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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Isabella - At the Races

Isabella cheered along with the crowd as the horses crossed the finish line. Felicity had invited her to watch her and Trooper race. While Trooper had not won, the thrill of the competition had Isabella all charged up. She clapped and cheered as the winning jockey and his horse posed for pictures. Felicity and Trooper drew a crowd for coming in second, and for her family's reputation of raising champion race horses. The winner of today's race, Dawnbringer, was one of theirs; sold to an oil baron from Saudi Arabia so his son could play at being manager.

"Isabella!" Felicity waved to her to come up and be in the photo. Isabella went up and stood beside Trooper and smiled for the cameras. She hoped her attire wouldn't betray her status. Unlike the other ladies in their Givenchy and Chanel dresses, she had made hers herself. She wore her black halterneck dress with a red beret and birdcage veil. For some added classiness she pinned a red cloth rose to the midriff section.

"Michael!" A booming voice was heard over the din of the reporters. A Saudi Arabian man in his forties or fifties stepped up and shook the winning jockey's hand. "I'm glad to see my family's money has a not gone to waste."

"Sayed Basara." Felicity whispered in Isabella's ear. "Heir to the Basara conglomerate of petroleum products."

"Thank you sir." The jockey replied. "And it's Marco."

"Come, let's celebrate." Sayed clapped a hand on the jockey's shoulders and led him away without any indication he heard the correction.

"I have to clean my tack first." Marco protested, gesturing to his horse.

"Your tack will still be here after." Sayed said, not taking no for an answer. "And I have people for cleaning. It is not something my championship rider should worry about."

Sayed waved at some workers, who immediately went and led the horse away. Felicity's people led Trooper away so she could be free to keep up appearances in the clubhouse. Isabella slipped away while the crowd followed the winner and the runner-up. Going around to the stables she watched the horse crews remove their saddles and give the horses a cursory wash down before leaving for the clubhouse.

"Is free food and expensive booze enough to get you away from your duties?" Isabella thought as she watched them leave.

Isabella approached the stables that held Trooper and Dawnbringer. "Hello there." Isabella stroked Dawnbringer's muzzle. "You're the real winner here, aren't you? Not that jockey Marco or that puffed up buffoon Basara."

Isabella quickly looked around before entering Dawnbringer's stall. "You are simply magnificent." She said while stroking his flank and body. She stroked once against his sheath and felt his hard shaft inside it. Thinking about his hard cock got her heart racing. She stroked her hand back up his body and hugged him around the neck. She nuzzled her face into his fur. It was still slightly damp from his wash but she could feel the warmth of his body. He smelled faintly of sweat and musk.

She ran her fingers through his mane and kissed his cheek. The horse turned slightly in her direction. Isabella took the opportunity and kissed the horse on the lips. Somehow he knew what she wanted and licked her lips with his big tongue.

Isabella couldn't help herself any longer. "Has he told you about me?" she asked Dawnbringer and glanced at Trooper in the neighboring stall. He was already erect from looking at Isabella's naked body. She slipped her dress off and hung it on the stall door. Her panties came off next, which she placed carefully on the water trough.

She ran a hand down his side and down his flank. She could feel the large, hard muscles that made him a champion runner. She felt his sheathe again. She could already feel the girth of his cock through the thin membrane. She got underneath Dawnbringer and rubbed his sheathe gently, getting more and more excited as she watched his cock grow.

"Magnificent indeed." She said, eyeing his endowment. It came out semi-hard, curving toward the floor. Isabella lightly licked the horse's large, veiny member. She started at the tip, where she could smell his muskiness the most, and went all the way up to where it joined his balls. Then she went back to the tip and licked around his hole while she gently jacked the horse off. Isabella felt the horse getting harder in her hands. His cock head started swelling and flaring out, and his precum was flooding her mouth. She wanted so badly to suck him off and be drenched in his cum, but she had other urges to satisfy.

She closed the lower portion of the stall gate, bent over, and braced her hands against it. The horse reared up and hooked his fore legs on the door, his weight shaking the entire thing.

"Oh!" Isabella gasped when his legs slammed down on either side of her head. Despite her experience, a small part of her still found the power of a horse frightening.

