

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



Puzzling at my uneven gait down the sidewalk, I looked down at my feet to ponder the problem. After much consideration, I giggled, noting the absence of a shoe on my right foot. "Shoe," I thought, "now that's a funny word." Snorting in an aborted fit of laughter, I swayed unsteadily on my feet before regaining my balance. Squinting against the inexplicably bright glare of the street lights, I turned to look back from where I had come, but the mysteriously lost companion footwear remained elusive. Shrugging, I kicked off my left high heel, watching it tumble into the gutter of the street and down a storm drain. That little fix in place, my walk still had a bit of weaving stride, but was much improved.

"Heather! Wait up!" I called. My sister, several paces ahead of me, did a slow swing-turn around a street sign, using the post for balance until she was facing back towards me. She wobbled unsteadily on her high heels also, but at least she was in possession of both her shoes.

"Shhhhhh!" Heather shushed me, bringing her fingers to her lips in an exaggerated motion. "You're SOOOO... NOISY, Courtney! You're going to wake... like... like... EVERYONE!" she admonished loudly, gesturing vaguely at the multi-story townhomes that tightly bordered the sidewalk. Chastised, my hands flew to my lips, stifling another giggle. Heather sternly glared at me with disapproval, and then broke into a snorting fit of laughter of her own.

Her eyes narrowed. "Why are you carrying a shoe?" she demanded, placing her hands on her hips in a demanding stance. I looked down at one hand, and then the other. Sure enough, my right high heel dangled in my fingers. Why was I carrying one shoe? That seemed silly. After several off-balanced and unsuccessful attempts, I managed to slip it onto my foot. Stumbling on down the sidewalk at an uneven gait, I wondered what had happened to the left shoe. "Shoe" was a funny word by the way, I realized with a giggle, thinking that notion seemed vaguely familiar...

Admittedly, my recall of the evening up to this point was a bit muddled. I do know that it was my — our- mine — whatever — eighteenth birthday, so my twin sister and I had decided to celebrate by sneaking into 'Vixens' — THE happening local club. We were both blonde and cute, and did I mention, twins, so the doorman didn't eyeball our IDs too closely. Short mini skirts and plenty of cleavage and bare midriff on display probably didn't hurt our case either.

Once inside, Heather almost immediately ran into a group of her girl friends. We joined them and before long we were all laughing and dancing together, grinding against each other, doing that that fake bisexual act we girls put on to drive the boys crazy. From the crowd we were drawing, it seemed to be working.

After a while, I attracted the attention of this really cute guy... Bill? Billy? ...Billy-Billy-Billy, Billy Balloo... No, wait... Jack, I think it was. Anyway, some name that started with an 'M'... Tim! Yeah, that was it. Anyway, so Jim had brought me a drink. One of those with an umbrella in it, so I figured he was a classy guy. We sat down at a table to talk, but the music at the club was seriously loud, so I never really could hear what he was saying. He seemed to understand me just fine though, because he would laugh, and nod, and smile at everything I said, so I knew he really liked me. I got about halfway through my drink and told Tim that I was going to the bathroom. "You... You stay put!" I admonished him with a stern wag of my finger. He raised two fingers in a scout's honor swear, and then crossed his heart. I giggled and gave him a playful slap on the shoulder. I got up and headed off to find the ladies room, starting to feel a bit woozy and unsteady on my feet. But told myself that maybe that's just what falling in love feels like.

I finished up in the bathroom and made my way back to the table. Giddy and dizzy with excitement, I

was thinking that it might be time for Jim to take me back to his place... you know... to “properly celebrate” my birthday. This was my first time in a club, and I had never gone back to a guy’s place before, but there was an undeniable itch in my little panties that was telling me tonight might be the night. But when I got back to the table, Tim... Jim... Jack... whatever his name was... was gone.

Heather found me at the table, looking sad and confused. She pointed at the half-full umbrella drink with a cocked eyebrow. I waved it away, so my sister finished it off for me in a couple of quick gulps. Still perplexed at Jack’s sudden disappearance, I continued to anxiously scan the crowd to see if I could spot him. Gradually, the room started to take on an awkward sideways tilt, and slowly began to spin in time with the pulsating music. Feeling disoriented, I knew I needed some fresh air. I got up and made an erratic path towards the exit as my knees went all wobbly. Heather was quickly by my side, providing a supporting shoulder. “Courtney, I think you’ve been roofied,” she observed in a concerned voice.

“Roo... Roofie!” I slurred in response, the sound of the word appealing to my diminished thinking capacity. It sounded like a dog noise. “Roofie! Roofie!” I barked at her, grinning at my razor-sharp wit. “RRRRRR... ROOOFFFFFIE!!!!” Several people in the club shot us odd looks as we stumbled past.

Heather groaned as I let more of my weight lean onto her shoulder. Straining, she managed to get me to the exit just as her own legs seemed to go all rubbery. She dropped me on the sidewalk in an unladylike pile and plopped down beside me, fanning herself with her hand. “What was in that drink?” she exclaimed, her eyes glazing over and going slightly out of focus.

“I... I think... it was like a... a MAGIC drink!” I asserted with a stammer, reaching out with an unsteady finger to gently poke the end of her nose. She crossed her eyes at the touch and I shrieked with a fit of laughter.

Our apartment lay only like six blocks from here, in something like this... no, wait, probably that direction, I was mostly sure. A short walk should get us home, so my sister and I decided that we should call it a night. Heather got to her feet and seemed to find renewed energy, skipping ahead of me, humming a painfully off-key version of a pop song we had heard at the club. Awkwardly struggling back onto my feet, I stumbled, tripping over my high heels. I picked up the right shoe that fell off in the process, and then hurried after my sister, veering off in a slightly sideways angle, before getting my bearings and setting forth at an uneven gait...

And to my best recollection, that’s how we found ourselves on the sidewalk late this evening, me pondering the Bermuda Triangle-like disappearance of my shoe, and my twin sister Heather swinging herself in slow circles around the post of a No Parking sign, butchering pop diva song lyrics. It seemed a rather premature and ignominious end to our eighteenth birthday celebration...

A somber whine intruded into my deep thoughts regarding the elusive tendencies of high-heeled footwear. I looked around, taking a half-step back to steady myself as my perception of the world continued its disorienting, counter-clockwise rotation.

The whine repeated and I zeroed in on the source. Near the opening of an alley sat a large brown dog. It was one of those Doder... no, Bobber... Booberman... Dobermans! That was it! “Roofie!” I barked back with a giggle. He tilted his head sideways, favoring me with a curious glance. He lifted his left front paw and whimpered, displaying sad puppy-dog eyes.

