showing his knot past my opening.

"Oh," April moaned, "it feels like Lucky's got an orange lodged inside me." She gave a short bark of laughter. "But it's not a grapefruit like that thing! Why aren't you fighting him?!"

I couldn't fight him, and I knew it. Nero, my canine conqueror, knew it, too. There was no resistance left in me, and the alpha male would breed his bitch.

As the rough rhythm of penetration and growing pressure escalated through my body, I sensed the woman next to me shifting in her own, awkward sexual tie to reach out and dislodge Nero's erection from my pussy. I opened my eyes and watched as the effort shifted something inside her body and mind, however, and she dropped her hand back down with a moan.

"Ohhhhhh," she said. "I've never felt this... full before! And I can feel the pressure each time he ejaculates into me." She closed her eyes and leaned back against the cage wall. "I can feel it in his legs, his balls, his penis, my pussy, my ass, my belly... My god, it's like he's filling me up completely!"

I knew what she was talking about. I had felt it, too, with Lucky, but I had thought it revolting and horrible. Now, however, something about it still seemed humiliating, even degrading, but the sensation itself was undeniably pleasurable in the extreme, and as Nero's knot was pounding against my vagina, demanding entrance, I found myself eager and willing to embrace the humiliation and sink into the degradation if it meant I could be consumed by that fullness again. "OhhhhhhHH!" I heard myself mewling, catlike, as the shepherd's growing knot wedged itself in my doorway and split me wide. The knot was in! I could feel my face contorted in a grimace of mingled pain and pleasure, primal sensations banishing my world and thoughts into oblivion, and I heard my voice crying in orgasmic surrender as emotion and sensation blended into a surge of brilliant flashes in mind, sight, and sound.

"Ohhhhhhh... woooaahhh..." I drifted on the cascading feeling as color returned to my world and Nero's front legs tightened about my waist. "I... I... can't believe..."

"Good god, girl," Stacy said somewhere nearby, "did you just cum?"

I tried to answer her, but couldn't. Not yet. I wasn't certain about it myself, although I knew that thought was really just a denial. A dog had made me cum. Cum hard. What indecency was there to

fear from this point onward, with that in my self-image?

“You did!” April blurted, and I opened my fluttering eyelids to try and make sense of the new, disorienting world around me. I found her face, now leaning beneath Lucky’s dark head to glare in shock and amazement at me. “You just came on that German Shepherd’s cock!” She laughed again, a longer, more human sounding note of surprise and a hint of appreciation. “If I hadn’t seen it—hadn’t come close to it myself, actually—I wouldn’t believe it.”

Again, I tried to answer, but the feeling of fullness throbbing in my loins consumed me. Like the other woman had said, I could feel the pulse of Nero’s ejaculation in the fur, sinew, and bone of his legs, tail, and belly, in the furry sack of his scrotum, in the tense ligament of tissue connecting his massive, knotted penis to his body, passing through my cinched up vaginal opening. And I could feel it in the pounding of my pulse, and the heat of my pussy lips, and my clitoris, and deep inside to the walls and muscles of my love canal, and up into my belly, back, and neck.

“Are you alright?” April questioned abruptly, her voice changing tone back to one of alarm, concern, and dread.

I was having trouble breathing—my lungs seemed full of air, but unable to draw breath. I gasped, eyes widening and finding the world around me narrowing into a blurry haze.

“Stacy? Stacy!” April shouted at me. “Stacy, you’re hyperventilating!”

“I am?” I murmured, but the lethargy and mingled panic were stealing away my ability to think clearly. My fingers were tingling, somewhat like the nests of pleasure Nero’s tongue had perched through my body, but less comfortable.

“Stacy, I’m stuck. I can’t help you, so you have to do what I say, or you’re going to black out. Stop breathing and plug your nose right now, without taking a breath!” Her words were spoken quickly, and they were hard to follow. “Quick!” she shouted.

I did what she said, only to be told that I needed to open one nostril and take a quick, shallow breath, and wait until April counted to five before I repeated the maneuver. I fumbled around, counting myself in tandem with her voice, and struggling through a series of uncomfortable breaths. Slowly, I realized my eyes were open and the blurry haze of the world around me dissipated.

“I was fucked in a dog cage,” I said, a little slurred.

April laughed, and then repeated through another couple of breathing counts, before stopping and saying, “There, you seem okay. Are you feeling better?”

I nodded, struggling to climb up from beneath Lucky’s back legs. April groaned and shifted, eyes closed, and Lucky shifted along with her, stepping off of me. “... fucked in a dog cage,” I repeated.

“Yes, you were,” she nodded, breaking off to close her eyes to swoon. “Oh, god, he is huge!”

I nodded back at her, half-smiling. Above me, Nero dropped his forelegs to my sides and rose up off of my back and shoulders.