Dawnbringer shuffled up to line his dick up with his mare. Isabella felt him poke around the top of her ass crack and slide over her back. She reached back, gently grasped his cock and guided him to her pussy. Once he felt the warm wetness of her quim he thrust forward spearing the girl with his cock and lifting Isabella up on her toes.

Isabella grabbed the door as Dawnbringer pulled out slowly. She braced herself while he adjusted himself one last time. The horse thrust hard into her again, pushing against the door despite her preparations. Dawnbringer fucked her like a horny teenager - hard, fast and relentless.

Underneath him Isabella moaned with pleasure. She felt the tingling of an orgasm already. It quickly built and flashed through her entire body. She arched her back and her body spasmed, shaking the door along with the horse. She panted as the orgasm left her and her legs quivered in the afterglow. Isabella caressed herself just under her belly button and felt the bulge Dawnbringer's cock made in her every time he thrust in.

Isabella felt another orgasm building already. She braced both hands against the door, ready for when her body took on a mind of its own. Dawnbringer continued fucking her hard and fast shaking the stall door with the force of his lovemaking. She heard him whinny loudly above her and felt his dick pulse inside her. His first spurt filled her up and pushed her into her second orgasm. While she was cumming he kept pumping his juice into her. His jism sprayed back out of her stuffed pussy and splattered onto the floor.

Once he was done he pulled out, and Isabella dropped to her knees; weak from her orgasms. Once she was rested she got up and was about to unlatch the stall door when she heard voices outside the stables. She quickly hid in the corner, hoping they would just continue walking past.

“Good race, Felicity.” Marco said.

“Thank you, but the prize was won by the better rider.” She replied.

“Perhaps, but I think it was the better horse that won; no offense to Trooper.”

“None taken.”

“Mr.Basara takes better care of that horse than me.” Marco sighed nodding at the horse.

“I’m sure Mr.Basara understands the importance of a good rider as well as a good horse.”

Marco shook his head. “At the UAE Derby he deemed the stables insufficient for his horse and brought in a luxury trailer for him. But since he had already paid the stable fee he canceled my hotel reservation and ordered me to sleep in the stables instead.”

Marco gestured at Dawnbringer as they walked into the stables and let out a huff of air. “Is it weird to be jealous of a horse?”

“Just a little bit in this case.” Felicity smiled.

Marco sighed again. “Riders are supposed to have a bond with their horses. Mr.Basara won’t even let me clean him myself.” He furrowed his brow and examined something on the floor in front of Dawnbringer’s stall.

“What’s this?” he said, picking Isabella’s dress up from the floor. “Is someone here?” he said aloud.

Recognizing the dress, Felicity took it from Marco’s hand. “It’s mine.” She said. “I was going to change here after washing Trooper. It must have fallen down.”

“Oh.” Marco shrugged. “Alright then. See you at the next race.” He waved goodbye and walked out of the stables.

Felicity closed the doors after him and went to Dawnbringer’s stall. Sure enough she found Isabella crouching in the corner beside the door wearing only a sheepish smile.

“I can’t believe you would do that here.” Felicity said. “People know you’re my guest! I invited you up for the photo!”

“I’m sorry.” Isabella apologized as she got up. “You know I can’t help myself sometimes.”

“Well, you certainly got Trooper all riled up; among others.” Felicity replied, mockingly scolding her.

Isabella looked around at the other horses, whose cocks were at different levels of erection and just shrugged.

“Don’t think you’re going to get off that easily. Move those hay bales under Trooper.” Felicity ordered.

Isabella complied. By the end of her task she was sweating from the exertion.

“Now bend over on it.” Felicity commanded while taking her clothes off. “And put his cock inside you.”

Isabella did as she was told. Trooper started fucking her already. Felicity laid down on the bale in front of Isabella and guided her head between her legs. Felicity moaned as Isabella ate her out.

"This is just a start." Felicity panted. "I'll decide when your punishment is over."

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### **Isabella and the Nymphs of Dionysus**

Isabella swallowed and got up off her knees. She rubbed her aching jaw and walked on wobbly legs into the next stall. Felicity's punishment had her going from stall to stall and relieving all the horses she had riled up. At first it sounded like a fun way to finish the evening, but after twenty horses, she was learning the meaning of "Too much of a good thing." There were still two more horses after this one.