“Awwww... are you hurt, boy?” Heather inquired. My heart too was melting in pity for the poor pup, and I felt bad for having barked at him. In response, the doggy turned and slowly began to limp

away down the darkened alley. He paused, turning back to give us a pleading look over his shoulder, and issued another pitiful whine. With an even more pronounced limp, he disappeared into the gloom.

We couldn't just leave him like that! Maybe if he had a cut on his paw and I could bandage it or something. "Wait! Come back!" I called, unsteadily stumbling down the alley in pursuit. Heather shushed me again, giggled, and staggered along after me.

We made my way unsteadily past several dumpsters and a stack of empty pallets. Rustling noises came from the cluttered shadows. I glanced around nervously, beginning to second-guess the wisdom of our canine rescue detour. But I could see no source of the noise, so I pressed on. The alley turned to the right, opening up into a small courtyard. A single dim bulb in a lamp above a doorway provided limited illumination. There sat the Doberman, tail thumping on the ground in greeting.

I approached the large dog, squatting down in front of him and talking softly to keep him calm. "Poor boy, are you hurt? Come on, let me see that leg of yours." The Doberman obediently lifted his right paw, placing it in my hand.

"H... Hey!..." Heather slurred. "Wasn't he limping on the other paw earlier?"

I couldn't help but think she was correct. Suddenly there were more rustling sounds behind us. I stood and turned to see three more canine shapes drift into view from the shadows. I was frightened for a moment, realizing they were blocking off our only escape back down the narrow alleyway. But they acted polite enough, with no growling, and only wagging of tails in greeting.

The closed in around us, a German Shepherd cautiously sniffing my extended hand in a friendly gesture. Heather scratched behind the ears of a black and white colored Husky who wagged his tail eagerly. A light tan Pit Bull circled around me, sniffing cautiously. Suddenly my sister gave a startled squeak of surprise. She swiped behind her with her hand and the Doberman flinched back in retreat, pulling his inquisitive snout out from under Heather's short mini skirt. He moved nimbly, his painful looking limp apparently having miraculously cured itself.

I stifled an indignant shriek of my own as I felt the wet snout of a Pit Bull prod its way between my thighs, his slobbering wet tongue exploring the cottony crotch of my thong panties. I pressed my legs together and shoved him away. "Naughty doggy!" I chided, my hands on my hips to show my displeasure. He briefly lowered his tail as a gesture of apology, and then set it to wagging again, a mischievous grin seeming to cross his jowls. I squealed once more, rising up on my toes in an attempt to escape the cold, burrowing snout of the German Shepherd, pressed up deep into the crack of my butt from behind.

"No, no... NO!" Heather protested. She was struggling with the Husky, who had his head buried under the front of her skirt. She squirmed and cursed under her breath, finally managing to pull herself away from the lewd and determined canine. As the animal withdrew, Heather's hips rocked, tugged forward by her panties locked in the Husky's clenched jaws. She made a motion to swat the lecherous beast and it released its grip. The crotch of Heather's panties elastically snapped back into place with an audible 'pop'. The large dog licked its chops in appreciation, gazing up at Heather with its characteristically bluish Husky eyes.

Giggling, Heather tried to circle away from the Husky and the Doberman, but they herded her expertly against a wall, each looking for a new opportunity to get their furry snouts back at the feminine goodies barely hidden under her very short skirt. The German Shepherd meanwhile was back at me from behind, wriggling his way under the hem of my mini skirt, snagging the string of my

thong panties with his teeth. He pulled back, his front paws lowered in a playful stance, whipping his head back and forth. I could hear the delicate stitches in the material begin to pop under the strain. The crotch of my panties was yanked tightly into loins, splitting my pussy lips around the bunched up material in a most embarrassing camel toe. There was a 'snap', and the back string of my thong broke under the tension. The severed strand slipped from the dog's teeth to dangle loosely underneath my skirt.

The situation was obviously getting out of hand, so Heather and I tried to force our way through the gang of dogs to make our escape. But our efforts were thwarted as four sets of canine jaws latched onto our mini skirts, relentlessly yanking at the material and pulling us deeper into the alley. I shrieked in protest but this only seemed to drive the pack into a more exited frenzy.

"I... I think they smell our panties!" Heather exclaimed with a gasp, wide-eyed and struggling against the rude advances of the Husky and the Doberman.

"Maybe if we let them have them, they'll leave us alone!" I replied with a hint of panic, fighting back against the relentless probing efforts of the German Shepherd and the Pit Bull.

My twin sister nodded in agreement. Heather had been grinding herself against a bunch of her pretty girlfriends on the nightclub dance floor, and I had been dancing with my supposed dream guy. It was no surprise that both of our panties might be a bit moist and wafting forth an alluring female perfume to the canine senses. Well, ok, maybe the term "sweltering swamp" might be a better de\*\*\*\*\*ion for what was going on down there between my legs. But regardless, if we could peel off our sticky little panties, and offer them as a distraction to the pack of dogs, we could probably make our escape from the alley.

I reached up underneath my skirt with both hands, hooking my thumbs into the elastic band of my ripped thong panties. Wriggling my hips, I tugged my tiny underwear downward, feeling the sticky crotch peel itself wetly from my glistening pussy lips. The two dogs tugging at my skirt relented in their efforts, peeking underneath the hem to watch with keen interest as syrupy strands of moisture pulled taunt between my vaginal mound and the retreating crotch of my panties. The Pit Bull licked his lips, gazing at me with a predatory look. I bent over to pull my panties lower, twitching in surprise as the cold, wet snout of the German Shepherd prodded its way into the exposed crack of my ass. I could feel his hot breath wash across the tight little pucker of my anus and I clenched my rump cheeks tightly together in defense. My panties dropped, tangling up around my ankles, almost tripping me. Regaining my balance and kicking off my remaining shoe in frustration, I finally succeeded in pulling my sticky underwear free in the process.

"Come on guys! Here you go!" I teased, waving my torn pink panties in the air. The scent of wet cunt was unmistakable, steaming from the cottony crotch and hanging heavy in the still air of the alley. The Pit Bull and the German Shepherd pranced around me, eager for the tantalizing treat. I tossed the sodden garment several feet away, sending the Pit Bull on a mad dash in pursuit. He snagged the sticky morsel while still in the air and flopped down on the ground to eagerly press his muzzle into the soaked panty crotch. The German Shepherd whined with envy as he cautiously approached. The Pit Bull hunkered down selfishly over his juicy catch, growling a warning which halted the Shepherd's advance.

