

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Marcy Morgan was not exactly rich, but her family didn't have too many money problems. She was eighteen, stood five foot five inches tall and weighed one hundred and five pounds. She had C+ cup breasts tipped with small brown nipples and when she walked by most guys followed her with their eyes. She had just graduated from high school and she was very smart in a lot of things but woefully inept when it came to anything to do with most aspects of human and animal anatomy.

At the moment she was not where she had hoped she would be at this given point in time. As far as she was concerned she was supposed to be at Carry Simmons cabin, by the lake in the north woods, with her friends; not babysitting her sister's two bratty kids and huge dog for a weeks.

How she had ever really gotten roped into this disgusting turn of events was still a thing that totally amazed her. It wasn't like she had been actually driving while she was slightly inebriated after the graduation party. The person making the deliveries home had not even had a single sip, but her parents were still torqued about the fact that she had anything at all to drink. So... she had been grounded from going up north and stuck where she was at her sister's; or there would be no extra money for college in the fall and she would have to find a job; damn... extortion really sucked.

Angela, Marcy's sister, was eight years older than her and had two children. Brian age seven and Amanda age five. And there was Jackson also; a fairly large German shepherd. A chance for Angela and her husband to go to Hawaii had surfaced abruptly and since they were having trouble finding a way to take the two kids; Marcy's mistake played right into the family's hands.

Marcy stood by the garage door with Brian and Amanda standing right beside her. They all waved and although the children smiled freely as the Hummer rolled out of the long driveway, her smile was totally contrived. Only one hundred and sixty eight hours to go she thought to herself as she ushered the kids into the house.

Once everyone was inside Marcy closed the garage door and prepared them some peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, and this was where she ran into her first snag. "We don't have things like this for breakfast." Commented Brian with a frown. "Mom always makes us pancakes or waffles."

Marcy sighed. "Really... well I thought you just might like a change from the usual mundane menu."

Brian and Amanda looked at Marcy but the smiles were gone. "What's mundane mean?"

Marcy sighed again. "I just thought that you might like something... different, instead of what you usually have."

Brian shook his head. "Mom said that you would get us what we wanted and Amanda and I want Pancakes!" He said as he shoved the plate with the sandwich away. I have mom and grandma's cell number and I'll call them if you don't get us the food we want.

Marcy smiled at her bratty nephew as she gathered the sandwiches that she had set on the table. "Okay... pancakes it is." She intoned as she began assembling the mixing bowl and other items that she would need to make flapjacks. While she was at it she also made a mental note to herself; find Brian's cell phone and hide it until her sister got back!

The rest of the day was much like the first part of it; nothing she did was right the first time through. It was as though she had to ask the children exactly what they wanted in everything instead of using her own god given abilities and common sense.

By the time the sun set and she was able to get the brats out of her hair and in bed she was nearly frazzled. At the moment she was wearing only a pair of short shorts and thong like panties, a tee shirt and bra, and no shoes.

She was seated but slouched on the massive couch watching the TV. There was a pillow bunched up at the small of her back for support and her legs were spread wide though her feet were flat on the floor. It was warm in the house despite the fact that there was central air; her sister and brother-in-law rarely turned the conditioner below the seventy five degree mark and she didn't know how to reset it.

The movie that was on was one that she had seen several times and before she realized it she had dozed off. She entered her dream world and was once more at the graduation party. Everything was wild there and she was surprised to see some of her best friends parading around with little or nothing on at all.

She was just walking past one of the doors when her latest boyfriend, the one she had just broken up with because she had caught him messing with a girl from another school, pulled her into a side room that she didn't even know existed in the friend's house that was giving the party.

She had been unceremoniously thrown onto a sofa and then the boy began licking her pant covered crotch. The thought of what was happening to her was revolting but she seemed powerless to do anything about it. It wasn't until the wetness from the boys tongue seeped deeper and really began to reach her pussy that she was finally able to act.

Marcy brought her hands up and began pushing against the boys head that was buried in her crotch. Even as she did it, something just didn't seem right and that was when she woke and found out why.

The young brunette came out of her sleep induced stupor slowly. It took a full ten seconds for her to realize what was really happening and it disgusted her. "Ugh... Jackson, cut that out." She growled as she struggled to dislodge the animal's snout from her feminine valley.

Marcy was eventually able to get Jackson away from her but by the time she did her pants and panties were soaked. She could feel his saliva against her vaginal lips as it cooled and it grossed her out. "Stupid dog." She hissed as she stomped off to the master bedroom.

While her sister was away, enjoying herself in Hawaii, Marcy was allowed to use the master bedroom and bath. It was something she had been looking forward to; but not to have to wash doggy spit from her privates. She stripped out of her shorts and panties in one fluid motion and then stood in front of the marble basin as the water warmed.

Marcy snagged a washcloth from the rack and wet it. She then ran it all over her vaginal mound with its neatly trimmed hair until she began feeling clean. As she did this she did manage to sweep through the heavenly valley and brush her clit several times and each stroke sent a shiver through her. She had never had sex with a guy, but she had experimented with her fingers and a few other things.

Technically, Marcy was still a virgin since none of the objects that she had semi induced into her hot slit had ever gone deep enough to tear her maidenhead. But the day would come when she was really ready, and she looked forward to it. She just wanted to be sure that whoever she did decide to sleep with would be worthy of taking her cherry.

Marcy sighed one last time as the washcloth grazed her vaginal lips and clit and she wished she had thought ahead enough to bring her vibrator. "Damn that dog." She hissed again as she hung the

cloth on the rack. "I'm so hot right now I'm thinking of getting one of my sister's candles from the living room and using it. Ugh... that dog damn dog!"

Marcy walked out of the bathroom and over to her suitcase. Without thinking, she knelt down and pawed through the luggage. "Why is it the things you want are always on the bottom?" She murmured.

Jackson had not lost interest in Marcy simply because she had pushed him away and then washed up. All he really saw was a naked female at the moment and he knew what to do with that. Much quieter than most would give him credit for he moved into the master bedroom and struck.

One moment Marcy was simply searching for a clean pair of panties and the next she was bowled over with her face in the suitcase and Jackson's tongue once more wetting her crotch. She let out a muffled plea for him to stop but it didn't do much good. Before she could even bring her hands to where she could react he had licked her pussy several times. Not only hitting her clit but actually sinking his oral digit into as deep as her hymen would allow.

Marcy moaned with pleasure but the thought that it was coming from a dog still repulsed her. "Damn you Jackson." She hissed as the feel of what he was doing to her began feeling even better than the horror of it all.

Marcy's emotions were on a wild rollercoaster ride. And at the moment the car was approaching a high point and there was nowhere to get out. Over and over she felt the dog's talented tongue caress her clit and enter her pussy as far as possible and it added up to sheer bliss. She even lost track of how long she had been kneeling there and then it happened. The car reached the peak and over she went.

Marcy's whole body quivered. It was unlike anything she had ever experienced before. She was really a novice to sex; having only stimulated herself, but there was something here that defied everything. The dog tongue induced orgasm was so strong that it gave her pause for thought.

As Marcy still knelt there recovering from the massive orgasm; Jackson moved once more. Before she even realized it she was now in his clutches and he proved to be a lot stronger than she anticipated. "Jackson what are you doing you goofy dog, I don't want to play now. Go fetch a ball or something."

Marcy tried to shake herself free and it seemed to be working until she felt his teeth close on the back of her neck. "Owww..." She hissed and then stiffened. Her last move was all Jackson needed to finish his assault. Even as her body became rigid the huge dog phallus fell in line with her vaginal opening and inch of it entered her.

Marcy's eyes opened wider than they had ever been as she realized that Jackson was not playing; he was trying to fuck her. "Bad doggy." She yelled. "Get off me you bastard."

Jackson's footing was not quite right or he would have shoved his cock into Marcy almost immediately. He hind legs shuffled around a bit and in the process his hot shaft wobbled about the open mouth of his bitch's sex. His lack of entering her any deeper was misinterpreted as an inability to do so completely.

Marcy knew that she was in trouble after she felt Jackson's cock sink into her at least an inch. She had an idea what was coming next but when it didn't happen she breathed a sigh of relief. Unfortunately for her it was short lived reprieve. She did feel the hot shaft move about at her entrance but then it was followed by another lunge, and this time the scorching pole that was

attached to the dog blew through her hymen as though it were tissue paper.

Marcy cried out loudly as her virginity was taken. It wasn't until later that she was at least glad that the noise had not awakened the children; she sure wouldn't have wanted to explain this to them. What she was going through at the moment was bad enough already. She was being raped by her sister's dog and she didn't know what to do about it.

Tears of shame and sorrow began streaming from her eyes as Jackson began to fuck himself into her pussy. Never in her life had she ever felt something inside her moving like this or even so deep. Over and over the intrusion burrowed into her and at first it hurt but now she realized that it had changed.

Marcy moaned as the tearing and burn were replaced by other feelings. The unfortunate fact still remained though that all of this was being brought on by a dog. God, how sick was that, to be fucked by an animal and begin enjoying it. This couldn't be really happening could it? Maybe it was all just a bad dream...

Marcy experienced a mini-quake. And she knew from before that there was another one on the way; and that this one would be a lot bigger. Her moans became longer as she knelt there and received thrust after thrust that not only bumped the deepest part of her vagina but excited her G-spot also.

Marcy had little or no knowledge of K9 anatomy. So as Jackson's knot plowed in and out of her pussy lips and caressed her sensitive areas she had no idea what was really going on. What she did know though, was that it truly felt good.

Jackson was really plowing the bitch beneath him but then the unthinkable happened. His knot pulled free of the female and when he tried to reinsert it he found that it would no longer penetrate her; it had enlarged too big at the wrong time.

Marcy was panting by now even though the dog's battering ram was falling short of her back wall. The heat of his shaft and some unknown bulge were still caressing her insides to its maximum and hitting her clit. It was enough to put her over the edge again and set him off also.

The throes of passion hit Marcy like a ton of bricks and she was afraid for a moment that she was about to pass out. She felt the heated fluids of Jackson's ejaculation as it pulsed into her and knew that it was dog sperm that had first entered her body and not a man's. "Oh god..." She groaned. "What if he makes me pregnant?" This was her last thought as she orgasmed again and this time she did pass into oblivion.

By the time Marcy came around, she was alone. Jackson was nowhere to be seen and for the briefest of moments she sighed in relief; it had been a dream! She stood, breathing deeply and sighing once more. She only made it two steps though before she felt something running down her leg and she shrieked at the sight of it while running toward the bathroom.

Marcy ran to the toilet and sat down on the seat. She spread her legs and looked at her reddish slit. As she watched, a pink tinged fluid began dripping from her and she knew that what had happened to her had not been a dream. Jackson had taken her virginity and fucked her royally. He even left his sperm behind to remind her that he had been there. God damned dog." She hissed. And yet the memory of how good it truly felt still lingered.

The young brunette sat on the toilet seat until her one leg began to go numb. She then cupped her hand over her vaginal mound and quickly made her way to the shower stall. She turned the sprayer head away from her and then turned on the water.

Once the temperature of the water was to her liking Marcy adjusted the head once more. The hot spray felt good and it cleansed her body on the outside as she ran the washcloth over her naked torso. She then slid the cloth between her legs and scrubbed there as vigorously as possible but it was still sensitive. She knew that some of Jackson's seed was still inside of her and would possibly make her pregnant if it stayed too long. It really bothered her but she was unsure as to what to do.

Eventually, Marcy had an idea. She adjusted the shower head until it was the strongest stream possible and then she sat down on the tile interior of the stall. She scooted forward until the water out of the head was hitting her pussy and then she rocked her pelvis upward until it looked as though a miniature waterfall was pouring onto her crotch.

Very gently, Marcy parted her vaginal lips and the feel on the water pouring into her depths shook her. In a way the whole process hurt and yet at the same time it felt good. She knew that it had to be done or she could end up pregnant with Jackson's progeny. God, how gruesome that would be. She could only imagine trying to explain why she was pregnant to her family and no matter how she tried she knew that it wouldn't sound good.

When Marcy finally got into bed she lay back and tried to sleep. It didn't come easy and unfortunately when it arrived it was closely followed by a very vivid dream. She was walking into her house and when her parents saw her she sensed that something was wrong by the way they were looking at her. She shook her head uncertainly and then turned to look in the full length mirror that stood in the foyer.

The image that greeted Marcy's eyes was that of a very pregnant girl. She hadn't even realized it but she was wearing a very small top that barely covered her breasts and her shorts were so small that her baby bulge stuck out prominently. Jackson walked in shortly after that and patted her tummy and she was so embarrassed. She turned back to her parents and tried to explain what had happened but they were already laughing and pointing at her.

Marcy awoke with a start and immediately reached for her stomach. She felt relief when she saw how flat it was, and yet she now began to wonder how long it would stay that way. Eventually she rolled over onto her other side and fell back asleep. This time there were dreams, but at least they didn't upset her.

When Marcy awoke the next time the sun was shining. She dressed and ambled out to the kitchen. As she passed the family room she noticed that the brats were already awake also. As soon as they saw her they left what they were doing and gathered around her like little vultures.

"We're hungry." Said Brian.

"And we want waffles today, not pancakes." Chimed in Amanda.

Marcy sighed and nodded. Without a word she did as she was bid, simply doing it to get it done as quickly as possible. One hundred and forty four hours and counting she mumbled to herself.

When Marcy carried the food to the table to serve the brats, Amanda piped up once more. "How come you're walking funny?"

Marcy was immediately taken aback. She hadn't even realized that she was moving differently from the previous day and now she became paranoid about it. "I uh... hit my leg last night and it's still sore." She said in her defense.

After the brats ate breakfast they left the table, leaving everything where it sat and syrup dribbled

here and there across the wooden surface. Thoughts of how it had been at home when she was Amanda's age resurfaced as though it were yesterday. Her mother would never have tolerated this and even at age five she was required to clean up her own mess. She remembered her mom helping her but she knew what was required of her.

Marcy shook her head as she began cleaning up. She didn't have it in her to confront the brats this morning. She herself was hungry and she didn't want to wait too long before she was able to fill the void.

The second day from hell was much the same as the first. Her mother did call to see how things were going and Marcy had to grit her teeth and lie. Little by little she was beginning to form a plan of attack and she didn't want any interference when she initiated it. The sticking point was that she had to find any cell phones that the kids might have and hide them.

By the time the kids went to bed that night, Marcy was as beat as the before. Through the day she had little time to herself and the worries as to if Jackson had made her pregnant had not surfaced. But now, with only a few lights on and nothing to disturb her thought process the fears resurfaced as she reclined on the sofa.

Marcy looked at her flat tummy and tried to picture what she would look like with a baby in her belly. It was as she was contemplating this that Jackson walked into the room. She looked his way and as she did she could have sworn that he gave her a knowing smile.

As Marcy continued to observe Jackson she also became aware of something else... her pussy was betraying her; it was getting wet. "Oh god, this can't be happening." She groaned as Jackson walked up to her and didn't stop until he was pushing her legs apart. She watched as the dog's head moved inexorably forward and it didn't stop until he was once more able to lick her sweet valley.

Marcy moaned pleasurable but then gently pushed the dog away. He allowed her to do so and she wondered if it was because he knew what she was going to do next. Without a word, but even as she was looking the animal in the eyes, she undid her pants and slid them off. Her undergarments went with them because she had also managed to hook her thumbs into them too.

Bare from the waist down, Marcy sat again, but made sure that her pussy was right at the edge of the sofa. "God..." She murmured. "I can hardly believe I'm doing this." But then she opened her legs wider and gave him even greater access to her charms. The memory of what he had done to her the night before resurfaced. It had felt so good in the end and she wanted to experience it all over again. Even the fear of becoming pregnant did not deter her. After all, she was probably already knocked up and taking Jackson again sure wouldn't make it any worse.

Marcy watched as Jackson dipped his head and began licking her fertile valley. The soreness that had been there earlier was gone and from the very start his ministrations of her womanhood was absolutely blissful.

Even as Jackson gave her pleasure Marcy reached out and scratched the top of his head and around his ears. She didn't stop until her first orgasm claimed her and she could think of nothing else. It took a bit for the euphoric feelings to ebb but when they did she looked at the dog once more. "It's your turn now big boy." She cooed as she got on her knees and faced the sofa.

Marcy laid her arms and upper part of her body on the couch but let her brown nipples hang down. She wondered as she knelt there if it would honestly feel as good as it had the day before. She was giving herself to a dog and in a way she was ashamed about it, but she simply could not get away from the memory of what he had done to her and how exquisite it had been.

Once Jackson saw his new female get into position he mounted her. Little by little he shuffled his feet forward until his cock nudged her and then he sought for her in earnest. Several times his stiff phallus hit places that made her groan but on the fourth try he hit the right spot and there was pleased moan instead.

Marcy had just about decided to reach back and guide Jackson to the right spot when he hit it and slid several inches of his thick cock into her. She moaned and arched her back, giving him even better access to her slick slit. She wasn't disappointed when he entered her deeper and began beating the end of her vaginal tunnel once more.

Marcy's moans became louder and as he turned up the heat a bit she began to pant. There was no doubt in her mind as to the fact that he was definitely trying to impregnate her and it made her wonder. Perhaps he knew that their first time had not been successful and that was why he was after her again. "Oh god..." She moaned. "He might actually do it this time."

With that thought in mind she began wondering if she had been too hasty. She should have thought it out more. She was sure that animals mated to procreate not just to have fun like people do. The fact that he had come to her again should have told her something but she had not listened and now he was at her again. She doubted that she would be as luck as before but there was nothing that she could do now.

Little by little the pleasures that had claimed her senses before began to do it again. She could feel everything as Jackson drove his thick phallus into her over and over at speeds that amazed her and left her nearly breathless.

Marcy felt the end of her tunnel being pummeled and her insides being jostled in a way that made it hard for her to breathe; and yet she wanted more. Her vaginal lip were also taking a beating as something seemed to be catching there momentarily on each inward thrust and outward pull. It too felt good as it stimulated not only her clit but her G-spot. She didn't want it to cease either but it was beginning to get too much.

"Fuck me you animal, fuck me like you do your other bitches." She hissed. "I know you're trying to make me pregnant so go ahead and do it... give me your puppies..." And that was the last she could utter that made sense for a while.

Jackson felt his female's body quiver in a familiar way and her pussy began trying to milk him of his essence. It was more than he could stand and on the last thrust his balls began to spasm also as he shot his load into her hot depths.

Marcy's eyes flew open for a split second as though she were shot and then they closed again as she savored the feel of the dogs sperm entering her body for the second time. Once more thoughts began swimming through her mind; especially when she felt his cock discharge its load of potent seed within her. It did feel good, but god... what a price to pay. Everyone would know who her sex partner was when she had his baby and she wondered what it would look like.

Visions of a puppy coming out of her pussy was one of the scenarios that occurred and all in all it didn't seem too bad for that to happen; she could handle that. But what if it was a normal baby? How would she explain who the father was? And then... what if were something in-between, a mixture, would that be possible? Damn, so many questions and she wondered how she was going to sort it all out.

Marcy moaned again as she felt another load of sperm get injected into her. "God Jackson... you sure are trying to fuck a baby into my belly aren't you?" She groaned. "If it weren't for the ghastly

outcome of unions like this I'd suspect there would be a lot more girls trying their own doggies out. It feels so good but god... how am I going to explain this if you have fucked a puppy into me?"

Marcy continued to kneel there, a subject of the animal that was on her back. She had passed out last time so she didn't remember much of anything directly after her last orgasm. She tried to move a little and it caused Jackson to do likewise. It was then that she realized that they were stuck together and he couldn't get his cock out of her.

She began to panic at first but then she calmed herself. Marcy vaguely remembered hearing about dogs getting stuck together; mainly for the purpose of making sure the bitch was properly fertilized. "Oh... there it is again." She murmured to herself. "I'm stuck to him so his sperm can get at my eggs. Damn, I'm probably really screwed this time."

Minutes passed and then Jackson finally leapt off her back. She felt a tugging at her genitals and then a plopping sound. She was just about to get up and run to the bathroom but the dog's tongue began licking up everything that was seeping from her. She submitted to his actions once more; after all, it did feel good.

As Jackson began cleaning her up, she managed to look back at what he was doing. She couldn't see too much but what did catch her attention was his massive cock as it dangled there. "Oh... my...god..." she hissed as she tried to mentally measure it. It was huge and she wondered how in the world he had ever gotten it into her.

The one part of the dog's sexual anatomy had to be at least seven inches long and about... an inch and a half or more across at the thickest point. Then... there was the fleshy ball at the back; the part that had been stuck in her pussy and held them together. It had to be the size of a large lemon and she knew that it had already shrunk down a bit. She remembered how it felt as he had pulled it out of her.

The licks were becoming fewer and fewer but by the time that happened Marcy was already looking at Jackson for another go at it. "God..." She murmured. "I think I'm becoming like a bitch in heat. I better be more careful because if I'm not already pregnant I sure will be before my sister gets home. The hard part is going to be in turning Jackson down if he comes at me again. If he does try at least I'll know he didn't put a puppy in me yet; but how do I keep from giving into him again?"

Marcy sighed as she ambled toward the master bath. She needed a shower and she decided to try and flush his sperm out of her again also. It seemed to have worked the first time at least, so she would try it again. It would be tomorrow night that she really had to worry about. Would he come to her again? And if he did, would she be able to resist him?

It was strange how terrible it all seemed to be taken by an animal and yet even now after only having sex twice she was hooked on it. God... if it were not for the pregnancy worries it would actually be perfect. She knew quite a few instances where her friends did it with a guy and then the boy blabbed it to his friends about it. At least here, that would not happen; Jackson would never reveal their secret.

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## **Chapter Two**

The third day was a little better than the first two. She managed to get up at about the same time as the brats did; so they were not as hungry and not nearly as snooty and demanding. She still did not like their attitudes though. One hundred and twenty hours to go, she thought to herself.

Marcy watched the children closely, trying not to make it too obvious. This time when Brian and Amanda began to leave the table Marcy stopped them. "Take your plates with you and put them in the sink." She offered gently.

The children looked at her as though she had grown a second head. "We don't do that." Responded Brian. "Our mama does it."

Brian tried to get up from the table but Marcy gently placed a hand on his shoulder. "I'm not your mother, and I'm not your maid either. If you like the food that I've been making for you then I suggest that you help in the kitchen by putting your plates in the sink. And that is all I'm asking you to do."

"We don't want to do it." Snapped Amanda.

Marcy smiled. "Do you like to eat??? The reason I'm asking is because if you do not do as I ask then I will not cook. The cupboards are there and you can get your own food."

"But our mother said you were going to get us our food." Said Brian.

Marcy smiled again. "Oh, I will... but it will be what I want, not what you want."

"You can't do that." Blustered Amanda.

"Oh yes I can." Assured Marcy. "You help me... and I'll help you. That's how it's done my little niece and nephew. And I'll tell you something else. If you really love your mother you would help her without her having to ask you."

Brian made a wry face and then looked at his sister. "Okay." He relented. "We'll do it; we'll put our dishes in the sink."

Marcy nodded. "Thank you."

True to their word, the children did put their own plates in the sink and it pleased Marcy; she only hoped that they would keep it up even after her sister returned.

After breakfast and before anything else, Marcy phoned her mother. She asked her if she could please bring her laptop to her and she was delighted when her mom said yes. In fact, she was coming in that direction anyway and she would drop it by later.

Once more the daily routine began. For the most part Brian and Amanda played in the back yard by the pool or in their home built fort that would have put most community park play ground sets to shame. They had swings, slides, tunnels, sand pit and a whole lot more.

As for Marcy, she donned her swimsuit and lay in the sun, working on her tan that was coming around very nice. And when she got tired of sitting in the sun she swam, or just relaxed in the shade. It really wasn't too bad, but she still wished that she could have been with her friends at the cabin. However, as she really thought about it, she wouldn't have wanted to miss out on her awoken sexual life either.

Marcy watched Brian and Amanda play as she sat in the shade. While sipping on a diet drink she wondered if any of her friends had ever tried sex with their pets. She knew that Ginger and Alice had large male dogs in their homes and with all that had happened to her it did piqué her curiosity about them.

It was while she was still thinking these thoughts that her mother arrived. She sat down beside her for a few minutes and chatted about how things were going and then went to see her grandchildren. Marcy was pleased to know that her laptop was on the kitchen counter and that she would now be able to get on line. She could hardly wait until her niece and nephew decided to get out of the heat and go inside.

Her mother stayed for about half an hour and then had to leave. By then, the children went into the house also and Marcy was able to lock up the back doors and allow them to entertain themselves in their own rooms or in the family room around the game console.

That was when Marcy was able to set her laptop up and get on line. Her brother-in-laws computer sat nearby, but she didn't want to use their unit and have to worry about where she went on the net. She was familiar with her system and she knew how to erase her web tracks.

One of the first things Marcy did was go to the medical sites and see if she could find out more about pregnancy. Unfortunately, she found very little that helped her there. She really didn't have time to see a doctor now and pick up birth control pills.

She began searching more, typing in such things as preventing pregnancy by a dog. She was surprised when all they came up with were things for other dogs. It frustrated her at first; eventually it was a subject that no one really talked about.

It wasn't until she finally found a beast site that she really learned the truth and it astounded her. There was no way a woman could get baby from any other male animal. Only a man could make a woman pregnant.

Marcy was relieved, and yet felt a little foolish at the same time. She had worried needlessly. They had taught sex education in school but she didn't remember ever seeing anything on this particular subject. And then she realized that it probably wasn't mentioned because it seemed to be such a taboo subject.

With a sigh of relief, Marcy eventually shut her computer off. It was time to fix supper so she went looking for them. She found them in the family room, involved in a computer game. Once she found out what they wanted to eat she headed for the kitchen.

It was as she walked past the den that she noticed that Jackson was watching her. She quickly looked about her to be sure that neither if the children had followed her out of the family room and then she moved to where the dog lay.

"You are one lucky dog." She cooed as she scratched his head and ears. "I really love what you do to me but I would also be tempted to clip your balls off if you had made me pregnant." She threatened. "And at least now we can still be friends and enjoy our little love bouts."

Marcy arose and headed for the kitchen once more. She could hardly wait until the kids went to bed again. She wondered what this night would bring. Would Jackson come looking for her again? She sighed, at least he seemed to be fairly well behaved during the day; after all, he didn't try anything a few minutes ago and that was important.

By nine thirty the children were in bed and she had the kitchen clean for the evening. She moved into the living room and turned on the TV, looking for something interesting to watch. One of the reality shows came on and she was just getting interested in when Jackson poked his head around the corner of the entryway.

Marcy saw the dog immediately and decided that she wanted things to be a little more private so she headed for the master bedroom and Jackson followed. Once she was in the room she waited for him and then closed the door. She watched as he then sat and waited for her to make the next move.

“God, I can hardly believe I’m doing this but it’s like an addiction.” She softly intoned as she stripped her pants and panties off. “If you hadn’t fucked me so good the first time I sure wouldn’t be wanting it again like I am now.” She added as she looked into the shepherd’s eyes.

Marcy walked over to the bed and sat at the edge of it. She spread her legs and Jackson immediately moved to take advantage of what she was offering. She rocked her pelvis upward a little so that the dog could get at her a better and then reached out and pet him as he once more dug his tongue into her depths.

Marcy’s involuntary moans of pleasure began filling the room once more. Jackson seemed to be getting better and better each and every time they made love. “Oh my god,” She exclaimed, “You sure do have a talented tongue.” She professed as he seemed to reach inside of her and caress her G-spot.

Over and over Jackson licked Marcy’s sweet cunt and he enjoyed her flavor. This bitch was different than the one he was use to but he relished her taste as much as any he had previously known. He kept at her for at least another five minutes before she orgasmed and then he captured those fluids also.

Marcy was a bit wrung out after her first orgasm and just lay back where she was on the bed. She didn’t expect anything else until she got up and positioned herself so that Jackson could fuck her. It came as a surprise to her when he suddenly rose up over her and tried to mound her where she was.

Jackson saw his new bitch in a different position, but it was still one that he was familiar with. He moved up over her and then began hunting for her in earnest. It didn’t take too long for him to find Marcy and when he did he went slowly, unlike the way he previously done it.

Marcy felt Jackson’s pointed cock nudge her pussy lips and moaned pleasurably. She knew people made love this way with the woman on her back and the man on top, but she had no idea that animals could do it this way also. She spread her legs a little more and tried to move so that her vagina would be at the right angle for him.

The move worked and in moments their shared efforts to procreate were rewarded. Marcy murmured again as several inches of Jackson’s hot steel hard shaft pierced her tight vaginal lips. If it had not been for the precum that he was spewing the abrupt entry would definitely have hurt both of them, but as it was, he slid into her easily.

Marcy felt the first several inches enter her and sighed. “Oh yes... that feel so good.” She said and then Jackson thrust more of himself into her. It wasn’t the fast paced fucking that she had received the two times before; this was definitely lovemaking.

Marcy had never had a man between her legs before, and definitely not a dog; at least not like this. So it was almost instinctual that when he was fully in her that she brought her legs upward and crossed her legs over his back.

Jackson moved inside of her slowly and Marcy relished the feel of his thick cock not only rubbing the walls of her tight pussy but battering the end of her vaginal sheath also. Little by little his knot was expanding and it excited her clit and G-spot as it was pushed into and pulled out of her.

Marcy groaned as the lengthy phallus distended the tunnel in which it slid and gently dislodged other vital organs that lay nearby. There was both pain and pleasure in what she was feeling but she would not have given it up for anything.

Jackson and Marcy enjoyed their sexual dance for several minutes before the time drew closer in which he would no longer be able to extricate himself. Here to the intense feel of her vaginal lips stretching to accommodate the bulge was getting painful and it would soon have to end.

Marcy moved a bit to see if she could relieve some of the pressure and when she did she became aware of something new. As Jackson thrust into her in what proved to be the last time during this bout of lovemaking, he entered new territory as his cock tip pierced her uterus.

Marcy groaned and her eyes widened as she felt the new sensation. Jackson's huge cock did not ram the end of her vaginal sheath as she expected it to. Instead, it had breached her womb. "Oh god... when you cum you are going to pour your sperm into me sooo... deep. Ohhh... if ever I could have gotten pregnant this sure would have done it."

Their thrusts became confined to mere fragments of an inch because his knot had them locked together for the duration of their mating ritual. Even so, the exquisite feel of his fleshy bulb rubbing her G-spot and his cock tip moving in very small strokes into her cervix was more than enough to put both of them over the top.

Marcy wailed as she came and when Jackson added shot after shot of his heated sperm into the mix it once more sent her into a convulsive oblivion. But it was an oblivion she really didn't want to enter. Everything was blissful but she knew she'd be missing out on other sexual highs in the process.

When Marcy awoke she looked at the clock and groaned. It was already after midnight and Jackson was nowhere to be seen. She sighed, knowing that she had missed out on a whole lot of enjoyment in the aftermath of making love with the dog because she had lost consciousness.

Marcy remembered how it felt when she knelt there beneath Jackson the previous night. His cock lying within her was so sexually arousing that she desired to taste it again, but now she had missed it. The opportunity had slipped from her grasp and she detested it. She felt like finding the dog and resenting herself to him in a way that would hopefully excite him. She wanted him to take her again like the bitch she truly felt like at the moment.

Once more Marcy glanced at the clock; just to be sure that she had not made a mistake the first time. If it wasn't too late perhaps she could play with Jackson a little longer. She groaned though when her eyes finally focused on the timepiece. It wasn't just a little past twelve, it was almost one am.

Marcy arose from the bed and made her way into the bathroom. Her common sense told her that she needed to go to bed but her lustful desires wanted to go out and tease the dog. She knew for sure what her decision would be if she hadn't had to worry about her sister's kids. She would have immediately gone to Jackson and found some way to excite him. She wanted to be fucked by him right now in the worst way. But as she prepared for bed she managed to reason it all out. Her first responsibility was to her niece and nephew. Extortion really did suck... but then if it hadn't happened would she have ever experienced what she was enjoying now with Jackson.

When Marcy awoke in the morning she was refreshed, but she was also very aroused. She knew from the very beginning that it was going to be a long day. She only had ninety six hours left to babysit her niece and nephew but that didn't seem too bad considering the way her evenings were

going. In fact, she was now beginning to wonder what she was going to do when it was all over. How was she going to cope with that?

Marcy spent a fitful day cooking for, watching over, and cleaning up after the children. She only had to remind them once that they needed to put their dishes in the sink after they were done eating. She had managed to work on her tan again and even got into the hot spa after swimming several laps in the pool.

When Brian and Amanda did go into the house in the warmer part of the day Marcy cranked up her laptop and surfed the web for beast sites. Most of them wanted money and were way out of her league but she did find one site that really intrigued her. It was everything rolled into one... and free. All she had to do was sign up with a catchy screen name and a legal email.

It wasn't long before Marcy was going through page after page of very provocative material. The only thing she had to watch for were her niece and nephew, but she would have been able to see them coming long before they got close enough to observe what she was doing.

As Marcy searched through the site, she came across photos, short clips, and even longer movies that she would be able to patch together once she found and downloaded a program called hjsplit[VIRUS]. As it was she saw and learned a whole lot more than she ever knew before.

One of the sections that interested her most was one called 'Female Home-made Bestiality Pictures and Movies' She saw several photo of women and their dogs and as she perused them she could feel herself becoming wetter by the moment. She had just hit on another file and was perusing the photos when she saw something very interesting. She had no downloading ability at the moment so she could not enlarge them but something in them looked familiar.

Marcy was looking at the computer screen so intently that she didn't realize that Amanda was halfway across the room before she noticed her. Slightly shocked yet acting nonchalantly as possible she exited out of the internet and shut her computer down. It was totally clear by the time her niece reached the other side of the table.

"I'm getting hungry." Said Amanda softly without making it sound like a demand or accusatory.

Marcy smiled at Amanda and then asked her what she was hungry for. She was both pleased and surprised when the answer had a please and thank you attached to it in a sincere way. Her smile broadened. "Would you like to help me make it?" She asked in a way that made it sound as though it would be fun. Her niece nodded gleefully and then the two of them headed for the kitchen.

Supper that night went well and as usual by the time the children were ready for bed Marcy had everything cleaned up and was actually biding her time watching a scary sci-fi flick. She was semi interested in the movie but when her niece and nephew went to bed she immediately cranked up her computer.

Marcy's laptop was fairly fast but she still chafed at how slow it was as she waited for it to get to her opening screen. Time was definitely relative if you were anxiously waiting to do something with what you were waiting for.

Keystroke after keystroke got her closer to what she was looking for. When she got to the section that she was interested in she opened it and hunted for the file she wanted. It was listed under 'Hot Times at Home' and the contributor was J's Bitch. She clicked on it and perused the pictures there very... carefully. And she gasped when she saw a German shepherd that resembled Jackson, mounting what looked to be a very shapely woman, in a bedroom that looked very familiar.

Marcy quickly clicked on the contributor's screen name and read the profile information. "Oh... my... god..." She muttered lowly as the state and city matched that of her sister. Even the birth date was an exact match and it left little doubt in her mind that J's Bitch and Angela, her sister, were one in the same.

"No wonder Jackson was so good." She hissed. "My sister trained him to be that way; but I'll bet she never expected this!"

Marcy hunted through the rest of the site looking for other contributions from her sister but found none. There had been a slight blurb in the first file though that mentioned a movie that she hoped to make but that comment was several months old. Not only that, but she saw no mention what-so-ever about Robert. It did say that she was married but also added that she would except no PMs or requests.

Marcy smiled. She had no intention of ever mentioning anything of what she found to her sister, but it made her feel a whole lot better just the same. For a while there she thought she was the only one she knew with such strange desires, but now she knew better. And it made her wonder how many others there were living near her that had the same animalistic feelings.

With a few clicks of her mouse, Marcy exited the net and shut her computer down. She thought about the things that she had seen and wondered if she could write a story about Jackson and herself and post it on the beast site. She would definitely have to change his name a bit but it seemed so excitingly sexy. As she walked into the master bedroom she called Jackson. "Come here boy." She intoned. "We have more research to do." And the large shepherd entered the room, wagging his tail as he came.

Marcy wasted no time what so ever as she stripped out of her clothes on the way to the bed. Jackson waited patiently none the less but his tail never stopped moving side to side until moments before he went into action.

As soon as Marcy sat at the edge of the bed Jackson moved into position to lick her. However, the young brunette was already hot and ready to trot. She lay back and patted her flat tummy to see if he would stop his oral ministrations and she was pleased when he did.

Jackson saw his new mistress motion for him to mount her so he did just that. He reared up and landed on her upper thighs at first but then quickly recovered and landed with both feet on either side of Marcy's torso.

Marcy winced but the pain on her upper thigh was short lived. The feel of Jackson's hot pointed shaft erased it as he entered her and feelings of sexual pleasure took over. Half of his phallus entered her and the rest was right behind it on the second stroke. The third thrust was the charm and once more the back wall of her vagina was being distended.

As soon as Jackson was inside his bitch he began to thrust much as he had the previous night. His movements were not quick staccato jabs. They were lengthy and somewhat calculated, and it was as though he knew that he was supposed to hold his forward drive just long enough to allow the intensity of it all to set in.

Marcy groaned as each and every thrust pushed her to the limits of her vaginal sheath. She could not have taken more without being injured and she knew it. Her insides were jostled over and over but it was a painful pleasure. She reveled in it and for more than ten minutes swam in its aura.

It wasn't until Marcy began feeling Jackson's knot pulling forcefully through her pussy lips in a way

that became too much for her, that she once more tried to reposition herself as she had the night before. She was successful in what she did and her breath was wrenched from her as his cock tip pierced her cervix anew. Her eyes flew open and she found the dog looking right at her, as though he knew full well what he had just done.

“Oh... god Jackson.” Marcy was eventually able to exclaim. “You sure know how to please a woman.” She continued. She was unable to add more because her own massive orgasm claimed her.

Jackson felt his female enter her throes of passion and it completed him. He had been on the verge of unloading his seed into her already but this proved to be the finishing catalyst. Shot after shot of his molten essence poured into her and its outward effect was very evident.

Marcy shook almost to a point that she was convulsing. How she managed to remain conscious was what really amazed her but she was glad she had. It took a while for her tremors to subside but she enjoyed every second of it. Just the feel of Jackson’s thick, hot phallus imbedded in her uterus was sheer sexual ecstasy, and she didn’t want to miss even a moment of it.

As she lay there with the dog’s cock stuck in her most private parts she thought once more about becoming pregnant from their activities. Now that she knew he couldn’t fuck a baby into her there was a little more freedom from worry. And yet in a way she missed that tinge of apprehension. Just the forbiddingness of it all became exciting.

Eventually, Jackson pulled his knot and cock out of her and began licking her clean of any fluids that had escaped. She sat up, patted his head and then headed for the bathroom. When she got there she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and she stopped to pose. Her belly was distended from his sperm being injected into her uterus and it looked so sexy. She turned to show him what he had done to her but he was already gone.