Isabella bent over and braced herself against the stall door. The horse, a reddish-brown one, mounted the door and the girl in one motion. Isabella let out a grunt as she felt the horse's cock spear her up the ass. She had been so thoroughly plowed by the rest of the horses that she didn't feel any pain at all. The horse fucked her puckered hole just like all the others - hard, fast, and relentless. It didn't take long for him to cum, even with an asshole as stretched as hers was now. Isabella collapsed onto her knees. The horse's first spurt leaked out of her onto the floor while he emptied his balls all over her hair and back.

Once Isabella felt the horse had finished she got up and obediently went to the next stall. She braced herself again and let the white horse mount her. Mercifully, or luckily, the horse slid into her pussy. Isabella moaned weakly while the horse pounded her. Even after so many horse cocks she still found some pleasure in being taken by such a powerful animal. This horse came quickly as well, giving Isabella another coating of white on her back.

Isabella went into the last stall. She was barely able to stand and had to support herself using the walls and door. She dropped to her knees under the black horse and began licking his hard shaft. Drop of precum oozed out of the horse's dick hole and onto her forehead. Isabella opened her aching jaws wide and swallowed the horse's flared cock head. She moved her head back and forth while she stroked the stallion's thick black member.

The stallion couldn't last long under Isabella's skilled ministrations. He bucked once, sending a couple inches of his shaft down her throat, and then nearly drowned her when he shot his seed down into her gullet. Isabella pulled her mouth off his cock, coughing and sputtering while the horse plastered her face with this thick white cum.

Once he was done Isabella stood a, turned, and faced Felicity, who had been following her from stall to stall to make sure she served her full sentence. "You enjoyed that?" Felicity asked. Isabella knew it was not a question. She nodded in response. "Good." Felicity replied. "I'll treat you to more of such pleasures if you stray out of line again."

Felicity turned to leave and then stopped. "Don't clean up. Meet me at the car and we'll go home." She ordered and walked briskly out of the stables.

Isabella collapsed onto her knees. She winced when they hit the concrete floor and shifted into a sitting position. She rubbed the bruises and abrasions on her knees. They were nothing compared to her mouth, pussy, and ass, however. She felt like she could unhinge her jaw at will now and her holes felt like they were on fire. Despite the pain Isabella willed herself to get up. She used the stall doors to support herself and walked to the front door, passing every horse she fucked along the way.

Felicity had made her alternate the hole she pleased the horses with. Nearly seven horses each had fucked her in each of her holes.

She reached Dawnbringer's stall only to find Felicity had taken her dress and panties. Her heels were still there. At least she wouldn't be barefoot. Isabella slid on the heels and slipped out of the building. Night had fallen long ago and she could more or less walk around freely. She still had to avoid the lampposts and keep an ear out for security guards. Isabella walked toward the parking lot with small, careful steps and was extra careful not to go lose to any light sources.

She eventually made it to the parking lot. Felicity's Mercedes was the only car there. As she walked closer, the passenger side door opened. The interior car light revealed Felicity's face. She didn't look angry anymore but she didn't look like she was in a forgiving mood either. Isabella saw Felicity had put a towel down for her in the passenger seat. She held the door and eased herself onto the seat. They drove back to Felicity's mansion in silence. Felicity didn't even turn on the radio to make it less awkward.

Felicity pulled up the driveway of her guest house. Isabella started to get out on her own and was surprised when Felicity got out and went around to help her. Felicity helped Isabella into the house and into a bath, not caring she was getting congealed horse semen on her clothes.

Isabella soaked her aching body. She sighed as she felt the heat soothe her taxed muscles. She let her body go limp and slipped under the surface of the water. She felt like a drop of honey floating in a cup of tea, surrounded by warmth. She stayed underwater for as long as she could.

Breaking the surface, she inhaled deeply and sunk back down into the water up to her eyes. White islands of boiled horse cum dotted the surface of the water. All those potential thoroughbreds now floated in her bath or in her belly.

