

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



Mark and Debbie had been married for two years when the local office of the company for which he worked was closed as a cost-saving measure. Mark was lucky. Instead of being terminated, he had been given the opportunity to become a roving troubleshooter. The position paid slightly more than his old one, but he would have to spend almost three weeks of every month traveling. He tried contacting other companies in the area, in hope of finding something that would allow him to stay near home, but they all had either had hiring freezes or were laying people off. He resigned himself to living on the road, but he knew that this situation would not be popular with his wife.

Debbie was one of those women who had grown up pretty, privileged, and consequently extremely spoiled. As a little girl she had gotten everything she wanted from her parents, even if she had to pitch a fit to get it. In High School, boys fell over themselves trying to please hers because of her looks. She had come to believe that she was entitled to whatever she wanted and if she did not get it, she would become very unpleasant.

When Debbie met Mark, he seemed to be just what she wanted in a husband. He was handsome, he had a good job, and he bought her everything she wanted. After the wedding, he bought her the cutest house in the suburbs, to which he would come home every night and entertain her. He even got her a flashy and very expensive sports-car, so she would look good driving around town. He indulged her every whim and she loved him for it.

At first, Mark was oblivious to Debbie's nature. He was in love with her and wanted to give her everything he could. Whenever she became unhappy, he would end the crisis by giving in to her. As the honeymoon period wore off, he began to have doubts about their chances for long-term happiness, but he loved his wife deeply and was willing to put up with a lot to keep her happy.

The problems began when he told her about the changes at work. She was unhappy about his being away and when he told her there was nothing he could do about it, that he was lucky to still have a job at all, she pitched a screaming fit. Mark slept on the couch that night.

Things had not improved by the time Mark began to prepare for his first extended trip. Debbie had allowed him back in to their bed, but she refused to let him touch her.

"If you loved me, you would stay with me," she said.

"Honeybun, I do love you. But I have to go where they send me if I want to get paid. It's money that pays the mortgage on the house and puts food on the table. Until I can find something else, this is the way it has to be."

"But I need you here!" Debbie cried. Mark's heart broke to see his pretty wife this unhappy, but there seemed to be nothing he could do about it. Then he thought of something he could do that might help. He could get her a dog. Taking care of a dog would keep her occupied while he was gone. It would also give her some companionship, something to focus on besides how unhappy she was.

Rather than bring it up with Debbie and risk another tantrum, Mark kept the dog idea to himself. After a search of local breeders, he found a pedigreed Black Labrador that the owner said would be ideal as companion and security for a lonely wife. Mark paid for the animal and arranged to pick it up the day of his trip.

When Mark walked in with the dog, Debbie was well into one of her fits. Crying and shrieking, she said, "But I don't WANT a dog, I want YOU. Why are you doing this to me?" The dog walked over to Debbie and sniffed at her. He looked up at her with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, expecting to be petted.

"Honeybun, look. He's a very friendly dog. His name is Gus. He's got a pedigree and everything. He's housebroken. He's up-to-date on all his shots. He'll be a good guard dog. He'll keep you safe while I'm gone. I've got all the dog food and bowls and leashes and stuff right here. All you have to do is feed him twice a day and walk him when he needs to go out."

Unmoved by his arguments, Debbie ran to the bedroom and slammed the door, throwing herself on the bed. Her sobs could be heard all the way down the hall.

"I've got to go now," Mark called through the closed door. "I'll leave Gus here. His bed and the rest of his stuff is in the kitchen. I'll call you when I get there. Bye, honey."

After Mark had gone, Debbie sat up and dried her tears. Without an audience, there was no point to crying. "A dog," she said to herself, "why would he think I wanted a dog? Nasty old thing. Be underfoot all the time. When he gets back he can take this dog back to where he got it, that's all!"

When Debbie opened the bedroom door, Gus was lying in the hall, waiting for her to come out and play with him. He sat up and wagged his tail when she stepped out of the bedroom.

"Get away from me!" she shouted, shaking her finger at the dog.

Alarmed and confused by her tone, Gus backed away down the hall toward the kitchen. Debbie followed him, making shooing motions with her hands. His bed, bowls and a large bag of food were where Mark said they would be.

"I guess you need to be fed," Debbie said, putting her hands on her hips. With a kitchen knife, she cut open the top of the bag of dog food and scooped some into Gus' dish. Then she poured him some water and went back to the living room to stew some more about how Mark had gone off and left her all alone. She was reading one of her romance novels when she noticed that the dog had come into the room and was watching her from the corner. She sniffed, and went back to her book. She ignored the dog for the rest of the afternoon, except to let him out when he needed to go outside to do his doggy business in the yard. She refused to use the leash. If he ran away, she would be rid of him. Apparently just to spite her, Gus came back every time.

Debbie continued to feed, water, and open the back door for the dog, but otherwise ignored him for the rest of the week. Whenever he would try to sit next to her or ask to be petted, she would shout at him and shoo him away. When that happened, he would go lie down across the room, but he still stayed near her all the time.

On Friday, Debbie made plans to go clubbing with a couple of her girlfriends. She thought that getting out with her friends and getting a little wild at a club would be just the thing to take her mind off of her thoughtless husband and also to get her away from that awful animal that refused to let her out of his sight. She had showered, done her hair, and laid out her favorite club dress, a short, strapless spandex sheath that had elastic laces all the way down both sides. It showed off her youthful 110 lb. figure very well, clinging to every curve like paint in front and back, and left her sides essentially bare. Wearing underwear with it was impossible, but 22-year-old Debbie thought that her D-cup breasts were firm enough not to need support.

She was standing in the bathroom, primping before putting on her dress, when she dropped one of her pearl earrings. She saw it fall between the pedestal sink and the bathtub and she got down on her knees to look for it with her bare ass wiggling in the air. She had just spotted it in the corner under the sink, and was reaching to pick it up when she suddenly felt something wet slide between her exposed butt-cheeks. She was so startled that she jerked her head up and smashed it into the underside of the sink, briefly knocking herself unconscious. When she slowly began to regain her

senses, Debbie thought she was dreaming. It was a wonderful dream. She was lying on a private beach in Cozumel and Enrique, the handsome poolboy, was between her legs, licking her tenderly, making her wet before he entered her. His five-o'clock shadow was tickling her most sensitive parts, and his insistent licking was making her boiling-hot pussy gush juice all over his mouth.

Debbie moaned, "Oooo, Enrique. Stop that or you'll make me cum too soon." Her eyelids fluttered open and reality crept back into her consciousness. Something was very wrong. She wasn't on the beach. She was face-down on a tile floor. And that wasn't Enrique between her legs. Debbie raised her head and looked back, careful not to bang her head again. The dog! It was the damn dog! The nasty filthy beast had his head between her legs and was licking her pussy!

Debbie tried to clamp her knees together to force the animal away from her sex. She took a deep breath to scream at the top of her lungs, but before she could make a sound Gus pulled his furry head out of her crotch and growled at her. It was a deep rumbling noise, terrifyingly feral. Debbie swallowed her scream. "The dog has gone mad," she thought, "he's reverted to his true nature. He's as big as me and certainly much stronger. He's going to kill me. He's going to tear me apart." Gus growled again, his black lips sliding back from his gleaming white fangs. Almost without conscious thought, Debbie spread her knees open, again exposing her inflamed sex.

Gus quit growling and put his head back under her ass. He resumed licking Debbie. Her entire groin was quickly drenched with his saliva. His long tongue could easily reach her clit from his position behind her. He licked Debbie from front to back, without pause.

Debbie hung her head and rested it on the bath mat. From this position she could see the dog's tongue raking her sex over and over. Her heart was still pounding, but her terror had faded enough for her senses to return. She watched, fascinated, as the animal licked her. He seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself at her expense. It was the most humiliating experience she had ever had.

"Please stop, doggie. Please don't do this," Debbie pleaded.

As Gus worked away at her, Debbie's pussy began to respond on its own. Her juices started to flow more freely and her labia became engorged with her blood, slowly spreading apart, as if to give the dog greater access.

Debbie felt the heat build inside her. She felt herself open to the animal. She felt his tongue going deeper, seeking the source of the flow of nectar that had started to run from her. As the warmth spread through her, she felt herself responding physically to the dog's tongue. She grit her teeth and told herself that this was dirty and perverted, that she could not allow herself to receive pleasure from what was happening to her. Even as she made the resolution, her body betrayed her. Her hips tilted back, moving her pussy closer to the source of the sensations that were causing her arousal.

"Please don't... lick... me... like... that. Please stop. I'm sorry I was mean to yooooooooou."

A low moan escaped from Debbie's lips. She was finding it more difficult to concentrate, to focus her resolve on denying the pleasure that was radiating from her loins. She closed her eyes. Her breathing became more rapid. Her nipples, pressed against the cool tile, hardened with the wave of arousal that swept over her.