Heather also started to strip off her panties. The Husky and the Doberman both nuzzled their snouts up under the hem of her skirt to look into the matter personally. Two sets of canine jaws latched onto the elastic waistband, pulling downward. Heather's panties were quickly yanked to her knees as she fought to maintain her balance. I could see the small crotch of her purple lace panties was soaked completely through with a shimmering wetness. The two doggies braced their front paws,

clenching their jaws onto the elastic band and pulling fiercely in opposite directions. The Doberman thrashed his head back and forth and there was a tearing sound. The waistband snapped, followed by the thong string. The Husky and the Doberman each stumbled back as the tension was released. The Husky won the lion's share of the prize, coming away with most of the tattered waistband and the gooey-wet crotch. The Doberman looked disappointed with his consolation prize of a small section of waistband and the rear thong of the panty. The Husky chewed victoriously on the tasty patch of panty crotch, savoring the win and the marinade of juicy feminine flavor.

"Run!" Heather urged, launching into a sprint towards freedom. I was hard on her heels and we ran like the wind — assuming the wind was dressed in short mini skirts, missing its panties, and was half stoned out of its mind on roofies.

I made it about five feet before a pair of dark furry paws slid over my shoulders and the full weight of the pursuing German Shepherd sent me crashing to my knees. I landed with a grunt, scuffing one knee and knocking myself short of breath. The Pit Bull followed up, latching his teeth around my left ankle. He didn't bite down hard, but effectively restrained me nonetheless. I kicked with my foot in a panic, trying to dislodge him, but cried out as his teeth dug deeper into my skin. It was clear that further attempts at escape would be painful.

Heather managed a full ten feet of progress before the pursuing Husky latched his sharp teeth onto the back of her fluttering miniskirt. The tight garment pulled downward, wrapping itself around her shins and sending her sprawling to the pavement. With a cry of dismay she tried to scramble to her feet, but the Doberman was on her in a flash, assisting in the take-down by grabbing her blonde pony tail in his jaws and forcing her to the ground.

I also tried to fight my way to my feet, but felt a powerful set of German Shepherd jaws clamping down on the back of my neck. Sobbing, I lowered my head to the dirty pavement of the gloomy alley in an act of submission.

The Pit Bull tentatively loosened his grip on my ankle. I started to squirm but his teeth bore down again. The German Shepherd issued a throaty growl, tightening his grip on the back of my neck. Trembling in fear, I felt a tear roll down my cheek as further thoughts of resistance faded from my mind.

Satisfied with my defeated sob, the Pit Bull released his grip on my ankle. I shivered as I felt him sniff his way curiously up my legs. Goosebumps rose on my bare skin as his hot breath washed over the back of my naked thighs. I clenched my legs tightly together as I felt his cold nose working its way higher. His snout wriggled under the hem of my skirt and then flipped it up onto my lower back. My round, naked rump cheeks were exposed as I stifled a cry of dismay. An involuntary flinch contracted my muscles as the cold, wet nose of the Pit Bull pressed its way into the crack of my ass. I gritted my teeth, clenching my rump muscles tightly together. The Pit Bull withdrew, and I breathed a sigh of relief in the hopes that he had given up. But then I felt the claws of his front paws, scratching, tugging insistently at my inner thighs, trying to pry my legs apart. "No!" I called out in protest, but my command went unheeded. I resisted the Pit Bull's probing efforts, but the German Shepherd clamped his jaws tightly around the back of my neck, forcing my face into the pavement as an ominous growl rumbled in his throat.

I began to cry in earnest, coming to understand that I had no choice in the matter. Tears clouded my vision as I submissively spread my legs, opening myself up to the investigative snout of the Pit Bull. I gasped, a red flush of shame burning its way up my face as his hot breath washed over my naked pussy. A long, wet doggy tongue lashed out, licking me from clit to asshole in a slow, savoring motion. Despite my sense of revulsion, I could feel my moist vaginal lips respond to the stimulation,

swelling with an inrush of blood and unfurling to reveal the path of entry into my steamy little cunt. I flinched, a strangled cry of dismay choked nervously in my throat as the wet nose of the Pit Bull pressed into the velvety flesh of my twat. He snorted, the irresistible scent of wet human cunt overwhelming his keen sense of smell. Perhaps the fading effects of my spiked nightclub drink were to blame, or maybe I simply knew that I was beat, but I spread my legs a little wider in a submissive gesture.

Issuing an animalistic growl of lust, the Pit Bull buried his snout deeper into my tight little pussy, stretching me open. I desperately tried to squirm away from the intimate invasion, but the German Shepherd's grip on the back of my neck held me firmly in place. An involuntary groan escaped my lips as the Pit Bull's long tongue slithered from his jaws, burrowing its way into my virginal snatch. A steadily increasing trickle of pussy lube oozed from the fleshy pink walls of my fuck slot. The Pit Bull greedily devoured the syrupy treat, slurping wetly. Feeling my heart beating at an elevated rate, I moaned quietly, wriggling my hips to open my legs into a slightly wider spread.

Tentatively, the German Shepherd released his grip on my neck, holding his jaws at the ready should I find a renewed sense of rebellion. Those thoughts had faded however, as my breathing transformed into a steady panting, betraying my growing sense of arousal. Wet, slurping doggy tongue dug into the delicate cracks and crevices of my twat as I felt an involuntary shudder of lust tremble through my loins. I issued a purr of approval, squirming my hips and raising my butt a little higher into the air to provide the Pit Bull easier access. Satisfied with my compliant attitude, the German Shepherd backed away, keeping a careful eye on me. Slowly I pulled my knees up underneath me, raising my naked rump. Not wanting to risk the German Shepherd's wrath, I kept my head submissively on the ground, arching my back in a downward curve to present my pussy more firmly against the Pit Bull's talented snout.

A second wet doggy tongue made its presence known, slobbering canine spit over my naked, upturned rump. Abandoning his guard duty, the German Shepherd had taken an interest in my firm, creamy backside. I gently swayed my hips as his tongue dipped down into the crack of my ass, exploring, tracking undeniably lower with every loving swipe. The Pit Bull snorted with enthusiasm, blowing a spray of sticky twat juice from his dripping jowls to splatter my inner thighs. I scooted on my knees, widening my stance. I squealed in surprise as the German Shepherd's tongue wriggled ever lower in the crack of my ass, pressing itself intimately into the puckered little dimple of my asshole.

"Oh god... no..." I begged, realizing his intentions. The tip of his hot, wet tongue lashed back and forth, applying increasing pressure. I bit my lower lip, trembling as I felt my tightly crinkled little anal rosebud begin to quiver. More tears of shame trailed down my cheeks, wondering what sense of self-respect I could possibly retain if I were to let a doggy push his tongue into my ass. My clenched little sphincter didn't suffer from such moral reservations however, and I felt it flutter with excitement in response to the ongoing oral stimulation. The German Shepherd wasted no opportunity, prying and probing relentlessly, exploiting each minor slip of my anal resistance.