“And you climaxed!” Her smile was broad, natural, and uninhibited. “You know, I’m starting to think that maybe I understand this whole dog-training idea...” she said.

"Yeah," I muttered. "Me, too. I've never felt anything like this."

"Me, neither."

"It's like I've g..." I broke off as Nero leaned to the side, pulling his body to my left, closing the cage door as he moved toward it. High-centered on his tie, I shifted with him, but with a cry at the piercing pain. "OW! Don't move!" He didn't listen, taking another step that was very painful to me, and then spun in place, lifting his back leg over my hips and buttocks and spinning in place. It felt like my innards were swiveling around in a washer, and I almost hyperventilated again over the sensation, but then Nero planted his four feet on the ground and held still, allowing me to catch my breath and regain some equilibrium. I rose up gingerly on my hands, gasping at the sensations the simple tilting of my pelvis on his intruding erection caused through my being. Carefully I leaned back slightly against him, not enough to prompt him to move from my pushing, but just enough to nestle my ass against his flanks and ease the pressure of his knot inside me. "Aaaahhhh. That's better."

There was a wave of heat emanating from my chest and neck, and once again perched up on my hands, arms extended, I felt a nice breeze that was wonderfully refreshing.

"So, uh, how long before this beast's cock shrinks enough to come out of me?" April asked, smiling.

I smiled back, feeling an amazing warmth and closeness with the woman, in spite of the fact that we had both just been forcefully raped by dogs, and before that she had been about to blackmail me. That thought darkened my mood. "Well, at least now you believe me," I said.

The woman's eyebrows rose, and she frowned, looking away. Over her shoulder, Lucky breathed heavily, drool dripping from his hanging tongue. "Yes, I believe you," she said, somewhat guiltily. "I really wouldn't have... submitted that paper." She looked back up at me, her eyes flitting down the length of my figure to where the huge German Shepherd and I were joined at the ass. "I just wanted you to think... to know that I was serious about it, because for a dog, a claim like that can be a serious thing."

I nodded. "I know," I said. "Honestly, I wanted to kill Lucky a few days ago, right after what he did. That's when I brought him here, and why."

"I've heard a number of people make claims like this: 'My dog raped me,' and so on. You seemed serious enough about it that at least you thought Lucky had done that to you."

I nodded, adjusting myself backwards to match a step ahead that Nero made. "So, what now?"

"That's a good question," April said, smiling. "First off, I'm going to get ownership of that fellow tied to you right now. I've got some people who will want to meet him, I think."

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## **Chapter Six**

Things changed somewhat over the next week before Lisa came back home, both for Lucky and for me. Lucky spent the next four days at the Brightfield Kennel free of charge, so that April Field could apparently "introduce" him to a few of her associates. I inquired only once about whether or not she was able to get the videotape she was after, but given what we'd been through, she said it was not really necessary.

Nero, the German Shepherd, soon became April's pet, at least on the record. I knew the real relationship between the two of them was not quite as cut and dried as it appeared on those papers. I suspected that Nero took April for a bitch later that same night, but I wasn't about to say anything to anyone.

Except to Lisa.

As the final days of Lisa's absence passed, I recognized that she would return home to find a different dynamic in her home than the one she left. I honestly didn't know whether or not Lucky would ever breed me again—I was a little surprised with myself to realize that that was his decision, and not mine—but it occurred to me that if he did try to take me after Lisa got back, she might be a problem. I said as much to April Field when I went to pick up Lucky the final time, two days before Lisa was due back home.

"You think she'll be grossed out, or what?" April asked.

"I don't know what she'll think," I said. "I was afraid to tell you about it, and I didn't say one damn word about it to my gynecologist when I had myself examined after the first time." I shrugged. "I can't imagine that she really has any idea what Lucky here is capable of—if she did..."

"If she did..." April continued for me, handing me back Lucky's papers and forms that she had filled out in full. "If she did, then leaving him in your care for that long was a rather careless, irresponsible, and even possibly criminal thing to do."

I shook my head. "I know Lisa pretty well, and she's not like that. She wouldn't deliberately leave Lucky in my care if she knew something like that could happen."

April frowned and sat down on the corner of the lobby desk where I'd met her a week ago. She looked at the floor when she spoke. "People are funny about their pets," she said thoughtfully. "They like to think of them as if they were real people. They treat them and talk about them like they're real people." She shook her head. "But they're not people. When we see a dog wag its tail, we think we understand what that dog is feeling, or even thinking, but the truth is we don't really know at all."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Think of how much we don't even understand about our own species," she responded. "A person can smile and have it mean an incredible range of thoughts and emotions going on inside—anything from homicidal hatred to love and tender affection. While a dog like Lucky may not be capable of feelings and thoughts that are that sophisticated, that sophistication makes little difference when it comes to the actions that are based on them. A few days ago, Lucky and Nero showed us that much—a desire to mate, to breed, is a good and appropriate instinct in a normal dog, but how they acted on it was unusual, unexpected, and, if I say so myself, quite frightening at the time."