Marcy turned back to mirror and examined herself again. She ran her hands over the tiny bulge and caressed it. “God... I almost wish that a dog could make a woman pregnant.” She murmured. “It sure would be hot.”

After a little more self examination, Marcy finally got ready for bed. As she drifted off to sleep that night she dreamt about being pregnant with Jackson’s puppies again, only this time she wasn’t ashamed of it in any way. In fact, she was showing everyone what had happened to her and she made sure that they knew who the father was also.

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Chapter Three

On the beginning of the fifth day, Marcy quit counting the hours. It really didn’t seem to matter as much anymore. In fact, she was seriously wondering what in the world she was going to do when she didn’t have Jackson to play with every night. How in the world was she ever going to slake the new thirsts that had developed? There were no dogs at her parent’s house.

Marcy went through the same ritual almost every day, but now there were very few days left. She still watched the children diligently, swam in the pool, soaked in the hot tub, and worked on her tan; though she wished that she could have done it naked like she did at home from time to time. And she also wrote as true a tale as possible about her first sexual experiences with a dog.

Marcy sat in the shade on her last full day of babysitting, sipping her diet drink and typing away furiously on her laptop’s keyboard. She had never really written a story that others would read

except in school. She had read a few other accounts that claimed to be true and she found that the ones that really turned her on were the ones that went into as much detail as possible; so she emulated them while sticking to what really happened to her.

She added her feelings and fears to it also, praising the forum on which she was now a member for helping her understand everything that had to do with her and the animal's relationship. What she did leave out though were the children, the K9's exact name age and type, and the destination to which her sister had gone.

The fact that it was also to be a matter of punishment or type of grounding was also missing. She had simply been doing her sister a favor in watching over their house and feeding their animal. The last thing she left out of her story was the fact that her sister was also a member of the forum, but she did mention that she suspected that her sister was active with the dog also.

Marcy disliked changing the story so much, and she would not have done it at all if Angela had not been on this same forum and capable of running across this sexy tale by accident. This was a secret that she planned to keep for as long as she could. It would be so interesting to somehow catch her sister and the dog going at it some time. It made her wonder; when did her sister and Jackson find the time to be together?

Every night Marcy and Jackson made love, and that was exactly how she saw it even though she knew that their relationship was hardly exclusive on his part. She was well aware of the fact that if Angela was there and presented herself to the animal that he would probably choose his first mistress over the second.

On the last night, after the children were in bed and the lights turned low, Marcy entered the master bedroom. Jackson was there with a look of extreme anticipation on his face that seemed very evident to her. She smiled and let her robe slip from her shoulders and drop to the floor. Beneath, she had been totally bare and within moments after the garment hit the thick carpet she was on her hands and knees, offering her charms to him freely.

Marcy watched Jackson disappear from her sight. Her anticipation rose also but she was unsure as to how her desires would first be fulfilled. Would he mount her immediately, or begin by teasing her with his tongue? Her questioning mind was answered as he began assaulting her with his oral digit and she sighed just as passionately.

When Jackson started licking Marcy's sweet tasting pussy the first tentative swipes were on the outer surface; but they didn't stay that way too long. Once he had his female's vulva glistening with his saliva he began to delve deeper into her honey pot. He was looking for her inner sweetness and he found it.

Marcy moaned pleurably as Jackson bathed the outside of her pussy, he caught her from clit to dainty little rose bud. Her vocal output changed an octave when he suddenly thrust his tongue into her several inches.

Jackson was fairly certain that his mistress was enjoying herself; as evidenced by the copious amounts of sweet nectar that flowed from her vaginal crease. And it excited him even more; all he awaited was her signal. After he slurped up the fluids that had escaped her he moved inward. He buried several inches of his tongue into buttery depths and knew he had done the right thing as her sighs of pleasure increased.

The first orgasm that claimed Marcy was at the behest of Jackson's stiff probing tongue. It was intense and her first response was to push back. But when the dog's snout goosed her in the ass she

quickly reversed tack and plopped on her stomach; trembling as the last vestiges of her climax ebbed.

Once the tremors had subsided Marcy slowly arose until she was once more kneeling in the typical doggy position. She was so... ready for Jackson to mount her. She felt him sniffing at her again so she reached back and patted her shapely rump. She had no idea that her sister had trained him to respond to that gesture; it just seemed the obvious thing to do. She had done it every night, not even realizing what it meant to him.

Jackson began hunching his hips as soon as he had come up over his female. Blow after blow struck Marcy's exposed mound and she was use to a little of it; but these thrusts were striking her quite hard. She began reaching behind her to guide him into her. "You're not hitting the right spot Darling," She squawked at first. "You have to, Ohhh..." And then she didn't need to assist him as he sank several inches of his hot phallus into her moist depths.

The dog's excitement had been a bit much by the time he was finally able to mount his bitch so Marcy soon found herself on the receiving end of a very intense fucking. To her it seemed as though she was dealing with an entirely different animal as he pounded her for all he was worth. His flanks became a blur of motion.

Marcy felt the hot shaft finally enter her and she sighed not only because her vulva was no longer being beaten silly, but because the dog's cock was finally where she really wanted it. Her respite was short lived however because once Jackson felt his cock imbedded in his female where he wanted it he pulled out all the stops.

Marcy felt the familiar pleasurable ache as Jackson's cock impacted itself against the end of her vaginal chute over and over. However, within a short span of time it became more intense. She could feel him pulling her closer to him than ever before, and his ff.gif sheath was also splitting her vaginal lips. The outcome was that her internal organs were now getting pummeled also.

Marcy's senses began to whirl and she could barely breathe as her air intake was reduced to a shallow pant. She knew that there were very few options open for her because if this kept up she felt sure that she would be hurt. Desperately she tried to tip her pelvic region upward and hope for the best; anything to give Jackson's cock more room.

Her maneuvering worked and within moments the pain that threatened to overshadow the intense pleasure that was normally there was vanquished. With a sigh of utter relief Marcy felt Jackson's phallus pierce her cervical opening and take the pressure off her vagina tube now that he had room to enter her deeper.

Even so, Marcy was in for the ride of her life as the dog turned her every which way but loose. The only thing she could do was pant and moan as she was fucked harder than she had ever been fucked before. In the beginning she had hoped to make love to Jackson doggy style and then entice him into doing it again in the missionary position. But that seemed like impossibility now. Even as she approached her next orgasm she knew she would never make it through this one without passing into oblivion.

Marcy was right; her head was reeling and she was short of breath. Jackson was fucking her so hard she began to wonder if she would survive it. Her orgasm hit and she felt the first gush of his sperm as it erupted inside her and then it was lights out. She was floating in a blissful oblivion where any and all external stimulus was forbidden to enter.

When Marcy awoke she glanced at the clock and groaned. Some of it was due to the fact that it was

nearly midnight and it had been a little after nine the last time she looked. And the other was because she was totally spent and very sore through her stomach and pelvic region.

Jackson was nowhere to be seen as usual, he never seemed to stick around after he mated with her. All of this was still new to her but she sensed there should be something more. The sex was great... even wild, but there was something missing.

Marcy moved gingerly and slowly made her way to the bathroom. As she ambled past the full length mirror on the door she fact that her stomach was distended and looked as though she were several months pregnant did not escape her. She was use to seeing it that way now but knew that by morning it would return to its normal flat self.

The first thing Marcy did was sit on the toilet and gently press her bloated stomach. She watched as what seemed to her to be a gallon of Jackson's seed oozed out of her; but in reality, it was barely even six to eight ounces worth. It was still a relief to her system though.

Once the sperm-laden flow decreased she began running water for a late night shower. She sincerely hoped and prayed that it would do a lot to ease at least some of her aches and pains. The last thing she wanted was to have to go to the doctor or gynecologist and explain to him why she was so traumatized in her vaginal area. And she knew if she said that she had been raped that it would only cause other problems.

Marcy stood in the hot shower for nearly twenty minutes. The steamy, soothing warmth would have been long gone if it had not been for the on demand hot water system that her brother-in-law had installed a few months earlier.

Once she felt somewhat refreshed Marcy stepped out of the shower stall and dried off. It wasn't much longer after that before she was snuggled in the bed and fast asleep. She dreamt, but all the imaginary scenarios that passed through her unconscious mind were pleasant, peaceful and soothing like a healing balm would be.

When Marcy awoke in the morning she was very surprised at how good she felt. There were a few minor aches deep within her feminine tissues, but all in all she considered herself very fortunate that she wasn't writhing on the floor in painful agony. She knew that Jackson had fucked her royally last night and she didn't understand what had happened but at least tonight there would be a reprieve.

Angela and Robert would be home shortly after noon, and Jackson wouldn't come looking for her until evening. She would be long gone by then. Her sore kitty would get the rest it needed and she would figure out how to handle her desires by the time it was ready to purr again.

Marcy wiled away the morning making sure there were no obvious messes left behind by her and Jackson's activities, and watching the children. She made breakfast, cleaned the house, made lunch, and then relaxed by the pool as the kids played in the back yard.

She had just risen from the lounge after getting an ample amount of sun on her backside and was just about to hop into the pool to cool off when she heard Jackson barking. She didn't even go to check it out because she was sure what the commotion was. The front door had been locked and with the steel barricade that Robert had mounted at the front of the house, and seconded as a door, she knew that her sister was home.

Marcy finished what she intended to do, cool off; then she donned her beach robe and walked toward the house in the wake of her niece and nephew. They had begun running toward the sliding door that led into their home shortly after Jackson began barking.

When Marcy entered the house she found her sister and brother-in-law romping with their kids joyfully and it pleased her to see their closeness. The family greetings continued on for several minutes and then Angela and Robert began dishing out some of the gifts that they had gotten their children.

Marcy stood back and took it all in. She was just beginning to turn and head for where she had her clothing so that she could get dressed when Angela stopped her. "Hey Sis, I didn't forget you." She intoned as she handed several small ornate boxes to her.

The young brunette took the offered gifts and began opening them. She guessed by their size that they would be jewelry and she wasn't wrong. And when she did flip the lids open she was very pleased with what she saw. All of it was shell work or some kind of coral, but it matched her tastes completely.

"Thank you!" Said March with feeling as she moved toward her sister and hugged her.

Angela returned her sister's hug. "Hey, I know you kind of got roped into this, but that doesn't mean that I didn't appreciate it with my whole heart. Truth be told, I did the same thing at my graduation party, but I got away with it."

The girls laughed at that aspect of what had happened. "I think mom and dad just watch over you a little closer because you are the baby of the family; and I don't mean that as a derogatory statement. It's strictly an age related thing."

The girls laughed at that also and then Marcy did excuse herself to go and get dressed. She moved her things out of the master bedroom and then changed in the smaller bathroom near the kid's rooms. She wasn't gone too long and after a bit she had all her belongings near the front door.

"So how did everything go?" Asked Angela when she saw that her sister was about ready to leave.

Marcy shrugged her shoulders. "It went very well." She offered. "Brian and Amanda gave me a hard time at first but once we established a few ground rules things ran smoothly after that."

"Good... and how about Jackson? Did he behave himself?" Asked Angela.

Marcy saw and heard a tinge of apprehension in her sister's demeanor. "He was a sweetheart." She offered quickly. "He didn't give me any trouble at all. In fact, I hardly even knew that he was here."

Angela sighed lowly in relief. Jackson's actions had been the only true thing that she had worried about. She had mentioned to Robert that they should board him while they were gone but he nixed that idea; Marcy could easily take care of him. In the end she had to accept it and she only hoped that her training of him had been sufficient enough to get by without detection. And that seemed to be the case; everything was cool and copacetic.

Within the hour, Marcy was headed home. On the way she passed several women out and about, walking some fairly large dogs. There was no way after what had happened to her at her sister's house with Jackson that she could see the animals and not wonder about them and their owners.

As she was stopped at a light, one dog, a rather large looking Dane, was being walked by a petite blonde that had almost the same shape and build as she did. Images of the girl on her hands and knees and at the mercy of the hulking brute flooded her thoughts. She wondered if a young woman that size could even take the monster that she suspected rested within the animal's sheath.

The impatient beeping of a horn roused her from her observations. The car in front of her was thirty feet away and the person behind her did not like the fact that she hadn't started to move yet. "Yeah, yeah." She hissed while being sorely tempted to sit there a bit longer to simply frustrate the impatient asshole. She sighed and then stepped on the gas, opting not to become part of the reason for the idiot's possible rage further up the road. She continued on her way home after that.

For the next few days, Marcy hung around her own home and allowed her body to rest. The girls with whom she had been planning to go to the cabin with were planning another outing; especially since she had missed the first one. This time she was going and there were no restrictions.

Marcy pulled into the drive way of the Simmons cabin. She parked where her vehicle would be out of the way and walked toward the door. The scent of the pine studded woods and other pleasant odors permeated the place. She didn't even get to the door before her friends came pouring out of the cabin to greet her.

"It's about time you get your ass up here and see this little shack that my dad's letting me use for the summer." Taunted Carry as she hugged her friend.

Marcy did a quick perusal of the area. "Little...?" She asked mockingly as turned back toward her friends. "This place is almost as big as your real home to the south and you call it little?"

Carry shrugged. "It only has three bathrooms." She stated flatly. "Two of them are complete but the other is only a wash basin, toilet bowl and shower stall... no tub."

"Yeah..." Commented Ginger, a little redhead that stood five feet six inches and weighed in at a tasty one hundred and fifteen pounds. Her breasts were not quite as large as Marcy's and definitely paled in comparison to Carry's set of jugs. "So you can see how we've been... roughing it up here."

The only girl that hadn't said anything yet finally spoke up. "There is something lacking about this place though." Added Alice, a young blonde that had the same shape as her friends with a cute pixyish look about her. "So far we've only met a few guys and out of them only two are really cute."

"There will be more." Carry threw out quickly in a sing-song voice. "It's still early but the boys will be showing up in droves any day now."

With the greetings out of the way, the four girls entered the cabin. The common girl chatter and banter began almost immediately. Marcy was cajoled into telling her friends about her babysitting detail and she did just that; omitting the juicy parts about Jackson and herself. She was just about done with her narrative when the sound of a dog barking in the yard on the lake side drew everyone's attention in that direction.

"Damn that dog." Yelled Carry as she opened the door and hollered at him. "Shut up you dumb mutt. Quit barking at the squirrels."

Marcy's interest was instantly piqued when she heard the animal bark. Very nonchalantly, so as not to draw any undue attention to herself she moved until she could look out the door and see the dog. Her eyes fell on a healthy yet smaller version of the Dane she had seen the other day.

"His name is Duke." Offered Carry when she saw Marcy looking at the animal. "And he's my bane. I was able to get my father to agree to let me use the cabin but it came with a stipulation. I have to keep the mutt here and take care of him. He's supposed to be a watch dog." She said derisively.

"He's smaller than most Danes I've seen." Commented Marcy.

Carry nodded. "Yeah, he was the runt of the litter and dad got him from a friend for free. "He should grow a bit more but I'm not sure how much."

From there, the girls began talking about other things again. For Alice, Carry and Ginger the topic was boys and Marcy tagged along but it wasn't what she was really interested in; she just made it seem that way.

The girls eventually got into their bathing suits and before long they were frolicking in the lake. They dove off and swam around the huge floating platform that sat twenty feet off shore in deeper water before finally settling down to work on their tans.

The girls had a good day and an excellent night. They ended up playing truth or dare and it all started out innocently enough but little by little the questions became a lot more risqué. It was Carry's turn and after looking at Ginger and asking, truth or dare, she had chosen the first. "Have you ever made out with a guy?" She asked, knowing full well the answer, but wanting her redheaded friend to tell the others about it.

"Yeah, I've made out with several guys." Admitted Ginger adding something extra to what Carry already knew. "The one I liked best was my prom date. He was like an octopus... I swear he had more than one pair of hands."

"What did he do?" Asked Alice.

Ginger smirked and then chuckled. "What didn't he do would be the easier question to answer." She offered. "I knew him fairly well and that's why things went as far as they did. We found a secluded spot and he had me nearly naked before I even knew it." And then she stopped her lusty tale.

All the girl's eyes went wide as she confessed her liaison. "And then?" Prompted Carry, having never heard this bit of information before.

"Well... I wasn't idle either. He managed to feel my and squeeze my tits pretty well; but I dug into his pants and got him too. We kissed so much I lost track of how many there were."

"Did he try to touch you... down there?" Asked Alice.

"Oh yeah, and I let him." Offered Ginger. "He managed to get me soaring pretty good but I was afraid he'd try more so I began stroking him hard until he shot his load all over his pants; and it didn't take long." And then she laughed before she drew her story to a close. "He was so embarrassed that he came so quickly that he took off. He barely even said goodnight."

By now the girls ceased the pretension that they were even playing a game. Each of the other young ladies then told their make-out stories. Carry's was just as sex laden as Ginger's was but neither of them had gone all the way yet. But Alice on the other hand was different.

Alice's story started out at another friend's house shortly after she turned eighteen. And in it she had gone all the way. She was very graphic in her description as to what happened and it left little doubt in any of their minds that she was telling the truth. Even when asked by Ginger if she loved the guy she candidly replied no; she had simply wanted to lose her virginity.

After Alice's confession all eyes turned to Marcy. "I'm sorry." She offered honestly with a shrug of her shoulders. "I've never made out with a guy yet. I haven't found one I like well enough." She added.

The rest of the evening continued on with girlish banter, and by the time they finally went to bed they were all tired and it was almost midnight. Each of the girls had her own sleeping quarters, and still the quaint little cabin had one open bedroom.

Marcy was tired, but that didn't keep her from setting the alarm on the nightstand for one o'clock in the morning. She had no idea how she would fare with Duke, but she sure planned to give it a try. She got a few things ready for her night out and then put the clock right next to her. She wanted to be able to shut it off quickly when it rang. She fell asleep dreaming about the animal and they were very pleasant thoughts.

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## **Chapter Four**

When the alarm rang, Marcy's hands found it immediately and stifled the harsh clamor. She listened carefully to see if any of her friends had heard the sound. Moving carefully she gathered the things that she had assembled and then made her way down stairs; listening carefully for the other girls but hearing nothing.

Marcy unlocked the back door and cautiously walked down the steps. She called Duke's name softly so that he would know that she was there and not be startled and begin barking. She was a bit surprised when he didn't come and investigate who was roaming around in his territory and then she saw it; the chain that had held him in place all day was at her feet and unattached.

The clip that Marcy saw was empty. She then looked around the yard, but there was no dog there either. She sighed and then returned to the cabin and entered. After carefully closing the door and locking it she then headed toward the stairs. She had no idea where the dog had gone and it puzzled her, but there was no way she could do anything about it. It would seem pretty stupid to awaken Carry and mention to her that the dog was gone; how would she explain why she had gone to look for him in the first place.

Marcy put one foot on the step and then stopped short. Sounds that she had not noticed before were drawing her attention elsewhere. The fifth bedroom was downstairs, and that was where the noise was emanating from. Very carefully, she set the things that she had been carrying on the first platform and then went to investigate what she was hearing.

Moving close to the wall to avoid any squeaks that may have been there, she stealthily moved to the far door. She was surprised to see that it was slightly ajar and a very dim light shown from it. She moved closer until she could look in and then was momentarily shocked at what she saw. For all of Carry's posturing about how much she disliked Duke, there she was, on her hands and knees and being fucked by the young Dane.

Carry had set her own alarm, but hers went off fifteen minutes before Marcy's did. She knew her way around the cabin very well and in no time had Duke off the chain and into the fifth bedroom. She thought she had pushed the door shut but didn't really worry about it. After all, the other girls were upstairs and sound asleep and she didn't plan on making that much noise.

The young blonde slipped out of her robe and long t-shirt that she used as nighties. Her panties were next and even as they hit the floor she sat on the bed and spread her legs for Duke. He obliged her freely and was soon scarfing her sweet box with an eager tongue while she caressed her pink coral colored nipples.

Carry moaned her approval but was careful to keep it low keyed. As it was, her own noises added to

Duke's brisk slurping, were the reason she never heard Marcy's stealthy movements. And when she experienced her first orgasm she grabbed a nearby pillow and buried her face in it. The groan she emitted was suppressed by the foam.

Once her first climax subsided a bit she quickly got on her hands and knees. She wasn't after finesse this time; she simply wanted to be fucked hard and fast and then get back to bed. She didn't want the others to know what she was doing; she doubted that they would understand how wonderful it really felt to be fucked by a real animal. And she was also afraid that they would put her down because of it.

Marcy watched as Duke really got it into gear and began fucking Carry. She saw her friend arch her back and attempt to take him deeper. But from experience, she doubted that the dog was bottoming out against the girl's vaginal tube.

Carry had brought the pillow with her and as the dog fucked her at a pace that no man could match, she buried her head in the foam cushion again. She had no idea that Marcy was watching her and stroking her own clit and vaginal valley. The young brunette had been right though; Duke was falling short of hitting the back wall, but that didn't mean that what he was doing didn't feel good anyway.

Carry was rising to the occasion quickly as Duke's cock stimulated her senses. He may not have been full-grown yet but his knot still managed to brush by her clit and rub against her G-spot. Her moans were continuous now and she orgasmed as she felt the dog beginning to pour his seed into her.

Marcy managed to reach her own climax shortly after Carry entered hers. She shook almost silently in the dark hallway and watched as copious amounts of fluid poured out of the young blonde's vagina and past the small knot that barely managed to stay in her.

As Carry's orgasm ebbed she felt Duke slipping out of her. Once he dismounted, she allowed her hips to fall to the side and just sat there for a moment. "I know it's not as good as usual. You Mutt." She intoned as she grabbed his collar and pulled him closer to give him a hug. "But at least we both got a little." It was then that she noticed that he was not looking at her, but at the door.

Once Marcy saw Duke's cock slipping out of Carry she tried to beat a hasty yet silent retreat. She did manage to get away without being seen by her friend, but the dog heard her movements and if the young blonde had not grabbed his collar she would have been found. She did get away, but not without a little apprehension on Carry's part.

The young blonde scrambled to her feet and moved cautiously toward the door. She had swung it shut but now she realized that it had not fully closed. She released Duke's collar and carefully went out the door and toward the stairs. She listened intently but heard nothing.

After a few moments, she turned and moved toward the back door, calling Duke's name as she went. She was going to put him outside again because she didn't want him loose. For the most part she was afraid that if he was not chained up that he might give their secret away by sniffing at her, or trying to mound her when she least expected it. She knew she had to be careful, and she also had to continue training him until he behaved properly.

Marcy made it to the top of the stairs just in time but she was afraid that Carry would immediately follow. Crouching, and in the dark, she breathed a sigh of relief when her friend simply looked up the steps and tried to listen intently for any movement.

When Carry finally moved away Marcy quietly slipped into her room, put the things she had gathered



on the floor and slid into bed. It had been quite a night and she had no trouble falling asleep. She didn't even hear when her friend entered her room to look in on her.

Carry remained concerned about what Duke had heard until she checked in on all her friends. When none of them stirred as she opened their bedroom doors she began to be at ease. She figured that if anyone had been spying on her that they would probably be awake yet and immediately pop their heads up and look at her. Since none of them had stirred she felt better and made her way to her own bed and was soon asleep herself.

In the morning all the girls seemed rested. They had breakfast, hiked around the lake a bit to kill time and then went to the nearest town with a mall and do a little shopping. They spent the rest of the day there; looking for nothing in particular than what would strike their fancy at the moment.

Marcy and Carry's dressing rooms were the farthest back and right across from each other. Being very close friends they didn't think twice about walking in on each other. The young brunette entered her friend's cubicle while she was still in bra and panties. "What happened to your side?" She asked when she saw two small yet distinct scratch marks along her ribcage.

The words had no sooner left Marcy's mouth when she wished that she had not uttered them. She had only come in to get Carry's opinion on what she was currently wearing, not put her on edge. She was hoping she would be able to catch her friend with Duke again because it had been so hot; not scare her into doing nothing.

Carry was caught off guard for a moment. She knew where the minute scratches had come from but there was no way she could say that the Duke had given them to her while he fucked her last night so she improvised. "I... think I picked it up on the float yesterday when we were swimming in the lake." She quickly recovered.

Marcy nodded her acceptance. "Yeah, I think I did the same thing, only I scraped my arm." She offered as she displayed a fresh scratch just above her wrist. "I think there is a nail on that thing that is coming loose or something. Anyway, what do you think of this on me?"

"Oh... that is definitely you." Said Carry looked instantly relieved. "If I was a guy I'd sure go after you." She added with a lusty look.

"Really." Returned Marcy. "Well if I was a guy I'd go after you too. Our body shapes are a lot alike but your breasts are a bit bigger."

By now, both girls were looking in the full length mirror where they could see each other's image standing next to them. Except for hair color, facial features and breast size, they definitely did look similar; and after all that only an inch separated them in height. In fact, Marcy was the shortest of all her friends.

The girls spent the whole day out and about and managed to spend only about two hundred dollars apiece; which was for them almost a record. Usually it was about twice that amount. They ate their evening meal at a nice restaurant and by the time the sun was about to set they were back at the cabin.

They got the cards out a little later and things turned provocative again. They decided to play strip poker. It went hand by hand and when you lost an article of clothing you didn't get it back. "And what do we do when we're we have no cloths left and lose?" Asked Marcy.

Then you will have to do something that we all decide on." Offered Ginger.

"That could get pretty wild!" Cautioned Marcy.

"It sure could." Said Alice in her sexiest voice.

After that, the game began. The girls were exceptionally bad players, taking risks that an experienced competitor at cards would never think of. It wasn't long before they were all down to their bras and panties. And as play continued, Marcy was surprised that she was not the first to be totally stripped of her clothes; that distinction fell on Ginger.

Carry was the next to lose her garments, and then Ginger lost again. The girls started out slowly, making a list of sorts as to what had to be done once you had lost your clothes. It started out with the loser having to rub her own breasts and shaved pussy for at least one minute and then escalated sharply from there.

Marcy was the next to become bare and Alice quickly followed. They continued to play until the task for losing became that you had to stroke yourself in front of the others until you came, and at that point Alice finally caught up and was actually the first to have to submit to it.

When Alice lost she frowned, but it wasn't a real demonstration of her feelings. She immediately arose and ran up the steps, yelling back to her friends that she would be right down. When she returned she had a towel, and wrapped in the cloth was her vividly clear pink dildo.

"Oh my god..." Exclaimed Ginger when she saw the male phallus.

"I told you I wasn't a virgin." She murmured as she gently ran the instrument over her slit. And then, as the other girls watched she slowly pushed the dildo into her hot cavern a little at a time. Her moans of pleasure started out small but before long her output matched the phallic input.

Marcy and the others watched with interest as Alice not only thrust the semi-clear pink cock into herself but also humped her hips at it also. Her eyes were closed and the trio watched their friend as she made love to an imaginary phantom whose cock was the only thing that you could see.

As the girls observed Alice take the pink shaft into herself, every one of them discretely moved her hand to her own honey-pot. Slowly they stroked their finger over the mouth of their hot pit and when they couldn't stand it any farther they inserted at least one moist digit into their depths.

Soon the room in which the girls were in resounded with four distinct moans of pleasure, but Alice's remained the loudest. Marcy, Ginger and Carry did not have a fake phallus of their own or they would have risen immediately and gotten it. Instead, they had to make do with their fingers.

The hot four way frig kept going until Alice finally screamed her release and jammed the dildo into herself so far that only the very end of it was visible. She even came to an upright sitting position and rocked forward until the floor held the instrument of her pleasure almost flush with her puffy pussy lips.

"Oh my god..." moaned Ginger as she saw how far the dildo was buried inside Alice's body. "How in the world can you take that thing in you so deep?"

With eyes half closed in ecstasy, while her friends still sought their own release, Alice chuckled. "Oh I've had this thing in me so many times that I've grown use to it." She said sexily. "I even had it in me one time when my mother walked into my bedroom without knocking. I guess I was moaning a little too loudly. Luckily it wasn't vibrating at the time and when I sat up in the chair I was sitting in my vaginal lips closed over it and you couldn't even see it at all. I sat there for several minutes with

it in me that way and ever since, I've had no trouble with it at all. And my mom never even knew that it was there."

Ginger, Carry and Marcy managed to tweak their excited clits just enough to reach a mini orgasm of their own as Alice spoke, but it was very evident that they in no way matched what their friend had experienced.

After that sexual episode, the game was over and for the most part Marcy breathed a sigh of relief. She wondered how Ginger or Carry would have handled the situation if they had been the ones chosen for the task. As for herself, she knew that she would have failed the rules of the game completely. She doubted that she would have been able to cum knowing that her friends were watching her every move.

By the time the girls went to sleep that evening it was even later than the previous night. Marcy set her alarm for exactly one hour and then went to bed, just as she had the day before. She slept well, and was able to shut the ringer off only a split second after it sounded.

Marcy didn't bother bringing anything this time; she simply slipped out of her room and headed quietly down the steps. Once there, she crept down the hallway until she was at the lower bedroom door and able to look inside. She thought it was very odd though. She saw Carry sitting on the bed and allowing Duke to lick her. She hadn't seen that before, but even then everything looked as though it was some kind of wacky dé-jà-vu phenomena.

As Marcy watched, she saw the reaction that Carry had to it all and she could assume only one thing, that Duke was a very good licker. And that her friend had what it took to keep him interested. For the second time that night her fingers found her dainty split cleft and began rubbing it. Her eyes closed for a moment as she savored the feeling. When she looked up to spy on her blonde friend once more she jerked away quickly; surprised by the fact that Carry was standing right there, watching her.

"You can get up now you peeping kitty!" Teased Carry. "I suppose I didn't shock you too much with my antics or you wouldn't have been trying to bring yourself off; you would have stormed into the room and asked me what I was doing."

"how did you know that I was here?" Asked Marcy.

Carry smiled. "Duke was acting funny. Sort of like... yesterday." And then she looked at Marcy in a new way. "Were you here last night too, weren't you?"

Marcy smiled shyly and nodded. "Yeah, I was here. But don't worry, I didn't say anything to any one else. But even now I'm wondering how receptive they would be to it all?"

Carry looked at her doubtfully. "I'm not sure, but I don't think I really want to know unless they find out by accident. And that brings it back to us. Why did you come down here last night?"

"I... know about this kind of thing" Stated Marcy. "and since I was a bit excited from that game we played I decided to see if Duke would be interested in licking me to orgasm... or maybe something more."

"So you're not a virgin." Taunted Carry as she moved back into the room.

Marcy followed her friend into the bedroom and then shut and locked the door. "Oh... I am in a way. I have never been with a boy and that was what was asked, remember?"

From then on Marcy and Carry knew that they shared a common bond. But when it came to sharing Duke with her friend the young blonde was not in the mood to allow her dog to mate with anyone but her; and in a way, the young brunette did not blame her. Marcy was stuck with bringing her own self off as she watched her friend enjoying what the animal was doing to her. The big question was, how was she going to slake her own thirst for bestial love?

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Chapter Five

By the time the weekend was over, and all the girls returned home, they already had plans for their next outing, but it would be in two weeks. Marcy in particular was ready to vacate the vacation premises, but it wasn't because she hadn't had fun with her friends, or hadn't managed to satisfy herself at least a little. Seeing Duke and Carry with each other was a constant reminder of what she shared with Jackson... and she missed it.

Marcy wasn't home long before she managed to find her way over to her sister's house. When she got there she went to the back yard immediately, fairly certain that Angela and the kids would be out by the pool, but even as she neared the area it was too quiet. Bryan and Amanda were usually noisy when they played there.

The young brunette had only one thing on her mind at the moment, and that was confronting her sister with what she knew and asking her sibling's aid in solving the itch she now had; after all, it was Jackson that had started it all.

Finding the back yard empty, and the sliding door locked, Marcy had to go back to the front and enter that way. She used the key that her sister had given her, and had forgotten to return; not that it was too important because she was always welcome at Angela and Robert's home; usually walking in and simply announcing her presence by calling out to her sister.

Marcy closed the door behind her to keep the warmer air out of the cooler interior of the house; it was a relief as the humidity was high that day. She was just about to call out to Angela when she heard her sister's voice, and it concerned her at first until she realized what it was. Her sibling was urging someone to impregnate her, and that someone was Jackson.

Unable to resist her curiosity, Marcy quickly placed her purse on a side table, removed her shoes, and quietly made her way to the master bedroom. She was soon able to creep close to where the action was, but she had one more obstacle; the door to the room was shut.

Marcy couldn't resist what she was hearing... she wanted to see it firsthand. She knew what Carry and Duke looked like, but she wanted to see Jackson and her sister mated; it would be far more personal, and also give her an edge when it came to dealing with her older sibling.

Marcy didn't plan to necessarily blackmail her sister; only seek Angela's help in the matter. She had wondered how she would broach the subject with her sibling and now she was certain that this would be the perfect opportunity to do so.

The young brunette was no cat burglar, but she did a good job of quietly opening the bedroom door and pushing it ajar; moving it until she could see all that was happening at the side of the king-sized bed. She was able to see a side-view of Angela and Jackson as he was mounted to her sister, and her pussy began to itch; remembering her own sessions with the vigorous K9.

Marcy watched as Jackson began to slow and shorten his thrusts into Angela. She was certain that

the pair was locked together, and it was probably why she had heard her sister in the first place; at the moment it happened. He had finally shoved his knot into her for the last time, and it had stuck; assisting his seed in remaining within his bitch, and the reason for her older sibling to be begging him to give her his puppies.

Angela had no idea she and Jackson were being watched, all she knew was that she had his cock and knot in her and they weren't going anywhere soon unless there was an emergency, and then it would be painful but unavoidable.

She loved this moment, and everything that led up to it, but it was now that she could feel like his bitch totally. She reveled in the fact that his hot seed was trying to find her egg and impregnate her. She still loved her husband, but he was tame compared to what her K9 lover could offer her, and there was no down side to it. Robert always parked his car in the garage, and a short but loud ping sounded when the large entryway was opened.

With her children out of the house and at friends' houses, she had the morning to herself. She and some of the other mothers had their children's playmates over on occasion; allowing the relieved parent to have a bit of time to themselves. She had no idea what the other ladies did with their freedom, but she usually used hers to train Jackson sexually, and it was working; he was well behaved as far as she was concerned, but it was an ongoing process.

Angela sighed contentedly as she felt Jackson still spurting his seed into her, while his knot also managed to caress her g-spot. Her third orgasm claimed her and she managed to murmur to her lover how well he was doing in breeding her, and that she truly wished that she could have a puppy by him; he was a handsome dog and she wondered what a baby from him would look like on many occasions.

Even as Angela was passing through the throes of her third orgasm, Marcy was busy trying to claim her first. She was grateful that the cloths she wore allowed her to at least reach her hand down to her heated slit, but she wished that she had something more than her middle finger to run through the crease of her pouty lower lips. She remembered the translucent pink dildo that Alice had used on herself, and wished she had one now. She would have stripped her shorts off and shoved it into her vaginal depths repeatedly until she couldn't stand any more.

Marcy watched and listened to her sister and Jackson. It helped her reach her peek, and she moaned in satisfaction; closing her eyes and trying to concentrate on the moment. Unfortunately, what she experienced was nowhere what she truly wanted, but it would have to do for now. It wasn't until she reopened her eyes that she realized something else however; Angela was now very quiet and staring right at her.

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## **Chapter Six**

To say that Angela was surprised at what she saw when her attention was drawn to the doorway of the master bedroom, was an understatement. She nearly had a heart attack until she saw her sister standing there, and obviously relieving herself.

It was somewhat evident that what Marcy saw as Jackson was fucking her passionately was not something new, but exciting to her slightly younger sibling.

When the two sisters' eyes met, they both smiled at each other. "So I guess you somewhat knew about Jackson and me or you would have been a lot more shocked than you are now," said Angela softly, as she was still reveling in her K9 lover's cock buried deep within her. His seed was still

seeking to impregnate any available egg she had shed after her last ovulation and it all added to a blissful and fulfilling encounter, but not necessarily a total hoe run; deep within was the knowledge that she would never be able to bare him a puppy.

The girls didn't exchange much more verbally until Jackson had finally pulled his deflating knot from Angela, which Marcy got to see firsthand and marvel at; knowing that it was her sister that had been mounted by Jackson and it made it far more personal.

Once Angela had been licked clean by Jackson she stood on slightly wobbly legs. "So, tell me the truth... this is not the first time you have met up with something like this; is it, Marcy?"

"No, it isn't," returned Marcy, and then she began to fill her sister in on all that had happened between her and Jackson. After that confession she continued on with what she saw between Carry and Duke. She did a good job of describing it all and by the time she was done she was very wet and excited.

"Strip out of your cloths, darling," said Angela after hearing her sister's lusty encounters. "I think you need a bit more relief than what you got standing just inside the doorway,"

Marcy wasn't sure what her sister had in mind, but she was too hot to resist the invitation. She knew how to bring herself off, but she also knew that when an orgasm occurred that it was far sweeter if it was caused by an outside source. It was why what she shared with Jackson was so special... beyond the point that he took her cherry and was good at what he did; he was her first outside source.

Once Marcy was naked Angela smiled and took over. She slapped her younger sister's shapely butt, which brought a squawk from the young brunette, and ordered her younger sibling to kneel at the side of the bed. "Now you little bitch, you are going to get what you deserve," and then Jackson was called to do what he's been trained to do.

Marcy felt Jackson's tongue catch a portion of her pussy and sweep upwards across her rosebud. It felt wonderful, but she wanted more; she rocked her pelvis in a way that would allow more of her femininity to be exposed, and it worked. The K9's next oral stimulation caught her clit, dug into her slit quite deeply and still managed to hit the bottom most opening.

Jackson kept up his oral stimulation until Marcy moaned in ecstasy and orgasmed; at which point he was rewarded with even more of her sweet essence. She shook as the tremors passed through her and was glad when he his assault ended, but her reprieve was short lived.

Jackson was now ready to mount his new bitch, and she was ready also. Marcy felt his familiar weight on her back as his legs wrapped around her waist. His hot shaft was soon seeking her pussy diligently, and when the two entities met he wasn't necessarily gentle. Three steely inches of hot flesh shot into her depths; taking most of her breath away, but when the rest of his cock entered her and bottomed out, she nearly lost it all.

Marcy had a hard time catching her breath, but she wouldn't have complained if she could. This is what she had wanted ever since she saw Carry and Duke together. She had wanted to experience it again, and now she was. She was at the mercy of her sister's dog Jackson, and he was giving it to her royally.

Marcy eventually managed to catch her breath within reason, but she was still panting; enough to keep her from passing out. Jackson was battering the depths of her vaginal tube, even as his burgeoning knot was blowing through her pussy's opening and stimulating her clit beyond anything she could manage with her own efforts.

To Marcy it felt as though Jackson had her in his grasp for hours, but in effect it was just beyond five minutes. She gasped one last time as he set his knot, and her second orgasm claimed her. It was intense, but she could still feel what he was doing to her as he began to fill her with his seed and she babbled as she felt it.