"Please," she whispered. But "please" what? "Please stop?" "Please don't?" "Please go faster?" Debbie was no longer sure. She floated on a sea of sensation, riding the continuous waves from crest to crest like a limp piece of seaweed, completely at the mercy of a force beyond her control.

Then Gus stopped. Without thinking, Debbie spread her knees farther apart, trying to entice the dog to continue. "So close," she thought. She felt the dog's coat rub against her ass. She felt his powerful chest on her back. She felt his hot breath on the back of her neck. Puzzled, she opened her eyes. She could see something moving between her legs. It was very large and bright red. It reached almost to her navel. Then it withdrew back between her legs and rose out of sight. She felt a sensation of pressure at the opening to her pussy. "He's going to rape me!" she realized. The dog was going to rape her, right here on the bathroom floor. Instantly, her head cleared. She started to push herself up on her arms, to try to get the dog off of her. This was very wrong. This was unthinkable. She could not let this happen!

"NOOOOO! No, you mustn't. No. No. Nooooo!"

Gus growled right in her ear. She froze where she was. She desperately tried to decide if she had a chance to fight the dog. She had a vision of lying on the bathroom tiles with her throat torn out. While she was trying to decide, Gus took the initiative. The dog drove his erect cock halfway into her pussy with one shove of his hips.

Debbie tried to scream, but the sound choked in her throat. Feeling herself start to slip on the tiles from the force of the dog pushing behind her, she grabbed the edge of the bathtub and pushed back to keep her head from being banged into the porcelain. Gus pushed again and the rest of his thick 10" cock slid home. Debbie's mouth dropped open and her eyes rolled back at the sensation of the dog's cock slamming into her well-lubricated vagina. It felt incredibly hot and it seemed to fill every crevice, stretching her out more than she had ever been before. She knew immediately that Gus' equipment was bigger than Mark's. She could feel the hot flesh touching her cervix, forcing it out of the way as it thrust all the way into the deepest part of her.

The feeling of having the dog's cock buried so deep inside her was overwhelming. Debbie felt arousal explode within her, driving her instantly to the brink of orgasm. "NO!" she thought, "I can't! I mustn't! Not with a DOG!" But it was too late. Debbie felt her climax wash over her; searing waves of intense pleasure that began at her pulsing clit and rolled out to all parts of her body.

No sooner had Debbie's climax reached its peak, than Gus started stroking his cock in and out of her. The feeling in her hypersensitive clit was indescribable.

"Oh God! Oh, God. Ohgodohgodogoddddddd!" she squealed. Her vagina was so tight around his cock that it felt like she was being turned inside out on every stroke. His cock was bigger than any man she had ever been with. It was stimulating places in her that no one had ever touched before. She had never felt pleasure this intense before in her life.

Gus fucked her like a machine, ramming his cock home with rapid-fire strokes. He seemed not to tire, but went on and on at the same fast pace for several minutes. Debbie melted under his continuous assault. Her pussy was burning with the heat of his cock in her and the heat of the friction it was causing. She felt another climax rising from deep inside her, as overpowering in its impact as the first.

As her second orgasm took her, she gripped the side of the bathtub with both hands and felt herself vibrate. Muscles all over her body quivered. She moaned loudly, a deep, almost animal-like sound. She felt her vaginal muscles pulsing on the huge cock, pulling it further into her hot pussy. Gus increased his pace as he felt her squeezing his cock.

"Ooooooooooooo," she moaned, "Fuck me! Fuck meeeeeeee! Oh, that feels sooooo goood!" Debbie tossed her head back and forth, ruining her hairdo. She could feel his balls slapping her swollen clit

on every stroke. She bucked her hips, trying to get more cock into her pussy. She could feel the tip of it bumping into her cervix on every stroke. This was an entirely new sensation for her and it raised her arousal to a new level.

Gus kept on pounding his cock into her, pouring it to her as fast as he could. With all four feet on the floor he arched his back and rocked his hips back and forth, moving six inches of his cock in and out of her pussy on each powerful stroke.

Debbie's world had dwindled down to the massive cock plunging into the innermost reaches of her vagina. She held no thought in her head, only experiencing the powerful sensations that crashed over her. Time seemed to stand still, as she was frozen in a matrix of arousal, stuck like a fly in amber.

She almost did not notice when Gus slowed to a stop. He stood perfectly still for a few seconds, then he thrust into Debbie so hard that his cock brutally banged her cervix, almost pushing its way into her womb. Then he started to unload his balls into her.

To Debbie, the spray of hot dog cum deep inside her felt like molten lava searing the depths of her pussy. She came instantly, her climax flashing in her brain like a Roman candle, firing exploding balls of colored fire again and again behind her eyes as Gus' huge cock pumped stream after stream into her. Just when it seemed like he would never stop, his cock fired one last bolt and he backed away from Debbie, slowly pulling his still-hard cock out of her. The dog walked out of the bathroom and disappeared around the corner.

Debbie collapsed, exhausted, onto the cool bathroom tiles, shivering from an orgasm that seemed to go on forever. She wondered if she would ever stop cumming. Even after her orgasm finally subsided, she lay still, unable to move and totally drained.

Long minutes later, she stirred. She raised her head and pushed herself up on her hands. She tried to get her legs under her but they would not cooperate, so she sat on the floor and put her back against the bathtub. After resting for a while in this position, she tried her legs again. This time they worked well enough for her to get up on the toilet.

Debbie ran her hands across her abdomen. Her abdominal and vaginal muscles were threatening to cramp from the sustained workout they had been through. She spread her legs and bent over to look at her sore, swollen pussy. It was still engorged with blood and her labia were still hanging open. She watched as a sticky glob of white slid from her and dropped in to the toilet bowl with a plop. Another followed the first. Then a stream, and finally a flood of dog cum poured out of her. She'd never seen so much cum before. She thought there must have been a pint of it.

Taking a hand-mirror from the vanity, she held it up between her legs to get a better look at her pussy. She saw that she had been thoroughly reamed by the dog's large organ. Where before, her opening had been small, now her poor pussy gaped wide open.

"I'm ruined," Debbie said under her breath. "My poor pussy. He ruined my poor pussy with his great big prick." She stared as the last of the cum slowly oozed out.

"He filled me. He filled me up with doggie cum. I'm not on the pill. I wonder if I'll have puppies?" Debbie giggled, teetering on the verge of hysteria.

She sat the mirror down and used some toilet paper to wipe herself clean. Then she struggled unsteadily to her feet and, holding on to anything handy, she staggered into the bedroom and collapsed on the bed.

Without sitting up, she reached for the telephone on the bedside table. Picking it up, she put her fingers on the buttons. Who to call? What to say?

"My dog raped me." Right. Who did she want to say that to?

"He fucked me brutally and wrecked my pussy. I came hard three times on his big cock." No one could ever know that.

"It was the best sex I've ever had." Admitting that to herself left her stunned and bewildered.

She picked a number from the speed-dial list and hit 'call'. It was answered almost immediately.

"Cerise? Hi, it's Debbie. Look, I'm sorry for standing you up. I've been in the bathroom for the last hour. No, I think I'm OK now. But we'll have to get together some other time, OK? Sure. Me too. Bye, now." She put the phone back in the cradle, pulled the bedspread over her, rolled over and fell asleep.

When she woke up in the morning, it all seemed like a bad dream. Then she felt the soreness in her groin and felt the dried sweat and other fluids on her body. Groaning, she swung her legs off the bed and sat up. Gus lay next to the bedroom door, looking at her.

Debbie stared at the dog as though she expected him to say something, but he just lay there yawning. He had obviously slept in the room with her all night. Slowly, she stood and walked carefully past the dog into the bathroom. She had started to close the door, when she heard the dog get up and approach her. She froze with her hand on the door. Then she slowly opened it again, all the way. The dog retreated to his spot by the bedroom door. She stood with her hand on the bathroom door, staring at the dog.

"This isn't over," she thought. Her heart raced and her stomach lurched as the true terror of the situation came home to her. Her fingers went white where she gripped the door. She forced herself to let go.

"He's much stronger than me. He could kill me any time he chooses. He's in control now. I'd better do what he wants." She propped the door open so she wouldn't be out of Gus' sight.

"OK," she said to herself as she ran the water for her bath. "Ground-rules. No closed doors."

After she bathed, she felt much better. In fact, she felt pretty good. She knew it was the afterglow from last night, but she allowed herself to smile anyway. She walked out of the bathroom with her hair wrapped in a towel and another around her torso. She pulled panties and a bra out of her bureau drawer, pulled the towel from her body, and sat on the bed to get dressed. She had just got her feet into the panties when she heard the dog growl. Again she froze and looked at the dog. He did not seem to be about to attack. He was just giving her a warning.