Despite myself, I found my hands reaching back, fingers clasping my firm, rounded butt cheeks. I pulled, spreading myself open. With a sob that was equal parts revulsion and lustful enthusiasm, I felt my tight little virgin asshole pucker in and out in a convulsive spasm and then blossom open in invitation. The German Shepherd pulled back, gazing at the sight. My heart pounded as my breath came in desperate inrushes. Perhaps the large canine had changed his mind? A nervous shudder tracked up my spine. I tugged my rump cheeks open wider. "Please..." I begged in an almost inaudible whisper.

The German Shepherd pressed back in, bringing the tip of his tongue to bear on my snug rear



portal. Wet doggy tongue slipped in the welcoming embrace of tight little girl rectum. I bucked my hips, feeling my anus close down firmly around his oral appendage. He dug deeper, as if trying to lick honey from a jar. A shiver of delight rippled its way along the muscles of my sphincter, clenching down in a loving embrace on the embedded doggy tongue, urging him deeper into my clutching rectal depths.

The Pit Bull worked his tongue eagerly in my virgin pussy, noisily savoring the primal taste of oozing girl twat. The German Shepherd serviced my rear, his bared teeth pressing firmly against the puckered flesh of my anus as his oral appendage wriggled ever deeper into my snug back passage. I could feel their squirming tongues deep within me, separated by only the thin, soft membrane of juicy pink flesh between my cunt and asshole. My breathing ragged, I involuntarily began to slowly swivel my hips, grinding my twin little love portals against the furry snouts of my captors.

I dared to raise my head off the pavement, slowly pressing myself up onto my hands and knees so as to not alarm the two canines. Allowed this added freedom of movement, I rolled my hips in a sensual motion, my rhythm gaining speed as the sexual urges in my firm young body began to build. The two dogs moved expertly with me, tongues fully embedded as the tempo of our lurid dance picked up a growing sense of urgency. A delighted squeak of passion threatened to escape me, but I bit down on my lower lip, choking back the passionate exclamation. A shudder rippled through the depths of my pussy and my next squeal of delight escaped my lips. Panting in ragged breaths, I thrust my hips backwards in a frantic thrashing motion. "Fuck... YES!" I groaned, gritting my teeth as the trembling sensation in my cunt spread to my belly and asshole.

I tried to restrain it, but the sexual tremor within me would not be denied. My inner thighs began to quiver. My hips rolled in a cyclic motion, bucking and churning as I clenched and released the muscles in my firm ass cheeks in rapid convulsions. "GOD!" I screamed, fireworks exploding across my vision as my orgasm erupted. Only the twin doggy tongues lodged in my twat and asshole kept me upright on my hands and knees as my body flailed beyond my control. Powerful orgasmic cramps shuddered through my pussy and asshole, clenching and releasing in a series of mind-blowing contractions. Panting like a bitch in heat, I thrashed my hips, feeling my tits bouncing within the confines of my tight little blouse. Finally, with a desperate gasp, I bucked my hips one last time and then shuddered to a stop. I greedily heaved in one lungful of air after the next as the Pit Bull and German Shepherd pulled their wonderful tongues from the clutching embrace of my cunt and rectum, causing me to moan and tremble with a series of post-orgasmic shudders. The lecherous canines licked their jowls, savoring the tastes matted into their furry muzzles. I shivered as a moment of silence fell over the alley, broken only by the slow, steady dripping of my draining vaginal juices, splattering onto the pavement between my legs.

As I regained my senses, I was suddenly struck with the recollection that my twin sister was in the alley with me, not five feet away. A burning tide of crimson shame surged up my neck and into my face. Fearfully, I slowly raised my eyes in her direction, wondering what on earth she must be thinking of my unforgivable actions.

Heather however seemed to be dealing with her own crisis. She was poised on her hands and knees, naked from the waist down, with her mini skirt tangled around her left ankle. The toes of her high heeled shoes scuffed at the pavement as she struggled to maintain her position. The large Husky was mounted on her from behind, his front paws wrapped tightly around her chest. Her blouse had been pulled upward by the canine's furry embrace, allowing her small, firm tits to spill free, bouncing energetically. As if sensing my gaze upon her, Heather turned back to look at me, her large dark eyes glazed over and her jaw slack in shock. A thin strand of drool hung from her pretty pink lips, draining slowly downward.



"He's... He's in my... in my ass!" my sister gasped with a stutter, her eyes misty wet with the shameful admission. Her body jolted and naked flesh quivered as the powerful Husky gave a powerful lunge of his furry haunches against Heather's naked backside. I cringed, expecting Heather to shriek in dismay and begin to cry in earnest. Instead she raised one hand and brushed her blonde hair behind her ear in a subconscious flirting motion. Turning to face forward again, Heather steadied herself on her hands and knees, clenching her jaw with the effort as she pressed herself backwards, squirming under the dominating control of the butt-fucking canine.

As I watched in amazement, the muscular Husky pulled back, exposing probably ten inches of thick, throbbing dog cock. Then he slammed forward, his furry haunches meeting the firm, flawless cheeks of my sister's upturned butt. Creamy rump cheeks jiggled with the impact and then deformed to match the furry contours of the canine's rear legs and tummy. A wet slap broke the stillness of the alley as his heavy ball sack pounded solidly against the open lips of her wet pussy. The Husky stroked out, Heather's anus distending outward as it applied a steady friction to his monstrous retreating shaft. Ass cheeks and tits jiggled again as the meaty fuck stick thundered back home into her rectal embrace. Heather squealed, grinding her hips in a circular motion around his fully embedded prick. She turned her head again, straining her neck to gaze up and back at the Husky with a loving, pleading expression. He reached down with powerful jaws, capturing her blonde ponytail in his teeth and sternly pulling back. Heather whimpered, her back forced into a more severe downward arch. Her rump cheeks rolled upward, presented at the perfect approach angle for the Husky's next punishing rectal fuck thrust. Heather took him, cooing with delight, jostling her knees into a slightly wider stance and readying herself for the next even deeper thrust that followed a moment later.

Heather issued a shriek of protest as the Husky roughly buried himself to the hilt in her bowels. Then I saw her already shockingly stretched anal pucker begin to bulge to even more alarming dimensions. Fully sheathed in my sister's shitter, the Husky's massive cock knot began to swell. She bucked and squirmed, pleading as the monstrous organ ballooned within the straining confines of her pooper. But her struggles proved futile. The canine's knot engorged to incredible dimensions, locking him firmly within the grasping embrace of her obscenely stretched rectal pucker. Crying, straining, she begged him to stop. The Husky rewarded her with a quick but punishing anal thrust, choking off her complaints as her body jiggled with the impact. Then the Husky settled into a slow, rhythmic motion of short, powerful thrusts, leisurely taking his time to savor the buildup to the inevitable conclusion.