I nodded. "So, what does that have to do with Lisa?"

"It could be that Lisa has left Lucky with other people before, and nothing like this happened between them. It also could be that nothing has ever happened between Lisa and Lucky to get the dog turned on to her, so she has no idea what kind of powder keg she's sitting on with Lucky here."

"She does keep him kind of isolated," I said, remembering a good deal of Lisa's protective efforts in Lucky's case. "She keeps him pampered and happy, for the most part."

April nodded. "That's not unusual. Like I said, people are funny about their pets, and Lisa could



think that Lucky just needs to be around someone he's familiar with to not get into any kind of trouble. But, given the things you told me about your phone call to Lisa and Lucky's previous owner, I'd think that Lisa would at least have some idea about the training her dog had undergone, or his tendencies toward aggressive mating behavior with women."

"I don't know," I said, doubtfully. "Lisa loves this mutt, and she has always seemed pretty unaware about him being dangerous to anyone or anybody."

"And you don't find that odd?" April asked.

"No. Should I?"

"I think so," April said. "Lucky is part Doberman Pincher. That's a breed created over a century ago to be the perfect guard dog, loyal to an owner, easy to train and keep trained, and capable of nasty aggression. German Shepherds like Nero have a similar, but older history, which means that the Doberman was bred to carry those traits to a stronger degree. If, as you say, Lisa got Lucky from some other owner—someone who possibly trained the dog extensively—then it seems to me unlikely that your friend could replace that former owner/trainer in Lucky's instincts. I think it's pretty unlikely that Lisa just never found herself in a situation like you-... like you and I were in with Lucky this past week."

I frowned. "You mean, you think Lucky has bred her, too?"

April stood back up and patted Lucky on the head. "Either that, or she's heard about it happening to other people. In fact, I think that that may be one reason why she keeps him so isolated, like you say. She knows what kinds of things could happen, so she is careful to keep him out of sight and under control."

"But, then there is no way she would leave him with me, not without at least warning me first." April shook her head. "I don't know—how long have you three been together?"

"I've known Lisa since the beginning of this school year—since last Fall. She and I—and Lucky—have been in the same apartment for a couple months." I put up my hands. "But she's had Lucky for years."

"I don't want to be telling you things about people I know nothing about," April said, "but you are fairly young. Is this your first year away from home?"

I nodded, feeling a little flush of embarrassment.

"Don't take it wrong," April said, quickly. "You may not be wrong at all, but it can take a long time to get to know someone well enough to discern if and when they're lying. And, like I said, people are funny with their pets. Lisa has already shown that she cares a great deal about Lucky, and possibly even regards him as a human friend, or even better. Do you think she wouldn't lie to keep Lucky safe?"

I could feel my face darkening. "She already has." April fell silent, allowing me to describe my phone conversation with Lisa from a few days previous. I'd described some of it to the older woman already, but when the full account came out, I saw a sly smile grow across April's face.

Finally she spoke. "Look, Stacy, I'm no psychologist, but I've seen an army of people dealing with their pets, and I know how and what they will do to keep them safe. Lisa's behavior here hasn't only hurt and endangered you, it has hurt and endangered me, too. And it has hurt and endangered

Lucky. That is very irresponsible and deserves further... investigation, I think.”

“What do you mean?”

April patted Lucky’s head again, the big, black dog just sat at my feet, tongue out, glancing around and sniffing the air with casual interest. “I mean,” April said, “I think we should give Lisa a chance to come clean in all of this before we go any further with it.”

“You mean I should talk with her?”

April nodded. “Definitely, but I don’t think you should confront her.” She grinned, somewhat wickedly, I realized. “I think you should let Lucky confront her for you. For us.”

Hearing his name, Lucky withdrew his tongue and looked up into April’s eyes, then to mine, where he seemed to read the confusion and wariness I knew was written there.

“Do you know when Lisa is due back home?” April asked. “We have a bitch pheromone spray we use to help instigate breeding, and I think a good dose or two in Lisa’s underwear drawer will do just the trick.”

“What?! You can’t be serious!” I blurted.

April nodded. “Oh, I am serious. If it hasn’t happened already, it’s likely to happen to her someday. And if Lisa already knows what Lucky is capable of, she won’t be caught unprepared when he turns aggressive on her and tries to breed her. And we’ll both be there to see how things turn out, and to confront her over it together, with my paperwork already filled out.”

“What paperwork?”

“To legally remove Lucky from her for mistreatment of a potentially dangerous animal.”