"Aha," she said, understanding. "No panties. Well, how about a bra?"

She picked up the bra and held it up to her breasts. There was no response from the dog. She put the bra aside.

"Towel OK. Bra OK. Panties not. Gotcha."

She stood up and went to the closet. She had intended to put on a fashion show for the dog to try to learn the new limits of her wardrobe, but she froze with her hand on the door when comprehension

suddenly dawned. The dog would not let her wear anything that got between him and her pussy. She felt her stomach clench and sudden warmth start to rise from her crotch as she realized that the dog intended to have sex with her whenever he wanted. Her eyes went wide at the thought. She pondered her change in status and how her life had changed in the last several hours.

"I'm his bitch," she thought, "I'm the dog's bitch."

The horrendous idea of being turned into a sex-slave for a dog both repelled and fascinated her at the same time. She could not put it out of her mind. Every time she thought, "dog's bitch" she felt her pussy grow warm and a small jolt of pleasure run up her spine.

She pulled a short terry robe from the closet and shrugged into it, tying the wide belt in front in a half-knot so she could take it off again quickly in case the dog objected. Gus seemed fine with it, though. She walked out of the bedroom and down the hall. The dog padded along behind her. In the kitchen, she washed out his bowls and poured him some fresh water and food. While he ate, she made coffee.

Standing against the counter while she drank her coffee, Debbie looked at the dog. He sat across from her, next to the breakfast table, watching her. To all outward appearances, he was an ordinary dog — a household pet like any other. Debbie knew better. She wondered what he was thinking. She wondered what he wanted.

As if in answer to her unspoken question, Gus stood up and walked over to Debbie. He put his nose right at the level of her crotch and sniffed. Debbie looked down at the dog. He stared back up at her, waiting for her to do something. For a moment, she did not understand.

"This is a test," she thought. "He wants to see how I will react. He wants... what?" Suddenly she understood what the dog wanted. She took a deep breath. The hand with the cup in it began to shake. She sat her coffee cup down on the kitchen counter. Mechanically, she loosened the belt, opened her robe all the way and tucked it behind her, exposing her naked body completely to the dog. Her belly twitched under his gaze. Her legs felt weak. She took a tight hold of the edge of the counter behind her, to support herself and so she would not be tempted to raise her hands, something she was sure the dog would interpret as resistance. She moved her feet apart, spreading her legs. Then she tilted her hips, pushing her pussy forward, toward the dog's nose. She clenched the muscles in her ass, bracing herself for whatever came next. She shivered in anticipation of what the dog would do to her. As she stood there, exhibiting her pussy to the dog, she tried to analyze her feelings. She realized that she was at a fever pitch of arousal, that her clit was so hard it was vibrating with her heartbeat. She also realized that she was not only prepared for whatever the dog wanted of her, she was eager to do it. She had gone from reluctantly surrendering to the dog's dominance to being his willing slave.

Gus stuck his nose between her legs and sniffed loudly at her exposed pussy. Debbie could feel his hot breath on her. He looked up at her over the tensed muscles of her belly, his brown eyes staring directly into hers. Then he slowly licked her between her legs with his long tongue, running it the length of her pussy and dragging it over her clit, making her quiver at his touch. Withdrawing his nose, the dog walked over to the back door and looked at her with an expectant gaze.

Debbie relaxed from her brace, opened the door and Gus bounded out. Leaving the door open, she went back to her coffee. As she sipped it, she looked down between her legs. There were small beads of the dog's saliva clinging to strands of her pubic hair. She closed her robe.

"He's training me," she thought. "That was a kiss; a reward for correct behavior." She felt a warm



sense of satisfaction at having pleased her new master.

Later that day, Debbie had just finished cleaning up the kitchen after fixing herself lunch. She wore a tank-top, but had on a mini-skirt instead of her usual pair of running shorts. She was about to sit down to watch TV when Gus came over to her. As before he but his nose at her crotch and waited.

"Another test," she thought. Eager to demonstrate what she had learned, she pulled her skirt up onto her hips and assumed the brace position as before, hands behind her, gripping her ass cheeks, pushing her hips forward and offering her pussy for the dog's inspection. He put his nose up to her and sniffed; then he barked. Debbie felt a shock of excitement run through her. This time, she knew instantly what he wanted her to do. Her heart began pounding in her chest. She slid to her knees on the floor, pulled the skirt up around her slender waist, bent over the sofa, grabbed the seat-cushion, and spread her legs. Her nipples hardened against the upholstery. She felt her pussy begin to heat-up as her blood rushed into it, getting it ready for the assault she believed was to come.

Gus stood and looked at her, as though he were a drill-sergeant, inspecting a trainee. Under his stern gaze, Debbie quivered with anticipation. She felt her clit swell and harden, peeking out of its hood as though reconnoitering the area. Her labia separated and hung, swollen and pink, on either side of her vaginal opening. Her breathing became rapid. The tension was unbearable. Lubricant began to flow from her opening and drip from her labia. She wondered if her position was acceptable, or if there something else she needed to do. She cocked her hips back, pulling her ass as high as it would go. She spread her legs as far apart as she could, feeling her muscles tense under the strain.

Finally, Gus put his muzzle between her legs and licked her as he had before. Debbie climaxed instantly at his touch, shivering and quaking as her almost palpable sexual tension was released.

Finding her well—lubricated and ready, Gus mounted her. As his erection speared into her, she felt her climax explode to new heights. She came three more times during that session, each time better than the last.

Shortly after eight o'clock that night, Gus fucked her again, this time in her bedroom. Debbie climaxed so hard that she was totally spent. She went right to sleep, not even bothering to drain his cum out of her pussy.

The next day, Debbie abandoned her mini-skirt and wore just a crop-top t-shirt that barely covered her breasts. Gus fucked her three times that day. Each time wherever and whenever the mood struck him. The last time had been behind a bush while they were romping in the backyard. She had to support herself on all fours on the slick grass, gripping it with her fingers so she would not slide under Gus' powerful thrusts. When she came, she tried desperately not to moan or squeal, so they would not attract the attention of the neighbors. Debbie thought that was one of their best fucks because it seemed more natural to do it outdoors, but also because the possibility of getting caught added an additional thrill.

When the weekend came, Debbie became concerned. She needed to go to the supermarket to restock her pantry, but she was worried about Gus. The store did not allow dogs inside, unless they were guide-dogs for the blind. Before going out, Debbie got dressed for the first time that week. When she pulled her bra on, she made a face. She had become used to wearing little or nothing over the last several days and the confining garment felt very uncomfortable. She took it off and went back to her underwear drawer. She pulled out the lightest, thinnest bra she had and slipped it on. This one felt much better because the seamless cups were of a thin microfiber material that felt much better on her nipples. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her nipples stood out clearly

through the sheer fabric. Her areolas were puffed up and very sensitive. She realized that they had been that way for days. She put on a thin cotton blouse that buttoned up the front and the longest skirt Gus would allow. The clothes still felt uncomfortable and she looked forward to getting back home so she could take them off again. She adjusted the skirt so it hung as low on her thighs as possible without falling off her hips.

"I'll have to be careful when I squat or bend over" she thought, "or someone will get a show."

Gus walked her out to the car and jumped in willingly when she opened the door. She drove to the store with him beside her on the passenger seat. When they arrived, he got out of the car with her and walked next to her across the parking lot. When they got to the pneumatic door, he looked through the glass and then lay down outside where he could see through the door.

Debbie sighed with relief and went in to do her shopping. When she came out, Gus was in the same spot, waiting for her. "I've earned some time off the leash," she thought, her chest swelling with pride, as they walked back to the car. "He trusts me not to run away."

Having finished her own grocery shopping and established herself as trustworthy to Gus, Debbie decided to visit the pet store a few doors down from the supermarket. As before, Gus accompanied her to the front door and waited outside.

As she wandered the aisles, trying to decide which kind of food Gus would like, a clerk came up to offer assistance. The girl was young, no more than 18, attractive except for what Debbie thought was an excessive amount of make-up, and was wearing a simulated-leather mini-skirt that barely came to mid-thigh. The thing that caught Debbie's eye was the collar she wore around her neck. It looked like leather, with brass rivets, and a D-ring next to the buckle from which dangled a small metal tag in the shape of a bone. It looked just like one of the dog-dollars hanging on display.

"Can I help you?" the clerk asked, smiling.

"I need some food for my dog," Debbie replied, "He's gone through most of a bag in the past week."

"Is he a large breed?"

"Yes, a Labrador. He weighs more than I do — and he eats more, too." Debbie laughed.