Marcy felt only a slight dip as she was pushed through the blissful moment. Before she knew it her sensual feelings began to climb once more. She was being expertly bred, and there was no doubt in her mind as to what her four-footed lover was trying to do to her. He was going to make her pregnant if he could, and even as she thought about it she wished that it was possible.

No one had ever made her feel as Jackson was at this very moment, or ever had their sperm within her. His hot seed was spurting into her depths; seeking her egg, and she wanted more than anything for them to unite and present him with a puppy because of their union. It was her last thought before she passed out.

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Chapter Seven

Even before Angela saw her younger sister pass out she knew that Marcy was going to experience something epic. The words that her young sibling uttered were reminiscent of what she felt as Jackson mated with her, and it was awesome... she felt as though she was the one being bred because they were so similar; only age really separated them.

As Marcy lay quietly beneath Jackson Angela was momentarily frightened... but then she saw that her sister was still breathing. She held the mated couple in place until Jackson could pull free without injuring her sibling, but even as he did she saw his sperm ooze out of the recently filled slit. She felt like putting a plug in her sister's pussy and keeping the seed within the girl's receptive body as long as possible; who knew... strange things happened every day, and her much younger twin becoming pregnant could be one of them; though having it happen to herself sounded even better.

Once Marcy began to stir a bit, Angela assisted her sister with getting onto the bed fully. The younger brunette sighed contentedly and pulled a pillow into place and was soon asleep. There was a smile of contentment very evident for her older sibling to see.

Angela chuckled as she covered Marcy with a light blanket. She then gathered her clothes and ushered Jackson out of the room. She gently closed the door after that and went to clean up in the bathroom, but even as she did the dog watched her until she felt compelled to say something. "Well, buddy, are you happy with yourself. You created another bitch for you to mate with; though I doubt you'll be able to enjoy her for too long; she's going to be going off to college and be too far away..." and even as she thought about it she wondered how her sister would handle the event.

Marcy slept for an hour, but then arose feeling content. She knew where she was, but her time frame was off a bit until she fully remembered what had just happened; she was in her sister's house, and Jackson had just fucked her into oblivion in front of Angela.

Marcy arose, got washed up and then dressed. She was soon searching for her sister and found her elder sibling in the kitchen. "Thank you for letting me use Jackson, and then letting me rest," she offered.

"My pleasure, sweetheart, and I'm sure Jackson didn't mind either. It was actually quite enlightening to see another girl being mounted right before my eyes, and not some short clip or high-lights of the event," stated Angela. "I particularly enjoyed hearing you beg for my lover boy to put a puppy in

your womb; that really turned me on. I've wondered for a long time if there was anyone else out there in this lifestyle that truly wanted the same thing as I did; to get impregnated by their dog."

The two girls chatted away after that about numerous things as they fixed a bit to eat, and most of them did not concern Jackson. It wasn't until Marcy had to leave that she finally opened up to her sister about something that was troubling her.

"I know that you told me that I can come over every Tuesday and be with Jackson like I was today, but I'm not sure that it will be enough," confessed Marcy. "Also, when I go off to college what am I going to do... go out and look for some big stray dog and hope he's able to satisfy me. Gees... I can just imagine getting mounted by some mangy mutt, and then find four others waiting in line to use me also."

Angela chuckled at that; it had happened to her one time, just after she had left home and before she got Jackson. It wasn't bad, but she had almost been caught by some homeless guy as he looked for his dog; the one that was still knotted to her. It was fortunate that the mutt managed to pull loose and run to the guy before the man rounded the corner of the niche they were in, and found them locked together; it would have been a bit embarrassing to say the least.

"I'll help you find a way to get what you need, before you have to go off to college," Angela offered, and then the sisters parted and Marcy went home. She was satisfied for the moment, but she knew that it wouldn't last the week.

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## **Chapter Eight**

True to her word, Angela began working on her sister's problem. She got a hold of a friend she knew that was into the same lifestyle as she was, but didn't have to keep it hidden. Gloria Addison wasn't married and had plenty of connections. They began talking and it was almost immediately that her long term acquaintance had a viable solution.

"I have another friend that has two dogs; both Shepherds and absolutely beautiful," said Gloria. "She has worked with these two animals for several months, and she loves both of them, but they don't get along very well, and she's certain that it's because they have to share her affections. She's afraid to even let them out at the same time anymore and I know for a fact that she wants to find a loving home for the extra K9."

"That sounds like a problem that is made to order for someone like my sister," returned Angela. "Could you see if the animal is still available, and then arrange a meeting with Gloria if it is?"

"I'll call her as soon as I'm done talking to you, Angela," said Gloria, "and I'm hoping that we can get together some time in the very near future. I don't have very many friends that enjoy what we share, and it's nice to get together and talk... if you get my drift."

"Mmmm... That sounds like an invitation I can't refuse," returned Angela. "When you call me back concerning your friend we'll have to get together no matter you have a positive report for me or not."

"It's a date then," said Gloria sensually, "and I'll get back with you as soon as possible."

"Thank you, Gloria, I really appreciate your help in this matter," concluded Angela, and then she hung up the phone, pleased with the outcome of the call no matter what her friend was able to do about her sister's situation. Watching Marcy get screwed royally by Jackson had been a turn on for



her; something that she wanted to see again, and then be able to possibly perform herself; she liked the idea that someone else watched her being bred by her virile K9 lover and yet know that it would never be used against her.

With the easiest step of Marcy's dilemma possibly out of the way, Angela contemplated how she would broach the subject of getting a dog for her sister with her mother, while her sibling was still living at home. She knew that her parents had a small pooch before, but this could be different; though they would have to admit that they had plenty of living space within their home, and a large fenced in back yard.

Angela picked up the phone and called her mother. She would be sure to talk about many different things at first, and then mention about the fact that it might be nice to get a dog for Marcy. After all, things with the economy were still bad, and having a nice controllable canine in the home would be good for her sister while her sibling was away at college. It had been good for her, and things hadn't been as bleak as they were now, but you still had to get out into the world.

Marcy dawdled as she headed home; actually driving by and eventually stopping at one of the local dog parks. She saw several beautiful animals running around in the enclosures, and she took special note as to who their owners were. When she saw that one in particular was a girl, who looked to be a year or so older than herself, she couldn't help but wonder if the two were lovers.

Watching the thin willowy blonde and the fairly large Dane caused her to do a bit of daydreaming; picturing the girl naked and engaged with the huge animal that would truly dominate its owner. She was already hot, despite the fact that she was sitting in the shade and the air-conditioning of her vehicle was on. She could just imagine the beautiful young lady being mounted by the huge tan beast and submitting to his will; yelling out how much she wanted his puppies and literally begging for them.

Marcy's reverie was broken when her cell phone rang. She suddenly realized that she had been sitting there fantasizing about the blonde and the Dane for over ten minutes. She managed to get to the summoning device just before it stopped ringing and answered it.

Her mother's voice coming from the cell phone's small speaker wasn't unexpected, but the topic that was discussed was. It concerned her thoughts about getting a guard dog to take with her to school when she left in the fall.

The rest of the way home, Marcy was astounded as what was already happening. She had been certain that it was going to have an up-hill battle concerning her getting a dog, but it looked now as though her sister had come through for her and broached the subject with her mom already.

When Marcy walked through the door her mom stopped her immediately. "Darling, why didn't you tell me or your father how worried you were about going away to college, and finally having to live somewhere other than under our roof?"

Marcy shrugged. "I... didn't want you to be concerned about it, Mom," she returned. "After all, you and dad have been so good to me already."

"Well, that's not too hard to do with your father's ample earnings, and the inheritance I received from your grandparents." Explained her mother, and then she thought of something else; Angela had called twice and the second time had been for Marcy.

Marcy used her cell to call Angela back, she didn't want to take the chance of her mother accidentally, or even on purpose, picking up the hand unit in the kitchen or living room and

overhearing what she and her sister might discuss.

“Hey Angela, thank you for talking to mom about what we discussed earlier,” said Marcy after her sister answered the phone; still being cautious as to her topic in case her sister’s husband had returned home by then.

“My pleasure sweetie, but mom wasn’t the only person I called,” returned Angela, knowing that their conversation would remain private on her end; the extension was where she could see it, and noting that Marcy had used her cell. “I also called a friend and talked to her. She knew this other lady that had two K9s, but the boys aren’t compatible so she has to let one of them go to a good home. To top that off, the animal is fully trained, and they want to see us as soon as possible.”

“Really, and when could that be,” returned Marcy as she thought about some of the things that had come to mind as she drove from her sister’s place to home. The dog park was only part of it; her eyes had also locked on any large K9 she saw that was roaming about free, and within a quarter mile of her parent’s house; despite what she had experienced with Jackson only hours earlier.

“They want to see us tomorrow, little sister, and I already have things taken care of for around here,” said Angela. “We can have nearly the whole day together.”

Marcy breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank you, Angela, I’ll be there at nine tomorrow,” she confirmed.

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Chapter Nine

Marcy went to bed early that night; she wanted to be well rested for the following day. She was a bit anxious and slumber didn’t find her immediately; her thought ran wild as to what the following day might bring. She didn’t even realize when she began running her finger through her feminine slit; with her panties the only thing that kept her digit from entering deeper.

Marcy didn’t hear her alarm, but when she awoke with a start it was still dark and only two hours had passed. She realized she had to pee and grumbled at having to get out of bed to relieve herself.

She was soon stumbling through the bathroom door, but it was not the lavatory she remembered. There was no commode, and her bladder needed release. She saw some bushes and wondered when her mom had redecorated the room with such strange plants, but even as she did she noticed that there was plenty of dirt there also, and she was sure that it would easily absorb her pee.

March hiked up her night shirt and squatted in the dirt. She shook her head at having to relieve herself this way. She was just about done when she heard the growl behind her and she didn’t even have time to turn and see what it was before she was knocked onto her knees. Her hands flew out in front of her and she managed to plant them in the dirt; just before her face would have hit the same area.

The young brunette swore and tried to rise, but suddenly found that some kind of animal was on her back, and it was reminiscent of when Jackson had taken her at her sister’s house. She tried to fight the beast off, but couldn’t and in moments she felt his warm shaft entering her.

The beast that took Marcy wasn’t as fast or relentless as she remembered Jackson being. It felt good to a point, but it wasn’t nearly as satisfying as her sister’s dog had been. Despite the fact that he had raped her and taken her virginity it had been fulfilling in the end.

The beast that ravaged Marcy at the moment was somewhat wild and very soon she was panting; despite the fact that the animal seemed smaller than she expected. She soon reached her peak and her orgasm claimed her.

It was then that Marcy truly awoke and realized what was happening. It wasn't even midnight, and the middle finger of her right hand was deep within her slit as the last of her orgasm faded. "Damn, I can't wait until morning!" she murmured. She arose then and went to clean her secretions up before they ran out of her too much and stained her sheets; making an even bigger mess.

Morning couldn't too fast enough for Marcy; despite the fact that she did fall asleep almost immediately after her little escapade and subsequent clean up. She took a leisurely shower, and then grabbed a small bite to eat; barely seeing or saying hello to her mother as she suddenly saw the time and rushed out the door. The last thing she wanted was to be late; even if there hadn't been a set time or deadline.

Marcy eventually found herself sitting in her sister's car and anxiously awaiting her elder sibling arrival. She sighed with relief as Angela walked out the door, but then did a double take as Jackson joined his mistress.

Angela led Jackson to the back tailgate and opened it. He jumped into the rear opening of the vehicle and lay down; it was as though this was something that he had done hundreds of times and Marcy mentioned it. "Oh, lover boy goes with me many places; he obeys better than Robert and the kids do," she offered.

The sisters were soon on their way and Angela punched the crossroads coordinates for where they wanted to go. From there she remembered by heart how to get to where Gloria's friend lived. Anyone who tried to follow her later would only get within two miles of the ultimate destination, and there were plenty of stores in the area.

A half hour after they left Angela's house, they arrived at their destination. They got out and released Jackson from the back. His paws had barely touched the ground when they heard a greeting from not only Gloria, but Gwen; the owner of the extra dog.

Introductions were made all around, and then the girls entered the house. Angela was instructed to hold Jackson close and then Gwen brought Ranger out of the back room. "I have decided to keep King... he is the oldest of the two brothers by a few minutes."

Gwen walked Ranger by where Jackson stood, and there wasn't the slightest hint of aggression in the animal; she had been right. The hostilities showed only when the two brothers were face to face, but then was when they realized that they had shared her, and probably smelled their sibling on the person they claimed as their bitch.

Gwen stopped next to Marcy and told the girl to remove all her cloths; which the young brunette complied with willingly. There was no way she was going to botch her chance at attaining Ranger from Gloria's friend.

When Marcy was naked, Ranger looked at his mistress and then tried to sniff her. She immediately yelled "No" and then led the animal toward the young brunette. She took her right hand and tried to gently get a bit of the girl's scent from her vaginal area, but it wasn't as easy as it looked.

Marcy gasped as Gwen's fingers dug into her feminine cease and she gasped at the intrusion. "Sorry," the slightly older blond offered softly, but then it was over and she was smearing the scent she had just picked up on Ranger's nose.

Ranger smelled and then licked at the new scent. The handsome Shepherd then turned toward Marcy and was soon endeavoring to get more of what he had been previously offered. The young brunette took a half a step back but Gwen told her to stand still and allow her new dog to get acquainted with her.

Marcy felt Ranger's tongue dig into her deeper than Gwen's finger had, and it washed away the memory of the digital invasion. She was soon spreading her legs so that he could have better access to her. This went on for only a minute before she couldn't take it anymore and sought a place to sit; thus being able to give the beautiful K9 even greater access to her charms.

Marcy landed on the sofa and reveled in the licking that Ranger was giving her. Within another minute she orgasmed, flooding his tongue with her fluids. He stepped up his pace a bit then, and she managed to hug his head to her heated valley in a way that didn't inhibit his ability to lick her clean.

The young brunette was only seconds away from achieving her next orgasm when Ranger stopped his oral administrations. She began to protest at first, but stopped as she looked into his handsome face and saw what he really wanted. She scooted her butt closer to the edge of the high cushion just a bit and he read her invitation properly.

Ranger quickly stepped between Marcy's legs and was soon placing his large paws on either side of her body. His hairy chest met her naked one his sheath with several inches of hard cock sticking out of it nudged her already wet valley.

The first meeting of Ranger's cock and Marcy's pussy was a bit off as he slid between her lower lips and over the top of her clit, but it didn't feel bad, and it was easily corrected. She quickly lifted her butt a bit and his next thrust hit home.

The three onlookers watched quietly until they heard Marcy gasp and then they became more animated. "He's got her!" exclaimed Gwen, and then they all jockeyed around a bit as they endeavored to see the impalement site.

Marcy's first gasp wasn't her last as Ranger shoved at least three inches of his hot cock into her, and then followed it with a lot more in short increments. He was soon bottomed out within her and thrusting at an even pace. It wasn't as fast as she had gotten with Jackson, but to her it was more fulfilling; it was as though he knew what would please her the most, and that was what he was after... not just his pleasure.

Marcy's gasping response to what Ranger was doing to her fueled the other women's desires as they were standing there. They were soon seeking to relieve themselves in some manner as they watched the younger brunette and the Shepherd.

It wasn't long before Marcy lifted her legs and arms. She brought them up and around her K9 lover and hugged him gently without restricting his motion. It allowed him even greater access to her valley and she felt his hot hard shaft ramming her depths as his growing knot blew through her lower lips; receiving total stimulation to her clit.

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## **Chapter Ten**

By now Gwen and Gloria had their shorts loose and were stimulating themselves manually as they stood and watched. The one time owner of Ranger wished she could go and get King, but she was still afraid of an unpleasant interaction between the two canine brothers.

As for Angela, she saw how agitated Jackson was and decided to allow him the relief he seemed to need. She quickly stripped her pants and panties off and knelt on the carpeted floor. She looked behind her and smiled as she saw him approaching her, and then waited.

Jackson didn't need any verbal coaxing to mount his mistress. He gave her only a few well placed licks and then covered her. His furry arms grasped her waist and chest hairs tickled Angela causing her to revel in the feel of his presence.

Jackson shuffled up behind Angela as he had done hundreds of times. They had been in several different places when he took her so their present environment with another dog present was not entirely daunting when he could smell her heat, but there had been something very familiar about the other bitch also. However, he had what he wanted now, and it was all that mattered at the moment.

It was as though Angela knew the exact placement of her knees to get the perfect height for Jackson to mate with her, and on his first preemptory thrust he had her, and quickly took more of her. She gasped just as her sister had, and it was then that Gwen and Gloria saw that they had two performers to watch.

"My god these sisters are hot," said Gwen and once more she was tempted to get King. She herself had been into this lifestyle long before she met Gloria, but even so except for videos she had been unable to see what a matting session really looked like unless she was able to be where she could look into a mirror as she was screwed by her lovers, and that wasn't very often.

It was basically the same for Gloria. She had only managed to see two other girls getting fucked by their dogs, but she wanted more, and she didn't just want to see the woman and animal mate and have no real feelings about what they were sharing. She wanted to see love, not just sex.

That aspect alone was suddenly made this event so special. What she heard coming from Marcy and Angela fit the desires of all the women present. It was more than a sex session, and Gwen knew that she had found the perfect mate for Ranger. He wouldn't be a mere pet to the girl, but a truly adored lover.

In the far landscape of the present, Marcy was aware that others were watching her, but she didn't care. Ranger was in her and stirring feelings that even her sister's dog hadn't evoked. What's-his-name wasn't even relevant any more. All that mattered was her current lover.

She panted words of encouragement as Ranger thrust himself into her. She had already had her second orgasm and she was approaching her third. "Give me your seed now, darling," she urged him as she pushed her valley upward so he could have all of her. "I want your sperm in my womb so I can become pregnant with you puppy,"

She continued to urge him on, and then she felt his burgeoning knot push through her vaginal lips one last time. It nearly took her breath away but she managed to hiss out her desire. "Now, sweetheart, now..." and she felt his hot seed flood her depths and she nearly fainted as she had once before, but she didn't really want it. She wanted to remember every moment of her lover's hot shaft buried within her depths.

Marcy wasn't the only one trying to urge her lover to impregnate her. Angela was doing well at it also, and to Gwen and Gloria it was like a double feature and hard to choose as to which was more exciting.

On the left was Marcy and Ranger. He was taking her missionary style, and she was hugging him to

her like a long lost lover. She was vocal enough to be heard as she panted for breath. The fact that she seemed to want his offspring was enough to root for her, and hope for the best to happen between the pair. It would be awesome in the very near future to hear that she was carrying his puppy in her taut belly.

On the right was Marcy's slightly older sister, and a very hot looking woman in every way. Angela was paled with Jackson, and he was slightly more vigorous than Ranger as he mated with his mistress doggy style. It was easy to see that this K9 was trying to impregnate his bitch also, and she was utterly receptive to that fact as she urged him to cream her available egg. She would give him puppy after puppy if he wanted her that way.

Marcy and Angela managed to orgasm several times, but Gwen and Gloria came only once. Except for the show they got, and the things they imagined as the sisters mated their respective animals they too were able to reach a small measure of satisfaction.

As things wound down and the animals eventually pulled their deflating knots from their mistress Gwen and Gloria talked softly. The gist of it was that they needed to get together with Angela and have a threesome. They wouldn't share their K9 lover, but simply seeing another girl getting stuffed as they watched, or even did it at the same time sounded wonderful.

After both Marcy and Angela got washed up and then dressed; the other two ladies moved in the older sister's direction. "We want you to join us more often," began Gwen, we like what we saw as Jackson mated with you."

Angela smiled at the compliment. "I think I can handle that, but what are the ground rules?" she asked and she saw their confused look. "I really don't like to share Jackson," she then offered. "I know my sister got a taste for dog from him, but it was an unintended incident, and she's my sister."

Gwen smiled immediately and Gloria was quick to follow. "We're not talking about sharing, Angela, and we'd invite your sister, but I'm still concerned about King and Ranger fighting if they were in the same room together."

It was at this point that Marcy moved closer to the other girls. She had no idea what the trio had been talking about, but she suspected that it had to do with her becoming Ranger's mistress. "Did I do well enough?" she began when the ladies fell silent. "I have no idea how I'll manage to pay you for that wonderful K9, but I'll find a way, Gwen."

Gwen smiled warmly and before Marcy knew it Ranger's owner stepped forward and hugged her. "You don't owe me anything for your new mate, darling. Just seeing and hearing you two together is enough for me to know that you belong with each other."

"Really!" exclaimed Marcy happily.

"Really!" returned Gwen. "I have all the papers for him in my office. It will take only a few signatures to make it all official and he'll be able to go home with you.

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Chapter Eleven

The signing of the papers to keep everything legal, took less time to accomplish than it did for Marcy to get Ranger several new things from the pet store. What made it nice however, was the fact that the girls could take the boys into the shop as long as they were on leashes and well behaved.

As Marcy and Angela walked Ranger and Jackson into the store, the two large German Shepherds drew everyone's attention in their direction. Some of the complimentary comments were about the animals beautiful markings and others were about the excellent behavior. The whispered remarks were heard everywhere in conjunction with the magnificent pair of K9s.

When Marcy finally arrived home with Ranger, and her mother saw the beautiful animal, her mom was ecstatic about it all. When her father saw the large dog he wasn't as enthused, but he was reminded that the Shepherd was his daughter's responsibility and that there would be no problems anywhere. Besides, the canine's residency with them would be short since the youngest member of the family would be off to college soon.

Marcy's father kept a close eye on the new visitor to his home. He wasn't a real fan of dogs in any shape or size, but at least he hadn't demanded that his daughter's dog be kept out side. He went about his usual tasks that evening and in short order found that he hardly even realized that the animal was around. It didn't yip or bark except when it needed to go out into the back yard for a short run, and that was a low 'woof' and directed at his owner.

Marcy didn't go to bed until late that night, and by then her father and mother were already asleep for several hours. She knew from past experience that the house was well built and even somewhat sound insulated. Years before she had tested the noise level of several things. She turned on her alarm clock and let it ring, and later cranked up the volume on her stereo to a point where it was nearly uncomfortable to even be in the room with it. She had then shut her bedroom door and had gone down to her parent's area. She had smiled at learning that none of the cacophony even reached to their nightly quarters.

After making sure that Ranger was properly cared for, Marcy and her companion went upstairs to her room. She closed and locked the door because she didn't wish to be disturbed. She even put a blanket along the bottom of the heavy wooden barrier; no light would show through.

Once Marcy's few preparations were taken care of, she hugged Ranger and then disrobed. He watched her closely, and she noted his attention to what she was doing. "You know what I want, don't you, darling," she said softly and then she moved to her bed and sat at its edge. She didn't have to plead or do anything; he was already moving closer to her as she spread her legs to accommodate him.

Ranger began licking at her gently. His pace quickly picked up for a moment, and then slowed once more as the depths which he reached with his tongue surprised her. He had her moaning softly in no time; changing things here and there as he went, but forever hitting the places that made her hotter as the seconds passed.

Marcy knew that she didn't have to be too quiet, but even as she did try to keep it down a bit she found that the self-inflicted restrictions only heightened everything, like pressure behind a cork where more and more sensual essence is slowly increased until the vessel can retain no more. Her first orgasm claimed her and it was intense. She could do nothing more but glom onto Ranger and hold him tight as she slipped over the blissful edge.

The young brunette clung to Ranger as the intense tremors passed through her core, but he held still; supporting her. It was as though he knew that if he didn't hold her up that she would slip to the floor and out of his easy reach when she was ready to begin anew.

It was nearly a minute before Marcy was ready to sit on her own once more. The memory of the blissful orgasm was still at the top of everything she was currently feeling when Ranger began to

rekindle it all again. "Wait, darling, wait..." let me catch my breath or I pass out and not be able to feel you like I really want to," she intoned softly, and he obeyed her wish.

Marcy took several large breaths, and in between she hugged and kissed her beautiful new lover. Jackson may have been the first dog to take her, but he paled in comparison to how she already felt about Ranger. Before, she would have gone out and looked for satisfaction from some other beast, not just her sister's animal. Now, however, it was totally different. She couldn't imagine having anyone one but Ranger making love to her, and that included males of her own species.

As far as Marcy was concerned Ranger was all she needed and wanted. She had already cooed to him at Gwen's place that she wanted his puppies if he could give them to her, and that desire was only increasing.

Once Marcy had her breath back she gently pushed Ranger from between her legs. "I want you, darling," she said softly as she reached under him and felt for his sheath. She carefully held it in her warm hands and caressed it a bit as she looked into his eyes. "I'm ready for you, sweetheart, and I hope that you are ready for me."

Without further ado, Marcy knelt on the floor beside her bed. The queen-sized unit that was in her room stood a bit too high as far as she was concerned; at least for the position in which she wanted to be taken this time. She was going to be his bitch, and she wanted to be taken that way with not holding back on either of their parts.

Once Marcy was in position he was at her in an instant. He gave her a few playfully but well placed licks which caused her gasp and her toes to curl, but then he covered her, and gently grabbed her feminine form. He used her hips to pull them together and within moments the tip of his hot shaft was nudging the mouth of her pussy.

"Yes..." she hissed, and then she gasped again as several inches of his hot flesh entered her. "Fuck me, darling; fuck me like you did before. I'm all yours now," Marcy confessed without reservation.

More and more of Ranger's hot flesh merged with Marcy's and she didn't want it to stop, even when his lengthy cock nudged the back wall of her vaginal chute. She could already feel his knot beginning to expand as it plunged in and out of her pussy; kissing her clit and caressing her g-spot with each and every thrust and partial withdrawal.

Up to this point she was still on all fours with her arms fully extended, but that ceased as her second orgasm claimed her and her elbows gave way. Her cheek was soon pressed to the carpet and the tremors passed through her. Ranger stopped his thrusting for the moment as she rode the wave that he had created for her. It was beautiful. "Thank you, darling," she murmured as she reveled in the feel of her vaginal muscles gripping his steely shaft buried within her, and knowing the purpose for which it was there.

As before when he had excited her with his tongue, and then backed off a bit at her request, he had done the same this time. It was as though he knew what would give her the most pleasure, and that was what he wanted for her.

As the ripples of her second orgasm diminished she thrust herself back at her lover and he responded by shoving deeper into her; if that was possible. Her insides moved and she groaned at what she felt. He no longer pulled his fully inflated knot out of her, they were stuck together until he shrunk down a bit, but that wouldn't be for a while yet, and even that aspect of what they had excited her.

This was not like some guy climbing aboard a girl and even managing to cum together and then parting; which few of her girlfriends had ever admitted to happening. This was being united for several minutes after the hoped for mutual exchange, and reveling in the feel of their union as his seed swam within the recipient. However at this moment, Ranger had not come, and she was going to do something about that.

Marcy continued to push herself onto her lover's shaft, and he thrust forward. They were soon accomplishing both actions in a coordinated effort, and as she became heated again she hoped that her endeavors were doing the same for him. "It's time sweetheart, I'm more than ready for you to fill me with your seed," she informed him softly. "I want your sperm in me so that it can fertilize my egg, darling. I want to be the first to carry a puppy from you in my womb," she continued, and even as she did she could picture such an event, and it spurred her on.

The union that Marcy and Ranger now shared was one of slow, deep thrusts on both their parts. There was some room for him to move within the confines of her vaginal tube, but not much. It took several minutes of intense action between the two to get the results that they sought, but when he erupted within her, her own orgasm was triggered.

"Yes..., darling, give it to me," she managed to murmur as his essence spurted repeatedly into her. "Give me your seed, Ranger; fuck it into me so... deep. I want my egg to be flooded with your offering," and once more she pictured his sperm entering her hidden depths and doing something miraculous. It caused her orgasm to continue longer than usual and it exhausted her, but it felt so good.

Marcy knelt at the side of her bed and panted softly, hardly believing how wonderful she felt. It was as though she was a young bride, and her man was already trying to impregnate her, but she didn't mind... she wanted it. It was already her goal.

Marcy slowly extended her arms until she felt Ranger's fur along her back fully. He was still somewhat resting on her and his weight on her felt good. She endeavored to turn her head and find his muzzle; she wanted to kiss him, and she did manage it a bit, but not as much as she truly wanted. She would have to wait until they parted, and yet she didn't really want that to happen too soon.

Marcy sighed contentedly as she and Ranger remained locked together. She wasn't sure how she would handle it if her parents found them mated like this, but she had a feeling that she would tell them exactly how she felt, and that having him as a lover was all she wanted; despite what they might think.

As Marcy reveled in the feel of Ranger's weight on her back, and his hot shaft within her, she sighed contentedly. "How about you, Ranger, are you contented with your new bitch, darling," she cooed. "I know that neither you nor I are the first for each other, but I sincerely hope that I will be enough for you, as you are all that I want," and she didn't expect a reply but he woofed softly and truly endeavored to kiss her; she was sure of it; he had answered her in a positive way.

Ranger had no real conception of time, but Marcy did. She was sure that nearly twenty minutes had passed. She sighed anew as she felt his knot diminishing to a point where they were no longer tied together solidly. He pulled out of her and along with his substantial shaft quite a bit of his fluid spill out also and ran down her leg.

"No," groaned Marcy as she quickly cupped her mound and tried to stop the flow of his precious fluid; she wanted it in her. She was tempted to jump onto her bed and lie on her back with a pillow under her hips; she thought she remembered that women should do that to retain sperm within her

vagina. She didn't get the chance to however as Ranger began licking her and cleaning her up.

At first, Marcy was tempted to shoo Ranger away, and do as she had previously thought with the pillow under her hips, but as he continued his further administration he had to admit that it felt good. "Okay," she chuckled, "you can finish what you started this time, darling, but that just means that you owe me. I want as much of your seed in me as possible."

When Ranger was done cleaning Marcy she turned quickly and kissed him, tasting some of their combined essence, and she was pleased with it. She then arose and finished getting ready for bed. It was just after midnight, and with all that she had done with Ranger earlier, and now, she was suddenly tired.

Barely ten minutes passed before Marcy was in bed, and she was cuddled up behind Ranger. He was soft and warm, and his fur felt good against her naked flesh. She had never been slept in the nude before, but she liked it now.

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## **Chapter Twelve**

When Marcy awoke in the morning it was because of a dream, and she was verbally exclaiming "Yes!!!" she was also reaching for a beautiful little puppy that she had just birthed while Ranger watched intently. She felt wonderful fulfilled, and her lover was still lying very close to her before she realized it hadn't really happened. Her hands then came down and ran over her flat stomach before she finally reached out to caress her companion.

"Oh, god, I wish some dreams could come true," she said softly as she continued to stroke the Ranger lovingly. She was still naked, and she marveled that it felt so natural to be like that in his presence. He turned slightly and she was then able to rub his belly. "You sure made me feel good last night, darling," she offered as she allowed her caresses to creep lower; very close to his sheath. "You fucked me so well that I even dreamt that I had your puppy, darling, but I must say that the cute bundle of fur that came out of me looked a lot better than what I'm sure would have emerged; at least without a bit of cleaning," she added with a slight giggle.

Marcy caressed Ranger a bit more before moving closer to him and kissing his muzzle. "I wish we could stay in bed longer, sweetheart," she intoned after the show of affection, "but I have to get a few things done this morning; especially if you and I are going to go to Carry's place at the lake this weekend," she continued as she arose.

Marcy washed up and then got dressed. She was soon merrily skipping down the steps and headed for the patio door; set on letting Ranger out to do his morning thing. She had no sooner allowed him to go and relieve himself when her mother made a comment.

"You sure are chipper this morning, honey," offered her mother in observation of her daughter's present demeanor. "You must have gotten a good night's sleep.

"I sure did, mom, and it's a good thing too," replied Marcy. "I have several things that I need to accomplish in order to get ready for college, and they need to be done now or it won't get done in time for the classes that I want."

"Well, good luck then, sweetheart," intoned her mother as she went about her own business.

Marcy disliked the fact that she couldn't take Ranger with her to where she needed to go, but even

with leashes on an animal there were no dogs allowed in the building she needed to access. On top of that it would be impossible to keep him in her car or tied up outside the edifice for as long as she needed to possibly be inside.

After Marcy was sure that Ranger had everything he would need to be comfortable in the back yard, she left to go and take care of her college business as quickly as possible, but she made him a promise to make things up to him that night.

The lines for some of her classes were short, but others were much longer, and it irked her. It was after Marcy had been in one row for several minutes that something caught her eye. She read the brochure for the offered classes she smiled.

For the longest time, Marcy had wanted to get into something to do with computers, but now she began seeing the medical field in a new light. Hopefully with a mix of both humans and animals, but she knew that some of her thoughts along that line would have to be very hush-hush.

Marcy made the required changes and was on her way. She was pleased with the amendments that she had made to her curricular studies. She didn't worry about her parent's involvement in what she did; they weren't really concerned about what she studied as long as she stayed out of trouble. It had been the same with Angela.

Marcy's sister had gone to college, and it had been paid for by their father. Her older sibling had a degree, but wasn't using it at the moment, preferring to be a housewife and mother; unruffled by the fact that Robert was now paying for everything at the moment, but she was also unaware that Angela had an ulterior motive.

For the rest of the week, Marcy took care of what she needed to do for college; even getting in the required reading that was considered necessary before classes started in the fall. She also managed to get in an afternoon delight with Ranger when it was safe to do so, but after that they were definitely together every night.

When Marcy and Ranger were finally able to go to the cabin, that her friend's father was allowing them to use for the summer weekends, it was not an entire surprise to her blonde classmate that she was accompanied by a dog. "I had a feeling that you would be getting a K9 companion soon," said Carry after they had hugged.

"Well... after my abrupt introduction into the possibilities of sex K9 style, thanks to my sister's dog, I was hooked," said Marcy. "Then when I saw you and Duke I knew I wanted more. I was even tempted to find some stray to mount me when I couldn't get back to Jackson regularly."

"Really, you got so turned on by what you saw with me and Duke that you would have allowed some strange dog fuck you?" Carry asked with a slight chuckle.

"Yeah, I would have, but I got lucky; I found Ranger here, and he's been wonderful. I don't want anyone but him to make love to me now," she responded, but she also saw a look cross her friend's countenance and questioned it

Carry smiled. "I'm just glad to know that I'm not the only horny girl to think of something like that. After Duke took me the first couple of times, I couldn't be with him for a while because of things at home either. I wanted it so badly again that I was thinking of finding a stray and letting it have me also," she confided to Marcy.

"Well, you're not alone," said Marcy and then she hugged Carry again, but added another thought.

"I do have a question though... what are you going to do when we go off to college in the fall?"

Carry grimaced at that thought. "I'm not sure, Marcy, and it's beginning to scare me a bit. The thought of finding a stray to satisfy my needs might just resurface," she intoned softly, fairly certain that her friend would not really want to share Ranger. After all, she hadn't been keen on letting anyone else have Duke, and she was fine with that scenario; despite the way it left her possibly dry at the moment.

"We'll have to find a solution to your dilemma for you, Carry. Especially if your father won't let you take Duke with you," offered Marcy.

"I seriously doubt that he'll let me have the undersized Dane," returned Carry. "Duke is still his pride and joy despite the fact that he was the runt of the litter. When I don't have him here at the cabin my father is always taking him to the dog park. Ever since my mother was killed three years ago in that freak accident on the interstate he dotes on the mutt."

"Really!" returned Marcy thoughtfully, allowing her imagination to run wild; especially with that new bit of information in mind. It made her wonder if Duke had begun his human mating with Carry, or if it had begun earlier; she hadn't realized that the family had the animal that long. Had her friend been raped like she had been at first, or had she enticed the animal into it, and it knew what to do.

Carry looked at Marcy questioningly, wondering what she meant by 'Really!', but she didn't get to ask immediately; the other girls arrived to fill out the crew of four. However, they did ask about the second dog.

"Ranger belongs to me," offered Marcy in response. "My parents got him for me as a guard dog while I'm away at school, but I'm responsible for him now. I think that they are hoping that guys will be intimidated by his presence and not stick around," she added with a chuckle.

Ginger and Alice both laughed at that and then the four girls went swimming, and had a good time; at least to a point. There were a few boys around, and they all socialized with them to some extent, but Carry stressed that the girls were not to tell the guys where they were staying; her father would not tolerate any male involvement while they were at the cabin, and that suited two of the young ladies perfectly.

"That's not fair," groused Ginger, and Alice agreed.

"I didn't say that you couldn't go out with some guy if you wanted to," said Carry, "but don't let them think that they can come to the cabin and spend the night with you or my father will have a fit."

"On top of that," added Marcy, "you had better be sure that you are safe with any guy you date up here, and I'm not just talking about condoms. The last thing we would need was for any of us to come up missing, or get raped by cretins that are just passing through the area."

The last bit of warning seemed to throw a wet blanket on things. "Gees... what's with you two?" complained Ginger. "You'd think that you had stopped looking at guys and are going into a convent when you go off to college this fall," and Alice agreed with her.

"It's nothing like that," responded Marcy. "I just don't feel like giving what I have to just anyone that passes by. I doubt that the guys that are up here at the lake are anyone you will meet later and establish something meaningful with."

The girls returned to the cabin after that, but hardly anyone spoke as they did. When the girls split

up to change, Ginger and Alice went to their rooms, but they met in the shared bathroom for their side. "I didn't realize that Carry and Marcy were such prudes until now," grouched the young redhead.

"We seemed to have fun the last time we were here," offered Alice, as she thought about the strip poker game.

"Yeah, but it didn't involve guys... remember?" countered Ginger as the girls stripped down and changed into their evening wear. "I don't care what you do, Alice, but tomorrow I'm going to get a call from my parents saying that I need to come home for some kind of family reason, and I'm going to be all broken up over it the fact that I have to leave early."

"But I rode here with you, how will I get home?" Alice asked.

"Well, you can ride with me tomorrow, and offer support for what I'm going through," said Ginger, "or you can find a ride back with either Carry or Marcy. We all live within a few blocks of each other."

"How come you're going to fake some kind of family event? Why don't you tell Carry that you want to leave early this time?" asked Alice.

"I don't want her to know the real reason, Alice. I want to find some guy to have fun with this weekend, and it probably won't happen if I have to stick around here," said Ginger as she finished up and hung her bikini to dry completely. "However, I don't want to alienate either Carry or Marcy either. They are good friends and I want to keep it that way."

"Okay, I'll play along and go with you," Alice agreed as she too hung her bikini to dry completely before morning.

When the girls left the bathroom, the rest of the night was far more subdued than usual. The four of them eventually opted to watch a video, and they chose a recent sci-fi. When the movie was over they all went to their own bedrooms, but two of them didn't stay there too long; they quietly snuck out and got their dogs.

When Marcy and Carry returned to their rooms, Ranger and Duke accompanied them. They softly said good night to each other and were soon shutting and locking their respective doors. Without knowing it, they both placed a blanket at the bottom to block what little light there might be from the bedside lamp they used.

Once each of them was situated comfortably, they nearly started out the same also. They removed their panties and were soon allowing Ranger and Duke to begin warming them up.