“But she loves him!” I said.

“Of course she does, and we wouldn’t necessarily take him away from her, unless she insisted on continuing to place other people in danger by denying what Lucky is capable of. At least next time she can put up a sign that says, ‘Beware of Dog.’”

I nodded, having new respect for April Field’s capacity to manipulate people. She’d almost blackmailed me into letting Lucky breed me before her video-camera lens—she was crafty, and determined, even if a dog like Lucky had managed to get the best of her. I was suddenly glad that she was on my side in this, and I couldn’t help but feel a little twinge of fear for Lisa’s regard as I looked back down at Lucky. Then I remembered the panic and shame I’d felt a week earlier while Lucky was breeding me and after, and I realized that something did need to be done about it. And, as April suggested, we would be there to make sure that no one really got hurt if Lucky tried to rape Lisa.

“But it’s different,” I said, turning away in some shame at my own hesitation, but only for a moment. I realized that I did have a moral ground to stand on, and I turned back to glare directly into April’s eyes. “It’s different. If Lisa did know what Lucky might do to me when she left, she wasn’t planning for it to happen. She didn’t make a plan to get Lucky to breed me against my will like that. But if we plan to turn Lucky against her...”

“Yes, you have a point,” April said, holding my gaze. “I guess I take a less idealistic view of the

morality and the law in this situation. But I think we can find an acceptable middle ground." She paused a moment, her eyes dropping down to Lucky's face and tongue. "If we assume that Lisa is innocent, and she proves us right by dealing with Lucky's pheromone-spray induced advances as an innocent woman would, then we'll stop Lucky before he succeeds in breeding her and deal with the situation in one way. If, however, Lisa proves our assumption wrong and reacts to Lucky's advances with experience and awareness, we'll deal with it another way entirely."

"What are the two ways?" I asked.

"If she's innocent," April said, "it means that she really didn't know what kind of liability she's keeping around herself, and we'll proceed cautiously but firmly to determine the correct legal action to pursue. In that case, I'll handle it."

I nodded. "And if she's... not innocent?"

April smiled, eyes narrowing. "Well, I think I'll leave that up to you. She's your friend, and while I'm pissed off about what happened, I think I'll get over it. You know what's at stake here, and what disregard Lisa's non-innocent behavior expressed for you."

I looked down at Lucky, and an idea crept into my mind. "Do Lucky and Nero get along well?" I asked.

April tilted her head suspiciously. "Yeah, they've become quick friends, for two big, horny male dogs. Why?"

I met her gaze, feeling a flush rising in my face. "I think you should bring Nero over to my apartment the night Lisa gets home," I said. "He might... help."

"Help," April repeated, eyes narrowing. A wicked grin spread across her face, coupled with a slight nod. "Sounds pretty conniving, Stacy. Are you sure you're up for that?"

"No," I answered truthfully. "Let's do it, anyway."

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Lisa arrived home in the early evening two days later. Lucky and I were sitting in the front room together, watching television. I had April's number on my cell phone, and she was waiting for my call that would bring her and Nero to our apartment when the truth of the situation was made apparent. To offset my mounting feelings of guilt and anticipation, I made a good dinner of grilled chicken salad and set aside a plate for Lisa to eat when she arrived. It was better chilled, and so I placed it in the refrigerator.

When Lisa came in the front door, I was slumped in the couch with my feet propped up on the coffee table. Lucky was resting underneath my legs between the table and my seat. The dog bolted upright when the door thumped and squeaked wide, and his deep barks turned from alarm to excitement when Lisa stepped inside, grinning broadly and brushing her long, brown hair aside. "Lucky-boy!" she exclaimed, dropping her suitcase and carryon bag and spreading her arms wide. "There's a good doggie! Did you miss me?"

"Boy, did he!" I blurted, smiling to myself as Lucky pranced and ran happily around the apartment. "How was the trip?"

"Ugh!" Lisa rolled her eyes—her makeup was nearing the end of its daily cycle of life, and she

rubbed the mascara from her eyelids with her palm as she sat down on the plush chair across from me. "It was a LOT of work, and a LOT of wasted time, sitting around a table talking about everything that was supposed to have been done before we got there. But, in the end, it worked out alright, I guess. How did things go here? Did you have any more trouble with Lucky?"

I shrugged and turned back to the television. "Oh, we managed," I said, burying the swift beating of my heart beneath a façade of little concern. "I took him to a kennel for a couple of days when I was studying for my test. The keeper there was very nice to him—it was a bit expensive, but he seemed happy there."

I turned back to the television, but I could feel Lisa's eyes still on me. "Oh, good," she said. "I was... well, when you called me, I was worried something bad had happened to him." I looked back at her then, and she blinked. "Or to you."