"Well, we have several kinds of dry food that are popular with large breeds. There is one here that I recommend." The girl led Debbie to a set of shelves in the back of the store that were piled high with large bags of food. She pointed to a brightly colored bag on the top shelf.

"This one is good for active dogs. It gives them a lot of energy — and stamina." The clerk watched Debbie's reaction closely, but Debbie didn't notice. She was looking at the bag, but the word 'stamina' kept echoing through her head. Then she smiled and said, "That sounds good. I'll try some of that."

The clerk nodded and smiled back. "Let me get a couple down for you. These things are heavy. I'll help you get them out to your car, too. Only take a sec." With that, she pulled a rolling ladder over and climbed up to the top. As she reached the top, Debbie looked up and was shocked to see the girl's bare ass under her skirt. "That's hardly proper business attire," Debbie thought, smiling to herself, "She might be able to get away with wearing thong underwear on the job, but not if she's going to be climbing ladders..." At this point the clerk picked up a bag and spread her feet further apart to steady herself on the ladder. When she did this, Debbie could see that the girl wasn't wearing a thong — she was wearing nothing at all. Debbie quickly averted her gaze, but her mind

raced. The clerk wasn't the only one here whose pussy was clearly visible from below. The girl's punk necklace suddenly took on a new significance. Was it possible that Debbie wasn't alone in her new vocation as a dog's bitch?

The young clerk deposited the bags of food next to the register and asked, "Is there anything else you needed today?"

"Yes," Debbie said hesitantly, "Ah, your — necklace. Is that...?" she trailed off.

The girl smiled and put her hand to her neck, rubbing the small brass tag between her fingers. "Yes, it's a dog-collar. We have a selection over here," she said, walking down an aisle to the display Debbie had seen earlier. "They come in a range of sizes and styles. Do you know what size you need?"

As Debbie wondered how to answer that, her hand stole unconsciously to her throat. Seeing this, the clerk smiled and said, "I think I can help you. Let me see." She took a measuring tape from her pocket and stepped close to Debbie. As she slipped the tape around Debbie's neck, she said, "Will you be wanting a tag with this? We can engrave anything you like on it. Mine has my name on it. See? It says 'Amy'."

As the girl measured Debbie's neck, her breasts brushed against Debbie's and Debbie felt the girl's hard nipples press against her. At the same time she realized that her own nipples were just as stiff. Debbie could feel Amy's breath on her as she leaned close to read the measurement. The girl stepped back so they were no longer touching, but close enough so that the slightest movement of either would put them in contact again. She pointed to a row of collars with one hand and put the other on Debbie's arm and gave her a friendly squeeze. "I think any of these will fit. Did you have a particular style in mind?"

"Yes," Debbie said, leaning toward the display and bringing her breast once more into contact with Amy's, "This looks like it."

Amy took the collar and placed it around Debbie's neck to check the fit. Again her breasts pressed against Debbie's, nipple to nipple. "This can be adjusted so it will ride low on your neck, like a necklace; or high, like a collar."

"High," Debbie said, looking the girl in the eyes as she tightened the leather strap around Debbie's neck, "And I'll want a tag, too." Debbie raised her arms to feel the collar and felt her nipples drag across Amy's.

The two stood pressed against each other, their flesh warming at their twin points of contact. Amy's lips parted and her breath became shallow. Debbie put her arms down and let her hands fall onto Amy's shoulders. Amy reached behind Debbie and pulled her so that they were pressed together from breast to thigh. They both felt their mutual heat rising, flames of arousal flickering higher as they held each other. Debbie was just starting to lean her face toward Amy's when the shop phone rang. Both stepped back from the clench and tried to recapture their composure. Amy went to answer the phone.

While Amy took the call, Debbie took several deep breaths and tried to calm down. She had been on the verge of making out with a stranger, a girl, in a public place. She had become incredibly hot in only a few seconds! They both had. Amy had been just as aroused as she.

"Gus did this to me," she thought, "he conditioned me to instant arousal and to yield to sexual advances. And all the fucking I'm getting keeps me in a state of arousal all the time. The same thing

must have happened to Amy. Wow! We're walking sex-bombs with very short fuses!"

Debbie experienced a sudden surge of pride, she felt like she had just discovered that she had a super-power. Instead of trying to calm down, Debbie pulled on both her nipples to try to keep them hard and to raise her arousal level to a high pitch. She pressed her thighs together to stimulate her clit. She decided to revel in her new sexuality, not suppress it. If her pussy juice ran down her leg, she would let it. She would wear the scent of her sex like perfume. If she were going to be a dog's bitch, she would be a dog's bitch in heat.

After Amy engraved the tag and affixed to the collar with a metal link, she asked, "Should I bag this, or will you wear it out?"

"Bag it, please. I want it to be a surprise. And Amy...", Debbie leaned over the counter and kissed Amy softly on the lips, at the same time she reached out and gave Amy's breast a gentle squeeze, "...thank you!"

After the purchases were paid for, Amy helped Debbie carry the bags of food to the car. When they came out of the store, Gus fell into step with them.

"Is this your dog?" Amy asked, "He's gorgeous! And so big! I bet he's a lot of fun."

"Yes," Debbie said, sure there was no misunderstanding between them. "He's wonderful."

As Amy leaned over to put the heavy bags in the car trunk, Gus stuck his nose under the back of her skirt. She bent her legs just slightly more than was necessary to handle the bags and hesitated with her ass in the air long enough for Gus to get a good sniff of her pussy. A smile came to her face and she pressed her hands briefly to her breasts as though adjusting her blouse. Then she turned and knelt beside Gus. "Sorry, but I'm spoken for," she said as she stroked his coat and pressed against him. Rising, she smiled at Debbie, "I'm sure he'll like the food. I hope both of you come back soon." As she turned to go back to the store, she waved, "Bye now."

Back in the driver's seat, Debbie thought about her heightened sexuality and reaffirmed her decision to enjoy it rather than hide it. She unbuttoned her blouse and took off her bra. Then she buttoned the blouse back up, leaving the top two buttons undone. Looking down into her cleavage, she undid the third button as well. She pulled her collar open and pressed the material down so the blouse was open down to a point just above her nipples. She took a deep breath and watched the material become taut over her breasts. The outline of her nipples was clearly visible under the thin cloth. Another breath and she undid the fourth button. Now her blouse was open to below her breasts and her cleavage was completely exposed. Her breasts were now only covered on the sides and the tips; the rest was on open display. She opened the car door and stepped out. Gus watched her from the passenger seat. Debbie pulled her already short skirt up on her hips until the hemline was only an inch below her crotch. She could feel the breeze across her pussy-lips. Her vagina grew warm and she could feel her juices start to build.

"Cmon, Gus," she told the dog, "let's take a walk. I want to strut." The dog climbed out of the car and walked beside her as she crossed the parking lot to a short strip of stores next to the market. She had no plan in mind; until she saw that one of the stores was a comic-book shop, a favorite hang-out of teen and pre-teen boys. Smiling, she walked to the door. Gus knew the drill now, and waited for her outside.

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Once inside the shop, she looked around the small space. The clerk behind the counter was a chubby, bearded man with wire-rimmed glasses, wearing a tie-dyed t-shirt that had become faded and shrunken from many washings. He looked up as the automatic door chime sounded and squinted at Debbie, whether from nearsightedness, astonishment at her style of dress, or surprise at her not being typical of his young, male, and geeky customers, Debbie could not tell.

"Ah, can I help you?" the clerk asked. His tone suggested that she had obviously walked into the wrong shop by accident. Debbie glanced quickly around the store. The walls were lined with comic book display racks and there were some low shelves in the middle of the floor with a few painted figurines on them. Three teenaged boys browsed the shelves along the back wall.

"Yes," she replied, as she stepped to the counter. It was located close to the door with a gap to allow the clerk to step out and block any potential shoplifting attempts. "I saw the poster in your window about the convention next month. Do you know who the guests will be?"

The clerk's mouth had dropped open at least an inch as his gaze was drawn inexorably to Debbie's chest. He seemed transfixed by the sight of the inside curves of her breasts. Debbie felt her arousal rise several degrees as he ogled her. She rolled her shoulders back slightly to press her breasts even more tightly against her blouse. The clerk's eyes nearly crossed as he noticed her nipples trying to burst through the cloth.

"Y-y-yes," the clerk squeaked, finally. "I hear they expect to have McFarlane, and they have invited Mignola." The effort he made to tear his eyes from her chest ranked as a struggle more titanic than anything described in his wares. He succeeded and met her gaze. "Although I doubt he will come."

"Thanks," Debbie said. "Mind if I look around?"

"Not at all. Please!" The clerk's voice dropped from a squeak to a baritone as he mastered his voice again.