Much like before in their own respective homes the girls knew they couldn't be too loud; they didn't want anyone to be awakened and come knocking on their door; especially after the dogs were tied with them.

After Marcy came she hugged Ranger to her as the ripples of pleasure swept through her. Since this particular bed was lower than the one she had at home, she kissed her lovers head and then lay back after the major part of her tremors had passed. She didn't need to coax him after that, he simply reared up and shuffled forward until his warmth met hers.

By the time Marcy was able to look Ranger in the eyes, and even kiss him, his steely phallus was nudging her heated grotto. She moaned softly and lifted her legs to open herself to him in an even

greater way. "Fuck me, darling," she whispered, and he did as she asked, edging incrementally forward a few inches at a time.

Little by little Ranger shoved more and more of his hot flesh into Marcy's slick nest. She cooed softly as he invaded her and it was all she could do to keep from shouting out that she wanted him to fuck her so hard that he'd drive them both across the room; bed and all.

In Carry's room the scene was a bit different. She had started out sitting and being licked to orgasm, but then she got on her knees beside the bed. Her ample young breasts were now nearly flattened despite the softness of the mattress. Duke mounted her eagerly like he had many times before, and was soon seeking her warmth.

He rammed himself into her excitedly and was soon thrusting away at her like a beast gone wild. She gasped, and quickly buried her face in the mattress to keep from being too loud as Duke fucked her speedily. She came the second time as usual with her lover blowing his burgeoning knot in and out of her pussy, and stimulating her clit. By the time he finally locked with his bitch she was already at the precipice for the third time.

Carry wailed as Duke shot his cum into her repeatedly, but only an inch beyond her walls and door could anything be heard. She reveled in the feel of the K9's cock buried in her depths, even if it wasn't hitting the back wall of her vaginal tube, they were still knotted. However, unlike Marcy, she didn't plead to be impregnated; she didn't quite have the feel of it as her friend did just yet.

Back in Marcy's room, things were a bit more sedate, and that came with the type of training that Ranger had received compared to Duke. For the Dane, he really couldn't have cared whether or not his bitch orgasmed; it just happened... luckily for her. However, with the young brunette and her lover it was an entirely different story. Her coupled K9 actually sought to please her first... and himself last, and it made all the difference in the world.

Marcy experienced her second orgasm after Carry and Duke were already done. The daughter of the cabin's owner was satisfied, but not as fully as her guest was. It wasn't until the young blonde had washed up and gone to bed that the young brunette experienced her third massive orgasm. She clung to Ranger and managed to lock her heels over his back. As he poured his seed into her she hissed heatedly for him to make her pregnant with his progeny for the umpteenth time.

Thoughts of what Marcy was now enrolled in at the college she would be attending in the fall surfaced, and she immediately expressed it. "If you don't fuck your puppy into my belly now, darling, you will eventually," she cooed as she clung to him and felt his steely muscle twitch within her.

Marcy and Ranger remained locked in their pleasant embrace for over ten minutes. The usual picture play ensued within the young brunette's mind. She saw his sperm swimming up her tubes; in search of an egg. One lucky group found it and immediately tried to gain entry. She saw one particular seed succeed; it penetrated her ovum's outer defenses. She sighed contentedly as it did; wishing that what she had just envisioned could come to fruition.

When Marcy and Ranger parted she did clean up a bit, but only enough to keep from making a total mess of the mattress. They were soon cuddled together on the bed and she was naked as usual.

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Chapter Thirteen

It was now Saturday morning as the girls had managed to get an early start to the weekend by

getting there early on Friday. Marcy was the most contented, and she was followed by Carry. If there had been a rating system the young brunette would have scored a ten. The young blonde would have been next at eight, but the others would have been hard pressed to register a four. Alice had forgotten her pink toy and was relegated to the same release as Ginger had attained; their fingers managed to get them off a bit, but it wasn't that satisfying in the long run.

The girls had barely finished breakfast when Ginger pretended to answer her phone. "How did this thing get on vibrate," she grouched aloud and then she began an imaginary conversation with her mother. It was actually very convincing; Marcy and Carry asked her what was wrong as soon as she severed the phantom connection.

"it's just a problem at home!" Ginger responded. "It's nothing too bad, but I think that my mother would appreciate it if I didn't stay up here all weekend because of it."

"Wow, sorry about that," said Marcy sincerely, and Carry chimed in with the same sentiment.

Alice piped up next, offering her support by accompanying Ginger on the hour long drive. They let it be known that they planned to return the following weekend, and then made as casual an exit as possible.

Once Ginger and Alice were gone, Marcy and Carry looked at each other glumly, and actually felt sorry for their departed friends. "I hope everything will be alright for the family," intoned the young blonde.

The two girls returned to the kitchen after that and began cleaning up the breakfast nook. It didn't require much as most of the dinnerware they had used was either paper or plastic; depending on the occasion.

As the girls finished with the clean up chore, Carry happened to look out the window. She saw Duke and Ranger lying in the shade; relaxing, but it brought something to mind. Something that Marcy had said earlier in response to something that she had mentioned.

"Marcy, what were you thinking when I told you about how my father dotes on Duke? You simply said; Really!" Carry asked as she turned to face her friend.

Marcy remembered the incident, it was just before Ginger and Alice arrived the day before. "Let's go get the boys, and I'll tell you what I was wondering as we do. The only reason I have allowed Ranger out there in the side yard was because of our friends, and they are gone now," she concluded and Carry smiled in agreement for reasons of her own.

The two girls went to get the boys. It had darkened outside, and it looked as though it could rain at any moment anyway. Marcy finally began what her friend had asked her about. "I was wondering, Carry," she said. "You mentioned that your father began doting on Duke ever since your mother's death about three years ago... right?"

"Yeah... something like that; he was just a pup at the time," agreed Carry as she endeavored to remember the facts.

"That would make Duke a little over three years old, Carry, so I honestly doubt that he will grow any bigger." said Marcy, and then she continued. "What I was also wondering was how you and your undersized Dane became involved. Jackson literally raped me. I fell asleep on the couch and the next thing I know he's licking my crotch. My pants were soaked with his saliva so I washed up. When I went to get some clean underwear... it happened. I cried, because of it, but it wasn't his fucking me

that really bothered me. I was ashamed that it felt so good, and that I orgasmed with his cock buried in my pussy. Not only that, but I knew even then that I wanted it again.”

Carry nodded. “It was like that for me too,” she began. “My dad offered me the use of the cabin, but stipulated that I had to have Duke up here to guard the place while I was here on the weekends. It was sort of a birthday and graduation present combined. I was eighteen and out of school. Anyway, I came up here to see what it would be like and the first night I was here I got horny. I was playing with myself and the next thing I knew it the mutt joined me. I thought he was only going to lick me, and that would have been bad enough, but no... the bad little boy had to jump on me afterward. He fucked me good; better than the two guys that I had tried. I really didn’t expect us to be an exclusive event after that, but I haven’t been with any of my boyfriends since, and now, I don’t think I will be.”

“So what happened to us was very similar,” offered Marcy as she continued to think about the events, and then she added a bit more. “Do you think that you were Duke’s first girl, or do you suspect that he might have had others?”

Carry looked at Marcy suspiciously. “Why would you ask a thing like that?”

Marcy sighed heavily. “Because I wasn’t Jackson’s first conquest,” she explained. “He’s my sister’s dog! She had trained him to fuck her, so naturally, I was wondering if your father had trained Duke to do the same thing.”

Carry laughed derisively. “You have to be kidding, right? You think my father trained the dog to screw him?” she asked, knowing that her male parent was totally heterosexual. He was faithful to her mom, but after the accident he eventually began looking at anything female as long as she was cute enough.

“No... not him, but some girl that he might meet at the K9 park,” she offered. “What I was wondering was if he was using Duke to get to know some of the women there. They could experience a bigger dog, and then he’d probably get to fuck them also.”

Carry remained quiet for a moment; wondering if Marcy hadn’t hit on something. Duke did seem to know what to do when she was in a slightly compromised position. “Now that you mention it, he could be doing that,” she confirmed.

Marcy sighed, and then added a bit more. She moved closer to her friend and spoke a lot softer after she did. “And what are the chances that your father wanted you to take care of Duke so that his runtish little pride and joy would somehow fuck you and your friends?”

Carry was about to deny Marcy’s accusation, but then stopped. “But why would he do that?” she finally continued softly. “We’re all the way up here and he’s at home or about some business to do with his company.”

“Yeah, and he owns a home security business... right,” continued Marcy softly. “I’m only thinking aloud here, Carry, and I could be wrong, but it would be the only reason he would somewhat insist that you keep Duke up here with you; especially when I’m fairly certain that he has one of his systems installed up here and the place is monitored 24/7.”

Carry didn’t refute what Marcy was claiming; a lot of what she was saying made sense. Her father might just do as she was suggestion. “I think we need to look around a bit and see if what you are suggesting is possible,” she confided in her friend.

One of the first things the girls did after that was go on line and check out what was available

through her father's company. They wanted to find out just how invasive one of his systems could be. They didn't have to go far before they found their answer; it was listed under monitoring capabilities.

In the small clip that the girls saw, was the fact that each and every room of an entire house could be monitored by the buyer of the system, and it could be done remotely. Marcy and Carry turned their heads toward each other and smiled knowingly. They then turned the computer off and went on a scavenger hunt of sorts.

In the main living area of the luxury cabin they found three cameras. The devices covered the area in which they had played strip poker; the first night Marcy had finally managed to get to the northern hideaway. Each small unobtrusive unit was fully maneuverable with nearly a 180 degree field of view and the ability to zoom in.

"Sonofabitch," murmured Carry softly; not necessarily calling her father that, but surprised at what they were finding. "I wonder how good of a view my dad managed to get the night we played strip poker?"

"Or when Duke fucked you the first time, and every time since," added Marcy, wondering exactly how many movies she was a part of. There had been the strip poker game, and then her love session with Ranger the previous night.

The girls took a quick tour through the entire house and found that every room had at least two cameras in it, and that included the bathroom, but these were a lot harder to find. There wasn't a single square inch of the interior abode that wasn't covered.

"Do you think that your farther is watching us even now?" Marcy asked softly as they finally returned to the main living area.

It only took a moment for Carry to answer that particular question. "No, I don't think so," she offered pensively, "He was really upset before I left to come up here. There was some meeting that he had to go to and it was going to take him until at least Monday to wrap it all up. A firm is going to pay him a huge amount of money for a job they want him to oversee personally, and the only time they could schedule it was this weekend."

Marcy smiled. "So what ever we did last night probably wasn't recorded in any other format but a wide screen kind of thing. More than likely with no outside intervention and zooming in on any of the action," she concluded.

"Probably not," agreed Carry, "but even that would be enough, and I shudder to think of all the other times that Duke and I have been together in the lower bedroom and other places within the cabin."

Marcy sighed heavily. "Okay, then I think we have a bit of damage control to attend to," she said, and then she offered up a plan that might clear their slates; at least of any possible permanent record. They could do nothing with the fact that Carry's father had personally seen them doing things, but it would only remain as a memory and nothing more.

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## **Chapter Fourteen**

Marcy and Carry wasted very little time around the cabin after that. They each had to drive their

own vehicle, and their respective lovers rode with them. Within two hours they were at Carry's house, and beginning to check things out thoroughly.

What the girls found surprised them. The interior of Carry's house was devoid of any surveillance items. Only the outside of the residence was being watched, and any unwanted intrusion would have set off a silent alarm that would be met with armed guards if it was warranted.

"Well, that makes sense," said Marcy, "your father wouldn't want anyone really watching what goes on around his own home."

Carry shook her head as the girls reentered the house. "Well, at least we have nothing to worry about in here, but what I'm wondering now is if my dear father has some kind of archive that he keeps. Something he can look at anytime he wants to."

"And where do you think he would keep a thing like that?" Marcy asked as she looked around the room carefully.

Carry began to shake her head at first, but then stopped. She suddenly remembered that her father had some special work done in the basement about two years previous. The lowest level had been entirely remodeled and she had been asked to stay out of the area until it was finished. When she did eventually see the completed work, it was fantastic, and she suspected nothing until now. "I think we need to begin our search down there," she said as she pointed to a certain door.

Marcy and Carry were soon in the basement and looking around. They could account for everything down there but the far right corner, and if they hadn't been looking for it specifically they would have missed it.

There was a fairly large storage room on the left of the far wall, but it wasn't as long as they supposed that it should be. It took them nearly half an hour to find the trigger that opened a small secret panel, and they smiled at each other; just before they entered the 6X8 room beyond.

What the two girls found inside was a recording and computer specialist's dream come true. It was also something that Marcy was at least a little familiar with. She loved computers, and she was certain that even though she had changed a few of her college studies that they would also play a big part in her future medical research.

The two girls were soon comfortably situated in the secret room. Marcy was sitting in the main operator's chair, but it by no means left Carry out of the loop. She found an equally comfortable, and fully adjustable, swivel seat to use also.

"Wow, there has to be at least twenty files, but several of them have the same name on them," Carry observed as she perused the overly large computer screen.

"They are all different," corrected Marcy. "I have counted at least twenty-five different entries, and although some of them have the same name at first, the last initial is different."

Marcy was soon accessing the first file; they were listed in alphabet order by either name or location. She was surprised that they weren't protected by some form of password, but everything seemed readily available to them. It was fairly evident to her that Carry's father never expected anyone to find what he had here.

Marcy punched on the file marked 'Abbey J'. Inside the outer named folder were videos, and each of these were listed by date. The image of the young lady that greeted them was fully clothed, and she

was absolutely beautiful, and probably only a few years older than she and Carry were.

The two friends watched as Abbey talked a bit to Carl; Carry's father. Once a few ground rules were established, she stripped out of her clothes. The videos that were attained by him would never be aired publicly; they were for his and her eyes only.

"I don't recognize the place," offered Carry as she tried to catch the background beyond the girl as the young brunette stripped bare.

"I'm not sure that it would matter," said Marcy as she endeavored to do the same thing. "From the looks of it, I would have to say that your father was filming this freehand; not using one of his systems."

Marcy and Carry watched as Abbey positioned herself over a hassock once she was naked. She patted her rump next, and Carl issued a command. "Lick," was plainly heard and then someone that was familiar entered the area that the camera covered.

Duke began licking Abbey's pussy, and he did a good job of it as his master videoed it all in high definition. The undersized Dane would never get as big as his brothers or sisters, but he was more than enough for Abbey. His tongue caused her to orgasm after a few minutes, and then another order was given; "Mount," the two girls heard and within moments the young brunette on the screen was panting away as Carl's dog screwed her royally.

"Wow, I thought Duke always did a good job for fucking me," said Carry softly; barely aware that she was caressing her breasts and gently rubbing her pant covered slit as she watched the spectacle in front of her. "I think that we need to take a break soon, Marcy, I'm sure the boys are probably tired of being cooped up in the back yard despite its ample size."

"Yeah, it is warm outside, and we have the whole night to check out what your father has amassed here," agreed Marcy as she too gently rubbed her hot valley, and beginning to feel the same hunger that Carry was.

The two girls checked out all the videos that said Abbey J; there were four of them. Most dealt with the slightly older brunette and Duke on three specific dates as he fucked her doggy style vigorously, but one of them contained no beastly material, and was the same date as the last of the animal related clip. This one contained only Carl and the beautiful babe.

The girls watched as Carl, Carry's father, fucked Abbey in a number of positions. He was not only handsome, but he proved to be very virile. He managed to make the girl orgasm five times before he finally erupted inside her, and she was begging for it. When it was over she even complimented him; telling him that he screwed her even better than Duke had.

"Damn, I hope she's on the pill or something," said Carry, "I really don't want to find out that I have a half brother or sister somewhere."

Ranger and Duke had found a patch of shade to lie in, and the thick grey clouds that had prevailed farther to the north were beginning to amass here also. When their mistresses called they arose quickly and entered the house.

The girls soon found themselves in the basement once more, but this time they were not alone. Both animals were excited, and eagerly sniffing at their mistress, they could smell their females' heat. Both Marcy and Carry were soon stripping out of their clothes as quickly as possible and seating themselves on the sofa that was down there.

The young brunette and her blonde companion were soon being administered to by their respective animals. They both caressed their dog's head and whispered words of encouragement. Within minutes they had their first orgasm, and they grasped their respective lovers and hugged them close.

Just before the last ripples faded, Carry began to move to her knees beside the sofa, but Marcy remained seated with her neatly shaved pussy at the edge of cushion. "Aren't you going to reward Ranger for making you cum and let him fuck you now?" she asked her friend.

"Oh... I sure am," said Marcy and the words were barely out of her mouth before Ranger stepped up between her legs and began humping her. He didn't hit his target at first, but when he did Carry knew it; the young brunette in front of her gasped repeatedly.

"Damn, I never thought of doing it that way," she murmured, and within moments she was seated on the sofa and urging Duke to take her the same way.

The position was new to her, but not to Duke; she just didn't realize it yet. The undersized Dane was soon stepping into place and when he did it wasn't long before she too was gasping. Marcy hit her second peek first, but she wasn't far behind as both girls were eagerly mated by their animals.

The differences between what the girls were experiencing were only slightly evident. Duke was easily the speedier of the two, but Ranger, although slower, was hitting the back of Marcy's vaginal tube with every thrust and it jostled her insides in a heavenly manner.

It wasn't long before Marcy lifted her legs to give Ranger better access to her depths, and when Carry noted her friend's action she did the same. It did heighten what she felt, but Duke still didn't impact her back wall the same way her brunette companion was being taken.

Carry was soon orgasming the third time, and by then Duke's knot had inflated to a point where he couldn't easily withdraw it from her depths. His seed flooded her and she urged him to give her all of it, but that was the extent of her pleading.

Marcy luxuriated in Ranger's deep thrusting, and the look in his eyes spoke volumes to her. He too was no longer able to pull out of the hold she had on him and very soon they both orgasmed. She urged him to fill her also, but her pleas were far more personal, and Carry heard her.

"Fuck your puppy into me, darling," Marcy cooed softly. "I want you to make me pregnant so I can feel your offspring moving within me."

Carry was amazed at what she was hearing; she hadn't even contemplated such a thing, and yet even as she heard it for the first time coming from her friend's lips she thought it was very hot. The only problem was that she didn't really feel the same way about Duke. He definitely scratched her inner itch for her, but she had never thought about him making her pregnant, and possibly having a puppy by him.

It took a while for the girls to finally detach from their lovers, but they weren't in any hurry. They even conversed as they sat there and Carry asked about Marcy's feelings about having Ranger's puppy.

"I really love Ranger, Carry," said Marcy seriously. "I know that I felt a bit the same way for Jackson, but that was because he was my first ever experience. What I feel with this sweet boy is even greater though. I really want to get pregnant by him, and it isn't only when he's got his cock in me so deep that he's hitting the back wall of my pussy."

“Damn that’s hot,” murmured Carry as she looked over at her friend. “I wish I felt that way about Duke, but I don’t. I’ve had two guys, and him, but none of them have ever made me feel like I wanted to get pregnant by them.”

“Maybe someday you will,” offered Marcy as she thought about the fact that Carry was going to need another lover when they went off to college. Duke would not be available to her, and perhaps her next K9 would be one that fulfilled all her lustful needs, and caused the young blond to desire having his puppy.

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Chapter Fifteen

The girls eventually got cleaned up and dressed. They put the boys out for a run and waited for them. They then went below once more and seated themselves at the video console. They planned to go through as many of the clips that Carry’s father possessed as possible before calling it a night, and they were fairly certain that they would need the aide of Ranger and Duke to help them relax once more.

It wasn’t too long before the girls found their video. The main folder had been marked “Cabin” and there were ten clips; some with the same dates on them. Carry’s rape by Duke was there and so were several other subsequent scenes where she willingly gave herself to her K9 lover afterward.

The night they played strip poker was there also, and it was easy to see that Carl had been watching them. The cameras were zoomed in and panned left and right as needed. It was all done very well and could have easily sold in the tens of thousands if it had ever gotten out and was marketed.

Several other of the videos were of the girls also, but the camera remained as it was; strictly on automatic. It starred each of the girls in their own rooms the previous night. Marcy was with Ranger, Carry was with Duke, Ginger and Alice used their fingers to get themselves off but all of it was still very hot.

Once the show was over, Carry had Marcy back out of the video area until the whole folder marked ‘Cabin’ could be seen again, and then they scrapped it and erased it securely. The clips would be gone, and they would only be a memory to her father. However, she did plan to talk to him about it and get him to promise to respect the privacy of her and her friends. She was fairly certain that once he was confronted with his previous actions that he would do as she wished.

The girls went through over half the videos before they called it a night, and then they went to see if Ranger and Duke were ready to mate with them again. Carry was certain that her feeling about becoming pregnant by the Dane would not change, but she couldn’t wait to hear Marcy pleading for the Shepherd to fuck a puppy into the shaved mound that the young brunette possessed. It made her wonder just what a pregnancy like that would look like.

After the girls prepared for bed they both retired to Carry’s room; secure in the knowledge that there were no cameras hidden there. They each allowed the boys to begin the session by licking as usual, and after their first orgasm they both assumed the doggy position on the floor. They ended up facing each other and would be able to see their friend as she was fucked by the animal that was mounted there.

Both girls were mounted at the same time, and Ranger managed to hit his target sooner than Duke did, but not by much, and it wasn’t a race anyway. Neither girl wanted their respective lover to simply rut with her and then hop off. They both wanted the same thing, a prolonged screwing that

left them nearly breathless.

The two animals were soon thrusting into their true mistress or current lover as she pushed back into him. As usual, Ranger's cock began impacting against Marcy's back wall as he plowed her deep, and Duke was close, barely missing Carry's deepest point by only a quarter inch.

Each girl was soon panting as they were skewered by the sizably thick hot muscle that was being thrust into them. The heat from it was exceptionally noticeable; there was no mistaking the fact that something alive was buried within the core of their being. The difference between them after that however was amazing. Where Marcy felt a lover trying to procreate with her and have her carry his offspring, her blond companion only responded to the fact that she was being screwed very well with no intense feeling about it beyond that. A heated phallus manipulated by some outside innocuous source would have felt the same.

Eventually both girls slumped a bit as they orgasmed a second time. However, where Ranger held still and allowed Marcy to savor the moment, Duke did not, and some the intensity of it was missed by Carry; as was the fact that it had happened that way. It still felt good as she buried her face in the bedroom carpet and groaned loudly, just not as good as it could have.

When Carry was cognizant of what was happening once more she saw that Ranger was thrusting deeply into Marcy, and that the animals were fucking them royally. She was soon locked to Duke, and being short stroked. She hit her third orgasm and her lover did the same as he sprayed his seed into her, and that she did feel hit the very depths of her vaginal vault.

As Carry quaked she was barely able to concentrate on her longtime friend, but she did manage to hear Marcy once more pleading for Ranger to impregnate his bitch and allow a puppy to be created within her empty human womb. It was a hot concept and she began to wonder if was somehow possible.

Marcy didn't care that her friend was only three feet away at the most, she spoke to Ranger, her lover, and she hoped for father of her first baby. She wanted more than anything to break through the genetic barrier that kept it from happening and bring it to fruition. She wanted to feel his puppy in her belly for weeks as it developed and then birth the precious pup and raise it to hopefully become the smartest dog in the world.

The young brunette and Ranger were soon knotted also, and as she quaked through a very intense orgasm, that almost made her pass out, she thanked him for giving her the opportunity to possibly become impregnated by his hot seeds of life.

In the end, Duke pulled from Carry about eight minutes before Ranger was finally able to dismount safely from Marcy. In that time span she knew for a fact that her brunette friend had several mini orgasms beyond the third one. It had been hot simply hearing her school chum talk about impregnation but as she continued to watch she saw how long the Shepherd's hot essence remained trapped within the confines of the receptive womb, and it amazed her.

By the time Ranger finally pulled from Marcy's pussy Carry was nearly ready to see if Duke would fuck her again, but he was off in the corner licking himself clean and uninterested in her. "I have to get me something different," she opined softly, "something I won't have to share with all of my father's female friends," she continued as she thought of all the video clips they had seen that starred the undersized Dane and over twenty other women.

When the lovemaking session was finally over, the girls went to bed. Carry was in her own room and Marcy used the guest room next to her quarters. There were no more sexy escapades that night, but

they were sure there would be again in the morning. They still had the other videos that they wanted to check out, and they were sure they would be ready to be mounted again by then.

Sunday morning found one girl contented and cheerful, but the other not as much so. Carry had dreamt and in it she saw Duke fucking all the women that he came in contact with and it irked her somewhat.

Carry could see that Marcy had something that she did not, and she was fairly certain she knew what it was. Her brunette companion shared a mutual love with Ranger, but she could only be one of many conquests for Duke, and it simply became more evident because of all the videos that were amassed below in the basement.

The thought that Duke had so many other women began to bother her; especially because in the beginning she had thought that she was the only one he was screwing on a regular basis, and it was a bit daunting to find out otherwise.

After a good breakfast, Marcy and Carry put the boys out for a prolonged run; they would come and get them when they were ready to play once more. They then went below and perused the rest of the videos. The young brunette said nothing about the fact that Duke was fucking so many women. They were both hot as they watched the clips, and they openly caressed themselves, but it was still evident the young blonde was a little disturbed at what she saw; her low spoken comments confirmed it.

By the time the girls were done with the video clips they were both heated, but Carry was visibly upset. Almost as bad as a jilted woman who finally learned that her husband had been running around on her for years.

It was easy to see at the moment that Carry wanted nothing to do with Duke, so Marcy did nothing with Ranger. She hugged her friend and tried to console her. She even offered to go with her blonde companion and look for a faithful replacement for the Dane, but all she received back was a noncommittal "We'll see."

Marcy went home after that. She almost wished that she had found a secluded place and shared a bit of private time with Ranger before she did. Her parents had company over and they wanted her to be a part of it; especially because one of the visitors was a very handsome young man.

Marcy managed to socialize with her parent's guests, and even talk cordially with the young man, but even as she did Ranger was also by her side. The large Shepherd didn't growl at the son of her parent's visitors, but even his close presence kept the college bound male at bay.

"Your dog seems very protective of you," offered Grant Wieland as he watched the beautiful young brunette in front of him caress the animal's head and wish that he were so lucky to receive her affections; even if it was something that most people who owned pets would do to their canine.

"It's why I got him," returned Marcy as she rubbed behind Ranger's ears gently. "I want guys to think twice before they determine to even get near me."

"Oh... I'm pretty sure that your dog will definitely do that," said Grant softly, and then he endeavored to change the subject to things or activities that he and Marcy might be able to share.

"I'm sorry, Grant, I don't think that any of those things will be possible," responded Marcy. "I'm getting ready to go to college, and so are you... in another state. I have set a goal for myself, and at the moment there is absolutely no room for a boyfriend. You seem to be a nice guy, but I'm honestly

not interested in any kind of dating situations; especially long distance ones.”

The two young people did talk of other things after that, and dating in the future wasn't mentioned again. He would have liked it to be, but he could see that she had a specific agenda for when her college courses began, and none of it held the possibility of male companionship from him or other young men either.

When her mother and father's guests finally departed hours later, she was able to go to her room and relax. She took Ranger with her, and it didn't bother her parents that she did so; at least the animal wouldn't roam around the house and possibly mess something up.

Once Marcy was locked in her room, she put the towel near the bottom of the door and stripped her cloth off. She didn't try and entice him to lick her pussy. She got on her hands and knees and outright told him to fuck her because she needed him.

The slight sway of Marcy's hips was one thing that Ranger read correctly, and her heated scent was another. He was soon covering her, grasping her hips and shuffling forward to find her clutching warmth.

When Ranger mounted her, and she felt his hair caressing her bare back, she sighed. When he grasped her shapely hips and scooted up behind her she murmured “yes,” and when he thrust several inches into her hot slit she gasped pleasurably.

Marcy began oohing, aahing and gasping as Ranger thrust into her deeper and deeper. It nearly took her breath away and yet she wouldn't have wanted it any other way. She was his mate as far as she was concerned. She didn't plan on telling it to others or going into specific detail about it. He was all she wanted, and she was sure that others would never understand her feelings on the matter.

As usual, Ranger's steely phallus nudged the back wall of her pussy. It jostled her core in a way that excited her; far more than she would ever expect some pink or otherwise colored dildo to stimulate her. This was a living thing that was inside her, and she loved him.

Each thrust and retraction caused his slowly burgeoning knot to plow its way past her engorged clit and vaginal lips. Beyond impacting the deepest wall within her love canal it also nested against her g-spot for moments at a time. Everything that stimulated her most was hit with each and every move her furry lover made.

“Give me everything you have, darling,” Marcy urged as she knelt beneath her lover and took him into her willingly. She did everything she could to make sure he had a clear shot at her reproductive system, and she endeavored to clutch him with her vaginal muscles as he withdrew; anything to create the maximum amount of friction between them.

That night, Ranger caused her to orgasm twice as he was thrusting into her, and immediately afterward allowed her to ride the blissful wave to its near completion before he began again. He wasn't some bull in a china cabinet, plowing through everything; it was as though he knew what buttons needed to be pushed to excite her, and he did it well.

As Marcy felt her third orgasm approaching she urged Ranger to unload within her. She was more than ready to accept his seed within her and hopefully make use of it. Each time she mated with him she wanted more than ever to bare him a son.

Her third orgasm slammed her, and for a moment she was afraid that he wasn't ready yet, but then she felt it. His steely muscle was already warmer than she was, but his sperm was hotter and she felt

it as it splashed and pooled against the far wall of her vaginal depths.

As he emptied his essence within her, she tried to pull him even deeper and hold him there. She had reached back and managed to grasp his flank, and she didn't let him back off in the least. She held him until her orgasm waned and then she relaxed.

It was as though Ranger knew exactly what she needed and wanted. He held her close of his own volition also, and as she gently rocked back into him he endeavored to hold still. Through it all it caused her third set of tremors to last much longer than usual.

At some point in time, each coupling had to end. After fifteen minutes Ranger's knot began to shrink noticeably. She managed to hold him another hundred seconds and then they parted. As they did she tried to clamp her vaginal muscles and hold his seed inside her. Some spilled down her leg but she quickly cupped her mound and hurried to her bed; flipping onto her back and rocking her hips upward.

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## **Chapter Sixteen**

Even as Marcy rested peacefully at home, with ranger by her side in a comfortable bed, other things were happening. One event was somewhat tragic to two of her friends, but rough and very memorable to a young blond.

Ginger and Alice had finally met up with two very interesting young men at the mall. The guys were respectful and knew how to treat the young ladies well. The girls were soon very intrigued by the pair and trusted them; wanting to impress them to a point where the boys wanted to see them again. They accepted a ride from the gentlemen; leaving their vehicle in the stores' parking lot until later.

A slightly more romantic yet isolated site was agreed upon by them all and they were on their way. The area was beautiful around the lake, and the both couples were soon sitting on benches, overlooking the fair sized body of water and talking about everything that came to mind; even certain sexual situations.

As the surrounding area grew a bit darker it was determined by the girls that they should leave. It was then that they were surprised by four other young men that had just arrived, and the young ladies suddenly found that it had all been a trap. The six guys knew each other, and pounced on them quickly.

Dirty rags were quickly stuffed into Ginger and Alice's mouths; while eager hands stripped the clothes from the young ladies. Within moments the female pair was nude and pinned to the ground nearly spread-eagle.

The girls tried to struggle to a point, but they were completely outclassed and then threatened; if they cooperated, they just might enjoy what was about to happen to them, but if too much trouble was caused they could be hurt severely... or even killed.

Alice and Ginger were raped repeatedly and yet fortunate. The guys that had semi-abducted them were not killers, only users, and that is exactly what happened to the girls. They young ladies were taken many times; so many that they lost count; many of the boys screwed them more than once.

An hour after the girls were taken the first time, it was over. In the end Alice and Ginger were used from behind and face down in the grass. They were told that if they lay still that no more harm would

come to them. They cried and obeyed; remaining unmoved for nearly ten minutes before they finally dared to arise.

When the girls stood they ached within and were afraid, but they slowly came to realize that there were no spent fluids dripping from them. The guys had used condoms, and for the most part there would be no really traceable DNA. On top of that they had suffered no bruising; it hardly looked as though they had been forced into the six-man orgy.

"I doubt that anyone will believe that we were just raped," said Ginger as her tears began to subside. They then looked about them and found their clothes; intact but scattered close by.

"Yeah, wasn't it just so gentlemanly for the six of them to rough us up a bit and then screw us repeatedly using rubbers?" growled Alice, as they began to don their clothes.

"If I ever find out who they are, I'm going to find a way to get even," growled Ginger boldly; unaware that the guys didn't live anywhere near where the rape had taken place.

The six boys in question had done this terrible deed twice before; and gotten away with it. They actually made a vacation around this one particular act. They would pick up willing young females signally at first, but near the end they would concentrate on finding two to use forcefully for all of them; it had become a game to them that they relished thoroughly.

The girls were usually enamored by the charm that some of the boys used as a ploy. Once they had the two females in a secluded area they would then do as they had done with Ginger and Alice. They used only enough force to subdue the babes, and then have their way with them, being careful to leave them unharmed and unable to substantiate anything that had happened, as the boys drove hundreds of miles toward home.

It took a while for the girls to finally return to their vehicle at the mall, and they felt nothing but shame over what had happened. Like others that the boys had used they didn't plan on telling anyone about the incident, but they knew one thing; they would never trust a strange man again.

For Carry, things were a bit different. After watching the rest to the videos starring Duke and so many other girls she was thoroughly upset. For the longest time she had assumed that she was the only one that he was screwing, and she allowed her anger to get the better of her.

It took a while for things to finally boil over, and by that time Marcy had been gone for hours. Mad at Duke, and unable to really think things through, Carry finally hopped into her car and took off. She drove around for over half an hour before she finally realized where she was and saw him. The animal was nothing but a mutt, but he was big enough to suit her needs.

Carry parked her vehicle in a lighted parking area and then got out; locking the door electronically behind her. She pretended to be shopping, but as soon as she thought that no one was looking she entered a dark alleyway. There was nothing in the walkway between the buildings at the moment, she could see all the way to the back because of a light that hung there, and yet she was sure that the animal she had seen moments earlier had come that way.

Carry walked the length of the alley and carefully peered from the darkness. She saw her quarry then and stepped out of hiding, but remained in the deepest shadows available to her. She carefully walked toward the mutt, and as soon as he looked her way she stopped and pulled some lunch meat from her pocket.

The meat she had was in some plastic wrap, but she quickly exposed it and threw the animal a small

portion of it. The dog sniffed the air and was soon moving in her direction. She took that as her cue to get on her hands and knees, bare her bottom and rub another portion of the food against her pussy lips before tossing it only a foot or so behind her.

Carry watched as the animal moved closer; devouring the meat as he neared her naked ass. She was just about to see if she could entice him closer when he did it on his own, and within moments he was licking her slit.

“Take that, Duke,” she purred as the mutt behind her finally got a taste of her vaginal cleft and endeavored to dig deeper. He managed to keep it up until she experienced her first orgasm and it surprised him as more of the salty fluid oozed out of the crevice, and it was enough to cause him to continue licking in order to catch it all.

Carry was just about to orgasm again when the dog stopped. She groaned in frustration, but then found out why the animal had ceased licking her. He was soon trying to mount her, and he did only a fair job of it. He hit several tender spots that caused her to wince and gasp in pain, and she was beginning to rethink what she was doing, but it suddenly became too late for that.

The shaggy grey dog finally connected, and she gasped anew as he thrust three inches of his hard cock into her. It was quickly followed by more and more of the steely muscle until she could feel it nearly at the end of her vaginal chute, but still not quite touching it.

The fact that the shaggy grey mutt wasn't touching her back wall became a non-issue as seconds later he kicked it all into overdrive. In moments, all she could manage was to pant and groan in pleasure. The mutt was like a runaway train for a minute and a half, and it left her short of breath.

Carry was quickly pushed over the orgasmic cliff, and then the shaggy grey machine slowed to a slight quiver as the mutt filled her with his mongrel seed. She thought of Marcy then, and how her friend wanted a puppy from Ranger, and she chuckled softly as she thought about it. What if what she was doing at this very moment could yield a little pup? It would grow in her belly for several months and when it popped out her little bastard wouldn't even know its father; the daddy would simply be some stray in the night that she had tangled with and she chuckled anew at the thought of it.

“Come on, buddy, give me your little bastard seed.” she said derisively as she felt his cum spraying within her. She'd show Duke that she could run around too.

Carry had been so hot, horny and angry that she didn't really think of the situation she truly put herself in, but she was lucky to a point! No humans found her tied to the shaggy grey dog as she knelt there for another five minutes, but his four mangy friends did.

The young blonde's inner itch had been adequately scratched, and she was now ready to become human again, but it didn't turn out that way as she suddenly realized that there were four other animals standing around watching her get bred.

“Oh, shit,” she murmured when she finally noticed the other dogs, and the fact that they were drawing closer to where she and shaggy had just shared a wild sexual romp. “Hey... don't you guys begin thinking that you're going to get a piece of my ass too,” she growled softly, but even as she muttered her thoughts, she saw that they were seeing things differently.

Carry wondered if she could jump up and run, or shout and kick at the mangy collection of mutts as soon as shaggy pulled his ample knot out of her, but it was suddenly as though the biggest of the group read her mind. The dirty looking brindle bared his teeth and a low growl emanated from his

throat. She didn't really need to be versed in the animal's language to know that she needed to stay where she was and submit to him.

As soon as the shaggy mutt's knot pulled from her, and most of his seed began dripping down her leg the brindle quickly mounted her as the other dogs surrounded her. She was suddenly penetrated again, and this particular mutt was just like the one before him; fast and to the point.

Carry was once more panting as the brindle fucked her wildly. She felt something sharp at her side, despite the blouse that she wore and she was glad that there was material between her flesh and the irritating dew claw.

The young blonde could barely catch her breath as the brindle slammed into her and withdrew in what seemed like milliseconds to complete, and she was fucked at a rate that bordered on the phenomenal.

No really coherent words escaped her mouth as he screwed himself into her repeatedly. She suddenly felt as though she was about to faint as she orgasmed again and more doggy goo was spewed into her vaginal vault. She even managed to feel some of the heated seed enter her cervical opening and seek any egg that lay within her womb. She knew for a fact that this mutt was definitely trying to impregnate her, but then so had the shaggy grey one.

"Go ahead, you bastard, fuck your puppy into me," she finally managed to murmur, but she did it softly. There was no way she wanted any human attention drawn her way any time in the near future. This mutt's cock seemed to vibrate within her depths and spew his foul seed into her baby chamber. She knew that it would continue for a while longer... and then there were the other dogs that wanted her also.

When the brindle finally freed her another animal took his place. This one was a dirty matted brown beast, and he was just like the others; mounting her immediately and shoving his cock into her well lubed pussy. He took off like a shot after that and she was once more in panting mode, barely able to catch her breath.