Isabella felt the temperature of the water cool and started the actual bathing part of taking a bath. She scrubbed herself with expensive body washes and deep cleaned her hair with French shampoos. She towel dried her hair and stepped out of Felicity's bathroom wearing a cashmere robe. She walked past the living room on her way to the kitchen and was caught off guard by an older man sitting with Felicity and drinking a glass of amber colored liquid.

"Isabella, this is Dr.Scapelli, my gyneacologist." Felicity introduced him. "He's going to examine you and make sure you're in ... good health."

Isabella shook Dr. Scapelli's hand while holding the cleavage of her robe closed.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Isabella. Call me Howard, if you like. Please step into the other room with me and we'll get started."

Isabella decided she would not like that, and followed Dr.Scapelli into the study. The large wooden desk had been cleared and covered with a towel.

"This examination is going to be a bit more informal than the ones you're used to." Dr.Scapelli said. "Please take off your robe and lay down on the table."

Isabella refrained from rolling her eyes. She sat on the desk and scooted back on the towel until she could lay down comfortably.

"Okay, now just put your feet up on the desk at the corners and have your soles flat on the surface." Dr. Scapelli commanded in the non-threatening way all doctors seemed to pick up.

Isabella did as he asked and had her thighs spread for the doctor. She thought about her thesis paper to keep herself from blushing. The doctor poked and prodded her vulva in silence. He slid a speculum into her, warmed, mercifully, and spread her lips open to examine her vagina. He took the speculum out and stood up.

"You can put on your clothes now." Dr.Scapelli said matter-of-factly.

Isabella hopped off the table and slipped on her robe while Dr.Scapelli rummaged around in his bag.

"Here." He said, handing her a pill bottle. "Antibiotics. You have abrasions all along your vaginal canal. You have a small tear on your labia minora. Less than one millimeter, nothing to worry about. Your labia majora is ... okay. I'm not a proctologist but I assume the same could be said about your anus, considering what you've been through." Dr.Scapelli said with a straight face. Isabella had to give him credit. She didn't think she could have managed the same even with doctor's training.

"Take one pill twice a day until finished, and absolutely no sexual activity for four months." He looked her in the eye when he said that to emphasize it as sternly as he could.

"I'll be back in two months to check how things are progressing." He said while packing up.

"Thank you." Isabella said politely and left the study.

Dr.Scapelli followed shortly after. "You ladies have a pleasant rest of the evening."

"Thank you for coming on such short notice." Felicity said while getting up to show the doctor out.

"Not at all." Dr.Scapelli replied politely.

Isabella expected the good doctor was paid more than a handsome amount to be on call for the Bowen- Darkleys.

When Felicity returned she headed straight for the kitchen and took out the food her chef had brought over while Isabella had her examination. The girls dined on fare fit for a king.

"I'm sorry I went too far." Felicity blurted out.

Isabella looked at her, momentarily surprised. "You have nothing to be sorry for. I was almost caught today because of my own horniness. If you hadn't taken my dress for your own I would have caused irreparable harm to your reputation. You saved both of us. "

"I still shouldn't have forced you to fuck twenty horses. You're lucky all you have are abrasions."

"I think I have to thank Trooper for that. " Isabella replied with a grin. "Getting fucked by a horse on the regs is good for my health in more ways than one."

Felicity smiled; relieved that her friend held not ill will from her ordeal.

"But since I can't have sex for a month," Isabella continued, "I think you owe me an orgy after the doctor gives me a clean bill of health."

"Deal." Felicity replied. "But no more public sexcapades."

Isabella just smiled impishly.

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### ***Four Months Later***

"Looking good."

Isabella resisted the urge to look between her legs at the doctor.

"The antibiotics did their job and the abrasions have healed up nicely. That tear on your labia minora is also healed. I recommend easing into any sexual activity at this point. After a month is when I would give the green light."

"Thank you, doctor." Isabella said.

"That's it, we're done." Dr.Scapelli said with a smile.

Isabella took her legs out of the stirrups and climbed off the examination table. Dr.Scapelli exited the room to give her privacy while she put her clothes back on.

Felicity got up when she entered the waiting room. "Clean bill of health." Isabella said.

"That's great!" Felicity said as they left the doctor's office. "So I guess plans are on for tonight?"

"No, sadly. The doctor recommended I ease myself back into the saddle. Another month at least."