As Debbie turned from the counter to the display racks, she saw the heads of the three boys duck and turn as they tried to avoid being caught gawking. As she walked along the aisle, she noticed that one of the boys was apparently intently reading a comic that he was holding upside down. Debbie felt this was the highest flattery she had ever received. She walked over to him and leaned over his shoulder, pressing her breast against his arm and placing her bare cleavage right under his nose. She reached out and took the comic out of his hands, turned it over and put it back into his fingers. She smiled at him and leaned over so that her lips brushed his ear. Exhaling softly so he could feel her breath on his neck, she whispered, "Thank you."

With a 'my job here is done' swagger in her step, she walked out of the shop. As the glass door closed behind her, she bent over from the waist to give Gus a pat on the head. The action caused her skirt to ride up completely over her bare ass, mooning everyone in the store.

Walking back across the parking lot to her car, she was so keyed-up from her little escapade in the shop that the friction of her labia rubbing together gave her a mini-orgasm and she had to pause for a few seconds before she could continue.

When they got home, Debbie put everything away except for the collar. Kneeling on the floor in the living room, she opened the bag and slipped it on. Then she bent over so Gus could get a good look. The collar around her neck was a perfect match to the one he wore.

Gus barked approvingly. Then he fucked Debbie's brains out.

The day Mark was due to return from his trip, Debbie put on clothes for the first time in days. Since his departure had been so unpleasant, he had been almost dreading the scene he was certain awaited him. Mark was very relieved when Debbie greeted him warmly. She even had on that little mini-skirt he liked, the one that came up so high on her thighs that she had to keep her legs crossed whenever she sat down. When he put his bags down, she kissed him passionately and pressed her breasts against him firmly. Encouraged, Mark slid his hand down her back to her pert little ass and squeezed it. When he had done this in the past, Debbie had always pushed away and told him to keep his hands to himself. This time, she tightened her ass under his hands and pushed herself against him even harder.

When she finally stepped back, Mark noticed her new accessory. "What's this?" he said, pointing to the black strap around her neck.

"Oh, this?" she said, fingering the dog collar. There was a small gold tag hanging from it with "Debbie" engraved on it. She had worn it every day for the last two weeks and had become so used to it that she forgot she had it on. "This is the new fashion. Haven't you seen them yet? Everyone is wearing them." She knew Mark was clueless about women's fashions, as were most men, in her experience.

"How are you and Gus getting along?" he asked cautiously, looking at the dog standing by her side.

"Great!" Debbie replied happily. "We're best buddies." As if to demonstrate, she bent down and put her arms around the dog's neck, giving him a hug. In return, Gus licked her neck.

The rest of their afternoon was one surprise after another for Mark. Debbie sat patiently and listened to the story of his trip, asking questions here and there, showing that she was paying attention to him.

"This is a big change", Mark noted to himself. Usually she interrupted him constantly to change the subject to herself. He noticed other things as well; like that wherever she went in the house, the dog followed her. He was always in the room with her, watching her.

"Well," he thought, "I paid good money for a dog to be a companion for her. Looks like it was well spent."

Once, Mark thought he saw the dog with his nose under Debbie's skirt. That could not have been the case, though; she certainly would have slapped him away for something like that. It must have been the angle of his view that made it look that way.

Later, Debbie fed the dog and then cooked dinner for them. It was delicious. Mark was surprised, because Debbie did not like to cook. When he was home he usually did the cooking or they went out. He had assumed that she would be eating-out most of the time he was gone, but the meal she prepared tasted like she had been practicing cooking at home. This was another improvement in Debbie, he thought.

After dinner, Mark sat down in his recliner to read the paper. He was just finishing the sports section when he saw something out of the corner of his eye. Debbie was sitting on the far end of the sofa, seemingly engrossed in a book, the dog sitting beside her on the floor. What caught Mark's eye was that she had the hand farthest from him on one of her breasts, running her finger around and around her nipple. Using his paper for cover, he watched her covertly. She continued to play with her nipple for a while, then she stopped and dropped her hand beside her as if she had suddenly become aware of what she was doing. He almost went back to reading, when he saw her slowly slide her hand behind her and under her bottom. Mark saw her mini-skirt rise up on her hips and almost

over her ass. She did not appear to be wearing any panties. Come to think of it, since he could see her nipples clearly under her top, she couldn't have been wearing a bra, either. Mark smiled to himself. He knew that Debbie sometimes liked to show off in public. They had been to clubs where she had worn some very revealing clothes, but she was always modest at home, usually wearing conservative shorts and always wearing underwear. This was a definite improvement, since he thought Debbie had a killer-body and he loved looking at it. He was ogling her breasts when she gasped softly. He could not be sure, but he thought she had stuck her fingers in her pussy and was fucking herself on them right there on the couch. While trying to get a better look, he accidentally let the paper rattle and she quickly pulled her hand out from under her.

Mark decided that his wife was feeling more sexually deprived from their separation than he thought she would. He suggested that they turn in early and she readily agreed.

They were just getting into bed, when Mark looked at Gus lying by the door and said, "Does he usually sleep in here? Do you mind if I put him in the kitchen? I'd feel strange with him watching us."

Mark swung his legs out of bed, but before he could stand his wife spoke up, "I'll do that, honey." Debbie said, hopping out of bed in her short nightie. Mark had noticed earlier that she did not put on the ruffled bottoms that went with the lingerie set. He sat on the bed and watched his wife's cute little ass as she walked to the door.

Debbie walked out of the room and the dog followed. A bit longer than Mark thought it should take to get to the kitchen and back, she returned.

"I put him in the garage," she said, climbing back into the bed. "He's not used to a man in the house."

Mark nodded and switched off the light.

Their lovemaking that night was intense. Debbie was like a wildcat in heat, bucking and writhing under him, driving her pelvis into him, crying out, "Fuck me! Fuck me hard!" and "Faster! Oh God, faster!"

It was all Mark could do to keep up with her and he was quickly drained from trying. She climaxed twice in rapid succession and the second time he came with her. After his cock softened and slid from her pussy, she hopped out of bed and dashed into the bathroom to rinse his cum out. "She must be off the pill again," he thought, dazed from the sexual frenzy his wife had just displayed.

After Mark fell asleep, Debbie slipped carefully out of bed, so as not to wake him. She took a blanket, tiptoed out of the bedroom, down the hall, into the kitchen, out the back door, and across to the garage. She quietly entered the side door of the garage, and closing it behind her, she spread the blanket on the floor. Throwing off her flimsy negligee, she got down on all fours and said, "Oh God. I need you, lover. Take me! Fuck me now!"

After a quick sniff to make sure that she was ready, Gus mounted her and began fucking his bitch.

It was after midnight when Debbie left the garage. As she walked across the yard back to the house, she felt the cool night breeze lift her baby-doll nightgown and caress her hot body. She stopped for a moment to savor the sensation, holding her hair on top of her head and spreading her feet on the concrete so the air could blow between her legs and across her steaming pussy. She held this pose until she felt a trickle of cum start to run down her leg. She quickly realized that she would not make it to the bathroom before Gus' huge load came flooding out of her, so she stepped onto the grass by

the back door and squatted down. She was just in time. Cum rushed out of her, making a puddle of white goo on the ground.

Stopping in the kitchen only long enough to do a quick mop-up with a paper towel, she crept back to the bedroom, trying not to awaken Mark... She had just climbed back into bed when he stirred and reached out for her. As he pulled her to him, she felt his hard cock against her belly. Apparently he had recovered from their earlier union and was ready for another.

Debbie opened her legs eagerly as her husband rolled on top of her. Even though she was tired and a bit sore, she never thought of resisting. She had been very effectively trained not to refuse sex.

After a few passionate kisses, Mark pulled her hips to his and slid his cock into her. He seemed even more passionate than he had earlier. Debbie thought he must have been tired from the trip and needed some rest before engaging in strenuous exercise. He fucked her vigorously in several positions, even flipping her over and taking her from behind. When they both finally came together, Mark squirted his load into her well-fucked pussy, where it mixed with the coating of dog-cum already there.

This pattern repeated itself several times during the week that Mark was home. Debbie would share herself between her husband and the dog, doing her best to keep both of them satisfied separately, even though Mark seemed to be trying to make up for lost time and keeping up with both their sexual appetites was something of a strain on her. It was a relief when Mark had to leave again and she only had one master to serve.

Debbie took Gus to the State Park twice a week so he could enjoy an area larger than the backyard at home. It had woods and open fields and was popular with other dog-owners. There were always a few in the park and Gus would run and play with the other dogs.

One day when the weather was nice, Debbie put on her 'going-out' skirt, a knit turtle-neck blouse, and a pair of sandals. Gus became excited at seeing this, because he knew it meant they were going somewhere. By the time Debbie got to the door, Gus was already there, waiting expectantly. On the way to the park he sat close to the partly open window and sniffed the passing air.