Carry wasn't able to say it, but she was able to think it; it seemed obvious to her that each of the mutts had learned from his buddies about how to screw a bitch... each of them fucked her nearly the same, and she wondered as to who taught who first. She did manage to chuckle at the thought as she was once again pummeled into near insensibility.

Carry's fourth orgasm slammed her like the others had; just in time to keep her from passing out because she couldn't manage to catch her breath. More hot seed was pumped into what she now considered her puppy factory; after all... she definitely had more doggy sperm in her pussy, and womb now than any of her two ex-boyfriends had ever managed to do.

The filthy brown dog dismounted, but she knew that they were still tied as more and more of his sperm pumped from his reproductive system into hers. She began to wonder what this particular scene looked like from a few feet away. Here she was, a very beautiful blonde... she had heard many comments about her good looks... and she was being fucked, or would be fucked by five dogs if things continued as they seemed to be doing.

She began to wonder what her father would think of this particular event. Would he get off on knowing that she had been used by five mangy mutts? She contemplated telling him about.

Suddenly there was a loud noise from somewhere; it caused the dirty brown mutt to pull out of her prematurely. She fought back a yelp of pain, and she suddenly wondered if they had been

discovered. She wondered if the dogs would cut and run, but nothing more came of it, and she was quickly mounted anew.

Carry's new lover, or rapist... according to how you wanted to look at who was doing what to whom, or on the receiving end of it all, was again just like the others. At least they excited her to a point where she managed to orgasm, as they pumped their sperm into her. This particular black mutt that looked like a total mix of breeds did manage to bump the bottom of her vaginal canal several times.

Much like the other four dogs, this one fucked her for a total of eighty seconds, before he added his seed to that of his mongrel brothers. She felt this batch seep into her depths also and she wondered whose swimmers would win and impregnate her if her egg was truly receptive of their fertilization.

Five more minutes passed as the black mutt continued to tie with her, and she looked around at the others as they remained circled around her; as though they were making sure she wouldn't try to escape before they all had her.

When the black mongrel finally released his hold on her and got off her back, the cool evening air barely had a chance to hit her sweaty flesh before the dirtiest looking supposedly white dog mounted her. "Come on you mangy fucker, let's get this over with. Stick you cock in me and breed me like the others did. Then I need to go home and get a bath while I check for fleas," Carry growled.

The young blonde was sure that the mangy white mutt would not understand her insult, but in the end she began to have her doubts. The K9 mounted her and was soon thrusting at her and filling her with his hot shaft just like the others had. However, the difference came with the animal's ability to go beyond the ninety second barrier.

Carry suddenly found herself short of breath once more, but even as her orgasm claimed her, the dog on her back didn't do as the others had... he kept going. She suddenly found herself getting very woozy, and then she passed out. She never felt him unload his sperm into her depths, but he had a good quantity of it to give her; he hadn't been with a bitch in a while.

She remained kneeling for a while as he held her in place and pumped his seed into her, but when he let go of her and turned Carry slumped onto her side in the dirt behind the stores. She never knew when the dog pulled his knot out of her, and the mingled essence of the five animals seeped out of her slit to pool next to her butt cheek.

When Carry finally arose and endeavored to brush herself off she began to realize how much doggy cum was all over her; she was a mess. She quickly stripped her panties off the rest of the way, and tried to wipe as much of the gooey, sticky, sperm from her body as possible. She then threw the utterly soiled panties toward the dumpster that sat nearby. The flimsy material didn't make it into the bin; despite the fact that it had gobs of dog cum on it, but she didn't care.

Carry had no idea that thirty minutes had passed before she finally came to, but she did note that the pack of mangy mutts was gone, and not gloating over what they had done to her. She pulled on her shorts and simply wanted to get out of there before some other animal tried to fuck her... or worse... some person saw her and was able to piece together that she had been royally screwed by five dogs.

The young blonde carefully walked through the dark alleyway once more as an achy soreness set into her crotch area now that it was all over. She was somewhat ashamed that she had done what she did, and yet relieved that she had gotten away with it while suffering only minor scrapes and scratches.

When Carry finally got home she stripped down, douched, and then showered. She began to feel better as she put clean clothes on and then threw her dirty items into the wash. She got into bed and tried to forget about her wild actions, but she found that she couldn't just yet. More of the mangy mutts' seed seeped out of her and wet her fresh panties; reminding her of how they had bred her.

She decided then and there that she would confront her father about what he had done concerning Duke; she was certain that he knew that the Dane would eventually get to her and fuck her while she was at the cabin. It was his fault that she liked dogs, and she wanted him to get her something for herself... one she didn't have to share... or she was afraid she'd do again what she had done mere hours ago... be a bitch to a whole pack of K9 and somewhat revel in it as they tried to pump their puppies into her.

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Chapter Seventeen

Elsewhere that same Sunday... Angela was finally having a bit of time to herself, but she did take Jackson. Robert thought nothing of it as she left to see some of her other friends that had dogs. He was told it was for training purposes, but he had no idea the kind of instructions the K9's were receiving.

When Angela arrived at the meeting place, both her old and new friends were there. She was greeted by the two blonde bomb-shells and their dogs. She was finally able to see King, next to Gwen, his master. The Shepherd looked a lot like Ranger with more black in his coat than Jackson had. Next to her was Gloria, and a Rottweiler named Marcus, and he was a beauty also.

"I'm really glad that you could come," said Gloria as she hugged Angela and then kissed her friend's cheek. "Did you have any trouble making arrangements to get out of the house?"

"No... no trouble at all," said Angela as she was also greeted by Gwen in the same fashion as her old friend. "Robert's watching the kiddies tonight, just like I do on his bowling nights, or other activities through the year when knocking down pins isn't in season," she added with a dour inflection to it all."

Gwen nodded, and then asked a question of her own in an attempt to lighten up Angela's mood. "Hey... Gloria mentioned to me about your recent trip to Hawaii... how was it?"

"Hawaii was beautiful, I'd love to live there the year around if I could afford to," Angela returned cheerily, "but I can tell you now that I would have enjoyed it more if Jackson had been with me instead of my husband."

"What happened," said Gloria with definite concern in her voice.

"Scenic wise it was beautiful, but we didn't make love the entire time we were there," offered Angela, "I had told him I had to get off the pill for medical reasons; ergo, Robert has to wear condoms and he hates them with a passion, so I have to do without; at least from him."

"Oh-Oh, that doesn't sound good," said Gwen, "but I have a feeling that there is more to it than that!"

"Yes... there is, and it's the reason I have Jackson," returned Angela as they all began to enter Gwen's secluded home. "I don't think that he knows it, but I found out that he's been screwing other girls for several years now. As soon as I learned about it was when I told him that I could no longer

use the pill for medical reasons. That means that he has to use a condom, and that brought our sex life to a near screeching halt.”

“Wow, that’s about the way it was for me too,” said Gwen as she prepared them some drinks. “Eventually he told me that he had found someone else and we called it quits permanently.”

Angela, nodded, “Yeah, I sort of expect the same thing eventually. Just as soon as he thinks he can get away from paying his fair share because of the kids for the next twelve years or so.”

Gloria grimaced and nodded. “Just be careful then that he isn’t having you followed to places you want no one else to know about,” she warned; meaning her animal habitat.

“I’m being very careful,” she replied, “I’ve even taken to checking for any form of tracking device that has been planted on my SUV somewhere,” and then she smiled and held up a GPS detector unit. “It cost me three hundred dollars, but it does give me some peace of mind, and I don’t really plan to do this too much until other things happen with him first, and he’s out of my life for good.”

Both shapely blondes nodded their understanding. “Then I guess we had better make the most of our time together,” said Gwen before she turned on the perimeter alarm. Then, with their drinks in hand, she led them into the basement; it was pleasantly lit and just the right temperature to allow them to be naked and not get cold. Along with it was the fact that there were no exterior windows, but there was an emergency escape if it was ever needed.

When the girls got to the basement Gwen saw the puzzled look on Angela’s face and she chuckled. “I have a lot of valuable livestock here at certain times of the year, and I don’t want them bothered by mountain lions, wild dogs, or even two footed vandals.”

The three women stripped out of their clothes, and each of them could have graced the covers of ‘Playboy’ or any other men’s magazine where beauty is totally appreciated. Why anyone would go looking for anything else when he already had a total hottie already by his side was insane, but then it goes both ways; some people in general never seemed to realize what they have until it’s gone.

Once the girls were au-naturel, it was decided to let Angela go first, in case she had to leave early; which none of them wished to happen in the least. They wanted to do this one at a time so that each of the others could watch their old and new friend enjoy herself with her four-footed lover.

Angela led Jackson to the sofa, and then sat so that her neatly trimmed pussy was right in the open, and her lovely Shepherd would have an easy time reaching what she planned to offer him. As soon as he stepped between her legs and ducked his head to lick her she even made it easier for him; she lifted she shapely legs and pulled them back against her chest.

Angela’s actions opened her up completely for Jackson’s easy access. Her tight puckered anus, and everything else was there for him to lick freely and he did just that. Gloria and Gwen watched as the Shepherd availed himself of the goodies before them, and if it hadn’t been rude to do so they would have pushed the dog out of the way and taken his place.

“Damn, what a lucky dog,” murmured Gwen softly as her hands immediately moved to her breasts and began to gently caress them.

Gloria could only agree with her longtime friend, but she took it a bit further. She took a half-step back and reached around Gwen, to displace the hands that had been there and use her own, but she divided the territory a bit; she hit both breasts and neatly trimmed vaginal mound.

As Jackson ran his tongue over Angela's nether hole and into her pussy slit, she groaned pleurably, and she wasn't alone in making those sounds. Gwen also added to the contented tone of the moment as she was caressed across her breasts lovingly, and at least one finger was sliding through her slick slit, and occasionally digging a bit deeper; propelled gently by Gloria.

Gloria was getting a thrill out of it all also. Her excited nipples were rubbing against Gwen's back, and her friend's taut derriere was just big enough to be able to feel the hot flesh against her vaginal mound at the same time. She was also watching what Jackson was doing, so when the lovely K9 dug his tongue into Angela's depths, she made sure that at least one finger dug equally as deep into her friend's slick pussy.

What Gwen was feeling as Gloria shoved a finger as deeply as possible into her wasn't quite the same as having her dog lick her, but it was the thought that counted, and the fact that it was her beloved friend that was doing it to her. She loved it, and very shortly she planned to do the same for her blond counterpart.

It wasn't too long before Angela had her first orgasm, and Jackson eagerly licked up her sweet secretions. He then arose over her and when he stepped forward his sheath, with the pink tip of his cock showing, was meshed perfectly to where it needed to be in order to mate with his mistress.

Gloria and Gwen did need to split then and step to either side of the pair on the couch, but it was worth it as they saw and heard the hot steely shaft quickly emerge and slip into the slick folds of Angela's pussy.

The golden haired babes moaned pleurably as they touched themselves, and in unison with Angela as she responded to her lover's invasion into her hot nest. She didn't wish to do anything to discourage him from going deeper, but she did extend her legs a bit and position them behind Jackson's back in a careful manner.

Jackson was soon thrusting into Angela deeply, and she loved the feel of his live muscle inside her depths; they were united and a part of each other. She wanted all of him, and if she could have stuffed his sheath and balls within her also, she would have.

For several minutes Jackson eagerly filled his mistress with his male appendage, and as the moments passed his knot began to grow. Little by little it inflated until with each thrust and withdrawal the bulb briskly massaged her vaginal lips, her clitoris, and the hidden g-spot within.

Angela knew when the time had come, and just a bit later as Jackson managed to squeeze his knot into her with a bit of effort, she clamped down on it, and he remained within her. His thrusting was suddenly relegated to about a half inch, but it didn't matter; everything was already at its peak.

If it really mattered as to who triggered who; it would have had to have been done with high-speed cameras in order to catch the action. For all intents and purposes the mated pair orgasmed at the same time, and it was blissful for the both of them. Jackson's hot fluids spurted into Angela's pussy, and her vaginal muscles helped to milk it all out of him.

Gloria and Gwen saw it all and just the sight of it turned their inner burner on full, but as they continued to watch they also listened and very soon Angela's words added another dimension to it all. They heard her pleading for his seed so that she could make good use of it, it was like adding the perfect amount of pressurized alcohol to the fire, and it suddenly became a blast furnace of sorts.

Angela's pleading for Jackson to fuck her, and impregnate her was no idle wish. If it had been possible at all she would have done just about anything in order to carry Jackson's puppy within her

womb. She would love feeling the baby inside her as Robert shunned her for someone younger.

Gloria and Gwen did manage to wait until Angela was no longer knotted to Jackson to make a change of plans, but once the young brunette was being cleaned up by her lover they took her place on the sofa, and their dogs joined them; the idea that they would go one at a time went out the window entirely (so to speak); especially after seeing and hearing the previous pair mesh so well with each other.

Both Gloria and Gwen were soon into their first orgasm, but it was to be expected, they had been hot to begin with, and within their own mind, what had happened to Angela had happened to them.

Only a few minutes passed before King stepped into Gwen's saddle, and Marcus did the same with Gloria. Each animal was soon bottomed out within their gasping, panting, mistress and beginning to thrust at her at a decent speed, but not one that looked like a locomotive run amuck.

Dissimilar to Jackson... King and Marcus thrust slower and with calculated results as they impacted the back wall of their individual mistress. They were not the slam-bam type; they had been trained for longevity within their female. Stimulation was important, but so was being able to last and prolong the ecstasy of the moment.

Much like Ranger did with Marcy, this particular Shepherd and Rottweiler knew how to please their mistress and cause feeling within her that easily bordered on love. They wanted to procreate with their particular female, and they could sense when their bitch truly wanted what they had to offer; offspring of their own kind.

As Angela watched Marcus and King thrust into Gloria and Gwen she marveled at what she saw. The mated pairs moved well together, and it was obvious to any who cared to contemplate what they were seeing that they danced to a rhythm of love and impregnation.

As the Rottweiler thrust into Gloria, and the Shepherd did the same to Gwen, the two blonds pushed into their respective lover. The hard muscle within them impacted the back walls of their vaginal vaults in a way that stimulated them all, but the lovely ladies most of all.

The boys knew what they were doing, and when they felt the clutching action of their mistresses' pussy they held still until the extra stimulation was past; it allowed them to last longer, and for her to concentrate on the pleasurable feelings that they had created.

It was after the third orgasm that both animals sensed that it was time to release their seed onto their mistress, with the hopes of impregnating them. They didn't have what nature had instilled in them would be their usual mates, they only had the fair-haired ones, and they were going to make the best of it.

Gloria and Gwen were ready for their lovers seed after all the blissful stimulation that the boys had given them. Each of the blondes began to make a concerted effort to coax the precious life giving fluid from their mate, and they were very vocal about what they wanted.

"Come on, Marcus, give your faithful lover what I want," she cooed enticingly, "Spew your hot seed into me as we are locked together by your knot. Your essence will have no choice but to enter my cervical entrance. It they will swim into my uterus in search of a viable egg and hopefully impregnate it; then I'll be able to do what no other bitch has been able to do for you yet; have your puppy.

For Gwen it was much the same, and Angela was hard pressed to catch all of her new friend's

uttering, but the fact that the blond babe wanted to bear her Shepherd's puppy was very evident; her only regret was that she didn't have multiple ovum for his sperm to fertilize, and in so doing, give several puppies at once. She wanted desperately to feel his progeny moving within her belly.

It was a hot scene, and once the first round was over, and a slight break was taken, Gloria and Gwen did a bit of training with Jackson as the subject. They helped him to learn to hold still as his mistress orgasmed, and that speed wasn't everything when it came to thrusting and causing pleasure. It would take a bit of time, but they were sure that in the end that Angela's chosen mate would learn and be like Marcus, King and Ranger.

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## **Chapter Eighteen**

When Monday rolled around, and Carry's father arrived home she greeted him warmly, and then lured him into the basement; telling him that she suspected that something was wrong with the electrical system. Once she got him within range of the hidden room she confronted him about it.

Carl followed his daughter into the back storage room, but then stood aghast as Carry activated the hidden latch that opened the secretive chamber. "Yeah... Marcy and I found it, dad, and as far as we are concerned we do not care if it is here... as long as you no longer record me, her, or any of our friends any more. Do I make myself clear?"

Carl nodded sheepishly, "I understand, and I'm sorry that I did it, but seeing you and your hot friend sort of tempted me beyond what I could endure; especially with the business I'm in. You'd be surprised how many men and women have come to me lately and asked me to monitor their husband or wife while they are away. The spouse usually has no idea how invasive the system can really be until it's too late and they are caught in a grievous trespass; something that is usually used in court to push for a divorce that is weighted on the injured party's side."

Carry chuckled. "Yeah, Marcy and I saw how well the system worked when we played strip poker and saw the video of it... and it made us wonder how much you enjoyed it."

Carl actually blushed, and he only remained that way as she described some of the close-up moments; like when Alice shoved her pink dildo so deep that it completely disappeared into her shaved pussy; or when Duke raped Carry for the first time, and his daughter noticed the bulge in his pants.

"It was all hot, and exactly as I thought it would be," confessed Carl, "and I sorry about it... honestly I am, Carry," but he wasn't really able to look her in the eye; it had been a bit hard for him to admit that he had enjoyed his daughter's nudity, and watching Duke take her.

"Marcy and I forgive you, dad, and Alice and Ginger will never know what you did unless I find that you are doing it again," warned Carry. "However, you owe me for setting me up with Duke; especially after all the other women you had him fuck; while all the time I thought that he and I were an exclusive pair. I want a dog of my own to take to college with me, and you and I will begin looking for him tomorrow... understand?"

"I understand, and I promise, there will be no more recording of you and your friends," offered Carl. "I'll also get the inside cameras out of the cabin, and erase the videos that I have accumulated of you and the other girls."

Carry nodded. "Good, but doing the first two things is all that you need to do, dad," she returned;

baiting him a bit, and it worked because he smiled.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to get rid of your videos at the cabin?” he inquired somewhat hopefully.

“I’m sure, dad... because I already erased them,” Carry said as she smiled, and she noted her father’s grin vanish to nothing.

Just before the father and daughter confrontation ended, Carry did add one more thing. “And please do me a favor... don’t screw any more of those girls from the dog park without wearing a condom. It’s not healthy, and I really don’t feel like suddenly finding out that I had even one half brother or sister,” and then she walked out of the once hidden chamber.

Carl was shocked at how savvy his daughter was. He began wondering if she wouldn’t become interested in joining him in the security business. He knew that she wanted to go to college in the fall, and he would support her efforts, but that didn’t keep him from wondering what it would be like to have her as a partner in what he fully owned.

In the mean time however, he had a list of things he needed to do to acquiesce with his daughter’s demands, and he really looked forward to getting her a dog of her own. He was sure that she would be making love to the animal, and who knew... she might even be coaxed in the future into allowing him to see them together.

On that same Monday, Marcy was able to enjoy Ranger several times. She awoke with him licking her, and after her first orgasm she immediately slipped to her knees. She could hardly wait to feel him in her again, and the fact that she would have to wear a pad to keep from dripping his sperm all over the place was a burden she was willing to endure for him mating with her.

Her door was still locked from the evening before and he was soon thrusting within her as she buried her face in the mattress. She was in ecstasy as he fucked her, and brought her to several orgasms after the first one, and when he was finally locked inside her pussy lips they both exploded.

Marcy’s vaginal muscles contracted over and over and he poured his hot essence into her. He hadn’t really needed the help, but it didn’t hurt either. Every time she felt him spew a bit more into her she pulled his flank into her a bit tighter, and the quarter inch of movement that transpired felt like a lot more than it actually was as it jostled her insides pleasantly.

She wished that she could find a way to plug the tip of his penis right into her cervical opening, and she vowed to practice at it the next time they were together. She could only imagine what it would feel like to take a direct shot of his sperm into her uterus that way, and she wanted to experience it.

Once the two lovers had parted, Marcy did shower quickly and then don her panties and a pad. She hated the idea that his seed was draining out of her so easily, but it couldn’t be helped unless she could find a plug to keep it there longer, and then she thought of Carry who had taken to using tampons, so she decided to ask her friend about it later that day.

Marcy did a bit of reading to be sure that she had the course requirements fulfilled when school started in the fall, and Ranger laid close to her as she did. It was noon before she and her lover left to go to Carry’s, and she was pleased to see that her friend hadn’t stepped out. She chided herself for not calling in advance but she was there now so it didn’t make too much difference.

Marcy had barely stepped to the door before her friend was already there. They went inside and just before they were to up the stairs they ran into Carry’s father. He blushed a bit, but he approached

the two girls before they could get too far.

"I wish to apologize to you personally, Marcy," began Carl. "What I did when I spied on you and the others was wrong, and I'll be removing the interior video system from the cabin, but not the one outside... that must stay for security reasons..." and he stopped as he realized that the animal that stood nearby was not Duke.

"Thank you," said Marcy, and then she and Carry went upstairs, but she hadn't missed the fact that Carl had eyed her dog, and she could already see him wondering if she wasn't fucking Ranger, like his daughter had been manipulated into screwing with Duke. She chuckled at the thought, but was fairly certain that he would keep his word and not try to record them again; however, it did not mean that he might not try to catch them at it red-handed.

Marcy and Carry had barely entered the young blonde's bedroom before she closed and locked it. "In case you didn't notice, my father did a double take when he realized that the dog by your side wasn't Duke."

"I noticed, but I doubt that he'll go back on his word," she offered, "anyway, the reason I came over was to ask your opinion on something, and I didn't really want to do it over the phone. Up until a little while ago, I was still a virgin, and I used pads, but now I'm wondering if a tampon might be better; especially if I have to go anywhere after being with lover-boy here," she added as she scratched Ranger behind his ears.

"Oh yeah, I'm sure it would be a whole lot better," returned Carry, and then she went to where she kept her feminine things. She grabbed a couple and gave them to Marcy. "I like these the best; go ahead and try one," and then she was quick to demonstrate her technique as she unabashedly undid her shorts and pushed everything down and out of the way. She then put her foot up on her bed and showed Marcy how open she was. "Once you're like this you'll have no problems inserting the plastic tube."

Marcy nodded and put all but one tampon in her purse. Once she was ready she then stripped her shorts and panties down. The pad was obviously gooey, and Carry could see that it wasn't from the young brunette's period.

Marcy quickly stripped the wrapper off and was soon doing exactly as Carry instructed her. The tampon slid into her easily and didn't feel bad as it did. As she inspected it the best she could she was certain that changing to tampons would be the best for her, and she thanked her friend for the advice and demonstration.

Marcy would have stayed a bit longer, but even as they contemplated things that they could do, there was a slight knock at the bedroom door. They quickly pulled everything back into place while Carry called out. "What is it, daddy?"

"I just came up here to find out if you were ready to go and get the dog you wanted and I agreed to," offered Carl, wondering what the girls were up to and hoping it was something sexy, but the lock clicked and the door opened too soon for that sort of thing as far as he was concerned.

"I'm ready when you are, dad, and I'd invite Marcy, but I know that she only dropped by for some advice," offered Carry, which was exactly what the young brunette had done.

Barely five minutes passed before every one was getting into their respective vehicles and headed home, or to a kennel that offered numerous canines. Most had been slated for security training, but there were always a few that washed out, and it was there that Carl knew about because of the

business he was in.

Carlyle Kennels was a top notch facility, but they were always looking to shed a few of the animals that they could not use, and that usually happened within the first day or so. Carl told his friend what he was looking for, and got an immediate response; there were several dogs available.

Carry walked by several of the pens, looking at the various animals. Most of them just lay there looking at her as she passed, but one didn't; he arose immediately and came towards the front of the cage he was in. If dogs could smile, he was doing it, but she also noticed one other thing, he was a bit smaller than the other Dobermans that were available.

When her dad's friend saw that animal that she was interacting with he laughed. "I could have told the suppliers that delivered the runt to us that this Doberman wouldn't make it through the initial testing, but they didn't listen. However, Carry and the mutt seem to have connected in some strange way I guess it's his and her lucky day."

Carl said nothing, other to ask his friend how much the animal cost. The guy shrugged his shoulders. "Give me fifty bucks and you can have him, it won't cover what we already got into him, but I'm a softy for runts; besides, I appreciate what you did for me at my house. I was finally able to nab the bastard that was stealing all kinds of stuff from my garage, and the punk will be making restitution to not only me... but several others in the neighborhood," he said, and then he lowered his voice a bit, but Carry still managed to catch what was said. "I also got thanked by the milf two doors down, when her old man left for work she visited me several times with no strings attached," and then he chuckled.

The signing of the papers for the Doberman went quickly, and within ten minutes after entering the kennel office Carry was walking out as the new owner of Casper; or Cass for short. He was a handsome dog by any standards.

When Carry got home with Casper, she and the Dobie got out of her father's vehicle and got into hers. He had been hoping that she would enter the house and take the animal up stairs to her room almost immediately, but it didn't happen that way, it made him wonder what she was up to. He sighed softly as he watched her drive away.

Unknown to Carl, the only thing that Carry was doing was going to the local pet store. She wanted to get Casper all kinds of new things. His collar and leash were old and used, and he had no water or food bowl. On top of that, she didn't like the food that her father bought to feed Duke with so she would get her lover something better; something he didn't have to share.

Carry wasn't gone long, and when she returned she put Casper in the back yard for a run; knowing that Duke was penned in a side room of the house at the moment. She then went in search of her father, but didn't find him immediately so she quietly went below into the basement.

Her father wasn't immediately visible there also, but then she thought about the hidden room. She moved quietly in that direction; which was easy with the way the house had been constructed and maintained. Nothing creaked or squeaked as she moved about the abode.

Carry moved toward the hidden chamber; via the storage room and was soon able to look into the hideaway. She saw her father sitting there watching a girl by the name of Misty but it wasn't the only thing he was doing; he was also talking to someone on the phone.

Misty, the girl in the video was a brunette with short hair, and very pretty. "Damn, where the hell does my dad find all these babes?" she whispered under her breath, and then she heard him call out

the young lady's name. He was talking to her; telling her that he was watching Duke and her having fun. He was soon making plans to see her in an hour or so and getting very excited about the prospect of it all.

"Yeah, sure... I can be at your place with Duke in about an hour," said Carl, and then he listened to something the girl had to say. "Hey, the more the merrier, babe," he returned. "I'm fairly certain that my Dane would love to mate with your friend. I've seen him handle more than one girl at a time before, we'll be there as soon as possible, Misty," he finished gleefully.

Within moments of severing the phone connection with Misty, Carl began turning everything off as he considered his luck. He had been glumly contemplating what he'd do when Carry got back. She would inevitably take Casper to her room and then shut and lock the door. He'd be hard pressed to hear anything, and the possibility of seeing his daughter beginning her relationship with the Doberman was nil. Now however, he would have something else to occupy his time, and the possibility of being able to join in with the girls was a hundred percent.

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Chapter Nineteen

Carry retreated from the basement quickly and quietly, Carl had no idea that she had ever been there; not that he was concerned about it or that it really mattered anyway. He was soon on the first floor, getting both himself and Duke ready to go and meet Misty and Sarah. For the Dane it wasn't much beyond making sure that the K9 looked as presentable as possible, but for him it was a speedy shower, good smelling cologne and a hand full of condoms; neatly tucked away in the cargo pocket of his shorts.

Carl had no sooner clipped the leash to Duke when a voice greeted him. "I see that you're getting ready to go out, dad. I hope it's something hot!" she said with a smile.

"If everything goes right, it should be," Carl confirmed with a smile.

"And you're being safe... right?" added Carry; referring to the conversation she had with her father earlier about not wanting a half brother or sister.

Carl reached into the pocket that held some of the condoms and snagged one. "I got it covered," he said as he displayed it with a smile, and he saw Carry chuckle, but quickly turned to leave with the Dane leading the way. It wasn't until he got to his vehicle that he understood his daughter's mirth about the 'I got it covered' comment, and then he too laughed.

With her father gone on his own sexual adventures, Carry breathed a small sigh of relief; she wouldn't have to worry about him possibly trying to listen in on what she planned to do with Casper. She didn't mind when Marcy was there, they were basically on the same page, but it was different knowing that her male parent might be able to see or hear her as she was being fucked by her new lover.

Carry was soon leading Casper up stairs and into her bedroom. She closed and locked the door behind her; just before she began stripping out of all her clothes. She wanted to get very close and personal with the Dobie, and this was the beginning of it.

The young blonde sat on the floor just in front of the Doberman and hugged him. He didn't shy away, and that pleased her. She knew what she wanted and she could already feel her juices begin to flow. She reached her finger into her slit, and easily wet her finger with her secretions.

Carry allowed the Doberman to sniff the finger and almost instantly his tongue darted out and savored personally what he had smelled. Once he had cleaned the finger of the tasty essence, he began looking for more.

The Dobie's nose quickly let him to the sweet grotto, and within moments he was able to get more of what he was looking for. The female from whom he had attained it lay back slightly, and he was soon treated to complete access to the tasty slit.

Casper's tongue moved quickly and dug deep into her hot crease while sweeping upward and catching her clitoris. Her heat levels rose even faster after that and very soon she was enjoying her first orgasm.

Casper didn't cease his licking as Carry orgasmed and it felt good to a point, but she was soon trying to get his attention elsewhere. She needed to be able to come down from the near case of over stimulation. She began to pull his head away from the intended target and caress his neck while talking to him, and telling him what a good a lover he was.

Once Carry was ready to go again, she carefully got onto her hands and knees. Casper was once more drawn to her scent and he began to lick her again, but it didn't push her to her second orgasm. He was soon attempting to mount her, but he was a bit clumsy as he did so.

It took Casper several minutes to find the right spot. He mounted her, got off, mounted her again, and got off again; yet each time he struck so close to her heated slit that she was sure he was going to enter her during one of those moments.

On Casper's third attempt, both he and Carry were pleased. Several inches of his hot muscle sank into her, and she didn't lose it. She gasped as he pushed into the first time, and continued to do so as he shoved all of it into her heated depths.

Once Casper had his new mate filled with his cock, he began thrusting, and he was fast; every bit as much as Duke had been, but she really didn't want him to be that speedy; she was hoping for something more in the order of the way Ranger fucked Marcy. That was what she wanted... and her ultimate goal.

"Slow down, Cass..." Carry managed to moan, but she got no real response; he continued on. She did manage to orgasm a second time as he began filling her with his sperm, and it was good... but not quite the ultimate bliss that she had hoped for; he was definitely a novice that needed training

Carry and her new lover were tied for ten minutes, and she sighed as she felt his hot seed spurting into her. That too was good, but she also knew that there was something missing. This was sex, but she wanted more and she hoped that Marcy could help her with that aspect of it.

Elsewhere, not too far away, Carl was totally enjoying himself. Misty was a very hot young woman, and so was her friend. The only difference between them was the length of their hair, and the fact that Sarah had never been screwed by a dog before, but had thought and dreamt of it many times.

Misty, Sarah, and Carl were soon naked, and the girls began fawning over Duke as he recorded the event. They were being very vocal about what they wanted him to do to them. They left little to the imagination as to what lay ahead, and it wasn't long before the long haired brunette was on her hands and knees; awaiting her new lover.

Carl continued to record the event quite expertly, but the camera he had was top of the line and made it easy for him to make his work look professional. Misty tried to aid Duke in mounting Sarah

but was having problems in doing so. It wasn't until she prompted her friend to raise the target a bit that the arrow finally fit home.

Once the Dane felt Sarah's heat he thrust forward and buried several inches into his new bitch. He heard her gasp, but it meant nothing to him and he was soon trying to bury the rest of his bone in her depths. He lunged and retracted in short increments and in seconds was into her as deeply as he would ever go; uncaring of the fact that she was having trouble catching her breath as she panted "He's fucking me, ohhh god, he's fucking me!"

Carl's cock was hard already but hearing Sarah's gasped comments as he videoed the action was so hot that he got even harder. He had recorded several girls that Duke had fucked, and they barely whimpered or said anything. There was scarcely any recognition to the face that a dog was screwing them royally. The recordings were sizzling, but what really made them masterpieces was hearing the babe moan and gasp audibly about how good the animal's cock felt as she knelt there and took it into her heated pussy.

Duke's burgeoning knot plowed Sarah's opening for a short while but then they found that he was finally caught within his new bitch, and the mated pair basically remained in the doggy position as he dog pumped his seed into her and she moaned pleasurably.

It was after most of the heavy action was over that Carl suddenly found Misty carefully backing closer to him as he continued to record. He was already hard as he watched Duke fucking Sarah, and now Misty wanted some relief also. It didn't matter that it wasn't the dog right away; she had her reason for being with the animal's master and she'd get to screw with the K9 later.

As Carl continued to record Sarah, Misty was finally able to grab his cock and get it positioned where she wanted it. He was soon sinking into her depths and it felt good. He did try to protest her actions for just a bit as he realized that he wasn't wearing a condom, but she lunged herself onto him completely and he gave up trying to resist her advances; along with any pretense that he was trying to record what was happening between Duke and the dog's latest conquest.

Carl had been very excited, and Misty had been also. Even as Sarah was moaning about how hot Duke's seed felt as the animal spurt shot after shot into pussy, he and the short-haired brunette did a dance of life all their own. His sperm flooded the young woman he was screwing her deeply, and he held himself there until they were both satisfied.

Of the two couples, Carl and Misty parted first, but not by much. She had urged him to stay in her; assuring him that everything was safe for him to do so, and that she wanted to feel him in her for as long as possible. When they did part she hugged him and thanked him for making her feel so good, and yet he hadn't really thought he had been with her as well as other times.

He quickly got the digital video camera going again after that and concentrated on catching Sarah's expressions and actions as Duke finally pulled his knot out of her pussy. He even managed to video all of the K9 sperm that gushed out of her, and he promised to show it to her later, but he missed the fact that Misty had immediately moved to her back and rocked her pelvic region upward.

Once Duke had pulled free of his newest bitch Carl did manage to catch some of the action as most of the drippings landed on the towel below Sarah's knees. Afterward he moved off a bit and cleaned himself up... before sauntering into a corner and lying down and his master ceased recording the event.

The trio took a break after that as Duke recovered a bit, but even so they didn't get dressed. The three of them did however go and clean up a bit before they were to have a few snacks. It was while

they were doing so that Carl managed to see and hear something that he suddenly felt he hadn't been meant to know about.

Carl was the last to leave the play area, but he knew where the guest bathroom was; the one that the girls were not using and he availed himself of it. When he was done he was about to go back to where all the action had already taken place, but he overheard the girls talking and it peaked his interest.

Carl moved cautiously toward the ethereal voices and the slightly cracked door of the master bedroom. "Are you sure that what you're doing is a good idea?" he heard Sarah ask of Misty, and then he was able to get a reflected view of the two young women. He watched as the short haired brunette shoved a vaginal diaphragm into her lovely bald pussy; the one that he had recently dumped a load of sperm into at her insistence that it was not only what she wanted, but also safe to do so because she was protected.

"Oh it's definitely what I want," cooed Misty softly as she pushed the diaphragm into place; sealing his sperm close to her cervical opening. "It's not like I plan to blackmail him or anything like that; it's simply the fact that I like what I see in him. I've done a bit of research on him, and he's exactly as he has portrayed himself to be. Not only that, but he has a daughter and she's as beautiful as he is handsome. I've decided that he's the one that I want to give me a baby, and it doesn't matter whether he's a part of our lives afterward or not, but I'm hoping he will want to be."

"Well, I guess it's your choice Misty, I know you want a baby, and not necessarily have a daddy around to answer to all the time, but this is a bit different than I had thought," opined Sarah as she began stuffing a diaphragm into her pussy also, but in her case it would trap Duke's essence in her. "The last I knew you were looking into the in vitro insemination stuff."

"This is better," returned Misty as she arose, "I get to know my baby's daddy far more intimately this way."

"True... but what if he doesn't like the fact that you are using him to get a baby," added Sarah as she finished installing her diaphragm. "I'm only trapping some of Duke's cum in me but you..."

"Yes, but I already told you that I had no plans to ever claim anything from Carl," she added softly; cutting off what ever it was that Sarah had been about to say. "I really like this guy, and I'm not out to hurt him. He just happens to be a man I wish would take interest in me," she concluded, and then she began putting her things away so that they could return to the play area.

Carl took that as his cue to quickly and quietly return to the play room, as he contemplated what he had just seen and heard. He was helping himself to some crackers and cheese as the naked young ladies reentered the area. He was glad he hadn't partaken of the food just yet and he whistled at them softly; which wasn't a mock gesture; these two babes were beautiful, and if he had already impregnated Misty it was too late to do anything about it now without making a huge scene; which wasn't his style.

The three of them were soon getting intimate again and before too long it was Misty that was getting licked by Duke while Sarah and Carl played, but before they got too carried away she did have him put a condom on.

They were soon kneeling close to where Misty and Duke were becoming very intimate. "Fuck me while we watch her getting screwed by the Dane," she suggested as she observed the dog's cock plunging in and out of her friend's pussy, and she wagged her ass in his direction.

He was very willing to oblige her wishes and he was soon sinking his engorged protected cock into her depths. He even tried to imitate what Duke was doing to Misty, but he couldn't match the animal's speed or maintain the faster pace he had achieved for too long.

As Carl screwed Sarah he did note one thing; the condom did inhibit what he felt, but that in itself wasn't a bad thing. He had already cum once, and now he was able to plow the babe in front of him as briskly as possible without having his system get overloaded... and cause him to orgasm too soon.

Sarah was soon panting as heavily as Misty was. It wasn't long before she was unable to focus on the dog screwing her friend; while knowing that what she saw was exactly as she had been barely an hour earlier, and even now she still had some of Duke's sperm trapped within her uterus.

Carl saw both babes go through several orgasms, and he was proud to be the author of one of them as his pet produced the other. It was wild to know that Misty had his sperm trapped inside of her even as Sarah had done the same with the dog's cum. He would laugh if one of his swimmers did manage to get past the two barriers that tried to protect her, and impregnate her anyway; it would have her thinking for several months that the Dane had impregnated her.

Misty and Duke were locked together, and she begged for him to give her his seed, but it would go nowhere in the end. Sarah was doing the same as she was pushed through one orgasm after another. She was finally on her fourth one, and fairly spent as they both pitched forward and collapsed; him on top of her with their legs intertwined, and his cock buried deep within her.

Carl gave a few final thrusts and felt something funny as his cock impacted against something deep within Sarah, but he didn't draw anyone's attention to it. The two lay there for a while as they recovered their breath, and then they began to stir anew.

Carl finally pulled his flagging hard-on out of Sarah's pussy and rolled to his side. It took a few moments for the young brunette to attain a sitting position also. As she did... but before she could realize what had happened... he stripped the ruptured condom off his cock and palmed it; hoping that neither of the girls saw it. He then grabbed one of the many towels that Misty had lying nearby and began cleaning himself as though nothing had happened.

For the most part the sexy event was over, and they all began cleaning themselves up. Once more, the girls used the master bath and that area of the house while Carl used the guest quarters, but he didn't go there immediately. He snuck close to where the young ladies were and listened in again; pleased that they once more left the door mostly ajar.