"Okay." Felicity said, trying to keep the disappointment out of her voice. "What will I tell Banga and Barghest? They were looking forward to having some fun with you again."

"I guess you'll have to be their only playmate. Just for a little while."

"A month until you can ... give it a run again?" Felicity said, calculating the dates in her head. "That will be when the dogs start their training for the dog show."

Isabella tried not to let her frustration show. Training was two months and the dogs were on a strict regimen that included no sex . By that time she wouldn't have had sex with her favourite boys for seven months.

"I'll manage." Isabella said in a neutral tone.

"Maybe you and Trooper could get reacquainted?" Felicity suggested as they left the doctor's.

"I think it's still too early for that." Isabella said.

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### ***One month later***

The door chimed when Isabella stepped into the animal shelter. The receptionist recognized her immediately and gave her a friendly hello. Isabella returned the greeting and went to the back.

"Hello Isabella, how are you?" Dr.Jameson greeted her.

"I'm good." Isabella replied. "You?"

"Good as well. I'm glad you're here. We got a few new strays in last week. They're skittish and



nobody's been able to walk them. You're so good with dogs, I was wondering if you could take them out?"

"Of course, it's no problem."

Isabella cheerfully searched for the newest additions. She found them near the back, closest to the doctor's office. There was a Great Dane and a German Shepherd – common breeds for this area. The wiry build of the Great Dane often fooled new owners when they got them as puppies. When the dogs got unexpectedly large in their teen years the owners often got rid of them when the food bill got too high.

These two looked like they belonged to good families at one time. Their coats still looked healthy. They were probably on the streets for about two weeks. But that was enough to sow distrust of new humans. The dogs were at the very back of their cages and hunched down to look as small as possible. In any other situation it would be a funny sight.

Isabella opened the door and gently coaxed them out. "Hello. I'm Isabella. Do you want to go for a walk?" The dog's expressions brightened. A good sign that they weren't too far gone. They still remembered their obedience training. Isabella revealed the treats she had hidden behind her back. "Who wants a treat?"

That did the trick. The dogs eagerly ate from her hand. While they were chewing Isabella quickly put collars around their necks.

"Now you've had your treat, it's time for a walk. Come on." She led the way out of the pen. The dogs followed more readily now.

The receptionist smiled as Isabella left, happy that the new dogs were finally warming up to people. As Isabella made her way to the running trails nearby she had victory music in her head. This moment was the culmination of nearly two months of work. Ever since her recovery and imposed celibacy from Banga and Barghest she had been craving dog sex non-stop. But her usual avenue of release was cut off and she had to find a new one. That new avenue was a volunteer job at the animal shelter. For a few weeks she had to hold her bestial urges in check so she could gain everyone's trust. Today she was going to let them out.

She jogged at a relaxed pace with the dogs obediently at her side. She wanted to give them a good workout. They were likely stir crazy from being cooped up. They looked like they enjoyed the fresh air and outdoors immensely. This was the final sign the dogs still retained their domestication habits and training.

Isabella went off the path and led the dogs deep into the woods. They jogged until they came to a circle of trees. Isabella found this place a couple years ago by accident. She had been walking Banga and Barghest and Banga broke free of his leash. He ran all the way here. She only caught up thanks to Barghest and because Banga couldn't find a way out. Ever since then this grove became her outdoor fuck pad.

There were actually a few entrances but only one that was easily accessed from the running trails. Isabella didn't notice any signs anyone else had found the place, but it was always good to make sure.

"Alright boys," she said while facing the dogs. "I'm going to teach you some new tricks. Who knows, maybe your new owner will want you to perform them on her."

Isabella stripped off her clothes, starting with her shoes. She slid off her socks and stuffed each in their respective shoe. She ran her toes through the grass as she pulled off her spandex t-shirt. After that came her sports bra and her yoga pants. Finally she slid her panties down and dropped them on her pile of clothes.

"You like what you see, boys?" She asked rhetorically while showing off her naked body to them.

"I've shown you mine, now you show me yours." Isabella knelt down beside the Great Dane and rubbed his sheath gently. His cock came out without much coaxing, which pleased Isabella. She worked his pole until it became fully extended and hard.