"To me?" I asked, blank-faced. "What do you mean? Did you think Lucky bit me?"

Lisa looked relieved, and a little ashamed, looking down at her knees and then at Lucky, where she smiled. "No, but he can be kind of... aggressive, and I know you and he haven't gotten along all that well since we all moved in together."

I turned away, seeing in my mind's eye a script of the upcoming conversation playing out before me. I felt both somewhat trapped and also a little darkly determined to follow it. "You talk about him like he's a person-...", I said off-handedly, "...like he's your boyfriend, or something. He's just a dog, and we got along fine."

My roommate frowned. "Well, to me he's not 'just a dog,' so I'm glad you got along fine. Knowing how much he likes to hump everything, I was worried you'd had friends over and he'd caused trouble."

I continued to watch her. "What do you mean, 'trouble'? A dog humping your leg is hardly trouble."

Lisa smiled. "Yes, but Lucky can get really insistent—and persistent!—when he starts humping things. When you called me, I thought for sure that's what happened."

"Well, sure that happened. That's what I told you on the phone. Lucky humped me a few times, but it only got a little scary when he did it to me after that shower."

"And that's ALL he did?" Lisa asked cautiously.

"Yes," I said calmly, then looked back at her with narrowed eyes. "Why? What else do you think would happen?"

She shrugged uncomfortably, and I realized this was it—Lisa was on the verge of committing herself to one course of action or another, one fate or another. "I just remember Maddie, my sister, and what she said..."

"What do you mean?" I prodded.

"Well, I think Maddie didn't really like Lucky, and she said that he was humping on her when she was drunk..."

"Yeah..." I goaded her.

"...and I was just worried that... that..." She paused, and I was almost holding my breath. "You were worried that... what?"

"You know, I was worried that... you would pull the same kind of thing. The same stunt." I felt part of myself grow cold. "You mean to say that Maddie's claim to have been bre-... er, to have been raped by Lucky was a stunt?"

"Yeah, that's what I mean."

"But you don't think it was in any way true?" I asked.

"Oh, c'mon, Stacy. There's nothing to worry about with Lucky here," and she emphasized this by patting him and rolling his face in her hands. "He wouldn't hurt anyone, now would you, Lucky Boy!"

I leaned away from Lisa, fixing my eyes on her. "You sound like you're trying to convince me of something, and I don't know why. So, let me ask you a question."

Lisa blinked and looked a bit uncomfortable. "Okay, what is it?"

"What if I did say that Lucky had tried to rape me—what would you do?"

Lisa's frown was quickly replaced with an uncomfortable smile. "Oh, bullshit," she said. "I wouldn't believe you."

"Because you don't think a dog would do that to a woman, or because you don't want to get Lucky in trouble?"

Lisa narrowed a sideways glance at me. "I don't think I like where this is going, Stacy. Are you trying to accuse me of something?"

"I'd just like an answer to my question, if you don't mind."

My roommate brushed her long brown hair away from her face and stood up, causing Lucky to jump to his feet with excitement. "I'll think about it, okay. Now I'm going to go unpack and take a shower—it's been a long day."

I watched her pick her bags up and turn away from me, her thin figure in tight jeans muscling down the hall to her bedroom. She got her luggage in with only minimal interference from her big, black dog, and the door closed behind her. I waited until I could hear her talking in a childish voice to the creature that had bred me and April Field, then I pulled my cell phone out of my pocket, dialed April's number, and waited.

"This is April," the older woman answered.

"Hi," I said quietly. "It's me."

"Oh, good. Is your roommate back?"

"Yes," I said.

"And?"

"Let's just say that she's very evasive about it," I said. "Without question she's protecting Lucky."

"And when you asked her about Maddie?"

"She called it a 'stunt,'" I answered.

The woman paused. "Then, either she is completely unaware, or she's lying to cover it up."

"I think it's the latter," I said. "She was pretty defensive about it, and she turned cold on me."

April's silence was heavy. "I'm sorry," she said finally.

"No, it's okay," I said. "She's a friend, and a roommate..."

"That sounds like you're not finished with the thought."

I smiled, feeling a pit of cool determination growing behind my eyes. "...and I think she needs to see what her dog has put us through."

"So, you want to go through with it?" April asked.

"I do," I answered, almost flinching as an idea struck me. "But I think you should bring Nero over for a visit, too," I added.

"Okay," she said. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking..." I said, turning on the sofa and covering my conversation with my hand. "...I'm thinking that Lisa might have some control over Lucky and therefore she might not realize how dangerous he can be with someone else."

"Yeah," April said. "That would make sense."

"But she won't have any hold over Nero," I said, feeling a sinister smile break over my lips.

April was silent a moment. "When do you want us there?"