I looked upon frightening and yet strangely intriguing vision, unable to fathom how Heather's tight little butt could take in that much doggy cock. The Husky seemed tireless, pounding thrust after ass-violating thrust into my sister's abused little rectum. Imprisoned by the quivering grasp of her anal ring, the Husky's massive cock knot strained her rectal portal, flesh bulging as the canine pulled back. Locked and loaded, his muscular haunches trembled. Then he unleashed, ass fucking my cute twin sister up the butt with a savage stroke. She grunted, taking the abusive insertion with a buck of her hips. Her rump cheeks pressed flat against the canine's inner thighs, swiveling in a lewd, circular motion. The Husky pulled back again and then uncoiled his muscles with another savage rectal hammering, drawing an enthusiastic squeal from my sister's lips as she ground her ass against him. I licked my lips, thinking it wouldn't be long before I was treated to the sight of the Husky unloaded a scalding torrent of churning dog cum deep into Heather's clutching bowels.

Suddenly I cried out in surprise as a heavy weight landed on my back, collapsing me to the pavement. The Pit Bull tried to mount me, but with me now laying flat on the ground, it was an awkward position. A couple more poorly aimed thrusts proved the futility of the attempt. I rolled over onto my back, looking up at the muscular animal poised above me. A tremor of fear shuddered through me as my gaze traveled down his body, bringing his threatening canine cock into focus. At

about seven inches, it didn't have the impressive length of the Husky that was currently boring its way into the depths of Heather's snug little asshole. But what it lacked in length it more than made up for in girth. My head still spinning from the dreamscape effects of the roofie, I reached down with both hands, allowing my fingers to grasp clumsily around the fleshy shaft. "It's so huge..." I breathed in trance-like amazement. Starting from a narrow tip, the Pit Bull's cock quickly ballooned out to a massively thick diameter. Try as I might, I could not come even close to fully wrapping the extended fingers of both hands around it. I laughed, thinking how entirely useless such a ridiculously huge cock must be. I mean, there was no way that such a monster could ever be forced into any normal sized pussy.

As if to prove me wrong, the Pit Bull squatted down, angling his ponderous prick in the direction of my virginal little cunt. I shook my head, knowing that his success was unlikely, given the misalignment of our bodies. Now... if I were to roll up onto my upper back, lifting my hips... yes... that certainly seemed to help matters some. The tip of his cock — oozing a glistening drop of precum — nosed its way into the folds of my snatch. Still firmly locked in the guiding embrace of my hands, I stroked the tip of his cock up and down the length of my slit, biting back a quiet moan of delight. The Pit Bull pushed in deeper — or had I pulled him in? It was hard to say. I cried out, feeling his rapidly increasing girth stretch my tight little virgin pussy to impossible dimensions.

He thrust forward, but the impact knocked me off balance. I rolled sideways, a hint of protest on my lips as I felt his cock slip from my twat. I moved back into position, this time lifting my naked legs and crossing my ankles over the lower back of the Pit Bull to lock me into place. The thought briefly crossed my drug-addled mind that I was going to get my birthday fucking after all.

The Pit Bull thrust, driving himself downward. I shrieked in pain and surprise, feeling several inches of the massive cock shaft splay me open wide. My pussy lips strained, stretched to their absolute limits, their overwhelming friction quickly grinding his inward progress to a halt. The beast withdrew, leaving just the tip of his cock in place as my slippery twat lips closed back down around the tapering girth of his prick. The Pit Bull pounded down with another invasive thrust. I cried out, tears welling up in my eyes as his cock forged into my tight vaginal embrace. The head of his prick found my virgin barrier, battering like a ram against its fleshy resistance. My cunt lips stretched obscenely around the monstrous diameter of his cock rod, getting the first hints of its truly massive dimension.

The canine stroked back, causing me to sigh in relief as my pussy pulled back to its normal size. With a snort, the Pit Bull plunged into me. I shrieked in pain, feeling my cherry flesh stretch in agonizing resistance. I locked my ankles tightly around the doggy's lower back, pulling downward with my quivering legs in an attempt to assist the process. After a moment of straining and grinding, the Pit Bull gasped for breath and withdrew once more. I could feel his muscles coil, readying himself for another thrust. He exploded with determination, throwing his weight into the effort. I groaned, thrusting my pelvis upward to meet him. Virginal flesh throbbed in protest, stretching, straining, trembling, but holding firm. With a groan of frustration, I collapsed back to the ground, panting desperately.

The Pit Bull paused, unable to understand the unsatisfying and uncooperative limited depth of my hot little pussy. To bury only three inches of his massive cock rod into such a snug and wonderful snatch seemed like such a waste. I seized on his hesitation to take matters into my own hands. Wrapping my arms around my furry lover, I rolled to my side and then on top of him, taking the surprised canine with me. Yelping, his paws flailed as his eyes went wide, suddenly finding himself in the disadvantaged position on his back. He squirmed, trying to wriggle out from underneath me. But I soothed him with a calming voice, squatting on top of his haunches. I ran my fingers through the fur of his chest, gently scratching him as my other hand reached down and found the bobbing

end of his upright and rigid cock. The animal squirmed again in alarm, but then — as I guided the tip of his prick back into the slippery embrace of my hot little fuck slot — his struggles began to falter. A few inches of cock bored their way into my pussy and the Pit Bull's instinctive defensive reaction gave way to the urges of passion. I could see from his expression that he was beginning to realize that human girls weren't limited to fucking in only a "doggy style" position. An expression of intrigued interest seemed to cross his canine features.

I raised my hips and then forced myself downward, sighing as several inches of impossibly thick, wet dog cock were pressure-fit into my widely stretched vaginal fuck tunnel. I gritted my teeth as the tip of his cock once again pressed up against my virgin barrier, stretching and straining the frustrating resistance, unable to break through. I raised my hips again, using my body weight to spike my twat down onto the Pit Bull's throbbing cock piston. "Fuck!" I exclaimed, gritting my teeth against the pain. I rose again and dropped. "FUCK!" that hurt! The Pit Bull gained a sense of my timing, giving an experimental upward thrust of his furry haunches as I rose and then dropped for a third time. "FFFFUCK! Fuck me!" I squealed.