Once they were at the park, Gus found some other dogs to play with and left Debbie to watch the fun from the shade of some trees. She was standing there, carefully holding her hands at her sides to keep her skirt from blowing up and exposing her nakedness, when a blonde teenage girl walked by with a Doberman beside her. At first Debbie paid little attention. There were several people in this part of the park, many of them with dogs. The thing that attracted Debbie's attention was the studded leather collar around the girl's neck. Debbie's hand went instantly to her own collar, hidden under the turtleneck.

"Hi!" Debbie called out. The girl turned toward her. Debbie thought she looked to be 19 years old. She was wearing a t-shirt with a college logo on it and a short, wrap-around denim skirt. Her blonde hair was pulled back in a pony-tail. Debbie waved to her and the girl and dog walked over to stand with her in the shade.

"Hi," the girl said, "I'm Susan. I've seen you here before. You're with the black Lab, aren't you?"

"Yes," Debbie answered, "That's Gus and I'm Debbie." She looked down at the Doberman at the girl's side. "And who's this?"

"This is Max. My parents got him for me when I graduated from High School earlier this year. I wanted to move into my own place before college starts this fall. They thought I needed protection."



At the sound of his name, Max looked up at Susan and Debbie.

"Hello Max," Debbie said.

Max looked up at her and sniffed. "Woof!" he said, politely.

"He seems very friendly," Debbie told Susan.

"Yes, he's a wonderful... companion." Susan said with an odd pause. "He... ah... he," Susan started blinking rapidly and her voice faltered. Debbie was about to ask if there was anything wrong, when she glanced down at Max. Max had his head under Susan's skirt and was enthusiastically licking her pussy. As Debbie watched, Susan moved her feet further apart to give Max easier access.

"Oh, God!" Susan blurted, almost in tears. "I was afraid this would happen. I'm so embarrassed. He just... I mean..."

"It's OK," Debbie said. She side-stepped so that she blocked Susan and Max from being seen by other people on the field. "Really, I understand."

"How could you..." Susan began. Debbie rolled down her turtle-neck so that Susan could see the collar around her neck with the small gold tag in the shape of a heart dangling from it.

"See if you can make it to the trees," Debbie said, taking Susan's arm. Together they walked behind a group of trees, which blocked them from general view. Max was very understanding, but once they were out of sight, he nudged Susan to the ground. She quickly untied her skirt and pulled it off. She was naked underneath.

As soon as Susan assumed the breeding position, Max mounted her. His technique was the same as Gus; long, fast, hard strokes. Debbie leaned against a tree where she could see if anyone approached their little clearing. She tried to divide her attention between being a lookout and being a voyeur, but she found it difficult to look away from Max and Susan as they mated. "Is that what I look like?" she wondered, looking at Susan. Her pretty face was contorting into such intense expressions of arousal that Debbie was instantly jealous. The lust on Susan's face was contagious. Debbie reached under her own skirt and rubbed her clit. She became so excited watching Susan that her pussy felt like it was boiling over.

No sooner had Debbie wished that that were she and Gus on the ground than Gus appeared, snuffing around the tree, following her scent trail. Shortly, there were two bitches on the ground in the secluded grove of trees, being serviced by their studs.

Debbie and Susan quickly became close friends. Since they could visit each other without worrying about embarrassing situations, they spent a lot of time together. They had both felt trapped at home since they were 'on-call' all day long. They talked often about their sexual situation and their experiences. One day they were sitting in Debbie's living room while Max and Gus played outside in the yard. As usual when they were at home, neither wore a stitch of clothing.

"I'm only allowed to wear clothes when I go out," Susan said. "When I get back to my apartment, I have to get naked again."

"Gus lets me wear anything I want, as long as it doesn't cover my pussy. He inspects me regularly. It's very awkward when my husband is at home."

"Max is very possessive about me too. I have to show him my pussy whenever he wants. It's not a

problem when we're at home, but it can be... awkward if we're out. How do you manage with a husband? You told me he doesn't know. Doesn't he suspect? Doesn't he notice?"

"I've managed to hide it from both of them so far. Gus has been very understanding about sleeping in the garage when Mark is here, as long as I come to him at night he's satisfied. I think he understands that I need human companionship like I understand he needs to be with other dogs. I am careful to wash Mark's cum out of me right away so Gus doesn't smell him in my pussy. I'm sure Mark has picked up on some things, but he hasn't said anything or asked any awkward questions yet. I did have some fancy explaining to do when he saw the collar."

"Yes, yours is small enough to hide if you choose to. Mine is more obvious." Susan turned her wide studded collar so Debbie could see the engraved plate on it.

"Max's Bitch," Debbie read. Yes, that would be hard to explain away.

"My ex-boyfriend bought it for me," Susan explained. "It was his good-bye gift to me when we split."

"I'm sorry. Was it over Max?"

"Yes. I told him I had given myself to Max, completely. He gave me this out of spite, but I like it anyway."

"How did you and Max...?"

"My boyfriend got me hot and then pooped out on me, so after he left I needed some release. I was lying on the edge of the bed with my feet on the floor, masturbating. Max came over and started licking me. It was wonderful. Then he wanted to fuck me. After enough of that tongue I would have done anything, so I let him. No one else has fucked me since. That was three months ago. My pussy belongs to Max, now. He's amazing. He makes me cum so hard I just lose all control." Susan smiled broadly; remembering how good sex was with her dog. "That's why the collar is not a problem. I'm not his owner; he's mine. I don't care who knows it. I'm certainly not looking for a new boyfriend," she confided. "How did you and Gus get started?"

"Gus raped me in the bathroom. I was treating him badly and he took sweet revenge. It was incredible. I came so hard I passed out. That was a little over a month ago."

"When did you get your collar? The tag is cute."

"I got it the first week. I wanted him to know I belonged to him. That I was his bitch." Debbie smiled at the idea of saying she was a dog's bitch. It made her feel warm and sexy. "I met a girl at the pet store who was wearing a collar. That's what gave me the idea. I'm sure she's one of us. She seemed very... lonely. We should both go down there and talk to her."

Debbie decided to bring up a subject she had been wondering about. "Did you have a problem with his size?" she asked Susan.

"You mean his cock?" Susan laughed. "Oh, yes! He just about crippled me. I could barely walk for two days. I've stretched out a lot since then. I had to work at it, though. Especially when I decided to tie with him."

"Tie with him'?" Debbie echoed, not understanding.

"Yes. It's when you take his knot inside you and it swells up and you're locked together. Hasn't Gus

tried to get his into you?"

"Yes, I guess he has, but he fills me up so much with just his cock; there's no way to get the knot in too."

"You can do it if you work at it. It's wonderful. The knot is so huge, it feels like you're splitting open. And you stay locked together until it goes down after he cums. That can take some time." Susan giggled. "The first time I tied with Max I thought I would be stuck forever! I just kept cumming and cumming."

"What did you do to get stretched enough to take his knot?"

"I'd lie in a hot bath and pull myself apart with my hands. Then I used larger and larger bottles to open myself up. When I could take the top of a liter-size I knew I was ready to try. You have to be determined to do it."

"I can see that." Debbie visualized herself taking something that large in her pussy. Just thinking about it made her squirm. She put her hand down to her naked pussy and rubbed it, wondering if she should try to stretch herself, if she would be able to think of an explanation for Mark, what he would think. She was sitting there, stroking herself, lost in thought, when she suddenly felt Susan's gaze on her. She snatched her hand away like she had been caught raiding the cookie jar. "I'm sorry," she said.

Susan laughed, "Not at all. We're sitting here naked, because our canine lovers want our pussies to be available and accessible at all times." Susan caressed herself to illustrate her accessibility. "We've been on the ground and on the floor together with their cocks up our cunts, cumming ourselves silly. I think we are beyond embarrassment at this point in our friendship. Don't you?"

Debbie laughed, too. "You're right," she admitted. "I guess we are."

Susan slid over next to Debbie on the couch. "You were thinking about stretching your pussy. About what it would do to you." Susan pulled her legs up and put her feet on either side of her hips, exposing herself to Debbie. "Would you like to see what it's done to me? Maybe that will help you decide."

Debbie hesitated, then she reached out to touch Susan's pussy. She ran her fingers lightly along her labia and watched as they curled apart. So she could compare, Debbie pulled her feet up on the sofa as well and mirrored Susan's position so they were facing each other with their hips almost touching. In this position, Debbie could easily see both their pussies.

Susan took her labia in her fingers and pulled them apart to show her vaginal opening. Debbie did the same.

"See," Susan said, "it doesn't look much bigger than yours."