"She said she's going to take a shower," I responded. "As soon as she gets in, I'll have you bring Nero inside. We'll let the dogs see what they think of her new and interesting panties."

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes," April said. "And I'll bring my camera."

"Wait outside," I said. "I'll come out in the parking lot and get you when she gets in."

"Sure thing," April said, and we hung up.

I sat there a minute longer, cell phone in hand, before it occurred to me that I should probably start looking for another place to live.

Almost a half hour later, Lisa emerged from her room in her underwear, a towel wrapped loosely around one arm. I barely caught sight of her as she slipped into the bathroom and brought the door mostly closed. "Showering!" was all she said, and the door shut. Lucky was still in her room, apparently. I climbed off of the sofa, opened the front door, and leaned out to peer into the lamp-lit parking lot of our complex. April Field's S.U.V. was hard to miss—I could see the big silhouette of Nero climbing around in the back seat. The vehicle's headlights flashed on briefly—the woman signaling me that she had seen me. I waved her up until I saw her door open, the interior dome light illuminating Nero in a golden halo. A moment later she was climbing the stairs to the door of our

second-floor apartment.

“Did you dose her underwear?” April asked quietly.

I nodded. “Hurry and come inside.” I moved to let them pass, then closed the door behind them. Standing in our front room, April Field surveyed the apartment’s interior, her eyes finally coming full circle back to me. “Second thoughts?” she asked.

I shook my head. “No,” I answered quietly. “The more I think about it, the more I’m convinced that Lisa needs to know what she’s dealing with, and she needs to learn it in a way she’ll never forget it.”

April nodded. “Too true.”

Nero was standing at attention between us, his gaze riveted to the darkened hallway leading to Lisa’s room. “Can he already-...?”

“Certainly,” April said, smiling. “A male dog can pick that scent up from blocks away, and Nero is trained to respond to it, I think.”

“Poor Lisa,” I snorted.

“All that needs to happen now,” the blond-haired woman said to me, “is for Lisa to be naked and close enough to the scented underwear for Nero—and Lucky—to make the association.”

“Give it a few minutes,” I said. “She’s only been in the shower for five.” I stepped back toward the sofa. “Won’t you sit down?”

“Thank you,” she answered. “I think I will.”

We found ourselves smiling at each other, a gesture of shared anticipation and even forbidden solidarity. From down the hall, behind the closed door, Lucky barked in Lisa’s room.

“I think he can smell Nero,” April said.

“Or he’s going crazy over the scent coming out of Lisa’s underwear drawer,” I grinned.

April’s eyes narrowed. “Probably both. He’s a very horny dog.”

I nodded. I almost worried for Lisa, but as much as I tried, I couldn’t feel sorry for her. Abruptly the shower stopped—the bathroom’s fan seeming to grow louder in the absence of the drone of running water. “She’s finished,” I said, a little nervously.

“Wait for it,” April said. “I’ll let Nero go in time to get inside her room with her. Will she close her bedroom door?”

I shrugged. “I don’t know, honestly. She’s not a very private person, physically. But since she’s on edge, she probably-...” I cut off as the bathroom door opened and Lisa stepped out, glancing my way—we barely had a view of her moving down the hallway. I was aware of Nero’s musculature tensing underneath his furry hide. The door to Lisa’s room opened.

“Lucky!” we heard her cry. “What in god’s name are you doing?!”

“Lisa?” I called. “Is everything okay?”

“It’s Lucky!” she answered. “He’s worked my drawers open and is scattering my things all over the

room!"

April smiled. "Perfect," she breathed, her grip on Nero's collar flexing.

"Lucky, you goof!" we heard Lisa shout. "What's gotten into you?!"

No, I thought. The question, Lisa, is 'What will get into you?' "Let him go," I whispered to April. "It's the perfect time right now."

The woman nodded, releasing her grip on Nero. Immediately, the muscles bunched up beneath the black and golden fur uncoiled, and the dog sprang forward and bolted down the hallway with terrifying speed. An instant later we heard Lisa's surprised squeal. "What the hell!" she shrieked. "Who are y-... Hey!"

"Time to film," April said, standing up and pulling her small digital camcorder from her jacket. "Shall we?"

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I stood beside April Field, excitement fueling my moves and making them jerky. "Let's do it." Together, we walked down the hall toward my roommate's panicked grunts and wailing. We stopped in the open doorway and peeked inside, jaws dropping.

One of the two dogs was brutal and efficient enough, but two of them, working together, were phenomenal. Nero had Lisa pressed up against the footboard of her queen-sized bed, her left arm hooked over the top and out on her bedspread. The German Shepherd was suspended across her lower back, twisting his body at a difficult angle and humping away at her towel-covered right hip. With her right arm, Lisa was trying to drive an elbow into the dog's ribs, but not able to achieve any serious angle or force in the blow. Nero was ignoring her and persisting, dancing his back legs around to orient his penis against whatever warm hole he could find. Lucky was a storm of activity, hopping up on the bed then off, darting all around the wrestling combatants and shooting in to lick first Lisa's face, then her hips, then her feet. Then he was ducking his nose underneath the wrapped towel barely covering Lisa's crotch, and expelling a loud sniff of interested energy.