"I'm just going to douche Duke's sperm out of me said Misty, but I going to hang onto Carl's seed for a few more hours," she said softly.

"And what happens if you don't get the baby that you want?" inquired Sarah in a hushed tone of voice.

Then I'll call him again and see if he's still interested in letting Duke fuck me, and I'm betting he will be," returned Misty with enthusiasm.

Sarah chuckled. "Well, I hope it all works out for you and Carl," she offered, but there was something strange in her voice as she began to remove her diaphragm without flushing the area first. After all, Carl had been wearing a condom so she didn't worry about the possibility that his sperm would be there. It took her a bit to get a hold of it... it was slipperier than she expected.

Misty noticed that her very close friend was having a bit of trouble with the diaphragm, but that

there was also a bit more. "I can help you with that if you want me to, Sarah, and I can also help you with Carl too."

Sarah chuckled. "You would help alright, but you would probably try and see if you could make me cum on your finger at the same time," but then she became a bit serious. "And what do you mean that you'd help me with Carl?" just before she gave a triumphant "aha" as she was finally able to get a hold of the sperm barrier and pulled it out.

"Wow, you had a lot of the dog's cum still in you," said Misty as she noted how much white gooey essence was there, "and I know that you would like more of it; especially from Duke, but even more so from his owner; just like I did! Hell, I'm surprised that you even put your diaphragm in you pussy, or made Carl wear a condom."

Sarah shook her head in confusion. "How do you know that?" she asked; not denying any of it, but wondering how Misty knew so many intimate details about her.

"Because we have been friends for a long time, Sarah, that is how I know," returned Misty softly. "I know that you see in Carl exactly what I see, a good man and someone that I would like to get a whole lot closer to. It's why I want his baby, and I know that you want the same thing... and a bit more or you would have been satisfied with only Duke fucking you and the master would have gotten nothing."

"Wow, I didn't think you were so good at reading my feelings and knowing me, Misty. I hope we can make it work," and then she grabbed one of the douche bottles and prepared to use it in the shower stall; planning to rinse off quickly afterward.

Carl was dumbfounded with all that he had just heard. He quietly retreated to the guest bathroom; amazed at what he had heard and seen. He took his own time cleaning up, and only got out of the lavatory a few minutes before the girls did.

Carl was still stunned as the two brunette beauties finally returned to the play area. The trio called it a day after that, but both Misty and Sarah promised to be in touch with him later that week; planning to get together again now that the girls realized that they wanted the same thing and were willing to share.

Carl kissed both of them on the lips and they returned his gesture fervently; something he had never done with any of the other women that he had shared with Duke; which was actually very few and usually a onetime thing. He headed home with a whole lot on his mind; fairly certain that this could possibly develop into something big.

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## **Chapter Twenty**

Carl had to get up and going Tuesday, but memories of the previous night stuck with him. He couldn't forget the way both Misty and Sarah looked, acted or felt as he was with them. He grabbed a bite to eat, wished Carry a good morning and then was on his way, but his cheery mood wasn't missed by his daughter.

"He must have had a very good time last night," she opined to herself, and then she fixed herself something to eat, but also endeavored to remind herself to go into the basement, and look up the file on the girl that her father had been with the previous evening.

Once Carry was done with breakfast she called Marcy and asked her to come over as soon as possible. Her friend's ETA would be within the hour, so she quickly headed into the basement. She was soon seated at the video controls and scanning through the files.

Carry was thankful that her father hadn't changed any of the control settings since she and Marcy had discovered the covert hideaway. She was soon looking through the system and reading off the names of the girls that Duke had fucked. It wasn't too long before she found the one that sounded familiar.

"Misty, A," she intoned, and then she clicked on the pertinent file. Soon she was watching several clips of Duke fucking a short-haired brunette, and she was certain that it was the same one that she had seen her father looking at the previous day. " Hmm... they must have had a whole lot of fun together last night," she presumed, and then she exited the video folder and turned the system off. She suddenly realized how horny she was and wanted to go and get Casper to help her with her itch.

Carry and barely gotten to the top of the steps when she heard the doorbell ring. She wondered who it was at first, but then she glanced at one of the wall mounted clocks and saw what time it was. She had spent more time in the basement than she realized; Marcy was already at the front of her house.

The young blond hurried to the front door and greeted her friend; noting that Ranger was there also. They hugged and kissed each other's cheek and then headed for the back yard. This would be the initial test. They planned to live together when they went off to college, and the dogs needed to be compatible.

Carry walked to where she had Casper leashed to a long ground line; it allowed the Dobie to move about the yard far further than a mere chain would have. She was soon putting her usual leash on her new lover and then walking him toward where Marcy and Ranger stood waiting.

It was a tense moment as the boys met for the first time, but in the end everything went well. The K9s did their usually sniffing at each other, but that was all. It was as though the animals knew that the other male present had never screwed with their bitch, so there was no need for any kind of confrontation.

With the initial meeting of the boys out of the way, the two girls adjourned to Carry's bedroom and locked the door; there privacy would be guaranteed, as there was no way of knowing when Mr. Simmons would return. He was his own boss and came and went as he chose.

The girls were not in the bedroom long before they began shedding their clothes. Once they were nude, Marcy asked Carry to show her how Casper did as a lover. The young blonde was soon sitting on the bed with her legs spread, and the Doberman licking her avidly.

Getting Casper to lick was no problem, and it wasn't too long before Carry was experiencing her first orgasm. The Dobie did a good job of cleaning her up, but even after most of the sweet nectar was gone he didn't stop; she had to sit up and gently cradle his head as she hugged him to accomplish that.

"Well, his licking isn't too bad," Marcy said softly, and Carry agreed. The Dobie had a very talented tongue, and he wasn't afraid to use it.

Carry praised Casper for his oral administration and then carefully got onto her hands and knees. She then patted her ass gently and he approached her again; once more beginning by licking. The stimulation that she felt was good to a point, but she wanted to be mounted and she endeavored to get that point across to him.

The young blond was close to coming again by the time Casper finally got the idea to mount her. He was quick after that, and within moments he had several inches of his cock in her. She gasped as he did so it was easy for Marcy to know when it happened.

Several more gasps followed, until Casper was fully seated within her, and she could just begin to feel him touching the back wall of her vaginal sheath as his male counterpart touched her outer lips. It felt good, but she was barely able to savor the moment before he was thrusting into her like a locomotive under a full head of steam.

"Slower, Cass... slower," gasped Carry, but there was no change as to how he was handling the moment. It was almost like a rapist gone wild. It wasn't until Marcy came behind him and manually pushed against the animal's rump that he had to make a change, but he didn't really like the intrusion and growled a bit.

Marcy risked a bit then and began talking to Casper softly. She continued to hinder his ability to thrust too fast. Between the girls they vocally sweet talked him and after a bit she was able to back off. He held the slower pace for a bit but then slowly sped up again until the young brunette had to intervene again.

The second time, Casper did not growl, and the girls kept it up until he seemed to get the idea that slower was better, but only time would tell if he had truly learned anything. The mated pair did finally manage to cum together, and it felt good to Carry, but it was still as though something was missing. She was having sex, but that was the extent of it just yet.

Once Carry and Casper were done, she clipped his leash on him and led him away from the bed side. It would be Marcy and Ranger's turn now and she hoped that the Doberman could learn from watching the Shepherd perform on her friend, but she was also somewhat realistic. It would probably take months to get where the pair near the bed in front of them already were.

Marcy and Ranger began as the first team had, and once they started, Carry led Casper closer for a better look. She nearly narrated the whole event as her brunette friend murmured pleasantly under her lover's tongue.

Carry and Casper watched as Ranger's tongue dug deep into Marcy's slit at times, but brushed over lengthy areas at another; catching not only the young brunettes puckered bottom but her vaginal lips and clitoris also.

Once Marcy began to orgasm, Ranger did continue licking her, but backed off as her juices ebbed. The pleasant ripple of her last cum still resided within her as she hugged her faithful mate and cooed lovingly to him.

Carry saw how Marcy and Ranger interacted during just the initial phase of licking, and she desired it to be that way with Casper. She softly whispered it into his ear as she caressed his neck and shoulders and they watched the lovers in front of them.

Once the final ripple of Marcy's first orgasm ebbed completely she carefully got on to her hands and knees. She would have loved to take Ranger from the front this time, but she sacrificed what she wanted for the sake of the pair watching them; hoping that Casper was smart enough to learn by example.

Marcy had no sooner gotten herself adequately positioned when Ranger came behind her and mounted her. It felt good to feel him cover her and grab her as though he possessed her; which was what she wanted. He was soon nudging the tip of his penis into her and she gasped as she felt his

hot shaft enter her several inches.

Carry loved what she was seeing and hearing, she decided to try something. She got onto her hands and knees also, but at a point behind her friend so that she would still be able to watch Marcy and Ranger if Casper took the bait she was offering and joined in.

Marcy's gasps as Ranger thrust deeper were music to her lover and the others. Carry was just about to pat her ass cheeks to get Casper's attention, but she suddenly found that she didn't need to. He mounted her a second time and was soon stuffing his cock into her anew and making her gasp also.

Very soon both girls were panting as they enjoyed the thrusting motion that their lovers were engaged in, and to Carry's surprise... Casper was keeping time with Ranger, not trying to outpace him. It felt so much better to feel his hot muscle sliding into her as it was at the moment; it made her feel as though her Cass wasn't simply trying to get through a certain exercise, but to enjoy it at the same time; which was exactly what she was doing.

Both girls orgasmed a second time and Ranger slowed to a stop, but it took Carry reaching behind her and endeavoring to hold Casper's haunches while issuing an order for him to do likewise before it happened, but it still wasn't too late to enjoy the ripples that coursed through her.

After a bit Ranger began thrusting again, and Casper renewed his slower efforts also. The girls were ecstatic with what they were feeling, and Marcy began to let Ranger know exactly what she wanted him to do to her. She desired to carry his progeny, and if she couldn't will it that way within a few years, she planned to do everything in her might to do so medically.

For Carry, she wasn't sure just yet that she wanted to be impregnated by Casper, but she definitely thought about it as Marcy pleaded for it to happen to her and Ranger. It did sound utterly erotic, as the whispered wants for her friend continued, and she began to ponder what a pregnancy like that would look like.

Carry remembered having a friend years ago, and being present as the family pet was bred for kennel purposes. If she remembered right the gestation period was somewhere around eight weeks, which was something anyone could handle. Also, there would probably be only one puppy, not eight, ten or twelve, so the woman's body wouldn't get too big; in fact, if a girl wore the right cloths no one would even know what she carried in her tummy.

By the time Marcy and Carry hit their third orgasm, the boys were locked into them and cumming deep within them. The seed of the animals was hot, and the girls could feel it as it was semi-forced into their uterus but the seal that the knot produced. She simply reveled in it, but her brunette companion urged the life producing essence to do just that; gain entry into her ovum and fertilize it before it buried itself into her uterine wall and began to grow.

The girls remained under their lovers for another ten minutes, and then Marcy turned quickly onto her back to keep Ranger's sperm within her, while Carry allowed it to flow and then drip out of her onto the towel between her knees.

Both young ladies did manage to hug their lovers and thank them for their efforts, but only one eventually plugged her pussy with a tampon, while the other douched to get clean and then wipe up the rest of the way with a washcloth.

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Chapter Twentyone

The rest of that day and many more passed swiftly, and before they knew it Marcy and Carry found themselves away at college together. Their friendship and trust between each other and their boys grew stronger as the months passed, but they still didn't share. They each remained faithful to their one lover; except to tease each other girl on girl, but that neither Ranger nor Casper showed any concern about that.

For Ginger and Alice the situation was much the same, but on a different campus several hundred miles away and minus the four footed lovers. The two of them had grown very close after the rape incident, and neither of them sought male companionship, but found contentment in each other's arms in numerous ways; they still had the pink dildo, but they now had a purple one also that was the same size exactly.

For Carl, his business kept him busy, but when it came to pleasure he no longer sought out girls from a doggy park; he had all he could handle with Misty and Sarah. The two brunettes became a regular thing. He even wiped out all but their folder in his hidden file. He didn't need any other as the three of them got along so well. He wasn't too surprised when shortly after his daughter went off to college to find that his two steady babes were pregnant; he just wasn't sure as to how he was going to break the news to Carry.

For Angela, the timing was perfect also. Just as fall began to set in and she wanted more freedom, Robert decided that the grass was greener elsewhere and divorced her; sighting irreconcilable differences. He had gotten several bonuses that he had squirreled away in a special account and a promotion also. He could now afford to lose some to his ex and the kids while still being able to live as he wanted with any girls he chose; never planning to let any tie him down again.

The hard part for Angela was in explaining things concerning their father to her children. It hurt to think that he had stepped out of their lives, but grandma began to fill in and helped there. After a while things did seem as bad for them and they became just like so many of their friend were, but with a mother and grandparents that filled in to make the transition bearable. After all, their dad had always been away at work anyway and rarely interacted with them.

For Marcy and Carry at college, things were working well. They took to sleeping in the same bed, and if they were not making each other feel good about their relationship, their animals were. It was hard to imagine that Ranger would get even better at what he was doing with her, but he did, and Casper was learning equally well also.

For Marcy and Ranger an epiphany came when they were amorously engaged one evening; after a long afternoon of careful reading and study on her part. They were finally able to relax and after her first orgasm she remained as she was; on her back at the edge of the low bed platform. He came up over her and was soon searching for her warmth. She lifted her legs once he was in position and he found her. She gasped as he entered her.

Ranger's first entry wasn't all that his mistress wanted, she brought her legs over his back and locked them into position without inhibiting his ability to move. She pleaded for it all and he gave it to her as she hugged him to her loosely with her arms also.

The pair then thrust at each other slowly; each seeking for him to reach the greatest depth possible within her. Over and over Ranger's hot shaft hit her deepest wall and nudged it at least a half inch. It stirred her insides to a point that felt good without being painful.

When Marcy's second orgasm hit her he felt it, and they each held still. When it was over he did it again; managing to make her cum but keeping from doing so himself. By then his knot was locked

into her vaginal vault and unable to withdraw very far.

During the second phase of their love romp, Carry arrived home. Her entry into their abode was quiet as usual; neither girl made very much noise, and if it wasn't Marcy or herself that entered the apartment the boys would bark and alert them to any intrusion; even if it was an invited guest, and until one of the girls called them off. As it was Casper came to greet her, and his stub of a tail was wagging happily.

Carry had no sooner entered the apartment when she heard a familiar sound and she chuckled. She urged Casper to join her as they headed for the back bedroom because she knew she would want him there with her very soon.

Carry crept into the bedroom quietly and saw what she expected. It was something that she had seen many times, and yet she never tired of it; it only made her hot to be with Casper in very short order. She even began to quietly disrobe as she heard Marcy's pleas to Ranger to procreate; wanting a puppy from him.

Carry was soon on her hands and knees, patting her rump without making too much noise, and Casper knew what she wanted from past experience. She wasn't interested in him licking her; she wanted him in her and mating with her.

As Carry and Casper came together, Marcy and Ranger were coming down from the second monumental cliff as they were stuck together. She began thrusting and moving in small ways; anything that would cause them to feel their joint venture. It was at that point that something within her shifted, and she gasped anew.

Marcy moaned pleurably because she could already feel that Ranger's pointed cock-tip was somehow nudged right into the mouth of her uterus. He hadn't really entered it, but they were perfectly aligned. When she was able to get him to cum... it would shoot straight into her womb.

Marcy held Ranger a bit tighter in an effort to keep them from separating and somehow breaking the connection. It wasn't easy to excite him this way, and by the time it happened she had actually broken out into a slight sweat because of her small but intense efforts. She felt it building within her and hoped that he felt the same. She wasn't too sure of it until her orgasm hit, and her clutching muscles finished him off.

For two seconds, Marcy was afraid that she was going to have to keep going, but then she felt it. She was sure that she had experienced Ranger's heated essence seeping into her cervical opening at other times, but this was totally different. This time he flooded her womb directly with his hot virile seed. She swore she could even feel it being forced into her tubes.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god, oh god, Ranger you got me good, darling," moaned Marcy pleurably. "If you don't manage to give me your puppy this time I know I'll have to find a way to do it medically. My god, I feel as though you pumped at least a half a cup of cum into my womb."

Carry heard all that Marcy was saying and it amazed her. She knew of her friend's semi-obsessed desire to get pregnant by Ranger, and she was feeling a bit of it too with Casper, but to think that the young brunette would seek a way to do it medically was something new.

In the beginning, shortly before high school ended, she was sure that Marcy was set up for some kind of computer oriented track when they started college. Now however, her friend still had a few CPU classes, but most of the rest was premed courses, and suddenly a few things began to add up.

What she had become privy to was hot, and she began to wonder if it was possible. She looked upon Marcy and Ranger again as they lay tied together even as Casper was knotted with her and filling her with his cum. Once more she wondered what their bellies would look like if they were impregnated by their boys.

Both girls were knotted for several more minutes before the boys finally backed off. Carry hadn't thought ahead this time and had to quickly cup her shaved mound in an effort to contain Casper's essence, but Marcy merely tilted her pelvic region upward a bit and reached for a new tampon to insert into her freshly filled pussy and uterus.

It was after the girls had cleaned up a bit that they finally got together in the kitchen. "I didn't even hear you come in, Carry," offered Marcy, "but it was good to see you and Casper enjoying yourself just as Ranger and I did."

"Oh... we did," returned Carry pleurably. "He's really grown as a lover over the past months, but what made it particularly special was listening to you as Ranger took you missionary, Marcy. Hearing you almost begging for him to put his puppy in you is really hot because I know you're not just saying it; you really want it, and it made me think about it too. Our boys will probably never have a real bitch to fuck and impregnate, so we're it. If we don't give them a baby they will never have one."

"Yeah, that's about the size of it, Carry," agreed Marcy. "It's also why I'm going to see if I really can find a way to make it happen."

"Yeah... I heard that too," confessed Carry with a smile, "and I hope you succeed. Either way, count me in on your experiment as long as you are sure it will be safe."

"I'll include you, honey," Marcy nodded, "and I won't do anything unless I'm sure of the outcome. I don't want some weird animal emerging from my pussy that's half human and half dog. It will have to be all dog or nothing," she continued flatly.

Carry nodded also. "Sounds good, and I know that we have barely gotten started here but have you had any success in finding any prior studies on the subject?"

Marcy smiled. "As a matter of fact, I have. I heard of some woman doctor from years ago by the name of Elsa Brockman, and I tried to look her up in a number of ways but kept finding nothing. Then just recently the name surfaced again; this time from a different source. Well, as fate would have it I was tired at the time I began to key it all in and made a few typos. Any way to get to the point, I got a hit, only it wasn't under Elsa Brockman, but Isla Bracham."

"Wow... that was a bit off from your first entry," Carry chuckled.

"Yeah, I know, but like I said, I was really tired... bleary eyed even, but I wanted to try anyway despite the fact that I fell asleep twice just starting up the computer and getting on the ISP," Marcy chuckled, "However, much like a typo shunts some web surfers to some porn sites, mine got me close enough for the search engine to glom onto what I really wanted. When I finally realized what I found I saved the address and looked it up after I got some rest. It was very interesting, but it still only alludes to the fact that Isla was somewhat successful in her efforts at inter-species breeding. I'm not sure what that means until I find some of her more pertinent research data."

"Wow... well if you need any help in running down some of the stuff, let me know," offered Carry. "This is beginning to really intrigue me."

"You'll be right by my side, Carry, but don't expect any quick miracles... and in the mean time, we don't talk about this with anyone else... understand?" said Marcy seriously.

"Not a peep, fearless leader," Carry smirked as she smiled.

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## **Chapter Twentytwo**

Several hundred miles away, Ginger and Alice spent the night together as usual also. The toys came out and soon the young ladies were teasing each other 69 style. The vibrators were humming and their lips and tongues were used to excite one another's clit.

They hadn't been at it too long before Ginger led the way and invaded her partner. She smirked when Alice gasped and flinched as she shoved nearly half the pink toy in a very wet pussy, but then the tables were turned and the purple dildo entered her the same way.

After the first invasion, the toys really flew, and each girl tried to outdo the other. They were soon on the threshold of cumming and as the pleasurable event began to unfold Ginger shoved the pink cock into Alice until it nearly disappeared. At first she thought she had caught her friend off guard and she smirked, but it suddenly turned into a gasp as the purple toy was shoved into her just as deeply. Both girls shook after that and the invading vibrating instruments kept things humming for several intense minutes.

On that same night, close to where all the girls had originated from before college, Angela was once more able to get a night out on her own. Her divorce had been final for over a month, but she was still cautious; Robert could try to prove that she was an unfit mother and try to take the children; despite the burden to his freedom that it would cause; money was another matter.

She carefully checked her vehicle for tracking devices and then drove a convoluted route to Gwen's home. Once the girls were there the golden-haired babe turned on the perimeter alarm and they were free to have fun.

At one point, the girls bemoaned the fact that they couldn't catch a few videos of each other as they were mated to their boys, but like anything they knew that it such things could be used against them if anyone wanted to make trouble for them. They would have to rely on their memory of the events to get them through until next time.

All of the girls stripped down to nothing and then positioned themselves so that they could easily see the other two; forming an equilateral triangle. After that they simply set out to enjoy themselves, and allow their friends watch as their four-footed lovers fucked them silly.

There was very little foreplay this time. Each of the lovely ladies had been busy throughout the day and hadn't managed to get any prior relief, but that didn't keep them from thinking about the coming event that evening.

Now as they knelt in front of each other, with their faithful four-footed lovers anxiously awaiting their commands, they obliged the boys fully. Each of them patted their taut ass cheeks and awaited the results; which came quickly. Each of the dogs moved forward eagerly from their sitting positions and mounted their mistress.

The first to gasp was Gloria as Marcus hit her well with his first thrust, sending half of his hot shaft into her. It was quickly followed by more and it was impossible for the other girls not to know that

she had her lover's cock in pussy to the hilt; or sheath as it were.

Gwen and Angela were as close to a tie that it didn't really matter. They both gasped in unison and Gloria was treated to something akin to stereo as her friends continued to pant and moan as more and more of their lover's cocks sank into them.

The girls were soon too involved with their individual lovers to do much more than catch a casual glance in the other's direction, but the stereo effect still remained. Each of the girls panted, and moaned while pleading for the dogs to fuck them silly, and the boys responded well.

Gwen was the first to orgasm but the others were not far behind, and the animals did well by holding still and allowing their mistress' to enjoy what they had created within the three women. Each of the women' clutching vaginal sheaths tried to milk the dog's essence from them, but it wasn't ready to happen just yet. The past months of training was paying off royally.

As Angela knelt beneath Jackson she marveled at how much he had grown; not in size, but in ability. He had slowly morphed from an animal that was jackrabbit fast to a true lover that stuck with her and now easily took fifteen minutes to complete one mating, and that was what she had desired from the beginning.

Gwen, Gloria, and Angela were soon into their second orgasm, and with each climactic event they continued to milk the boys, and they did manage to make eye contact in the waning moments of the blissful event.

"Oh god, it doesn't get much better than this," cooed Gwen, and the others agreed with her sentiments completely, but Angela did add one aspect to it.

"I can only think of one other thing that would add a bit of spice to what our boys are doing at the moment," offered Angela, "and that would be if I knew for certain that my Jackson could impregnate me. I'd love to carry his puppy in my belly and feel it grow there."

Damn, that would be hot," agreed Gwen. "I'd love to have King pump his seed into me and give me his puppy. I've never had any children, and I did go to a doctor years ago to find out why I wasn't getting pregnant by my husband. She said that I was fine with the way my body was functioning, and that it had to be Gary's fault. I was going to bring the subject up with him, and the thought that he should be checked out, but then other things happened. I'm glad now that I had no kids; at least by him."

That somewhat sad note soon vanished as King, Marcus and Jackson began to move within their mistress' once more, but the subject of impregnation lingered, and began to manifest itself as each of the women began to coax their lovers to make them pregnant, and it wasn't some flippant remark. The girls earnestly desired to be bred to their dogs and bear them puppies.

Gwen, Gloria and Angela would gladly have given almost anything at that moment, to have their mated lover deliver a load of sperm into their depths that would take hold and allow a puppy to grow within them. For the next several minutes it was the theme that each of them heard from the other.

As King, Marcus and Jackson felt Gwen, Gloria and Angela orgasm the third time, it triggered the desired response from them that the girls wanted. Each of their lovers was locked into them tightly. The knots of each animal rested snugly against the girls' g-spots. As the females' vaginal muscles rhythmically pulsed this time, the boys responded; filling their willing bitches with their potent sperm.

“Oh god, oh god,” groaned Gwen as she felt King’s hot load gush shot after shot into her. “He’s filling me up, and it feels so good. It’s going into my uterus, I can feel it the warmth of it as its making its way into my puppy chamber. Oh god I hope he makes me pregnant. I want a puppy from him so bad...”

Gloria was feeling much the same as her long time friend and sympathized with Gwen completely. “Marcus is filling me up too,” she panted as his hot load spurted into her. His fluid streamed around his steely muscle, but was adequately blocked well by his sizable knot; a good portion of his heated essence entered her cervical opening. “I can feel his seed entering my uterus,” she continued and then she urged him on some more as she gently thrust back at him. “Impregnate me, darling, I know I have an egg in there for you to fertilize. Give me your puppy, sweetheart, I want to feel you baby in my belly. I want him to grow in me and move about, just before I birth him into this world form between my legs. I want other women to see him and tell me how cute he is, while all the time all of us here know exactly where he came from.”

“Oh god, that’s what I want too,” cooed Angela, while still panting. “It’s what I have wanted for a long time now... Jackson’s pumping his cum into me right now... I can feel his hot seed going into my uterus too... There should be an egg there... I want his puppy so bad...” she continued but then fell silent as her orgasm increased due to her thoughts. She was quivering in her lover’s furry arms for several minutes after that.

Each of the girls reveled in what they were receiving and, and the implication of it all if they got their desires came true. They wouldn’t retract it for a second. They wanted a puppy, sired by their mates who were even now locked into them and close to their birthing chambers. All that was need was for the seed to fertilize their egg, and they would have what they wanted.

For fifteen minutes the girls were tied to their mates. In between watching the others sexy actions, they also fanaticized about what could be happening within them. They pictured themselves and the other’s naked, pregnant, and standing in front of a mirror; admiring the small bulges that represented a puppy growing in their womb.

Gwen and King were the first to part, and he cleaned her up a bit, but even as he did she was clenching her pussy lips closed to keep too much of his sperm from flowing out of her. She then turned quickly and hugged him to her, thanking him for the pleasure he had given her and the possibility of giving her a puppy; no matter how slight it might be.

The other girls and their lovers parted also, and they were nearly a carbon copy of Gwen’s sentiments. All three of the girls would honestly jump at the chance to become pregnant by their boys, and it became a much discussed topic among them.

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Chapter Twentythree

Three years passed, and nothing changed when it came to how five particular women felt as they made love to their four footed lovers; they wanted to be impregnated by their chosen mates. However, there was one that was truly seeking a way to make it all come about, and she did not waver in her efforts despite the fact that she did not talk about it openly to anyone else; even Carry.

The others all knew that Marcy yearned for such an event to happen; they hear her proclaim it every time they got together, and if sheer will would have made it manifest within any of their reproductive systems, there would have been over a dozen puppies born of the women by now, but mere desire simply would not work; the human genome was too strong to be overcome by another

species.

It was the week before school as to end for the year that Marcy received a special envelope that she had to sign for, and Carry wasn't there when it arrived, or her roommate would have been questioning the arrival of the flat package. She opened it hastily and within moments hissed a relieved "Yes..." when she saw who the document was from.

It was only a few moments later that Marcy heard the arrival of Carry as her friend began using the house keys to enter the apartment. She quickly turned and hid the letter as she wanted to read it over again to be certain as to what she thought the missive was truly about; she wanted no mistakes to be made when she finally told her college companion about what she had been doing for more months than she could remember.

The girls prepared supper together as usual, and Carry could see that Marcy was far more upbeat that particular evening. They would soon get together with Ranger and Casper like they always did, but she was certain that there was more than just a blissful union anticipated with their four-footed lovers by her living companion.

When the evening's festivities really began the girls made sure that the apartment was fully secured; there would be no surprises that they could not handle discretely. They adjourned to their bedroom which was situated the furthest from any of their neighbors, and well insulated when it came to sounds to or from the outside. It was here that they would be able to enjoy themselves with Ranger and Casper and as long as they didn't scream out at the top of their lungs there would be no problems when it came to privacy.

The boys were very ready for the girls, and vice versa by the time the bedroom door closed and the shirts, shorts and undergarments came off. Marcy and Carry each began by sitting on either the bed, or a chair that they had in the room, and very comfortable for what was to follow.

Within seconds both Ranger and Casper were delving into what the girls were offering, and the pleasurable murmurs of how deep the boys tongues were reaching continued on from there. Within minutes of the dogs beginning their oral ministrations, and the girls caressing the animal's heads and necks the first of many pleasurable orgasms swept through the young ladies' core.

Marcy was first, but Carry was close behind her; the boys had learned how to please their mates well over the years, and even backed off a bit once the quakes began. They still caught the sweet juices that flowed from the deep grotto, but the licks were more topical as the girls orgasmed.

Just before the last of the quakes ended; Carry gently pushed Casper out of the way so that she could get on her knees by the side of the low sitting bed that she and Marcy shared. It wasn't a moment later that her lover mounted her and almost like a heat-seeking missile found what he wanted next, and what his mate was freely offering him.

Even as Carry as being mounted doggy style, Marcy was pulling Ranger into her heated saddle, and his pointed phallus was quickly entering her. Both girls moaned pleurably as their boys entered them several inches before shifting a bit and driving into them the rest of the way.

Both Ranger and Casper hit the bottom of their mistresses' slick tunnels and began speedily mating with them for the first few minutes. Their growing knots plowed through the girls' vaginal lips dozens of times before it became harder for the ball to enter, and then the final push ensued.

Both girls murmured encouragements to their lovers and then added their own pressure in the right direction to accomplish the final feat of seating the knots. It was then that everything became a bit

quieter as each of the young ladies spoke of what was foremost on their minds; and that was procreation.

Both dogs were totally stuffed within their mistress' love canal, and Casper was close to being aligned with Carry's cervical opening, but Ranger was perfectly seated in the prime location. When they all began to orgasm at nearly the same time it was Marcy that felt her lover's sperm shooting into her uterus, and then into her fallopian tubes. It was something felt nearly eighty percent of the time anymore, but Carry wasn't far behind with a respectable seventy-five percent rating.

As each of the girls cooed and murmured about becoming pregnant and carrying their lovers' puppies within their bellies to full term; Carry heard a bit more, and it wasn't the usual hopeful desires; it was more along the line that in the very near future that what they had craved for years would soon come to fruition.

It was over a half an hour before the boys' knots subsided and were reluctantly removed from the warm sheaths in which they had been ensconced. There were a few quick licks after that and then the girls did as they always did; they scampered onto the bed fully and elevated their pelvic regions with a pillow. It was an effort to keep their lover's essence deep with them.

It was as Carry and Marcy lay on the bed side by side that the blonde began to question some of the things that she had heard, and she prefaced it with the how her brunette companion seemed quite happy that evening.

"Okay, Marcy, what's up," Carry began as she reached over and took her friend's hand. "You have been far happier this evening than usual, and I'm sure that it has nothing to do with the fact that we only have a week of school left; despite the fact that all of the tests that we have taken are over and we scored highest in most of our classes.

Marcy turned slightly and was able to look at Carry as her friend did the same. "Do you remember me telling you about Isla Bracham."

"Bracham..." murmured Carry pensively, and then she began to smile. "Isn't she the Scientist that was trying to break the inter-species barrier. I remember you saying that you were looking for her, but I didn't hear you say too much more about it after a years or so."

"You're right, I didn't," responded Marcy. "The search for her grew cold, but I didn't really give up entirely. Every other month I would search for news of her again, and pray that she hadn't died or given up on her quest for inter-species relationships. I finally found news of her about six months ago. She's in South Africa, and is doing well, but she was also very guarded as to what she was now doing, and all that she had learned; as most of the scientific community does not approve of her work."

"Wow... if she's being that guarded about what she's doing I doubt that she will really tell us what's happening," offered Carry softly.

"As I said, I finally found her six months ago, and it took a lot of talking, and also a private video of me and Ranger, to begin softening her up."

"You made a video of you and Ranger?" Carry asked.

"Yeah, I did. I had Angela, Gwen and Gloria help me, and I would have included you, but it happened when you were attending your father's wedding to Sarah."

"Yeah, I remember the event very well, and I also learned a lot," Carry chuckled. "Whether I like or not, I now have a half-sister, and a half-brother, but at least their mothers are very good friends, and they share my father as well as they also share Duke. I did, however, manage to convince my dad to get a vasectomy there will be no further surprises."

"How old are the babies?" Marcy asked.

"Oh... they were only born about three months ago," Carry responded. "I guess Sarah and Misty didn't get pregnant right away as they expected to, but perseverance eventually paid off, and with my father's security company doing so well, at least he can afford a larger family, so I guess I can't complain. I'm well-funded also, so it isn't like I've been left without nothing."

Marcy smiled but then got back to what the girls had been discussing before the wedding was mentioned. "Anyway... back to Ms. Bracham. I finally convinced her that I was utterly serious about having Ranger's puppies, and her seeing my sister and the others all proclaiming the same thing she has finally confided in me. Isla has perfected a way of cross species breeding, and she is willing to meet with you and me in South Africa as soon as we can get there after school is out for the summer."

"Are you serious?" Carry asked excitedly.

"Absolutely, and I took the liberty of including you... so I hope that you don't mind my doing that," Marcy responded.

"Of course I don't mind," Carry returned softly. "Having Casper's puppies is what I want also, and you are the one helped me gain that desire over the years that we have been together."

"Well, I think that it is finally going to happen, Carry, because I doubt that Isla is merely leading me along. I've seen some of her research, and I understand bits and pieces of it since I changed my major two years ago into animal husbandry."

"Well, I'm all for going to South Africa, Marcy, so what's next?" asked Carry.

"We begin getting our passports, and things set up so that our boys will have a safe place to stay while we're away," suggested Marcy. "I already contacted Gwen and she will house Ranger and Casper at her place until we return from South Africa. After all, they are all hoping that they will be able to prosper from what we learn from Isla also."

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## **Chapter Twentyfour**

The girls worked hard at finishing school for the year, and it wasn't easy as they contemplated what they would be doing once it was over. The finals went well, and both young ladies passed with grades that kept them on the Dean's list. In those seven days, they also got everything lined up for going to South Africa. It was ostensibly considered a vacation and sightseeing endeavor, but under that particular cover was the fact that they would be meeting with Isla Bracham in Johannesburg; a doctor that was secretly specializing in the cross breeding of certain species.

Also during that short weeks' worth of days, the girls were very active with Ranger and Casper; some times as often as two and three times a day as they tried to get in as much involvement with their lovers as possible before leaving the boys with Gwen at her special kennel. They both knew that the dogs would be well cared for, but they still detested the fact that they would be separated

from them for at least two weeks.

On the evening that Marcy and Carry arrived at Gwen's, the owner of the kennel was the first to notice that both of the college girls wore not only a diamond solitaire, but also a wedding band; which matched each other if you noted such a thing carefully.

Marcy was the first to offer an explanation of the meaningful adornment. "Carry and I got tired of guys always coming on to us, and then having to try and explain that we were not interested in them, so we bought the diamond solitaires. It worked great, and merely flashing the ring quelled any further queries as to why we were not interested in the guy."

"It worked fairly well," offered Carry as she entered the telling of the tale, "but it got even better when we decided to add the wedding bands. Marcy and I know what they really stand for as we committed ourselves to Casper and Ranger, but as you can also guess by the fact that they match that many others think that it means that we are a couple; which really keeps the guys away from asking anything."

"Very clever," offered Gwen, just before all five women began to enjoy their own personal lovers for the evening's festivities. It was one big get together before Marcy and Carry were to leave for their trip to Africa; which would hopefully prove fruitful in so many ways.

Gwen was with King, Gloria was with Marcus and Angela was mated to Jackson. Carry took Casper doggy style as usual, and Marcy had Ranger in the missionary position; it seemed more personal to her in that manner. Each and every one of the ladies proclaimed adamantly how much they wanted to be impregnated by their mates, and carry their lover's pups within their womb.

That evening it was as though the dogs knew what was expected of them; impregnation wise, as the boys managed to make their lovers orgasm over and over until all of them came at least four times. By the end of the evening both the human and animal members of the group were tired, and slept well.

The day for Marcy and Carry to leave for Johannesburg, S. Africa finally arrived. It was the morning of the flight to Atlanta, Georgia International Airport, and then on to Johannesburg, S. Africa. The flight left from Chicago, Illinois at ten in the morning, and had a short layover at ATL of only two hours. Since the drive time to the airport was only an hour, the young college girls awoke early; they would have plenty of time to rest on the plane later.

As soon as the girls awoke, both Ranger and Casper did also, and a few preparations were quickly made. Much like the previous night the Marcy and Carry began making love to their respective mates. It wasn't long before Carry was on her knees with her ass up and her head on the floor, as she wanted her mate to get into her as deeply as possible, and her expectations were eagerly met. Her first orgasm was induced by Casper's tongue, and it primed her for what was to follow; though the mere thought that she was about to be inseminated by her lover once more was always enough to get her juices flowing.

Carry orgasmed after only a minute's worth of Casper's oral stimulation, and it wasn't long before he mounted her. She came a second time as he thrust into her rapidly. It seemed to her as though he knew exactly what he was doing because it was as her second wave of pleasure was ebbing that he began anew and then set his knot in her.

"Oh, darling, that feel so good," Carry murmured as it all came together perfectly. Casper's knot entering beyond the threshold of her vaginal lips began her climb once more to the pinnacle of pleasure, and the culmination of what they both desired; her potential for impregnation. "Give me



your seed, sweetheart, I want to hold it within me as I travel. It will be a reminder to me that I belong to you, and very soon I hope and pray that it will be used properly.”

Even as Carry was taking Casper doggy style; Marcy was once more engaged with Ranger in the missionary position. He too had licked her to her first orgasm, and then he mounted her shortly after that. He found her pussy opening easily and gave her a second orgasm just before he set his knot. He shuffled around gently after that and it wasn't long before he was aligned with her cervical opening perfectly. When he came, he would be shooting his seed into his mate's womb; in hopes of impregnating her.

“Oh, Ranger, I can't wait until your sperm can do what it was truly meant to do, and I'm sorry that I have not been able to produce and puppies for you just yet, but the time is coming I assure you. Very soon you will be able to impregnate me, and you will know it, I'm sure. I can't wait to feel you baby in my belly; it will be a dream come true.”

The words of what Marcy truly desired were barely uttered before she and Ranger orgasmed together. She felt his seed shoot into her and she nearly fainted as she relished the intense feeling and what it would eventually produce within her reproductive system. Not this time, unfortunately, but definitely in the very near future.