Debbie examined their holes carefully. Both stood open almost two inches from the regular vigorous fucking they were getting from their stud's big cocks. Susan's hole was slightly bigger. Debbie remembered that hers used to be almost closed a few weeks ago. She had needed to be well lubricated before she could put a finger in. Now she could put three fingers in herself with no discomfort at all and no preparation, she saw as she tried it.

"Now me," Susan invited. Debbie took her fingers out of her own vagina and slid them into Susan's. The feeling was much the same.

"Now try to open yourself up," Susan suggested. "Put a finger in on each side and see how far you can pull yourself open."

Debbie inserted both index fingers and tried to pull her opening wider. It stretched a little and then collapsed to a slit between her fingers.

Susan put her own fingers into her pussy and pulled herself open. Her opening got wider, but did not collapse to a slit. Susan put two more fingers in and pulled some more. Her opening got wider still. "Here, you do me," she said.

Debbie put four fingers into Susan and tried to pull her open. Susan's pussy slowly stretched wider and wider.

"Harder," Susan said, breathlessly. "Pull harder." Her pussy was getting wet from the stimulation.

Encouraged, Debbie pulled Susan apart further, then she slipped two more fingers inside her. She kept pulling and Susan's opening slowly expanded some more. When she thought she had Susan as wide as she would go, Debbie took her hands away and compared the sizes of their holes again. Susan's opening was almost three inches across.

"See how many fingers you can get in me," Susan suggested. Debbie put two fingers into Susan, then three, then four. Folding up her fingers as small as they would go, she found she was able to put her hand about halfway into Susan's vagina.

"Max's knot is about the size of your hand. See if you can push all the way in."

Debbie rotated her hand around in Susan to spread the lubrication that was pooling in side Susan's vagina all over hand. When it was slick all over, she slowly began to push it into Susan.

"Let me know if I'm hurting you," Debbie said with concern.

"Don't worry," Susan replied, "I can take it. Don't mind if I seem to be enjoying this. You've got me hot. I've got to have something in there, soon." Susan leaned back on her elbows and watched between the mounds of her firm young breasts as Debbie worked her hand further in to her vagina. Debbie could see Susan's hard little nipples standing up on each breast.

Debbie was getting hot as well. She had played doctor with other girls when she was younger, but never with one who was as flagrantly aroused as Susan. And she had never had her whole hand inside another girl. Debbie looked down at her own smaller hole. She could see the juices also beginning to drip out.

Debbie went back to working her hand inside Susan. She could see that she was making progress. She was almost up to her knuckles when Susan began to moan. Debbie smiled. It was a good feeling to be able to give Susan pleasure. She rotated her hand back and forth in Susan's opening, massaging it all the way around. Then she pushed in further and repeated the process. Susan was tossing her head back and forth and moaning loudly now.

"Keep going! Keep going!", Susan begged. "Oh God, don't stop! Put it in me!"

Debbie saw that Susan's clit was standing up and was so hard it was almost pulsing with her heartbeat. Debbie swished her thumb around to pick up some extra lubrication and then pulled it out of Susan's vagina and rubbed Susan's clit.

Susan started going wild. "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oooooooooohhhhhh! OH! That's so good. AAAAAHHHH!" Her hips started to squirm under Debbie's touch. Debbie put her thumb back into Susan and pushed forward. Her whole hand suddenly popped into Susan and Susan's opening closed around her wrist.

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!" Susan shrieked. Her face flushed bright red as she climaxed. Her vaginal muscles began to pulse around Debbie's hand. To try and increase Susan's pleasure, Debbie leaned forward and began to lick Susan's clit while moving her hand around in Susan's vagina. Susan responded by clamping her legs on either side of Debbie's head, trapping her mouth on her clit.

Susan was reduced to making inarticulate noises in the back of her throat. She thrashed her arms around, and just missed knocking over the lamp on the table behind the couch. Susan's hips began to buck, and Debbie hung on for the ride, sucking and tonguing Susan's clit.

Susan's orgasm went on and on. Gradually, it occurred to Debbie that she should stop stimulating Susan's clit unless she wanted the girl to come all night. A few minutes after she stopped sucking it, Susan began to subside. Soon, she had regained the power of speech.

"Holy Shit! That was AWESOME! Oh, that was totally FANTASTIC!"

"Why thank you." Debbie said, humbly. "Did I do it right?"

Susan sat up and took Debbie's head in both hands and kissed her hard. "You did it perfectly!" she said softly, her lips still touching Debbie's. Then she kissed her again, deeply and passionately and hugged Debbie to her, breast to breast, as her orgasm slowly faded. Debbie stroked her friend lovingly as she recovered.

Susan eventually released her grip and sat back, breathing deeply to clear her head. The two sat there looking at each other, their arms and legs still intertwined. Their eyes roved over each other's bodies as if seeing them for the first time.

Susan broke the silence. "We were interrupted. Do you still want to see what it would be like to stretch your pussy?"

Debbie nodded eagerly. "Yes, I think I would like to try. What do I do first?"

"Let's see you," Susan said, gently pulling Debbie's pussy open again. She put two fingers into Debbie and moved them around testing Debbie's flexibility. Debbie leaned back on her elbows, trying to relax her pussy. Susan stroked her fingers in and out of Debbie, picking up lubrication and tugging every which way in Debbie's opening.

"Now you're getting ME hot!" Debbie said, playfully.

"Turnabout is fair play, dear," Susan said, smiling. She continued to work Debbie's pussy. She put two fingers in on either side and started pulling Debbie open, tugging and stretching.

"You're looser than I was," Susan observed, "Gus must have a bigger cock. Or Mark does."

"Mark's cock is pretty big. It's bigger around than Gus', but Gus' is much longer, and goes much deeper. He also has many times the stamina that Mark does. He just goes and goes and goes. Gus fucks me three or four times a day. Every time he makes me cum over and over. The best thing is - he's in complete control. He knows he owns my pussy and he takes it whenever he wants. I have no say-so at all. I have to be ready anytime of the day or night. Being a dog's bitch is the most intensely

erotic thing I have ever done. It's so primal, surrendering your body to an animal. I would not give it up for anything. Oooo! Talking about this is making me really wet. "

Susan was getting rougher with Debbie's pussy. She was pulling harder and harder. Debbie thought it felt wonderful. She was looking forward to being able to tie with Gus.

"You may not need the bottles and stuff I did," Susan said. "You're coming along nicely."

"Let me see!" Debbie sat up and looked at herself. Her opening had been stretched to almost three inches wide. She could easily see the bottom of her vagina through the hole.

"See? It's just a matter of trying." Susan said looking at Debbie's enlarged opening. "I bet you could get it bigger than mine with no trouble at all."

"Let me try," Debbie said, taking matters into her own hands. She stuck two fingers of each hand into her pussy, spread her legs as far as possible and started pulling on herself as hard as she could. She strained and pulled and tugged. She made the worst faces while she was trying to pull herself open. Soon, she was able to get three fingers of each hand in her hole. She pulled even harder then. Soon, she was almost exhausted from the effort. "Now let's see", she said, sitting up.

Susan and Debbie examined Debbie's pussy.

"Wow!" Susan said. "I thought you were flexible, but this is better than I ever did!"

Debbie looked down at her opening and then over at Susan's. She was clearly bigger than Susan. Her pussy gaped open at least four inches.

"Let's see how big it is," Susan said, and jumped up and ran to the kitchen, coming back with a soda can in her hand. "Spread wide, now."

Debbie watched in fascination as Susan slid the can of soda into her with only slight resistance. When Susan took her hand away, the can stuck halfway out of Debbie's pussy. Debbie reached down and pushed on the bottom of the can. Slowly she forced in into her until it disappeared completely and her vagina closed behind it.

"I'm impressed!" Susan said. "Can you stand up?"

Debbie got to her feet with some hesitation. She stood up carefully and walked around the room. "No problem," she said. "I can feel it in me. It feels REALLY good! Especially when I walk. I can feel it moving around inside me. It's like having a big cock in you and still being able to move around." She giggled, and then admitted, "This is nice. I could get used to this."

"Can you get it out?" Susan asked with a concerned tone. Debbie lay down on the couch with her ass hanging over the edge of the cushions. She tightened her abdomen and relaxed her vaginal muscles. When she felt the can shift; she tightened her vaginal muscles and the can slowly reappeared in her opening. A look of concentration came over her face. As she worked to contract and relax the right sequence of abdominal and vaginal muscles, the soda can slowly slid back out again and dropped in to Susan's waiting hand.

"That's one talented pussy you have there!" Susan said, waving the can. "Would you like a drink?"

"It may be a little too warm, now" Debbie laughed. "That's a good exercise. I could feel myself using different muscles. When I concentrated, I could control them separately to move the can around."