"Lucky!" Lisa screamed. "Get this dog off of me!" But Lucky wasn't listening. He had become obsessed with his owner's body in a way he'd never been before, apparently. He began scratching at Lisa's legs and hips, lightly but insistently, darting back up to muzzle his nose in her hair and bark playfully at her before nature urged him back to her loins. "Stacy!" Lisa called. "Stacy, there's a dog attacking me in here! Come help me get him off!"

At that point, Lucky's nuzzling in her hair developed into an abrupt tug of war as the black dog got a mouthful of it and yanked playfully. Lisa shrieked and flailed her arms at him, while at the same time Nero's dancing hind legs succeeded in catching the edge of the white towel around her abdomen and hips. As Lucky tugged at Lisa's hair, the woman's flailing arms and upper body struggles dislodged the towel, sliding open and hanging off of her lower body between her thighs and Nero's humping. Several heartbeats later, it dropped to the floor in a wadded heap beneath the German Shepherd's dancing feet.

"What the f... Get away from me!" Lisa shrieked, feeling the large dog's penis now prodding at her side, warm and wet. Lucky, however, released her hair and returned once again to Lisa's crotch, now exposed to the side of Nero's humping flanks. The black dog dove right in and burrowed his nose and tongue against her pussy, and my roommate exhaled in a choking gasp as she reflexively tried to straighten. But Nero's weight and leverage kept her mostly in place.



Watching the two dogs at work was humorous, arousing, and terrifying all at the same time. Nature had made them extremely efficient at handling a bitch on all fours even if she was less than willing, and Lisa's vulnerability to the two dogs' combined efforts in that regard was growing obvious with each effort she made at avoiding what was in store for her. But still, I couldn't shake the impression as I watched, fascinated, that Lucky and Nero seemed to fumble about like Laurel and Hardy, or the Three Stooges all rolled into two canine characters.

But if they were bumbling like the black and white comedy film legends, they were still extremely effective. Within a few more seconds, Nero had lined up his lower body with Lisa's flanks and was pounding his growing penis into the cleft of her buttocks, his upper body lying heavily over her back and his forelegs gripping her hips tightly. Lisa had her head turned to stare in fright and disbelief behind her, then she tensed up as Lucky dove beneath her and drove his tongue at her crotch from under her belly. April and I looked at each other, sharing a gaze of shared appreciation for how things were turning out, and neither of us budged to help Lisa as she now struggled to drop her waist to the floor. The attempt didn't work, partly because Nero was holding her hips so tightly, and partly because her own dog was beneath her, propping her up as he rooted insistently at his target.

"Why are you just standing there?!" Lisa shouted in panic at the two of us, trying to strike backward with her hand and failing to accomplish anything by the action. "Help me, Stacy!"

"Help me," I said in mingled guilt, anger, and satisfaction. "I said those same words, Lisa, not long after you left a couple weeks ago. When Lucky trapped me in my bedroom and pulled on my hair and forced his cock inside me, pounding into me and making me his bitch. I cried, 'help me,' and wondered desperately why he was doing it to me." Lisa's wide eyes grew even more shocked as she heard what I was saying, and as Nero's pistoning penis drew inexorably closer to the area she was desperate to protect.

"I said them too," April Field said beside me, placing her camcorder on the dresser next to her so it would capture the whole event. "When Stacy brought Lucky out to my kennel after he took advantage of her. I've handled big, horny male dogs my whole life, but Lucky got the best of me because I wasn't aware of what he could do. That a dog has been trained to force-breed a human woman is something that should be carefully noted and acknowledged by all people who handle him, don't you think?"

"I didn't know-OH!" Lisa blurted, cutting off abruptly as Lucky's tongue struck gold. Her eyes closed in horrified arousal, which brought a smile to my mouth. "I didn't know, Stacy!" she moaned.

"Bullshit!" I said. "I remember your story about your sister—what she said and how you guys tried to cover it up, and-..."

"Oh my god!" Lisa said, frantically trying to twist her hips out of the way. "His penis is hitting my...my..."

"His name is Nero, dear," April said coolly. "And he's going to breed you now."

Hearing the words, Lisa froze, meeting April's eyes a moment and then turning to glare pitifully at me. "Stacy, you know my sister made up all kinds of shit! She wasn't telling the truth about Lucky."