Shifting from my awkward squatting position, I settled down onto my knees, still straddling the prone form of the Pit Bull beneath me. I spread my stance open wide, feeling my ass cheeks gape and my tight little rectal pucker winking. Reinserting the Pit Bull's slippery wet prick, I rose again, grunting with satisfaction at this new and improved position. His cock shaft sunk into my twat with a wet slurp, battering against my virginal barricade. I bounced, tits jiggling as I felt a slight faltering in the reluctant fleshy barrier. I bounced again and the Pit Bull matched my motion, thrusting upward with a determined lunge of his haunches. I whimpered, feeling a tearing, stretching sensation.

My hips settled lower and I howled — pain, passion, and a sense of victory combined into one — as the tip of the Pit Bull's cock shaft finally tore through my virgin barrier. Momentum carried me downward, uncharted territory of my vaginal sleeve straining as the enormous canine cock shaft was buried in a slow, steady insertion. My vision blurred with a momentary sensation of pain, quickly replaced by a disorienting feeling of fulfillment and accomplishment. Panting desperately for air, I straddled my canine lover, savoring the cunt-stuffing sensation as I sheathed his cock to the hilt in steamy depths of my twat.

Panting, I paused, simply savoring the incredible stretching sensation. Cautiously I began to gently roll my hips. The massive canine cock shaft refused to budge, seemingly locked in place by the straining embrace of my grasping pussy. Biting my lower lip, I applied myself to the effort. My reward came, achieving just a slight amount of delicious motion of his monstrous prick in my obscenely over-stretched snatch. It felt like someone had stuffed a football into the depths of my little pussy! I purred with delight, grinding my hips a bit more energetically as my vaginal lubrication oozed to the rescue.

I spared a glance over at Heather, my attention drawn by a wet, rhythmic slapping noise and my twin sister's enthusiastic cries. The Husky had managed to overcome the incredibly tight resistance of her tightly clenched little sphincter, allowing his massive cock knot to slip free of her anal embrace. Heather's asshole gaped as the powerful canine dragged his rigid cock shaft in reverse. In a smooth, cyclic motion, the beast reversed his motion, sending a full ten inches of glistening, throbbing dog cock back into the depths of the poor girl's eager rectum. The engorged cock knot slapped up hard against Heather's straining anus and then battered its way inside. A wet slap sounded as the dog's huge leathery nut sack impacted my sister's fully aroused pussy lips. Long silvery strands of twat sauce oozed from the gaping slot, dripping, trailing down her inner thighs. The Husky withdrew again and then hammered home again. Heather grunted, taking every last inch, rolling her hips upward with well-timed precision to match her canine lover's motions.

The Husky began to pant feverishly, slobber dripping from his jowls to land on Heather's squirming back. His cock knot seemed to swell to even larger dimensions as he slammed himself into her ass, knot and all, and lifted his head to sound off a victorious howl. My sister moaned and squirmed underneath him, grinding her hips against his haunches as the Husky's huge ball sack contracted in a violent spasm. Heather's eyes went wide as the beast's prick swelled and then erupted, launching a foaming geyser of churning dog cum deep into her quivering bowels.

The Husky withdrew, his massive cock shaft slathered with a coating of cum that dripped and splattered the back of Heather's naked thighs. Powerful canine muscles contracted, launching the beast forward yet again. His balls throbbed visibly as his ass-wrecking lunge began, blasting a second avalanche of doggy sperm into my sister's orgasmic anal tract as he reinserted. I saw her body shudder, the muscles in her rump and thighs visibly rippling as the orgasmic pleasure washed over her in rhythmic spasms. The dog's cock sank into her ass to the hilt with a noisy slurp, stretching her bowels to their limits as she squealed. Her tummy bulged, filling with his sticky seed. A foaming cascade of canine cum spewed from Heather's ass, pressuring its way past the tight seal of her anus around his cock. The beast withdrew, veins in his cock throbbing visibly under the translucent sheen of cum. Heather's thighs and calves were coated in a dripping frosting that drizzled off the length of his cock. Gripping his front paws tightly around Heather's chest, the Husky hammered his cock into her asshole once again, drawing another enthusiastic shriek of pleasure from her lips. He drove the full length of his meaty shaft into Heather's upturned rump and then launched into a series of short, rapid fuck thrusts, his balls contracting and cum surging with each powerful stroke. Girl and canine panted desperately for breath, their heaving chests matching cadence as they seemed to bond into a single being.

Finally the Husky collapsed on Heather's back, exhausted, tongue lolling from his jowls. My sister shuddered, her hips twitching as she trembled through a series of post-orgasmic contractions. The canine pulled back, his huge cock knot slipping easily from the gaping wreckage of Heather's plundered anus. The softening cock slid easily from her rectal embrace, her tired little sphincter twitching as she reluctantly felt him slip from her grasp. An eruption of swirling dog cum gushed from her obscenely stretched rear portal as the Husky pulled out, sheeting down over her pussy and naked thighs in thick, sticky torrents. The Husky staggered away on unsteady legs, his semi-erect cock dangling, dripping a steady trail of slathering cum as he retreated.

Heather's hips bucked one last time, her naked thigh and rump muscles contracting in a quivering spasm as she arched her back and moaned. Then she collapsed onto her side, curling up in a fetal position and giggling softly to herself. Her well-reamed asshole twitched and shuddered, puckering open and closed in a slow, rhythmic pattern as a steady flow of doggie cum continued to drain. She closed her eyes, finally surrendering to the lingering effects of the roofie-spiked drink from the club, or the exhausting effects of a savage canine ass fucking, or perhaps both.

A burning friction in my loins drew my attention away from my sleeping sister and back to the massive dog cock slowly surging back and forth in the tight confines of my juicy little twat. A steady trickle of molten cunt butter oozed from the fleshy folds of my painfully stretched pussy, providing a glistening coating of lubrication for the Pit Bull's rigid prick. The excess drained down in thick rivulets over his huge nut sack and matting into the fur of his loins. I rolled my hips, settling into a steady, sensual fucking motion, feeling my straining little pussy stretch just a bit more with each unstoppable thrust of the Pit Bull's enormous dick. With a sigh, I leaned forward, laying down on top of the canine's furry, heaving chest.

A furry, wriggling form brushed up against my leg. I turned to look, seeing the German Shepherd standing next to me, his tail lashing back and forth with excitement. I glanced between his legs, spotting nine inches of fleshy canine cock standing at rigid attention. "You'll... uh!... You'll just..."

uh!... have to wait your turn... uh!," I admonished, interrupted repeatedly by the cyclic thrusting action of the Pit Bull's cock in my twat. The German Shepherd however saw it differently. With a graceful motion he mounted himself onto my naked, thrusting rump, wrapping his front paws around my chest. He pressed his cock into the crack of my wide-spread ass cheeks. It was exactly the same mounting position the Husky had used on my sister, and I realized immediately that my pink little pussy wasn't the only option available for an eager doggy dick. In a panic, I tried to squirm away, but the huge Pit Bull cock spiked up my snatch hampered my escape as the German Shepherd adjusted his stance and tightened his paws around my ribcage.