The girls were tied to their lovers for at least fifteen minutes, and as soon as the boys pulled their respectably sized cocks from their pussies the young ladies quickly shoved a tampon within them to trap their lover's essence where they wanted it the most. They would carry Ranger's and Casper's seed all the way to S. Africa if possible.

Once the girls were ready, and their lovers reluctantly put in very special accommodations for them; they showered quickly. They got dressed, and made final preparations to go to the airport. They had a light breakfast; which was prepared by Gwen and Gloria and as they did all five ladies talked freely about the previous night, and how good it had been.

Hugs and kisses followed the brief morning meal, and the desire that this particular trip would gain the ladies what they had drempt about for years was heavy. Marcy and Carry were soon on their way to the airport; driven there by Angela; who would once more thank the girls for what they were endeavoring to do.

Marcy and Carry arrived at O'Hare with plenty of time to spare. They got through the security checkpoint quickly and boarded the flight to Atlanta thirty minutes later. Their trip to S. Africa had finally begun the first leg of the journey, with very high hopes.

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Chapter Twentyfive

The girl's flight to Atlanta, Georgia was uneventful and only a few hours in duration. It was the flight to Johannesburg that concerned them. This one would be much longer; over fifteen plus hours, so they had opted for some of the business class seats on both going to and coming from S. Africa, and it was well worth the expense.

They arrived in Johannesburg in the morning of the following day. Marcy contacted Dr. Bracham and was informed that the girls would be picked up very early the following day. It wasn't what they really wished to hear, but they had no idea where Isla's site was... so it was impossible to merely go there and show up on the woman's doorstep unannounced.

The next twenty-four hours were for longer than the prep and flight to S. Africa as Marcy and Carry anticipated the next day's events. They didn't even leave the hotel they were staying at in order to eat, but went to the restaurant on the top floor, or ordered room service.

The next morning, very early, their room phone rang and informed them that their transportation had arrived. They were already dressed and had their few bags on one of the service carts, so it was easy for them to go below, check out, and meet with Dr. Bracham's associate.

A well apportioned, yet small, redhead greeted Marcy as soon as the girls checked out of the hotel. She recognized the young brunette from the video that she had seen several times; it really turned her on to hear the girl nearly beg for her four-footed lover to impregnate her; something that she was very akin to. "Welcome to S. Africa, Marcy. My name is Carla Chisholm."

"Nice to meet you, Carla," Marcy, offered, and then she introduced Carry.

Once the short introductions were completed, the girl's luggage was loaded into a Land Rover that sat just outside the hotel's main doors. The vehicle looked as though it could go just about anywhere, but it was not the only thing that the young ladies noticed.

As Carla loaded their bags into the back of the rover, her loose shirt was inadvertently pulled up and away from her lower belly. It was then that Marcy and Carry noticed that their driver had a slight bulge in that area, and they immediately wondered if she was pregnant. It was an exciting thought but they said nothing about it at the moment.

The luggage carrier was quickly returned to the hotel, and then the girls were on their way to Dr. Bracham's secluded compound. It was a four-hour drive, and Carla had arrived the previous night, but then rested before having to return with Marcy and Carry from Johannesburg.

The trip to the hidden compound was at least a bit scenic, but there were no sightseeing stops along the way; only those that were needed to refuel the Rover, and grab a bit to food and drink to eat along the way.

The trio was finally out of the city before any true conversation took place, and it was Carla that initiated it as she asked why the girls were so interested in the inter species breeding program that Dr. Bracham had established.

"I suppose that we could say that we are much like you, Carla," offered Marcy as she guessed at what was in their driver's slightly bulging belly. "We desire to carry our four-footed lover's babies in our own womb, and then birth it."

"Oh... you noticed that I'm pregnant," offered Carla with a smile as she glanced in the rearview mirror and saw Marcy looking at her.

"Yes, we did, and it leaves us wondering as to how far along you really are; since you are not very big."

"It has only been a month, but even so... I won't get too much bigger," Carla explained. "It is perfect, really. You normally ovulate only one egg, and it remains that way with the process that Dr. Bracham has developed. We have seen no twins or triplets, and that makes it easier on the mother."

"So, what's the father's name?" asked Carry as she got into the conversation.

"His name is Henri, and he's a Belgian Malanois," offered Carla as she reached for the visor and

pulled it down. In one of the pockets, just deep enough to hold it but not obscure the picture was a photo of her and her lover, but it was a discrete one, and did not show how involved they truly were.

“He’s beautiful,” returned Marcy, “and he could easily pass for some cousin or close kin to Ranger that is a German Shepherd. We have been together for three years now and he’s the one that I want to father my pups.”

“Ah... yes, I saw your video. It’s very hot, and I’m sure that with Dr. Bracham’s process you will be able to fulfill your dream,” said Carla.

Talk about many exciting topics continued, and it easily filled the driving time that it took to reach Dr. Bracham’s secluded facility. They were soon driving through a massive set of gates, and into a ten-foot-high-walled compound, that was well secured by different types of alarm systems and video monitors.

Carla was soon parking the Land Rover next to several others, and all of them were the same color; which was something that would mix well with the surrounding countryside, and make it harder to see.

The girls had no sooner gotten out of the Rover when a slightly older woman approached them. She introduced herself as Dr. Bracham, and eagerly greeted her American guests by name. “Welcome to S. Africa, Marcy and Carry. I sincerely hope that you will find everything we do here very satisfactory.”

“After talking to Carla on the way here, Dr. Bracham, I am very certain that we will,” returned Marcy.

The Dr. smiled. “Please call me Isla. We don’t worry about too many strict protocols here. We only care about the needs and desires of our new friends and family; which you will become if you go through the process that you asked about several months ago.”

“That’s what we are here for,” returned Marcy, and then the tour began.

Marcy and Carry’s bags were taken into the huge home by other young ladies. Girls that were eighteen years of age at least, and basically working at the compound in order to afford the Dr.’s medical process. Each of them had their own desires as to what animal they wished to father a baby with, but all of the sires were domesticated types at least.

Marcy and Carry were shown some of the processing area, and then taken to a small theater. It was here that they were shown what would have to happen in order to bring about an inter-species impregnation.

The one thing that was an immediate relief was the fact that they did not need any DNA from their own lovers to make the process work; any K9 essence, which was readily available could be used to bring about the change within their bodies, and yet have no bearing on who the father of their offspring would be or look like.

If a woman wanted to bear piglets, all she need was some porcine DNA, and the same went for any other animal. Dog DNA for puppies, chimpanzee DNA for a baby chimp...etc.

Once the video was over, Marcy and Carry were taken into another area of the compound. It was the mating rooms, and they were in the main viewing section. From there they could look into various, well appointed, cubicles and watch the process of impregnation as it happened. It was a safe place

for the girls and their lovers to get together; especially so because no dogs or other animals were allowed to merely roam around freely. No one wanted any impregnations to happen by the wrong animal by accident.

As it was, there were two rooms that were scheduled to have couples in them, but only one was occupied at the moment and beginning to undress. The young lady was of Italian ancestry, and quite well known in the outer world. Her chosen mate was Cicero; a Cane Corso, or otherwise known as an Italian Mastiff. Adrianna had just completed the changeover process that very day.

This would be the first time that she was going to receive her lover's sperm and truly hope for a positive result; instead of doubting that it was even possible. She did suspect that she hadn't ovulated just yet, but she had to be close to that special time, and as far as she was concerned it didn't hurt to practice.

Once Adrianna had divested herself of all her clothes she began rubbing herself against Cicero, and it was easy to see that the Italian Mastiff liked the feel of his mate's body caressing him as fully as possible. Her hard brown nipples not only received stimulation as she pressed herself against his hairs, but he did also.

The nearly full body rub continued for nearly a minute, but then Adrianna sat on the low cushioned platform and opened her legs wide so that Cicero had complete access to her already excited nearly bald pussy. There was only a thin strip of hair that was still visible and it formed an arrow downward to the hot pit that was radiating heat a very familiar scent for her lover to home in on.

Cicero edged forward quickly and began digging deep into Adrianna's honey filled hole. His tongue penetrated her to a depth that he nearly managed to hit her G-spot, but it was close enough to get the desired effect nonetheless.

Adrianna cooed pleasantly as Cicero's tongue probed her over and over; and eventually did reach the coveted semi-rough and spongy target. It wasn't long before the twenty-year-old Italian was escalated to her first intense oral orgasm, and she didn't care that someone might be watching from the observation booth; in fact, she hoped that they were. She wanted everyone to see how much she desired her dogs form of lovemaking, and she wished that she didn't have to hide it; yet she knew that many others would never understand her love for the animal.

"How many clients do you have here at this moment?" asked Carry as she inadvertently caressed her own honeypot and imagined her and Casper together, and wishing that he was here to make love to her.

"We have nearly a dozen young ladies here at the moment, and each one is in one stage or another of their treatment. It is only Adrianna that has completed the process within the last twenty-four hours," explained Isla as she too caressed between her heated loins and felt the expected dampness of her own desire to be with Maximus; her chosen mate, and father to two of her children.

"How is it that your clients find you, Isla?" asked Marcy. "I have a feeling that I got extremely lucky when I managed to find out about your work here."

"You were lucky, Marcy, and it will probably never happen again, but to answer your question... I have to say that I receive my clients by word of mouth as each woman returns home and then quietly refers our services to other very close friends; ones that can be trusted to keep it a secret."

It was as the three talked in a hushed manner that Adrianna hugged, kissed and caressed Cicero for nearly a minute before continuing on. Her first orgasm only paved the way for even greater things;

like when her lover introduced his sperm into her very receptive depths in hopes that she would then be able to produce a puppy, and show him that she desired him above all else.

Adrianna gently pushed Cicero away from her just enough so that she could get on her wide spread knees by the side of the low cushioned platform. She would then place her upper torso on the riser, and yet be with her ass in the air; just not completely on the floor.

Cicero watched as his mate got into a position that he easily recognized, but he didn't mount her just yet. He once more gave her several licks that primed her anew as he concentrated on her clit first, and then swept upward to also include her small brown nether region.

After about thirty seconds of cleaning up any fluids that were in the process of falling to the floor, Cicero mounted his mate and gently began thrusting as he edged forward. He soon made the warm contact that he expected and none to gently shoved several inches of his thick member into Adrianna's engorged and heated pussy.

It was impossible for the three watchers to miss Cicero's first contact with Adrianna. She shrieked as he entered her, but it wasn't from pain, but pleasure and desire to be taken completely.

For the next four minutes Adrianna was treated like a bitch in heat, and it was exactly what she wanted. She was stuffed with Cicero's cock as it plunged in and out of her that it would have taken a man over twenty minutes to do the same thing, and then it would have been doubtful that the human cock would have even reached the depths that she was experiencing.

As Isla, Marcy and Carry watched Adrianna being fucked senseless they wished that it was them on the receiving end of the action, but only with their own lovers providing the stimulus that they were currently watching. Each was now faithful to their own mate, and desired no others.

Adrianna orgasmed again; just before Cicero planted his growing knot within her one last time and it triggered her pussy to grab onto her lover and hold him tight. She was now ready to receive his fertilizing sperm, but she waited for her orgasm to subside slightly before they began their last climb to the pinnacle once more.

It wasn't too long before Adrianna began thrusting herself onto Cicero's deeply embedded phallus. She wasn't sure of his alignment; it didn't feel as though the tip of his cock was pressed against her cervical opening, but it didn't really matter. His knot was in her, and she trusted it to seal his essence within her. It would force his seed into her womb; thus, beginning the process of her desired impregnation.

Short thrusts from Adrianna continued for nearly four more minutes and during that time she was in ecstasy and verbally coaxed Cicero to fill her with his life-giving sperm. It was as she reached her next orgasm that he did also. His short thrusts ceased then and if a camera had been focused on his ample nut sack it would have been easily evident that he was pumping several hefty ounces of DNA into her receptive vaginal vault, and ultimately her uterus.

As the trio watched the climax of the first scheduled mating, none of them was left unaffected. Isla was already planning on being with Maximus that night, but Marcy and Carry had only each other to rely on until they went through the treatment and then returned home; it was definitely going to be a long two weeks for them as they made the necessary changes and learned about the Dr.'s process so that they could take it home with them to Angela, Gwen and Gloria.

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## Chapter Twentysix

As the trio awaited the arrival of the last girl scheduled to use the mating rooms, they began talking in hushed tones once more. "I only have a few girls that are special cases; like you two, and the ladies that I am allowing to work for their treatment. The rest of my clients, like Adrianna, and Woo Jai-Li, who should be here very soon have paid at least five thousand dollars to achieve their desires... so no mention of any money exchanges is ever made beyond now between us."

"We understand, Isla," returned Carry, "but I hope that you will indulge me in one last question, and it is to why you are helping us so freely. We did expect some money to be required."

Isla looked at Marcy. "You can thank your friend here for that. Her video touched me, and I somewhat saw myself in her desire to bear her lover's progeny far more than any other young woman that has been here at my facility. Only a very few of my clients will not mate with any K9 but their own. Adrianna just met Cicero when she first arrived, and since then she has wanted no other, but she has had multiple lovers before this; while now, hoping to be impregnated and take the Italian Mastiff's son home with her in her womb."

"How will she know that it's a boy?" asked Carry.

"We will make sure that it is," returned Isla a bit sadly. "If anything but a male takes hold within her, it will be collected and frozen. I will then implant a male offspring of Cicero's within her; using one of her own eggs. I will use the frozen embryo later when we get a female Cane Corso. It will be selectively used to bare the special pup that way. I won't let it go to waste."

"Good," murmured Marcy, "and what about Woo Jai-Li. What does she want?"

"Unfortunately, she is the same as Adrianna, but she has not finished her treatments just yet, so I will manipulate things a bit. After her last injection, I will make sure that she is sedated and then I will fertilize one of her eggs with the male of her choice... before I let her close to him. She will only think that it was their coupling that brought about her impregnation, and she will return home happy with a male puppy in her womb also."

Further talk ceased as Woo Jai-Li entered the mating chamber. With her, on a leash, was a Siberian Husky; the third animal she was trying since she had arrived. The dog was a beautiful example of his breed. His name was Osmarr, and his blue eyes fully complimented the way he looked.

Jai-Li was soon divesting herself of her minimal garments; she had come prepared for what she was about to do. A simple lose blouse and pair of shorts were soon lying on the seat of a nearby chair and she was bare to any who might be watching through the one-way mirror at the back of the small room.

The mere thought that others might be watching her as she made mated with yet another dog thrilled her. She didn't look in the mirror's direction, but went right to the task at hand; finding out if Osmarr was going to be her baby's daddy when she returned home to China.

Jai-Li had dark hair, brown nipples, and not much pussy hair, but it was untrimmed; yet not blocking her tight little honey pot. When she sat in a chair and spread her legs it looked as though she shaved her sweet valley continually, or had some kind of laser treatment to keep it bare, but neither was the case.

Jai-Li was very petite, and weighed only ninety-eight pounds soaking wet, and she would never have to worry about her breasts sagging for many years to come. She had b-cups, but they looked very

fitting on the rest of her diminutive frame.

Jai-Li was nearly twenty years old, and had never known any men, but she had known plenty of dogs, and she preferred it that way. She lived in Northern China, had several brothers and no other sisters, but a very close friend that had introduced her into her current lifestyle. The girls did everything together, and were thankfully left alone by others... which please them entirely, as there were plenty of other young ladies to go around for the men that were locally available.

Jai-Li approached Osmarr and released him from his leash- which was a sigh to him that he was now free to do more than merely sit there. As the female began cooing and caressing him he took every opportunity to smell and lick at her. Her breasts were first, but it quickly escalated to her honey pot which was already becoming heated and radiating a very tantalizing scent.

Jai-Li soon had her hands full as she tried to go about seducing Osmarr her way, but he had other ideas. He maneuvered her around with his snout until she fell backward onto the low-lying bed, and she squawked a bit as she was dog handled into position. She was soon on her back with her legs spread and he was helping himself to her already flowing nectar.

Osmarr was good at what he did, and soon he was getting what he wanted; which was what Jai-Li wanted to give, just not quite as suddenly as she had first thought things would transpire, but she still liked it; despite the fact that she no longer felt as though she was in control.

Jai-Li began moaning pleasantly as Osmarr's tongue delved deeply into her small Chinese pussy. He hit her G-spot easily, as his oral digit curved upward as though drawn there like a guided probe, and even there his tongue felt bigger than some of her other partner's cocks had felt, and it was wonderful. She was close to coming and she was sure that only a minute or two had passed.

The trio on the other side of the mirror watched as the Siberian Husky dominated Jai-Li, and it was the only way they could describe what they were seeing. It was then that Isla reiterated the fact that this incident was one of the reasons that they did not let any of the animals loose, and to roam around the compound freely. Osmarr was nearly raping the girl.

Once Jai-Li had her first orgasm, she only had about thirty seconds' reprieve before she was being pushed and maneuvered by Osmarr to kneel beside the low platform. With his strength and her light weight, he managed it easily, and before she realized it she was being mounted.

Jai-Li gasped as Osmarr doggy-handled her once more, and she was soon invaded by his sizable cock. She shrieked as he entered her, and there was no way she could have avoided his shaft as it entered her at least three inches, and quickly escalated to its full depth; which easily took her breath away and allowed only weak gasps emanate from her, and yet she loved what was happening and didn't want it to stop.

"My god, he's raping her," exclaimed Carry. "Don't you think that we should do something?"

"No, definitely not," warned Isla. "Jai-Li was warned that Osmarr was very aggressive and she still wanted him, even after seeing how he was with other girls. It's his trait; though I think that she thought she could tame him a bit, and get him to do things her way."

The trio continued to watch as Jai-Li was pounded deeply and repeatedly by Osmarr. They did manage to ascertain that the Husky was on the verge of setting his knot one last time; they could hear the young Chinese begging him to leave it in her, and it finally caught and stayed.

Jai-Li had never been fucked so thoroughly. It seemed as though half an hour had passed as she felt

Osmarr's shaft batter the end of her vaginal vault; while also pushing and pulling his ever-growing knot in and out of her pussy lips. She ached, and yet it was somehow fulfilling. She loved it. She had never experienced anything like it before, but she was also relieved when her lover's knot claimed her one last time and remained within her.

Jai-Li had no idea as to how many times she had orgasmed in the last six minutes; she lost count after five, and was almost certain that she had fainted at one point or another, but now it was over, and she was being inseminated by Osmarr. He had totally dominated her, and now he was claiming her in another way. If her treatments had been completed she would soon be carrying one of his puppies in her womb, and the very thought of it made her orgasm once more.

Jai-Li now knew who the father of her pup would be, and she couldn't wait to have him impregnate her for real; even as his sperm was still being pumped into her reproductive system. She could feel shot after shot of his potent seed seeking a viable egg, and it was exactly what she wanted.

"Damn, that was hot," offered Marcy as she merely voiced what the others already felt.

"Absolutely," agreed Isla, "but even now it would not be safe to enter the chamber. Not until the pair finally separate and Jai-Li puts the leash on him. Even then she only has about five minutes to do that, or she might just experience the event all over again."

"Wow, is Osmarr that aggressive?" asked Carry.

"Absolutely," confirmed Isla, "and I was one of the gals to see and feel him first hand. He took us one after another in rapid succession. Fortunately, it was before my current lover and none of us got pregnant, but it was how we learned about what he could do. He raped three of us before he was finally gotten under control; yet he isn't a biter, he just doesn't accept no as an answer, and he's an expert at getting any female into position for mating very quickly; especially if she's naked or even scantily clad."

"Did you ever think of getting rid of him?" asked Carry.

"Oh, definitely not. Everyone who has experienced him doesn't have the heart to get rid of him; he's too good at what he does, and he's tame as long as his leash is on him. It's only when he's loose that he's a little hellion on four legs, and in the end... very satisfying in many ways," she chuckled.

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Chapter Twentyseven

After Jai-Li and Osmarr finally parted she quickly put his leash on him, and he became a perfect gentleman; she had been previously warned as to how to control him. It was only then that she saw how big he was and what he had stuffed into her somewhat small pussy. She never realized that she could handle so much cock within her vaginal vault, and she looked forward to it again once her treatments were done and she was fertile.

In the viewing room, Isla addressed Marcy and Carry. "Well, now you have seen this portion of the compound, and we'll take a small break. Dinner is at seven in the main area of the house. Your bags have been moved to your room and I'll have Carla show you to your quarters. We'll talk more as we eat this evening."

Finding Carla was easy; she was just outside the mating and animal housing area when the trio left the fair-sized building nestled under the trees like most of her compound was; somewhat obscuring

its expansive size from above easily.

Isla, Marcy and Carry were not the only ones that had watched the whole show as Adrianna and Jai-Li were mated to their animals. Carla had been watching also; per the client's previous request upon arrival at the compound, but her viewing point was via different cameras. It was her job to watch and record the very private meetings. They would then be given to the individual if the person still wanted them; or destroyed immediately, and there were no copies beyond the original to come back and haunt anyone's future.

Marcy and Carry were shown to their rooms, and also given a map of the compound for later use. Once the girls were alone, they both sat on their beds and discussed what they had just seen.

"Damn, I sure wish that Ranger and Casper were here," murmured Marcy wistfully.

"Ditto," agreed Carry, and then added a bit more, "and I'm betting that Isla is in her own rooms right now enjoying her lover while we sit here and suffer."

"Well, there isn't much we can do about any of this at the moment in conjunction with attaining some relief unless we help each other," commented Marcy, "or asked to be serviced by some unknown mutt, and it would probably feel like cheating on Ranger and Casper if we did the last part of what I'm contemplating."

"I'm all for the first part of your suggestion, and I don't see where helping each other is cheating on our boys," Carry agreed as she arose and began taking her clothes off as Marcy did the same. They had helped each other many years ago at times, and this would only be a continuation of the same as they did it again.

The girls were soon reclined on one of the beds in the classic 69 position. It was almost like riding a bicycle as they began caressing each other as they had in the past. "Wow, you are really wet," Carry offered within moments.

"Yeah, and so are you," Marcy returned. "I guess watching Adrianna and Jai-Li getting mounted and mated turned us on more than we realized."

"Absolutely," agreed Carry, "but I wouldn't really characterize what happened to Jai-Li as a normal mating. She was as close to being raped by that Husky as anyone can come. I know because I've been there," and after saying that she immediately became quiet and hoped that Marcy didn't ask anything else.

Marcy stopped licking and gently caressing Carry's outer labia with the occasional gentle brush of her friend's clit. "I thought that I knew everything about you, but now I'm wondering after what you just said, and how you seemed to let it trail off as though you hadn't meant to really air it. I knew that you had two ex boyfriends before getting molested by Duke, and deciding that you liked the doggy life better... but what else happened?"

Carry stopped her efforts to excite Marcy and sighed. "Okay, I'll tell you, but you need to promise that you will never tell anyone else."

"Of course, I won't tell anything to anyone else... I never have and I never will," Marcy assured Carry.

Carry nodded, and then began her tale concerning what happened when she found out that her father was using Duke to attract women and then have the dog screw the girls as he filmed them,

while was also able to enjoy the lady a bit later also if she was agreeable to such a thing, and most of them were.

She began describing how she got so mad at Duke that she went after a stray behind one of the larger shopping centers, and succeeded in not only getting fucked by one dog, but by five of them. With the last one screwing her almost as hard as she had seen Osmarr doing to Jai-Li. She had orgasmed six times during the misadventure and at the last had been taken so hard that she had passed out after the incident.

“Oh my god, I didn’t know that... why didn’t you tell me?” offered Marcy softly as she kissed Carry’s vaginal mound in belated sympathy. “You probably hurt and ached quite a bit after that.”

“I did, but it went away soon enough,” Carry returned, “and at least it wasn’t any worse. No one saw me getting screwed by the pooches, and they don’t carry and STD’s so it’s just a memory I try to forget. It has worked quite well until an hour ago, when I saw Osmarr nearly screwing Jai-Li into oblivion.”

“Yeah, I can easily see how something like that would bring back what happened to you behind the shopping center, and if you remember I almost did the same thing until I managed to get Ranger.”

Once the confessions were over Marcy and Carry got back to satisfying each other as best possible. It wasn’t perfect, but it did help them take the edge off their desires for a little while; though they were certain that they would have to help each other again. It would be several more days before they would be through what they planned to do here in South Africa; at Isla’s remote compound.

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## **Chapter Twentyeight**

At dinner that night, the girls met with Isla once more, and it was easy to see that she was relaxed far more than they were. It was obvious to them that she had managed to be with her four-footed lover while they had been somewhat forced to help each other relax a bit before the evening meal.

What was to follow the previous day was discussed in detail. The girls would get their first shots, and then Isla would begin teaching Marcy and Carry how to do what she was doing; with no strings attached. After all, the girls wanted to be able to bring the process back to America, and merely shipping fifteen doses of the serum for Angela, Gwen and Gloria was not an option.

Both Marcy and Carry were surprised that Isla was offering the process to them for free, but she explained it this way. “Many girls cannot learn how to do this, so I make a good living by merely helping them one at a time. You, on the other hand are able to understand what I am doing, and your work in animal husbandry that you sent me has assured me of that. I have come to realize that if I can help this process spread to other places... then eventually we may be able to make it all public, but I’m sure that it won’t happen for possibly a decade or so,” she concluded.

For the next five days Marcy and Carry were very busy. The girls got their five daily injections, and in the end, they saw how they would now be able to receive a dog’s sperm and have their ovum fertilized during the mating; without disturbing any of their eggs, and that was a relief. They didn’t want any of their ovum impregnated and then destroyed because it wasn’t fertilized by their own mates.

They were ecstatic; not only by the fact that they could now bare puppies for Ranger and Casper, but that they also had the process memorized and would be able to duplicate it at home for Angela,

Gwen, Gloria, and possibly a whole lot more by careful word of mouth; just as Isla was doing it. Only the girls wouldn't necessarily have to stay at Gwen's kennels for six weeks until the pups were born; not like most of the young ladies who went to S. Africa did in order to bare their newborns, and keep the births a secret.

During the five days of injections and learning the process they had also seen at least fifteen more mating's, and two of them were between Jai-Li and Osmarr. Each time they observed the interaction they wished that they were with Ranger and Casper, and in the end, they once more had to aid each other in achieving relief later that evening.

The girl's two-week vacation was able to be shortened by four days, and they didn't fret the loss of that supposed ninety-six hours of fun and travel in a foreign country; they were thrilled to be going home. Neither of them had ovulated just yet but they would be due soon; so being where they could be with their lovers was paramount at the moment.

The trip home from S. Africa seemed longer than the flight there as they contemplated what was now about to enter their lives. They didn't wish to count their puppies before they were truly born, but they had seen enough at Isla's compound to know that inter-species relationships had definitely taken a huge step forward. Seeing two different girls giving birth to healthy puppies tended to make one a believer.

For Marcy and Carry the trip from Chicago, O'Hare seemed almost as long as the flight over the Atlantic Ocean as they returned to America. They arrived at Gwen's kennels in the late afternoon, and they were tired, but they still wanted to go and see Ranger and Casper. Even as they exited from Angela's vehicle they could two particular dogs barking and it wasn't too hard to figure out who they were.

The girls didn't run to where their boys were presently being kept in a high fenced in area, but their pace was more than a mere walk. The barrier around where Ranger and Casper were kept was slightly over eight-foot-tall, and its base was a cement perimeter that kept a dog from digging its way out, or both Marcy's and Carry's lovers would have gotten out and rushed toward the girls immediately.

As it was, when the gate was opened both animals let their respective mates know that they were thrilled to see them again, and yet none of it was overtly sexual; that would not come until later that night. It took the boys over an hour to become less hyper about Marcy's and Carry's presence and realize that the girls were going nowhere without them by their side.

The first night home, was not a mass get together; other than for Angela, Gwen and Gloria, but they all had dinner at Gwen's place, and the five of them would stay the night there too. However, the big event that was tame in comparison to what would follow later was that they talked about all that had been accomplished as they ate.

"So, you two could get pregnant tonight when you mate with Ranger and Casper, right?" asked Gwen.

"Absolutely!" concurred Marcy. "All it would take is for one of our ovum to be released into our reproductive system while the tube is flooded with our lover's sperm."

"Unfortunately, neither Marcy or I feel as though we will ovulate for another day or two," added Carry a bit sadly.

"It doesn't work that way entirely, Carry. The ovum can meet up with sperm almost as soon as it

enters the Fallopian tubes, while the sperm may have been delivered several days prior. Seed in many cases can live for five days in a friendly environment; like our uterus and tubes as our reproductive system prepares to ovulate.”

“Cool, then it’s good that we didn’t ovulate a week or two ago, so we should be fairly close to that time even now,” Carry added a bit cheerier.

“Absolutely,” agreed Marcy, “and though I’m certain that Angela, Gwen and Gloria would like for us to join them tonight, I am sure that they will understand if we beg off for tonight at least and give our guys the loving that they have been missing for nearly two weeks now.”

“We understand completely, Marcy, and hopefully you two will join us tomorrow,” responded Gwen; while the others concurred.

“Definitely,” agreed Carry as she noted that Marcy was nodding in the affirmative, “and we’ll also tell you everything that we saw in S. Africa. It will amaze you we’re sure.”

Marcy and Carry were then allowed to depart to the shared bedroom that was basically set up for them. The two young college students visited Gwen’s kennel often, so one of the rooms in the five-bedroom home was considered their home away from home, and a safe place in which to mate with Ranger and Casper without fear of an unexpected company.

Angela was also accommodated when she was able to get her parents to watch her children. Since the divorce from her husband her mother and father enjoyed having the grandchildren over for multiple days at a time; especially during the summer vacation time frame.

Once Marcy and Carry got Ranger and Casper to their room that evening, it was as though the boys knew exactly what would happen next. The young ladies began divesting themselves of their clothing and the canines became very frisky as it happened; almost to the point that the girls were unable to get their undergarments off fast enough.

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Chapter Twentynine

Both Marcy and Carry never managed to get their panties off completely before Ranger and Casper had them seated in a convenient chair, or sprawled backward on the bed in a way that would allow their mate to spread her legs; far enough to get at her pussy. There was a new scent that they detected, and it totally registered within their brains that their females were definitely ready to create offspring.

Still within the boys was at least a little training. Licking until their mate was wet enough was one of them, but what they really desires was to subdue their mate this time and create offspring; which was what the scent was assuring them would more than likely happen during this session.

Marcy had managed to get her panties down to her ankles before Ranger toppled her backward into the arm-less chair that she had been sitting in only a few moments earlier. He then pushed his way between her legs and zeroed in on her honeypot. She did have to slouch a bit to make sure that he gained freer access to her, but it was as though he was off to the races in an effort to make her orgasm, and she had to hurry and catch up by making sure that he got what he wanted.

Carry found that Casper was so eager to get at her pussy that she too was only able to get her panties down around her ankles; which fortunately allowed her to spread her knees and gave the

Doberman free access to her wet depths. It was all she could do to talk to the other girls during and after dinner for a few minutes, because stripping her clothes off and having Casper screw her senseless was all that she could basically think of.

Both Marcy and Carry had no idea yet as to why Ranger and Casper were so aggressive; as compared to the way they usually were. They merely thought that the boys' excitement had to do with their long absence; especially after being with their mates at least once a day and many times far more for the last three years.

Both Marcy and Carry achieved their first orgasm within three minutes of first contact with Ranger's and Casper's oral stimulation, and it nearly left them breathless. Their G-spots were manipulated repeatedly and their clits were nose massaged and licked in a manner that seemed to pump their excitement threshold over the top in record time as the whole nether and vaginal valley was perfectly caressed in one fashion or another.

When Marcy and Carry orgasmed they shuttered and quaked, while still managing to seize their lover's head and pull him closer as they rode the blissful wave. They whispered hoarse endearments to their canine mates as the throes of their climax ebbed, and it felt good to hold Ranger and Casper to them; as they also recalled the two weeks that they had been deprived of the boys, and only the fact that it was for a good cause diminished the loss at least some.

Once the first orgasm had ebbed sufficiently, the girls found that the boys were again adamant as to what they wanted. Ranger was the first to begin prodding Marcy into a different position, but Casper wasn't far behind. Both girls were soon on their hands and knees, and the only thing that made it doable was the fact that the young ladies did manage to get at least one ankle free of her panties. Now the filmy garment was wrapped around only one extremity or the other.

Marcy and Carry were soon on the floor and somewhat facing each other. Their knees were wide apart, and nearly in a mirrored fashion Ranger and Casper mounted them. It was as though they were seeing a slightly different version of themselves as things transpired. They could see each other perfectly and what was happening to one was also happening to the other.

Both Marcy and Carry reacted alike as Ranger and Casper entered their vaginal vaults at the same time, and it wasn't a mere poke of an inch or two, it was a solid four inches and it took the girls' breath away. The only thing that kept them from screaming was their first orally induced orgasm and the precum their lovers were spraying them with, but there had been very few of that type of lube before first contact of the hot missile that unerringly struck dead center of their honeypots.

Once more it was as though the boys were off to the races, but this time Marcy and Carry were literally propelled along as they were soon experiencing the full length of their four-footed lover's shafts. The knots were not yet fully expanded and being plunged into and pulled out of the girls at a speed that only a canine could match. They orgasmed a second time and it left the young ladies nearly speechless as it was hard to catch their breath during the initial four minutes and the intense stimulation.

Neither Marcy or Carry had ever been mated so vigorously, and seeing their friend receiving exactly what they were, only three feet away, was an added visual excitement. It was as they met eye to eye that they actually thought the same thing. The way the boys were screwing them at that given moment was very similar to what Osmarr had done to Jai-Li in South Africa.

It was then that Ranger and Casper set their knots one final time and the girls' eyes widened anew as they experienced the final ultimate intrusion, while also being glad that the wildest part of the

ride was over.

Marcy and Carry orgasmed a third time, and felt as though they couldn't take much more, but it was like riding a rapid filled river, and they had finally conquered the last obstacle. There would nothing left but beautiful scenery and a smooth ride ahead.

Ranger's and Casper's thrusting was greatly diminished, but internally the girls were still jostled as their mates' lengthy phallus bottomed out within them, and then the fact that the boys added shot after shot of hot sperm into the system added the final stimulus that took the young ladies over the top a fourth time; as it was coupled with the thought that at that moment they could be on the verge of being impregnated.

Before the fourth orgasm everything for the girls had been so intense, that the mere thought that this batch of sperm could be the one that finally impregnated them had been overshadowed and momentarily forgotten, but now it resurfaced immediately, and they were able to voice how they felt.

"Fill me up, Darling, give me your sperm, so that I can finally carry your puppy in my belly." Marcy managed to finally voice, as she also reached upward with her right hand and caressed Ranger's neck and jawline; while he held her tight to himself. His seed was still being weakly pumped into her vaginal vault, and in essence able to enter her cervix and travel even deeper into her receptive body.

There was no ovum within Marcy's reproductive system just yet, but she expected one, hopefully as soon as tomorrow. In which case the recently shed egg would definitely meet up with the sperm that was presently swimming toward her fallopian tubes to find it. If there was any disappointment at all, it was that in Ranger's heavy thrusting that they had not been able to align his shaft with her cervical opening.

Carry was feeling exactly the same feelings as Marcy was, and she too endeavored to caress Casper as he was finally slowing down and filling her with his sperm. Just as her brunette companion had done, she also encouraged her mate to impregnate her, and she was now sure that it would happen. Both of them were nearly on the same cycle after living together for so many years as they attended college. Their next shed eggs would definitely be fertilized.

Both March and Carry caught each other's eye once more and they smiled. They were on the verge of making their most yearned for desire a reality as they remained tied to their mates for several more minutes. It was a heady feeling and within they sighed at its inevitable fulfillment.

Several minutes passed before Ranger and Casper managed to part with their mates, but when the canines did, they immediately cleaned up the girls and then themselves. The girls did freshen up a bit more, but then found their boys coming close and paying attention to them once more. This time, however, it was merely to lay down together and sleep; naked flesh against a furry four-footed lover, and it felt good.

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### **Chapter Thirty**

The night for the other three ladies was much as it always was, and yet there was at least some light at the end of the tunnel for them also. Marcy and Carry were back from South Africa, and everything had gone well; with the promise that in the morning they would begin the process of cooking up three batches of incremental serum that was needed for the transformation process.

If there was anything frustrating about any of it, it was the length of time it would take to make up

the five slightly different injections. It usually took eight days, and it wasn't as though you could give the first dose as soon as it was ready. There was a strict timeline that had to be adhered to... or you had to begin again at square one; which would add even more frustration to all involved in the process.

In the end, however, the ladies would never be able to give birth to human babies again; if they ever had, but they would soon be able to carry a puppy within their wombs, and this was what they wanted the most at this time within their lives; nothing more.

In the morning, both Marcy and Carry were awakened by Ranger and Casper. At least it was a somewhat respectable hour as the digits on the clock read 7:00AM. The stimulus had not been to their pussies, but their faces; which got their attention a lot faster. It was then found that the boys needed to go to the bathroom so the girls took the guys out to allow nature to take its course and not soil the room; yet even so the young brunette felt a distinct twinge very low within her stomach, and she smiled, but said nothing to her blond companion just yet.

It was just after the four of them got back to the bedroom that Marcy and Carry found out that Ranger and Casper were not as ready to go back to bed as they were. The boys were soon nudging the girls toward the bed, and both young ladies ended up sitting at its edge as their mates edged in between their partially spread legs.

The first few licks were a bit shallow, but it was enough to stimulate the girls' clits, and after that the boys were granted better access to the area as Marcy and Carry slid even closer to the edge of the bed, and then laid back to enjoy the oral stimulus; sure, that when everything had run its course that they would sleep a bit longer, but with a vaginal vault and uterus flooded with a new batch of sperm; which was what they too desired.

"The boys seem quite eager this morning, and I don't blame them for last night's ravaging. I have a feeling that they know we have changed, and I'm sure that Ranger senses that I just ovulated; while Casper can feel that you are just about to do the same thing."

"You ovulated?" returned Carry. "When did that happen?" she added a bit breathlessly as Casper's tongue dug deeply into her and caught her G-spot once more.

"Right as we were giving Ranger and Casper their morning run," confessed Marcy. "My egg might already be fertilized and splitting, or it will be very soon as a fresh batch of lover boy's sperm hits it in a few minutes," she added in the same breathless manner as the dogs continued to stimulate them to their first orgasm.

"You lucky dog..." offered Carry, and it was all the further she got before they both hit their peeks. Words failed them for several moments as all they could manage was to rise up a bit and hug their mates closer.

Both girls hugged their boys for several moments, and then pulled Ranger and Casper even closer. The bed was the perfect height; adjusted that way long ago by Gwen so that it could be easily used as a base to mate with the dogs whenever needed. Within moments everything was perfectly aligned, and the more intense action began.