"Look at what Lucky is doing to you, Lisa!" I shouted, pointing at her crotch. "Your dog, Lucifer, is tonguing you, and his pal is going to fuck you. I don't think your sister made anything up!"

"She sa-... OH! AH!" Lisa cut off as Nero's penis struck home, and April and I watched as the animal's flanks shifted into overdrive, hammering his rod into his new bitch with ruthless power and

efficiency. Lisa let out a long, low moan that rose steadily into a wail as the pounding continued.

“My god, they’re good!” April said, and I had to agree. Then Lucky whined and pulled out from beneath her, but before Lisa could try again to drop her waist down to the ground and avoid Nero’s cock, we saw the look of shock and discomfort in her eyes as she tried to gaze inward at her loins and see exactly what it was that was growing so horribly inside her. Nero’s knot was now seated within her and expanding alarmingly.

“What’s happening?!” she groaned in panic.

“That’s the knot on his penis,” April said. “You’ll never forget it once it’s locked into you, and Nero’s is... huge.”

Lisa howled, but her eyes were closed and I detected a hint of swooning lilt to the sound as it drew itself from her lungs. “Ooooooohhhhhh mmmmyyyy....”

“He’s got it, I think,” April said to me, and I nodded.

“I guess I could have warned you, Lisa,” I said condescendingly. “But I guess I wanted you to know how I felt. How we felt!” I nodded. “Now, I think you’re getting the picture.”

However, as right as I was, Lucky was about to prove me wrong. Lisa was about to experience much, much more. For as Nero’s pistoning penis accomplished the knotting, and he slowed to a standstill over Lisa’s backside, their crotches sealed together, Lucky got agitated and began hopping around on her upper body, looking for another hole to penetrate. Being buffeted by the pet who would be her master, Lisa dropped her upper body down to the floor, overwhelmed with the sensation and depriving Lucky of a target in his height range. His snout found her hair, and I thought he’d try and yank her head upward, possibly to try and go for her mouth, but after a few moments of awkward dancing and air-humping, Lucky backed away.

Just then Nero slid to the side and with a short couple of half-steps, he pivoted his body over the top of her flanks and turned ass-to-ass with her. This elicited another “OH!” groan from my roommate, and it brought Lucky’s snout back to the union between his owner and fellow canine conspirator. He began licking their coupling, drawing nervous jitters from Nero and strangled moans from Lisa. Then the black-furred animal hopped up onto Lisa’s back and tried to mount her, humping futilely at her side. I was amazed to see his penis emerging quickly, glistening and red.

April nudged me. “I’ve got an idea,” she said.

I turned to face her. “Me, too,” I nodded, grinning in mischievous satisfaction.

A moment later, as Lisa struggled to make sense of the world in which she was a dog’s bitch forced into sex on her own bedroom floor as tingling waves of arousal and stretching discomfort flooded through her being, April Field and I succeeded in bending my roommate’s knees and posing her thighs into a squat. She glanced back at us, not comprehending what we were doing—I could see the thought pass through her eyes, a question of whether we were trying to help her or not.

“Not” was the correct answer, for once she was lowered with her crotch all but hanging on Nero’s knotted penis, we grabbed Lucky’s humping back legs and eased him over the back of her. It was awkward, reminding me once again of the Three Stooges, but this time adding two human females in the mix, but a moment later we had Lucky over Lisa’s backside, his forelegs planted on her lowered shoulders, his emerging rod pressed up at the top of the cleft between her buttocks.

“What are you doing?!” Lisa shouted, trying to rise up beneath Lucky. But the action triggered the dog’s mating instincts and he reacted quickly, humping his crotch down at the warm flesh beneath it. Lisa’s head jerked backwards as she strove to rise up beneath him. “Lucky, no!” she cried, gritting her teeth and grunting in effort. Intent on bitching the woman beneath him, the dark dog paid her no attention, rutting more insistently as his cock grew in length and began to poke erratically around her buttocks.

It was only a matter of time, and in Lisa’s case, it was only about six seconds. The brown-haired young woman grunted in exertion again and almost succeeded in throwing Lucky from her upper body, but then his penis drove slightly into the opening of her ass and made her immediately tense up in total shock. “Waaa!” she blurted. “No, Lucky! Not there!”

Lucky began rutting at her back door like there was no tomorrow, and his forelegs forced Lisa back down onto the floor, where she could only sit and take the double penetration and moan in mingled pain, shock, fear, and arousal. April and I stared at the furious joining and re-joining of former pet and mistress-turned-bitch. A moment later, Lucky was knotting up inside Lisa’s ass, his rutting penis pulling at her sphincter without withdrawing, and Lisa’s panting groans were deep and rather musical.

“Well,” I said, amazed, “I guess it worked.” Leaning forward, I patted my roommate on the head and said, “Welcome to the club, Lisa.”

**The End**