The German Shepherd's prick slid up through the crack of my ass, lubricated by a warm trail of slippery precum oozing from the tip. He pulled back, realigning his aim. With his second lunge the end of his throbbing cock pressed once more into the wide open cleft of my rump, tracking up and down in time with the motion of my rolling hips. "Please... no..." I begged, feeling my tight little anus snug down tight in a defensive posture. And yet, as the Pit Bull thrust upwards with his haunches and I swayed in response, I found my hips instinctively adding a bit more rolling movement. I swiveled up and back, presenting my vulnerable rear portal to the German Shepherd. His fleshy cock tip slipped lower, settling into the recessed dimple around my anus. Sensing he was locked on target, the eager canine began to push. I tried to resist, clenching tightly as tears of shame flooded my eyes. But with each loving stroke of the Pit Bull's cock into my quivering pussy, I felt my tight little sphincter pucker back and forth, throbbing, pulsing with lustful excitement.

I squealed in protest, feeling my resistance falter. The hot, wet tip of the German Shepherd's prick slipped into my anal embrace. The Pit Bull thrust again, causing my hips to buck. I swiveled forward, feeling the tip of the dog cock slip from my ass. My sweet little pooter trembled with a spasm, puckering rapidly open and closed. But as the Pit Bull withdrew, I rolled my hips back, meeting the incoming thrust of the German Shepherd's prick. I strained, clenching my jaw as I pushed back hard. The German Shepherd tightened the grip of his front paws around my chest, lunging forward with his haunches. I gasped! Several inches of throbbing canine cock rod were stuffed into the tight, clutching confines of my bunghole!

The Pit Bull thrust and my hips rolled in response. The German Shepherd's cock slipped in retreat, almost escaping the loving embrace of my tight little butt. The Pit Bull pulled back and I moved in sync. The German Shepherd caught a sense of our timing, lunging forward with a punishing anal fuck thrust. Based on my limited experience, as well as my observations of my sister, it was becoming clear that canines don't appear to have a firm grasp on the concept of "gentle" when it comes to fucking a girl up the ass. I bit my lower lip, choking back a whimper of protest as six inches of German Shepherd cock punched into my shitter. Our trio cycled again and I felt a bead of perspiration begin to glisten on my forehead. The Pit Bull bottomed out in my pussy and the German Shepherd plowed another inch of so of virgin territory up my ass. He wasn't yet fully embedded, but we were making progress!

Another cycle, and I grunted with the effort. I felt a furry tickling on my naked rump cheeks, suggesting that the German Shepherd was nearly there. We churned again and a muffled squeal burst from me as the German Shepherd finally took me to the hilt. My naked cheeks pressed flat against his haunches and I ground my hips in a slow circle, savoring the incredible sensation of being double-stuffed by two huge canines. The Pit Bull took a breather, gasping for air as I joined him. The German Shepherd pounded my butt with a series of merciless full length thrusts that jarred my teeth. Then he scrambled awkwardly, jostling himself into a new position. I felt his body weight leave my back. And yet the massive butt-stretching insertion of his cock remained in place. I glanced behind me. The German Shepherd had dismounted, turning, and now stood rump to rump with me. He wriggled his furry haunches and I sucked in an inrush of air as I felt his cock knot begin to swell inside the snug grasp of my tight little asshole. I squirmed, instinctively attempting to expel him

before his knot engorged to its full dimensions. But it was already too late. The base of his prick grew alarmingly, stretching my taunt little rear portal to its limits. I could feel my rectal pucker bulge with the strain, pulsing, throbbing back and forth. The German Shepherd was fully tied to me, locked in my anal embrace. The only way to escape him now would be to wait for him to blow his cum load into my quivering bowels.

A sharp yap roused my attention. My head snapped up and my glazed over eyes saw the furry Husky standing before me. His huge prick had recovered quickly from its adventures up my sister's ass and bobbed at rigid attention under his belly. The massive shaft was still coated with a thick frosting of dog cum, hanging in thick trailers from the entire length of his shaft. As I watched, a thick drop of precum oozed from the tip of his cock, slowly trailing downward on a glistening strand. The canine's intentions quickly became clear as he moved forward, straddling my head. I turned my face away but he issued an ominous growl. "No" was apparently not an acceptable answer. Gulping in fear, I submissively reached up, grasping the Husky's long, thick cock, running my fingers up and down the length of his slippery shaft.

Grimacing, I brought the tip of his cock to my lips, gently nuzzling the tip. Visions of this same cock hammering its way into my sister's snug little asshole jumped unbidden to mind. The taste of dog cum and Heather's rectal portal washed across my senses. My lips parted, allowing my fluttering tongue to savor a lick. Husky thrust forward, insistently pressing several inches of dripping wet dog cock into my mouth. He pulled back and then lunged in more urgently. As my head rocked back under the forceful insertion, it became clear that the huge Husky was not inexperienced in the art of using a young girl's mouth like a cunt.

The Husky cycled his furry hips, pulling back and then thrusting inward. The tip of his relentless prick pushed to the opening of my throat. I gagged in response but the enthusiastic canine paid no heed to my distress. Several inches of thick, hard doggy cock forced their way down my gullet. I could feel the muscles in my throat bulge in protest, and gasped in relief as the Husky pulled back his haunches. Then he launched himself forward with huff of exertion. My eyes went wide in panic as the beast's massive cock slab thundered passed my straining lips and down into the depths of my trembling throat. Furry haunches pressed up hard against my face and the Husky's huge nut sack made contact with my lips. The full ten inches of canine cock were hilted in my pretty little mouth. I knew I should feel an overwhelming sense of shame and revulsion, but my reaction was purely instinctive. I worked my lips, nuzzling the Husky's balls with a loving kiss as the muscles in my throat rippled, milking his shaft, beckoning him ever deeper.

He pulled back, causing me to moan with growing passion. The generous coating of spent cum on the animal's prick skimmed off his fleshy shaft by the tight embrace of my lips. His sticky sperm awoke the taste buds in my mouth, sending my tongue into a frantic flutter of activity on the underneath side of his throbbing cock. Cum and saliva oozed from my widely splayed mouth, dripping unheeded from my lips in thick, trailing streamers. He thrust back in, fucking my face as a strangled gurgle arose from my throat. Canine balls once again snugged up tight against my lips as I responded with an intimate kiss. Another retreat, followed by a savage fuck thrust shifted the Husky into a rhythmic pattern, back and forth, in and out, picking up speed as his flanks began to heave with the effort of fucking my face.