Marcy and Carry were now lying back at the edge of the bed; with Ranger and Casper lying over them, the girls were soon on the receiving end of two very excited animals. Side by side both young ladies were soon being willingly invaded by their lover's hot shafts, and it was enough to take their breath away as it wasn't a small exploratory poke, but over four inches of the thick veiny muscles.

"Give it to me, darling," coaxed Marcy wantonly as she was able after lifting her legs to pull him into her saddle. "If you haven't already impregnated my egg, and have it already on its way to my womb to nourish and feed, then do it now, sweetheart. I want your puppy in my belly so bad, and then be able to show the others what you have done to me; while knowing that very soon they too will be able to do the same thing with their doggy lovers."

"Yeah, Casper, fuck me deep, and put your puppy in me too," pleaded Carry as she too lifted her legs and thrust herself at her mate; just as Marcy was doing.

"It will happen for you too, Carry, I'm sure of it," encouraged Marcy. "I noticed that you begin your period only a day or two after I begin mine... so don't be too worried."

"Oh, I'm not worried, I've noticed the same thing too..." she managed before a second orgasm claimed the girls.

The boys had been forced to slow a bit as the girls hugged them a bit tighter, but as soon as the intense climatic waves passed a bit, and the animals were given more freedom to move; they did so.

Ranger and Casper kicked it into high gear once more, and their lengthy phalluses kissed the bottom of the girls' vaginal chutes repeatedly. There was enough impact to sheath to keep the young ladies nearly breathless, and they loving every minute of it; while noting that was not a short ride. Between the licking, and then the entry was at least four minutes, but even now they had enjoyed another eight minutes of solid thrusting, and it wasn't over yet.

Marcy and Carry were pushed to their peaks once more as the boys' knots continued to assault their vaginal openings in rapid succession. Their clits were stimulated almost beyond endurance, and they orgasmed a third time as the rapidly growing ball of mussel finally entered one last time and stuck there; thanks to the clamping action of the Labia Minora and Majora.

The third peak was intense and the young ladies once more clung to their lovers as the euphoric wave washed over them, but didn't begin to diminish. Ranger's and Casper's own ejaculation at finally being knotted to their mates blasted the orgasm even higher. Shot after shot of potent sperm was once more invading Marcy and Carry in an all-out effort to achieve the ultimate goal; impregnation

Both Ranger and Casper could sense that something was different with their respective lovers. There was a special scent about their hot females, and it told the boys that now, more than ever, was the time to put their puppies within their willing mates.

"Impregnate me Ranger, give me your sperm so that we can be sure that I will have your puppy in my womb,"

begged Marcy as she clung to him, and felt spurt after spurt impact against the bottom of her vaginal chute. She was relieved that she was knotted to him, and that the precious seed would then be forced into her cervical opening. It wasn't as perfect as being completely aligned with him, but it would work; she was sure. "You are going to be the father of my first baby," she finalized

Marcy could feel Ranger's hot essence entering her womb, and that meant that his sperm was also invading the area and seeking out her recently shed egg. If her very vigorous romp with her lover the previous night hadn't already provide potent seed for her ovum to swim with, then this fresh batch would do the trick. Within ten to fourteen days she would take a pregnancy test, and she was sure that she would see positive results.

Alongside Marcy, Carry was pleading and desiring the same thing; yet wording things a bit



differently. She was sure that within the next twenty-four hours that she would shed one of her eggs also.

“Come on Casper, fill me with your fresh sperm, darling, I can carry your puppy in my womb now, and as soon as I ovulate I want your seed to be there and fertilize it,” murmured Carry as she thrust herself upward in order to maintain his knot and depth within her. “For three years now you have been my faithful lover and hoping to impregnate me; yet unable too, but that has ended, sweetheart, and soon I’ll be making you a daddy.”

For both young ladies and their respective lover the next ten minutes actually passed too fast. Marcy and Carry wanted to feel the solid shafts of the animals for even longer than it lasted as they lay in the missionary position and tried to coax even more sperm from their mates, but Ranger’s and Casper’s knots finally diminishes to the point where the boys slipped out of them, and it was then that tampons were quickly inserted to keep as much seed within them as possible.

Once the girls’ vaginal orifices were plugged a bit they went to their lovers and caressed them. The boys were just finishing the process of cleaning themselves up, so they were soon licking their mates, and then lying beside them as Marcy and Carry returned to the bed to sleep just a bit longer.

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Chapter Thirtyone

The girls managed to get another hour’s rest, and when they awoke they were both euphoric. They were home, and full of their lover’s seed. They arose and prepared to meet with Angela and the others. It was just as Carry was stepping out of their shared bedroom that she cringed a bit, and then gasped. “I’m very sure that I just ovulated,” she offered joyously, and the girls were soon hugging each other, and then their boys noisily in the short, none too spacious, hallway that led toward the rest of the house.

The enthusiastically celebrated event was enough to gain Angela and the other ladies attention immediately. They appeared in the family room after rushing from the kitchen to see what the commotion was all about.

Once Marcy and Carry entered the large family room, where several mass mattings had taken place in the past, they heard about how Marcy and Carry were sure that they had ovulated, and the fact that the shed eggs should have been swarmed by plenty of Ranger’s and Casper’s sperm almost as soon as it entered the girls’ fallopian tube.

“So, in a little over six weeks, you girls are going to have puppies; if you have read your bodily signs properly,” offered Angela in a positive affirmation.

“Yes, we are quite sure that we ovulated. We’ve experienced it before and it usually drives Ranger and Casper bonkers; just as it is doing this time. They too can sense when we are fertile.” stated Marcy. “And after breakfast, which smells quite delicious at this moment,” she offered as the smell of bacon was very noticeable to any one that had a sense of smell, “Carry and I will begin assembling the equipment that we need to process the progressive serum that you three will need to become mothers to your lovers.”

Over breakfast, it was impossible to miss the lighter atmosphere of the place. Two of the five were absolutely certain that within two weeks to sixteen days that they would begin showing positive signs on any type of pregnancy test made; while the other three were certain that even before that time frame that they would be very close to finishing the five-step incremental serum, and then be

able to do the same thing shortly after that.

Attaining the equipment to process the incremental batches of serum wasn't too hard, but did cost a bit of money. None of the girls was poor or strapped for cash so it was easy for all of them to pay a portion of the cost, and even March and Carry chipped in their portion to help out.

Eventually the five girls would do as Isla had done, and offer the process for a feasible cost; which would pay everyone back for the initial outlay, and a bit more for expanding Gwen's kennel for the sole purpose of housing any trusted, word of mouth, initiates until the two-week program was completed and the young woman showed signs that she was pregnant. It would be a place that was totally safe from unwanted discovery of the mating and impregnation process.

Within two days the process of cooking up the incremental batches of serum was begun, and neither Marcy or Carry had any trouble following the procedure perfectly. They were even able to teach Gwen how to do it, but Angela and Gloria were unable to be present all the time due to other family or work related matters.

Just as surmised, the incremental serum was ready a few days before Marcy and Carry were going to take their pregnancy tests. During that time, all the ladies were very active with their four-footed lover.

None of the other ladies were as consistent as Marcy and Carry were, however, but then the two university beauties had a bit more time on their hands to enjoy such pleasures two to four times a day; since they were basically on vacation for the summer, and only had to make brief appearances at their parent's places to keep things cool socially.

As soon as the incremental serum was ready, Angela, Gwen and Gloria began taking the series of five shots. There were no obvious side effects that anyone would notice; not even a regular doctor unless a special DNA test was done, but very soon the close-knit group of friends could expect results if they were mated by their four-footed lovers.

The last shots were given on the day that Marcy and Carry were to use the pregnancy tests on themselves. The group, as a whole, made a big production of it as the slightly younger ladies peed on the test strips as the others watched. Within two minutes they were all celebrating, as the girls showed the others the positive reading.

Ranger and Casper were the next to be included in the celebration, and though it may have been doubtful as to whether the dogs realized what the test strip really meant, both Marcy and Carry had already begun to notice a difference in how the boys mated with them. Slightly after they had ovulated and were sure they were pregnant the animals began screwing them far gentler than when they first returned from S. Africa.

The proof that Marcy and Carry were pregnant, and the completion of the series of five shots brought about a civilized orgy of sorts. They would all make love to their respective lovers as a group, but no partners would be exchanged. The girls were completely monogamous to their mates, and would have it no other way.

The huge family room at Gwen's kennel was once more used in order to be together. Two young ladies celebrated the fact that they already had puppies within their wombs, and three others were now about to see if they could do the same; though none of the latter were certain that they had a viable egg within their system, or even be close to ovulating, but the mere thought that they could get pregnant if one was available was still a heady thought.

It wasn't long before five very lovely, and shapely, young ladies were naked and their four-footed male companions knew that something special was happening. Beyond the fact that their female counterparts looked ready to mate with them, they each smelled a bit differently also. There was a receptive bitch scent, and it was new to Jackson, King and Marcus; whereas, the smell that Ranger and Casper got was that of a pregnant female, but it didn't keep them from wanting to mate when it was offered to them.

Each of the ladies found a comfortable seat to begin the festivities, and in effect they were able to see the four other participants in the room. For Marcy and Carry, the boys were back to their gentler selves, and neither of the young ladies minded the love making that they received. It was as though Ranger and Casper knew that they were already pregnant with puppies, and now it was a matter of waiting out the gestation period, and not causing any problems as they all awaited the birth of their first son or daughter.

For Angela, Gwen and Gloria, it was different however. Once the first oral orgasm passed, it was on to other things, and the three slightly older ladies were soon on their knees and given a few added licks before the real mating began.

The whole process was almost like a choreographed dance and each of the participants could once more see each other as they formed a decent circle. What made it unique was that what was happening to one was happening to the others at nearly the same time, and only the pace of some of the action varied.

The girls were all mounted at the same time, but for Marcy and Carry, Ranger's and Casper's thrusting was far gentler that it had been several days previous. It was as though the boys were not only mating with them but loving them also and concerned about their overall satisfaction, as well as the progeny that they now carried within their wombs.

For Angela, Gwen and Gloria, they three slightly older ladies soon found that they were now mounted to animals that understood exactly what the difference in their scent meant. They had been with their mates thousands of times before, and there had been nothing productive from any of it, but now things were definitely different.

Over the past years, Jackson, King and Marcus had been trained to mate with their mistresses' gently. There was still the rapid thrusting, which was absolutely wonderful as the hefty cocks plunged in and out of the girls' receptive pussies, but it was still far tamer than when it had all begun. Now however, it was suddenly different.

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## **Chapter Thirtytwo**

From three separate sources came exclamations of surprise. "Oh, my god," shouted Angela, Gwen and Gloria in near unison as Jackson, King and Marcus connected with their respective and receptive mates. It wasn't a tentative poke of an inch or two; to be followed by more and more with each thrust, it was an all-out invasion of thick hot muscle into a primed but empty vaginal sheath, and having the vein gnarled shaft plunge all the way to the bottom.

It nearly took the ladies' breath away as it happened, and added to it was the fact that they could not only feel what was happening to them, but see the same thing happening to two of their very close friends. Once the heavy slab of meat hit bottom, it was on the way back out; to within two inches of leaving the clingy nest, and then it was right back in again as it kissed the girls' inner depths.

If the stimulation was merely in and out at a normal human pace, the young ladies would have easily managed to catch their breaths, but that was not what was happening this time. This was like five to six times faster than usual, and it left Angela, Gwen and Gloria gripping the carpet in order to keep from being pushed around.

“My god, Jackson, what’s gotten into you,” Angela managed to hiss as she was pummeled deeply for over five minutes. Added to it was what she saw happening to her friends, as well as the fact that her lover was see-sawing his slowly growing knot in and out of her vagina. It hit her clitoris and then stimulated her G-spot also; while impacting her inner core and jostling that about almost enough to hurt. Which in turn became a pleasant ache.

Angela was panting and she orgasmed just as Jackson set his knot the final time. She hit her normal peak, but then climbed even higher as wave after wave of pleasure washed over and did not seem to abate as usual. The fact that she was now being infused with spurt after spurt of potent sperm kept it all happening. She knew that her ovulation time was imminent, and it could be this load of seed that impregnated her ovum. Just the thought of it was ecstasy. It had happened for her younger sister and Carry, so it would soon happen for her.

Gwen was next to Gloria, and both of them were opposite of where Angela knelt as her friend was royally screwed by Jackson, and yet she knew that she was in the same boat. King was slamming her harder than he had ever done in a long time. This was making bestial love at its highest point. This was not the norm, and she loved the norm, but she loved this also. She could easily sense that her four-footed lover knew that something was different, and he was going to put a puppy in her womb whether mother nature intended it to be so or not.

King did know that something was different; despite the fact that this was his usual mate. For years, he had tried to get a litter out of this female, but had not succeeded despite her normal encouragement. Now, however, something was different. He could smell her receptiveness, and very soon he knew that she would be carrying his progeny in her belly.

For Gloria, it was the same as the others. For years, they had shared their lovemaking sessions, and through it all the boys had mellowed to a point that was very comfortable and fulfilling. Lengthy bouts of thrusting, and then the tie; with their uterus being inundated with sperm that would possibly find an egg to swarm, but never be able to go any further than that in the end.

Now, however, her Rottweiler Marcus was fucking her like a steam engine barreling down a steep incline. He was not only plunging his knot in and out of her at a furious pace, but the tip of his cock buffeted the end of her tunnel in a way that created a sweet ache within her. She definitely knew that she was being screwed, and it was fantastic; beyond the fact that it nearly left her breathless.

His knot was also engorged enough to catch her clit and stimulate her G-spot on each and every advance and retraction; yet not quite lodge within her pussy lips, but it would soon; she was sure of that. There was no letup to the intense stimuli that she was receiving, and when her orgasm did slam her, and the knot finally stuck, the orgasm did not diminish as usual.

The heady waves of pleasure continued to build within Gloria like a pleasant tsunami. It destroyed nothing, but as Marcus’ sperm flooded her system she could only think of one thing; very soon she would be carrying his puppy within her own body. She would soon be able to fulfill a dream of hers; one where she and her lover watched as a baby that looked much like its father was birthed from between her own legs.

As Jackson began to ejaculate spurt a; she encouraged him. “Come on, Darling, I want your puppy

growing in my womb. I want to carry it and have others see me, and know that I going to have another baby, but this one will be extra special because it will by yours.”

For Gwen, it was the same way, and she nearly cried as she thought how close she was to attaining a long-desired dream. She and King had been together the longest, and the thought that he would somehow be able to impregnate her was a favorite fantasy. Now, however, it was finally coming true thanks to Marcy in particular. She remembered hearing Angela’s sister begging for impregnation ever since Ranger was introduced into the girl’s life, and now they were all on the cusp of attaining such a heady thing.

“Come on King, its time to make our dreams a reality,” she murmured as she was barely able to speak as he orgasm continued and she thrust herself onto his hot shaft. She felt it nudge her core so sweetly and relished the how deep he was within her. She felt his essence erupting from his cock as usual, and at long last it would not necessarily be a futile gesture. She would ovulate very soon, and one of his sperm would catch the once illusive ovum, and do what nature had once forbid it to do.

Two women in the room were pregnant, and three were going to become pregnant. Jackson, King and Marcus were going to see to that. They could smell their fertile mates, and if this batch of sperm didn’t do the trick, then the next one they infused their mates with a few hours hence would. They were on a mission now, and they knew that they would soon see results.

The large living room where all the girls knelt beneath their respective lovers was finally beginning to quiet except for the sweet murmurs of how each young lady loved their four-footed lovers, and wanted to finally carry their lover’s progeny to term within their wombs. It was no longer a fantasy or dream, but reality. Due to Marcy’s unending quest to overcome the dilemma of cross breeding. She may not have engineered it all herself, but without her continued attempt to accomplish the feat, she would never have heard of Isla Bracham for many years to come.

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Chapter Thirtythree

For Gloria, the event she desired the most happened during the night. She ovulated as she slept and never felt it, but the sperm that she had received four hours earlier was there to greet the ovum.

Several thousand of the small squiggly seeds swarmed the egg, and one of them finally broke through thanks to the introduction of the incremental serum into her system. Within thirty hours it would already begin dividing, and three days later it would reach her uterus; with possibly thirty individual cells to begin the process of turning into a puppy.

As it was, however, when Gloria awoke a bit early that she found Marcus, her Rottweiler ready to mate with her again. She didn’t smell pregnant just yet, and he was going to make sure that she was. She barely managed to go to the bathroom before he literally mugged her on the way back to her bedroom. She was in the hallway when she submitted herself to him; in lieu of getting scratched as he became incessant as to his desires.

Gloria’s only apparel at the moment was a long t-shirt that she usually slept in, so it was easy for him to nose it out of the way and claim her. There were very few licks; barely enough to get her moist, but this was where her desires kicked in also. Her pussy was quickly becoming wet. It excited her to know that Marcus could not wait to get at her again, and since she had no idea that her ovum had already been impregnated she was definitely ready to receive his sperm once more.

Gloria was three feet from entering her bedroom when Marcus mounted her. There was one quick

poke that missed spearing her pussy, but even so, her lover's precum was lubing the way for the next strike. Within seconds he was in her, and his cock nearly bottomed out within her. His hefty shaft was quickly reversed, and then advanced again; succeeding the second time to nudge the bottom of the tube and cause her to grunt as it did so.

"Oh, Darling, fuck me, fuck me good," she managed to murmur as Marcus claimed her, and at the moment it didn't matter to her that she would need to rush a bit after the mating was over. She had to go to work that day, and she smiled as she thought about the fact that she would be full of her lover's seed as she did so. She would merely cork it up within her with a tampon, and smile knowingly that perhaps she would become pregnant as she went about her day; while unaware that she already was knocked up and simply didn't know it just yet.

As it was, Gloria pleaded for Marcus to fill her with his seed so that she could attain her deepest desire. Ever since she had heard Marcy continually urging Ranger to impregnate her the idea of it blossomed within her also. She had no children; much to her mother's dismay, but she did not like guys. Her sister had the babies; far more than her sibling and brother-in-law could really afford, so she didn't feel too obligated to add to it.

She was content to love Gwen and Marcus, and though her parents knew about the kennel owner, and her relationship with the woman; they did not know about her four-footed lover, and she now looked forward to the day she could go to a family gathering with a puppy in her belly; while they knew nothing about her condition.

Gloria could barely murmur her thoughts as Marcus rammed the bottom of her pussy pit like a battering ram, and yet it felt good to her as she was reduced to grabbing a breath of air in gulping pants. She had no idea how long he thrust into her, but she managed two separate orgasms that never totally waned because of his thrusting and the fact that his gradually growing knot was stimulating the hell out of her clit and G-spot.

Gloria's third orgasm was basically a continuation of the second one, and when it hit she nearly fainted. "Fill me, Marcus," she barely managed. "Put a putty in my belly," she concluded as they were both consumed with what they felt. He was bound and determined to impregnate her, and she was determined to accept his seed and put it to work within her. She slumped forward and received his sperm, and he followed her down. He was knotted to her, and he had no plans of releasing her until he had flooded her reproductive system with everything that his balls held at that given moment in time.

It took twenty minutes before Marcus was ready to ease his knot from his mate, and she merely lay there. It wasn't until he sniffed at her pussy and gave it a few quick licks that she began to respond once more. She had been nearly fucked onto oblivion, and she loved it, it was what she wanted and basically desired; next to being impregnated that is.

It took her several minutes to finally get up off the floor. She hurried into the bathroom then. She wiped herself a bit before inserting a tampon, and then got dressed. If she was lucky she would still make it to work on time, but she wasn't worried about it, she was rarely late.

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## **Chapter Thirtyfour**

For Gwen, her day started early also, but she had not ovulated overnight. She too, got a special start to her morning. She had gotten them before, but definitely not this vigorous. She, however, did make it back into her bedroom, and though she did not receive her customary licking either she didn't

necessarily mind as she was somewhat wet; while King's cock did manage to pave its way a bit with precum before she was skewered deeply by his cock, and it took her breath away.

Unfortunately, what followed kept her breathing shallow as King screwed her with determination, and she was very sure as to why she was receiving his full attention. It had happened the night before also, and as all the girls sat around and discussed what had just happened to her, Gloria, and Angela, they could only come up with one reason. They now smelled like bitches that were in heat, and for her four-footed lover, and the other dogs, it had been a long time coming; while Marcy, and Carry were already pregnant, and Ranger and Casper had already reverted to the slower and more usual mountings because of it.

Gloria felt as though she was now attached to a high-speed piston that simply wouldn't quit, but at least it was a hot one, and it bottomed out within her pussy tube perfectly; while stimulating her clit and G-spot with each thrust and retraction at an unbelievable pace. She orgasmed twice as he screwed her royally, and half way through the second quake he set his knot, and then began pouring his hot sperm into her; trying to impregnate her on top of it all.

The mere thought that she could be getting pregnant added to everything that she felt as his hot essence flooded her pit. His knot was set, and she was sure that at least half of what he was spewing into her would find its way through the neck of her uterus and begin swimming toward her fallopian tubes in search of her egg.

Gloria lay forward, with her breasts touching the carpeted floor as she was finally able to catch her breath. She had been mated with King for over eight minutes of intense thrusting. She could see her clock on her bedside table and knew exactly how long he had been screwing her royally. Even now she could feel his cock pulsating within her as he continued to unload as much sperm into her as usual; while also realizing that she was going to need some soothing lotion on her nipples. They had become tender from the friction they received as they were scrubbed back and forth against the knap of the carpet.

Gloria had managed to keep from being pushed from one end of the room to the other as King was thrusting into her so vigorously, but it did not keep her nipples from receiving an abundant amount of stimulation as she knelt in a very receptive pose. Her ass had been up, but she hadn't been able to remain on her hand, or even her elbows; which left her magnificent tits to scrub across the carpet repeatedly. It felt good when it was happening, but now they were a bit tender.

Gloria remained kneeling for another fifteen minutes after King's knot was set firmly within her. She nearly purred in satisfaction of the lovemaking that she had just received, and she looked forward to more of it until she finally lost her heated bitch scent and truly became pregnant.

After King's knot finally diminished to a point where he could easily extract it from his mate's pussy, he quickly returned and licked the area thoroughly; causing Gloria to tingle as he cleaned her up, and as soon as he backed away from her a second time she immediately went into her bathroom and endeavored to cork the rest of his sperm within her. It was true that the tampon would soak up some of his essence, but it was better than letting it all run out of her and not attempt to keep at least some of it dammed up within her.

She took a quick shower after that and then went about her usual day. Getting a bit to eat, and then seeing to all the other dogs that were staying at her kennel for one reason or another, yet all the while she knew that King's seed was in her reproductive system and looking for an egg to fertilize. She hoped that very soon she would feel the familiar twinge of ovulation, and then she too would be able to bare a puppy from her womb after about eight weeks of conception. She could hardly wait to

pregnant, and eventually birth King's offspring.

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Chapter Thirtyfive

For Angela, her morning was the hardest, and she ended up putting Jackson into the back yard until nearly noon; when her parents came to pick up Brian and Amanda. She knew that she was going to have the hardest time of all of the women. Especially until she was pregnant, and she didn't smell like a bitch in heat. She had already successfully fended off her children's questions as to why the dog was acting strangely, and then she did so again when her mother asked as to why the animal was barking so much.

Angela hadn't really said too much to her children, but she did offer more to her mother. "I think that Jackson smells one of the neighbor bitches, and I'll be glad when the dog gets over her heat."

"Oh... I know what you mean, dear" offered her mother. "I remember when we had that little Yorkie. He would literally go bonkers every time one of the neighbor's females went into heat. It is why we eventually had him neutered, and I know that you think that Jackson will be a better guard dog if he remains intact, but it's something that you might want to think about."

"I'll give it some thought," Angela agreed, but she knew that it was a lie. She would never do such a thing to her lover. Her mother, father and the children finally left the house, and she breathed a sigh of relief. Brian and Amanda would be spending a whole week with her parents; a trip that had been in the planning to month, and was now here at the most fortuitous of moments, as they went to Disney World. By the time the rest of the family returned she would be pregnant, and she was sure that Jackson would be his normally behaved and controlable self once more.

She waited until she was sure that everyone was gone for at least thirty minutes, which in itself was a bit torturous, and then she called her mother on the pretense that she wanted to be sure that everything was running smoothly with the children as they went through the TSA checkpoint at the local airport. She got a glowing report as to her son and daughter's behavior, and then got a hasty good by as they had to pay more attention as to what they were doing as they went to where the plane would eventually be boarding within the next forty-five minutes.

It was with relief that Angela then went to the back door to allow her lover reentry into the house. She was just about to open the entryway when she felt a twinge in her lower stomach, and she immediately got goose bumps all over because she knew what it meant. Within moments she had the door open and Jackson greeted her eagerly. It was all she could do to keep him from mounting her right there; just inside the portal.

Very quickly, Angela ran for her bedroom, not even managing to shut the back door properly, but at least the screen had closed. She didn't quite make it to her more private quarters. Jackson caught her in the living room, and as soon as he had her on her knees he tried to mount her. She couldn't shake him off and his cock was battering her mound and soaking her panties, so she relinquished her will and allowed him to take her. Her short skirt was already gathered upward onto her ass so all she need to do was lower her bikini underwear; just enough to give her lover a clear shot at her pussy.

Angela hastily lowered her bikini panties one side at a time as she endeavored to keep her balance on her knees and one hand. She no sooner lowered the thin material out of the way when Jackson claimed her. In less than a second his cock was deep within her and nudging the bottom of her pussy. Her breath was nearly knocked out of her completely as her four-footed lover nearly raped

her.

Jackson finally had what he'd been smelling all morning, and he was going to take advantage of it. With utter determination, he plunged into his chosen mate at a blistering pace. If it wasn't for the copious amount of precum that he was giving off, both he and Angela would have had very raw sexual organs when their matting was over, but thanks to nature it did not happen. Instead, he was able to thrust his cock into his ready bitch at a rate that was utterly astonishing.

Angela merely hung on for the ride once she had lowered her panties, and allowed Jackson freedom to fuck her into oblivion. She was only able to hold out on her hands and knees for sixty seconds before she collapsed to her elbows, and that position only lasted for double that amount before she was reduced to putting her face down onto the backs of her hands. If there was anything that she missed it was the feel on her lover's fur against her bare back as he vigorously bred her.

Jackson was now able to pound her even harder, and his cock was thrust into her and retrieved at a pace that continued to leave her breathless. She couldn't even utter anything sensible as his burgeoning knot stroked her clitoris and g-spot only milliseconds apart for over eight minutes. She orgasmed twice without any respite in-between as she had become accustomed to, and as the second climax began squeezing her lover's shaft again, he finally set his knot the last time and began blasting her honey-pit with hot sperm.

"Oh, yes," Angela finally managed to murmur as Jackson slowed his thrusting to something more civilized. Now she was able to breathe again, and able to coherently say what had been so garbled minutes earlier she expressed her feelings once more." Pour your seed into me, Darling, because now I can use it, and very soon you are going to be a daddy. I have an egg just waiting for your sperm to fertilize it, and within a few more days it will implant itself into my uterus, and then I'll be really pregnant once more."

Even as Jackson continued spewing his seed into her, Angela gently rocked back onto his hot shaft in an effort to milk his cock dry. It was as she proclaimed how much she loved him and wanted to carry his puppy in her womb that she suddenly realized that she wasn't alone, and she nearly fainted because she had not heard anyone enter the house. With a bit of trepidation, she managed to look behind her, but then sighed in relief when she saw who it was.

"Sorry to scare you, Sis," offered Marcy as she and Carry entered the living room and noted Angela's startled expression. "It looks as though Jackson couldn't wait to get you again; considering the fact that you aren't in your bedroom," she continued as she noted that the two lovers were coupled.

"Oh... you wouldn't believe my day so far, sweetheart," Angela murmured. "I had to banish Jackson to the back yard the first thing this morning. I told him he had to go potty, and then I left him there, so he barked mournfully every so often; he just wouldn't keep his nose out of my crotch. Then when everyone heard him, I had to evade a few questions from not only my kids about the barking, but mom also. She even went so far as to suggest that I get him neutered, as she and dad picked up Brian and Amanda for their one week getaway to Disney World, and I swear that this particular outing could not have happened at a more opportune moment, unless it had begun two days ago," she added with a chuckle.

"Wow, Jackson was really persistent, huh?" asked Carry.

"Yeah, and for a very good reason." Offered Angela as she knelt there in front of Marcy and Carry without being embarrassed about the fact that Jackson was still imbedded deep within her vaginal vault, and just now beginning to shrink after a very hot sexual session. "Not only do I smell like a

receptive bitch, I really am one. I ovulated only about twenty minutes ago, and I tried to run to the bedroom after I let him in, but he got me down. I took pity on him and just lowered my panties and let him have me. It was only a moment later that he began screwing my brains out, and he kept me breathless for nearly ten minutes. It was almost as though he not only sensed that I was ready to be fucked, but that there was also a fresh egg that needed to be inundated with more of his sperm."

"Wow, congratulations, Sis, your egg has probably been fertilized by now, and within seven to twelve days you should get a positive reading on any pregnancy test that you wish to use."

It was immediately after Jackson dismounted from Angela, and gave her a few cleanup licks, that she cupped her pussy mound and quickly ran to the bathroom. She then quickly inserted a tampon into her vagina. She hurriedly got dressed after that and then returned to where Marcy, Carry and the three dogs waited for her in her kitchen. She got them all something to drink, and then they chatted. Most of it concerned their up-coming pregnancies, and how they were going to handle it all.

After a bit, the young ladies hopped into their vehicles and headed out to Gwen's place. When they got there, they found that the door was locked, but both Angela and Marcy had keys and used them. They had noticed that their friend's car was there so they assumed that she was somewhere within the kennel, and taking care of the dogs.

Marcy was the first to enter the area, and she chuckled softly as they quietly came within view of the sexy spectacle. They were soon privy to how some of Gwen's day was going as they saw King thrusting into their friend as though it was a life or death situation that he cum within his mate in the next few minutes. It was then that he set his knot and the kennel owner yelped; just before orgasming once more as she felt herself being filled with more hot sperm.

As Gwen looked up and saw who had entered, both Marcy and Carry saw the same look here as they had seen at Angela's place, and it was followed by a relieved sigh at seeing friends, and not some stranger; though she was certain that her door had been locked, and she hadn't really expected them until a bit later.

"Oh... it looks like King is on a mission," teased Angela, while knowing exactly how it felt to be screwed so vigorously.

"Tell me about it," the kennel owner murmured softly. "King has fucked me twice before this, and he is just now pouring another few ounces of his sperm into my uterus. Wait until he detaches himself from me, and then look at my normally flat belly. I already look as though I'm three months pregnant."

"Have you ovulated yet?" asked Marcy.

"I wish," Gwen continued to murmur weakly as her tenth orgasm or the day began to ebb away as King continued to fill her with his sperm. "I'll be glad when it gets here and one of his little swimmers penetrates the egg."

"Well, we must say that you look very sexy there as he's endeavoring to impregnate you, Gwen," offered Carry.

"Yeah, at least there is that," Gwen managed to chuckle, and she didn't feel too embarrassed at being found where she was beneath her lover. The three other ladies before her had seen her hundreds of times as they were mated, and she had seen them also. They were more like sisters anymore instead of only friends.

It wasn't too much longer before King relinquished his hold on Gwen, but even with all that she had been through she still wanted more. He did lick her a few times, but then he began cleaning himself up as she went to the bathroom and plugged her vagina with a tampon. She was in the process of inserting it when she felt a familiar twinge in her lower stomach and it caught her by surprise. She yelped once more, and it was only moments later that the other girls were there to find out what had happened.

"Are you okay?" asked Angela as she peeped around the corner of the open bathroom door.

"Oh, yeah... I'm very okay," offered Gwen as she lowered her leg from the seat of the toilet where she had placed it in order to give her better access to her vaginal opening. "I just ovulated, and the egg is going to find plenty of King's seed to swim with for the next few hours," she murmured as she then stood erect and showed Angela and the others her somewhat distended lower belly.

"Whoa... you do look pregnant already," chuckled Carry. "I remember Marcy and I looking the same way several times in the distant past when the boys mounted repeatedly, and now I looking forward to looking like it for real."

"It will take a bit, but we'll all be there together soon," agreed Gwen as she caressed her stomach. This will eventually drain away, but later it will be for real."

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## **Chapter Thirtysix**

True to Gwen's words, her stomach flattened once more, but it took at least an hour. It was as she and the other three girls chatted as to how they were going to handle all that was about to happen that she got a text from Gloria. She read it and then showed it to the others. 'I'll be glad when the big O happens,' while unaware that it already had. 'M nailed me this morning before I could get dressed, so I corked it up and came to work fully loaded. LOL.'

Everyone chuckled at that and then Gwen took the next few minutes to inform Gloria about her day before getting back with the others and continuing their discussion. "I don't think that we need anyone to be privy to what we are doing here unless we find more women serious about wanting to be impregnated by their four-footed lovers," offered the kennel owner.

"Agreed," returned Marcy. I'm sure that between Gwen and I, that we can handle everything on our own; especially with the Veterinary Science and Animal Husbandry classes that I have been taking at the university and will complete. I do hope to get an ultrasound unit though, and then we will be able to really see what is happening within our wombs."

"I saw one machine that cost twelve thousand dollars, and it was really a nice looking unit," offered Gwen. "Its output wasn't just various shades of gray either, there was color contrast to some if it."

"That sounds like something that is doable," offered Marcy.

"It's got my vote," added Carry. My father's business has nearly gone through the roof, and you should see the money he allots me each month with no strings attached. I can't even spend it all, but then I don't really want to either. I think he's feeling a bit guilty for marrying Sarah, and then getting both her, and her closest friend pregnant; which in turn, gave me a half-brother and half-sister.

"But I thought that he was going to marry Misty," opined Angela.

“So did he, but there was some kind of weird complications within the Misty’s family. She found out that she would lose some kind of inheritance from her father if she married anyone before the cretin died, and it is a huge some of money, so he married Sarah, and then they simply live together; while the girls share both him and Duke.”

“That is weird,” returned Marcy.

“I agree, but it’s what happened, none the less, and so far, they are managing to make it work.”

It was ten days later that Angela, Gwen and Gloria finally took a pregnancy test; though the latter thought that it was still premature for her to do so. She hadn’t felt her ovulation, so she still assumed that it hadn’t happened. However, when her test returned positive she was utterly surprised and as elated as the others were.

“I don’t understand,” murmured Gloria as she peered at her test strip for the umpteenth time. “As far as I know I didn’t ovulate. I have always felt it; especially now that I’m involved with Marcus and it seems to make him a more attentive lover; fucking me two or three times a day instead of only once or twice.”

Maybe it happened at night, and you simply didn’t feel it as you slept,” offered Marcy as she hit what had happened on her first guess.

“It’s what had to have happened,” agreed Gloria, and I probably should have assumed that something had occurred because Marcus quit being so demanding several days ago. He began screwing me normally again, instead of nearly raping me. Though that isn’t bad either as long as it’s him,” she added with a chuckle

With the mystery seemingly solved the days progressed, and before too long the girls were anticipating the arrival of the ultrasound device. It was nearly four weeks into the pregnancy for all of the young ladies, and if they were naked, there was a visible baby bump if you knew what they looked like, and how flat their stomachs were before the pregnancy started, but it was easy to hide with a simple loosely fitting t-shirt.

Marcy was the first one to be checked out, and it was easy to see that the expected baby was definitely K9 in nature. “It’s a puppy,” confirmed Gwen as she carefully maneuvered the transducer probe over the girl’s lower belly until she got the best picture possible. Unfortunately, they couldn’t quite tell if it was male or female just yet. She labeled the picture with an M, and then printed it out.

Carry was next, and her image was nearly the same, but there were subtle differences; you simply had to look very close. Marcy’s puppy would be a Shepherd, and Carry’s would be a Doberman.

“You’re looking really good, ladies,” Gwen confirmed, and then it became Angela, Gwen and Gloria’s turn as Marcy took the transducer probe and ran it over the last three ladies one after another.

In the end, they each had a picture of their expected progeny, and each photo was labeled with the first initial of the young ladies’ name and the date. That way they would have a record of it, but it would also be very cryptic. All the records that dealt with this particular event would have to be guarded very carefully.

For the most part Gwen’s kennel would remain just that; a kennel where animals were boarded, and also trained to do certain things. There was the animalistic side of it; which could, in the future, be where they got some of their clients for the new breeding project, but there was also a regular obedience school, and even something that was police oriented on occasion as they trained the K9

units.

No one would ever suspect that her facility would eventually spearhead within the U.S. human and animal relations in a way that allowed women the ability to become pregnant by their four-footed lovers, and eventually birth a puppy from their womb.

At nearly sixty days from the time that Marcy and Carry became pregnant, they still didn't look as though they were really expectant, and nothing more than a woman who was one month along with a human baby. It was easy to hide the fact that they were about to have their lover's puppy by merely wearing a loose blouse if they wanted to dress up a bit.

When Marcy visited her mother and father they had no idea that a puppy, or any kind of baby was growing within her womb, and she enjoyed it. It was the same for Carry also, when she went to see her father and his wives they didn't notice anything either. It was while she was there however that she did broach the subject about Carl getting a vasectomy so that there would be no other children.

"You don't have to worry about that any more, Carry," he offered softly. "Sarah and Misty only wanted one baby, and now that we have both a boy and a girl, they are very happy with the way things have turned out.

"Do they still fuck both you and Duke?" Carry asked.

"Oh, yeah, and it never fails to get me hard enough to screw the both of them within a minute of each other." He chuckled. "Honestly, I think watching some girl getting railed by a dog is so hot that it would cure ED in most men," he concluded, just before the topic changed a bit as Sarah and Misty drew near and sat down.

"Carry, I just want you to know how relieved we are that you are not angry about me, Misty and your father. We really do love him."

"I can see that you do, Sarah, and it is why I am not upset. I know that you were not merely after him for his money, or the fact that he owns a studly dog," Carry added with a chuckle, and the rest of the night went well for all of them, but she did not stick around when Duke was allowed into the house; she wanted to get home to her own lover.

It was only two days later that both Marcy and Carry went into labor, and they all felt fortunate that the five of them were present when it happened. Both girls had made love to their respective mates the previous night, and now... ten hours later their water broke.

It really didn't take much for them to birth their pups; they didn't even use any kind of stirrups. They merely spread their legs and about fifteen minutes after the minor contractions began their babies were born. There was a minor bit of clean up need, but when it was over, the girls were able to actually breastfeed the only kind of children they would ever have, and it was as they desired it.

The birth of the puppies for Angela, Gwen and Gloria was very similar; though only Marcy's sister had anything to really relate it to after giving birth to two normal children. This event was far easier than she could have ever imagined, but then giving birth to something that weighed anywhere from fourteen to twenty-eight ounces was far easier than something that hit the scales at six to ten pounds, and was definitely far larger than a puppy when it pushed through the cervical opening.

For Marcy, her Dilemma was finally solved, and very slowly Gwen's kennel secretly became a place for like minded ladies to fulfill their animalistic desires; while also trying to expand even further.

**The End**