Debbie thought for a moment and said, "You know, I was worried that stretching myself out so I could take Gus' knot would leave me too loose for regular fucking. Mark would be sure to notice if I were the size of the Alaskan Pipeline, but if I exercise, I bet I can squeeze down smaller than I was before! Watch me try." Debbie spread her legs so Susan would have a good view, then she tried to contract specific muscles in her pussy. After a few second, she found the right combination and her gaping opening began to get smaller.

"It's working!" Susan told her. "Keep going. That's it!"

Encouraged by her success, Debbie tried again. Her opening got larger and then smaller again as she found the right muscles groups to use. Finally, she said. "I think I have it. Now watch this!"

Susan's mouth dropped open in delighted amazement as Debbie's opening got smaller and smaller. Soon, it closed completely. Susan rubbed her hand over Debbie's pussy and tried to slip a finger inside her. Her eyebrows shot up and she said, "Wow! You're like a virgin. I've GOT to learn to do this."

At that moment, the two dogs came trotting into the room, having finished their playtime in the yard. Both dogs flared their nostrils and sniffed at the heavy odor of sex in the air, each dog then wanted to check his bitch. Debbie and Susan immediately jumped to their feet, grabbed their dimpled behinds with both hands, spread their legs, and presented their pussies to their studs. The dogs sniffed and licked them, and then nudged them to the floor. Both girls happily assumed the breeding position and were mounted immediately.

Debbie and Susan managed to take positions facing each other so they could watch each other being serviced. When they were together, the dogs would usually both want to fuck at the same time. The girls found that this increased their pleasure several ways, in having someone to watch, in being watched, and because they got fucked more often. The dogs seemed to compete with each other as to who could give his bitch the most cock.

After climaxing twice, Debbie decided that this was the time to try to tie with Gus. She was loose, she was lubricated, and she was hot as hell. She lowered her head to the floor and braced her hands on the leg of the couch. She spread her legs wide and started pushing back on Gus' cock, working her hips to try to get his knot into her. Gus seemed to sense what she wanted, and he stopped stroking and began to push steadily. Debbie tried so hard to get Gus' knot into her that, as she pushed, her labia and her clit disappeared inside her body.

Slowly, Debbie's enlarged pussy stretched wider and wider, while the huge knot slid into her. Finally, it popped in. Her opening had been so strained from the effort that it clamped down hard on the base of Gus' cock, locking his knot inside her as nature intended. As soon as they were tied, Gus came, spraying the deepest part of Debbie's vagina with bolt after bolt of his steaming cum. As soon as his cock started to pulse inside her, Debbie came harder than she ever had. She screamed at the top of her lungs at the incredibly intense pleasure she was feeling. Her orgasm went on and on, longer than any other because of the stimulation from being tied to her stud. When she came down enough to be aware of her surroundings again, she looked over at Susan, who was also still on all fours, tied with Max.

"Isn't it wonderful?" Susan asked.

"It's incredible! I've never felt anything like this. It's like I've become a part of him. Like my pussy and his cock have merged together. I can feel his heartbeat through his cock. Oh, thank you for teaching me about this!" Debbie leaned forward to Susan and kissed her passionately on the mouth.

Susan responded enthusiastically and they began using their tongues to explore each other's mouth. Susan balanced on her knees and one hand to use her free hand to caress Debbie's breasts as they hung swaying from her chest. Soon, both girls were lost in their own world. Neither of them noticed when the front door swung open and Mark stepped into the room, his suitcase in hand and garment bag over his shoulder.

"I'm sorry." Mark said, clearing his throat. "I should have called first."

Debbie and Susan broke their passionate kiss, but otherwise just froze into place, Susan holding Debbie's breast in mid-caress, both on the floor with their stud-dog's cocks still locked in their cunts.

"I'll just put the bags in the bedroom," Mark said. He walked off down the hall, leaving the two girls to stare at each other, their eyes wide with surprise. Neither could think of anything to say, and neither could do anything, since they were quite effectively trapped where they were.

Mark returned a couple of minutes later. He sat down in his recliner, crossed his legs and studied the tableau before him. Two beautiful girls, one a blonde teen he had not met, the other his lovely wife; both on all fours on the living room carpet, naked, except for the dog collars around their necks, both with large dogs on top of them with their huge cocks stuck in their cunts. From their disheveled state, he figured that they had both just been seriously fucked by the dogs and were still in the throes of afterglow from their orgasms. This was about the most erotic thing Mark had ever seen, but he concentrated on keeping a straight face, his crossed legs hiding his growing erection.

"Mark..." Debbie began to say something, but ran down as soon as she opened her mouth. She could not think of anything to say. This was one situation that could not be explained away.

Mark looked at Debbie as if expecting her to continue. He was disappointed. He really wanted to hear her try to explain the situation as anything other than what it was. When she did not continue, he looked at the other girl. She was a stunning blonde with nice breasts and a tight ass. The fact that she was presently attached to a dog in no way diminished her beauty. Mark realized that he was looking forward to the story of how these two girls had met.

"Hi," Mark said to Susan. "I'm Mark, Debbie's husband. I don't think we've met. I'm sure I would remember you." Mark reached out to Susan, who leaned heavily on her left arm so she could pick her right up off the floor and shake hands.

"Ah, I'm Susan. Debbie has told me so much about you, I feel like I know you already." Susan flushed. Having such a normal conversation from this position was the last thing she ever expected to be doing.

"And this is...?" Mark indicated Susan's sexual partner with a small wave of his hand.

"Oh! This is Max." Susan wanted to say more about Max, but everything that could be said seemed kind of superfluous at the moment.

Mark reached past Susan's head and patted Max and briefly scratched his ears. Max wagged his tail vigorously in response.

Susan said, "Oooooooooo!" as the motion of Max's wagging was transmitted through their connection to her pussy.

Mark withdrew his hand and said, "Sorry, Max. We'll get better acquainted later. You seem a little..." Mark wanted badly to say 'tied up', but he resisted the urge, "... busy at the moment."



Gus saw Max get his ears scratched and nothing would do but that he got the same treatment, with the same end result on Debbie, who reflected that she could be enjoying this under different circumstances.

After Gus settled down, Mark turned to Debbie, "How are you doing today, darling? Have a busy day?" His poker face was beginning to crack. He could not keep this up much longer.

Debbie had been staring at her husband in stark amazement ever since he had come back into the room. Whatever she expected, whatever she thought about how this might go, this was really not it. When he asked her about her day, she saw the muscles along his jaw twitch and realized it was all a fraud.

"You bastard!" Debbie practically shouted with relief. "You knew! Dammit, you're enjoying this!" Her voice began to quaver with the release of tension in the room.

Mark could not manage to keep up the pose any longer. He cracked a huge smile and started laughing. Both girls followed suit, laughing so hard their breasts shook. Mark found that he needed to adjust his erection to a more comfortable position after seeing that.

"Yes, dear. I've known ever since my first night back from my first trip. There were so many little things that happened that day that I became suspicious. You and Gus kept having little moments together. Then, when you were in the kitchen fixing dinner, I started to peek in on you to see if you needed any help. I had just cracked the door when I saw you do your 'brace for inspection' for Gus. Damn, but that was the hottest thing I had ever seen. At least it was until later that night. I woke up when you got out of bed and I followed you out to the garage. I watched you and Gus through the window in the garage door. I saw the whole thing from beginning to end. Then I went back to the house and was about to go back to the bedroom when I saw you stop to enjoy the night breeze. After seeing how happy you were with Gus, and seeing you stand there in the moonlight, glowing in the night like a goddess, there was no way I could be mad at you. You may not realize it, but you have changed. There are many things that are different, but it comes down to the fact that you are happier now than I have ever seen you before. There was no way I could ever think of spoiling that, so I decided to keep quiet about what I knew. I was going to wait until you were ready to tell me what was going on. I went back to bed and pretended to be asleep, but watching you in the garage had made me so horny that I had to have you, even knowing that I would be getting sloppy seconds after Gus.

Ever since then, I have tried to make it easy for you and Gus to be alone when you needed to. I always listened before I walked into rooms, and I tried to make as much noise as possible so you would know where I was. I should have checked before coming in the door tonight, but I was tired from the trip and I walked in without thinking. I'm sorry I played my little joke on you. When I saw the two of you together, looking at me like deer in the headlights, I just could not resist. Please forgive me."

On hearing this, Debbie was close to tears. Susan was choking up, too. Debbie sniffed back her tears and said, "What did I ever do to deserve a wonderful husband like you?"

Susan said, "Mark? I have to ask. Are there any more out there like you? I sure hope so."

Later that night, when Mark, Debbie, and Susan were lying in bed together with the dogs curled up at the foot of the bed, Debbie and Susan told Mark all about how they met. Their story made Mark hard again and this time it was Gus and Max who got sloppy-seconds.