Suddenly there was a jostling on my upturned rump, a confusing scramble of paws on my back. Spiked in place by three dog cocks, every practical orifice was currently occupied. I couldn't even begin to imagine what was going on back there. However, even in my fuck-lust fueled mental fog, I couldn't help but notice the fleshy prodding of yet another canine cock, slithering its slippery wet tip up and down the crack of my ass. The Doberman was looking to get in on the act! I would have laughed at the mental image had my throat not been stuffed to the brim with the Husky's fleshy

erection. I only had three fuckable openings to offer, so the Doberman was simply going to have to take a number!

The Doberman however didn't see it that way. I felt his cock skitter up and down the crack of my widely spread rump cheeks, desperately seeking relief for his aching prick. The tip of his shaft slipped downward into the recessed dimple of my asshole, bumping up against the knotted cock of the German Shepherd. "See, already occupied," I thought to myself. Then my eyes went wide as the Doberman locked his front paws around my ribcage and began a slow, relentless push with his haunches. The straining muscular ring of my anus resisted, puckering with panic around the massive girth of the fully inserted German Shepherd. Already stretched beyond my limits, there was obviously no way that the Doberman was going to find his way into my tortured little rectum at the same time!

Yet his persistence seemed to have no limits. He clenched himself tighter around my chest, drawing back and thrusting forward with his haunches. The tip of his cock hammered against my quivering anus. The German Shepherd growled in warning, obviously holding claim to his existing right of entry. The Doberman was undeterred, pulling back and thrusting once again, pressing his cock shaft up tight against that of the German Shepherd. The Shepherd's tail lashed in irritation, tickling my lower back.

And then I felt it — the first hints of an accommodating flutter of my widely stretched sphincter. Tears watered in my eyes as I felt an overwhelming stretching sensation. Panting, the Doberman strained, the muscles in his haunches quivering with the effort. I mewled in protest, the sound muffled by the throbbing dog cock plundering my throat. The tip of the Doberman's cock slowly eased its way into my straining little shitter, sliding its way along the fully embedded prick of the German Shepherd. The incredible friction caused the Doberman to grind to a halt, panting, with the first two inches of his cock now sheathed up my butt. He resumed his attack, never withdrawing but simply forcing himself ever deeper with short hard thrusts of his loins. I grunted with each punishing lunge, rolling my hips to match his timing.

My body jiggled with each powerful thrust. Progress was made, inch by butt-fucking inch. I gave a choked sob of dismay. The Doberman paid no heed. Finally, with a satisfied grunt, he was fully hilted, his cock throbbing alongside that of the German Shepherd, two massive canine pricks stuffed simultaneously up my ass! Then — impossibly — the Doberman's cock knot began to swell. I issued a strangled howl of protest, reduced to a frantic gurgle as the Husky's cock knot also began to swell within my oral embrace. I clawed with my fingers at the pavement, my feet drumming on the ground as a growing sense of panic overwhelmed me. But spiked with a massive dog cock in every sexual orifice, and a double-insertion up my ass just for good measure, my hopes of escape were laughable. All four canine cock knots inflated to their full measure, stretching every tender orifice beyond my comprehension.

As if by mutual agreement, all four beasts all began fuck. There was no rhythm, just pure, random cock thrusting madness. My entire body jiggled. The massive Pit Bull cock in my pussy hammered deep. The two canine cocks up my ass pistoned, alternately grinding against each other as a burning blaze of friction erupted in my anal tract. The Husky plunged deep into my throat, causing me a brief moment of speculation as to whether the tip of his cock might encounter either of the two pricks currently jammed into the depths of my bowels. That was my last cohesive thought before the first spasms of an orgasm blossomed in the trembling depths of my silky little cunt. Clenching down in vaginal spasms around the throbbing girth of the Pit Bull's massive cock, the frantic contractions spread like a wildfire, shuddering through the muscles of my taunt little tummy and naked thighs before sending my bowels into a rippling series of convulsions. I bucked, flailing mindlessly, my cock-muffled squeals of passion barely audible above the frantic combined slapping of dog and girl



flesh.

I had a vague sensation of throbbing dog cocks swelling to even greater dimensions, but at this point I was simply a mindless mass of orgasmic girl flesh. Somewhere deep within me I could feel the churning eruptions of dog cum, massive fleshy hoses sending foaming torrents everywhere. My tummy swelled, and eruptions of overflowing cum gushed from every orifice. Pussy lips dripped streamers of doggy sperm, almost indistinguishable from the cum that gushed from my straining oral lips. Stretched beyond all comprehension by two massive canine cocks, my double-stuffed quivering asshole was a fountain of spraying canine goo, matting the fur of canine haunches and sheeting down the back of my thighs in a steady wash of sticky animal cum. Then my world began to fade from grey to black as my consciousness faltered.

I awoke an unknown time later, laying on my back in the alley, wallowing in a puddle of cooling canine cum. The Husky, German Shepherd and Doberman had already dismounted, done with me and each looking content as they dozed nearby. The Pit Bull stood over me. As my head cleared, I felt an incredible, satisfying fullness in my pussy. The Pit Bull tugged in reverse, causing the exhausted lips of my twat to distend outwardly, refusing to relinquish their grip on the canine's still swollen cock knot. I blinked, wiping the back of my hand across my mouth, smearing a thick overflow of the Husky's cum across my cheek. I swallowed, once and then again, washing my tongue around my mouth to gather up the remnants of his gooey discharge. The Pit Bull tugged again and then staggered back as my pussy lips stretched and then released him. With a wet slurp his cock pulled free, leaving my twat an open, gaping cavern of plundered vaginal flesh. Canine cum and pussy cream gushed from my tunnel-like fuck slot, adding to the growing puddle on the ground between my open thighs.

On unsteady legs I rose, falling once to my knees before achieving an upright position. Still breathing heavy with exhaustion, I made my way to Heather, waking my sister from her drug-inflicted slumber. After a brief search we managed to locate her discarded mini skirt and made ill-fated attempts to restore ourselves to some measure of presentability. But it was with tussled hair, missing panties, and dripping steady trickles of canine cum that my twin sister and I staggered from the opening of the alley. I paused, glancing around in the dim illumination of the street lights. Finally I found what I was looking for — the faded green street sign proclaiming the name of the alleyway. I filed it away for future reference, noting it as the claimed turf of the canine gang. A girl never knows when the urge to liven up a dull Saturday evening might just happen to arise...