"Good lord!" she exclaimed. "This belongs on a horse!" Isabella marveled at the well endowed dog's equipment. It was at least ten inches long and almost as thick as her wrist. The big bulbous knot at the end made it an even twelve. Isabella felt a flutter in her stomach when she realized she was going to take a foot long today. She turned her attention to the German Shepherd. She was surprised to see his pink prick was partially poking out. She wondered if his previous owner partook in forbidden fruits, and if a different lover turned this dog out.

Isabella stroked his sheath gently and his entire cock slipped out already partially hard. She was fascinated by it. It had just enough turgidity to attain the shape of an erect dog cock, but not the size. She pumped his cock some more and the entire thing swelled up like a balloon and scaled perfectly in size until it was fully erect. It wasn't as big as the Great Danes', but it was a very nice eight inches. The knot made it ten.

Isabella got the dogs to stand next to each other and flipped both dog's cocks between their hind legs. She licked and sucked their cocks, going from the Great Dane to the German Shepherd, and back again. She loved the transition from the German Shepherd to the Great Dane. The Great Dane's girth forced her to open her mouth wider.

Once she felt like she had teased them enough with her mouth she walked around and got on all fours in front of the Great Dane. Looking back at him the dog seemed to tower over her. The Great Dane sniffed her pussy and gave it a big lick. Isabella moaned and her body shuddered with a mini orgasm. Her sensitivity surprised even her. Then the Great Dane mounted her. Isabella was almost knocked to the ground, but managed to remain in place. The large dog wrapped his fore paws firmly around her waist and shuffled up to line up his cock. Isabella felt his soft triangular spear head part her lips, and then the rest of his hot rod rocketed into her in one powerful thrust. After almost six months without sex Isabella never felt so full in her life.

As the Great Dane fucked her the German Shepherd circled the couple looking for a way to have this bitch. His previous owner only let him mount her the normal way. He was at a loss until he saw a set of lips open to reveal a hole for him.

Isabella was brought out of her sexual reverie by the German Shepherd licking her mouth. She pulled his head close and kissed him on the lips. The dog's tongue came out and she caught it between her lips and sucked it into her mouth. The German Shepherd pulled away momentarily to ready his haunches. Then he leaped up and mounted his bitch.

Isabella was brought down onto her elbows by the weight of the two large dogs. She felt them readjust their grips on her body, and then they resumed their thrusting. She watched the German Shepherd's cock get closer. All she had to do was open her mouth wide and line herself up.

The second the German Shepherd felt his cock make contact with her soft lips he thrust forward as far as he could go. Underneath him Isabella was unexpectedly choked with his cock. Luckily it only

lasted a second. She couldn't even move to adjust herself in the slightest. She concentrated on relaxing her throat and breathing through her nose. All the while the German Shepherd thrust on in oblivious contentment.

Between the two amorous animals Isabella was quite literally being fucked silly. The pleasure her body felt overrode everything else. It was like she was in her own world and every atom was made of pleasure. She was basking naked on a beach soaking up rays pleasure. When she came the earth shook with her, causing a tsunami of pleasure to wash over her.

Isabella couldn't tell where her orgasms began and ended anymore. She was in a state of constant bliss. She was aware of the cocks going in and out of her since they were the source of her pleasure, but she wasn't aware of much more than that.

She moaned loudly around the German Shepherd's cock. Not needing to worry about being heard was one of the reasons she loved about this isolated spot. It was perfect for her canine trysts outside of Felicity's home. Here she could fuck with wild abandon, just like the beasts she chose for her paramours.

The German Shepherd howled and unloaded his balls in Isabella's mouth, filling her within two spurts. Isabella was not prepared for such a large load. Some of his cum seeped out of the corners of her mouth before she could swallow. She guzzled his cum like she was dying of thirst. Gulp after gulp went down her gullet with no end in sight. She actually felt her stomach expand with the volume of cum he put in her.

Just then the Great Dane gripped her extra hard and shoved his knot into her. Isabella grunted in pain briefly when her pussy was stretched to its max before snapping closed around his knot. The Great Dane howled now and she could feel jets of his white hot cum flood her well fucked cunt.

Isabella came hard. Her eyes rolled up into he skull and she moaned loud around the German Shepherd's cock. Her hands clawed at the ground, leaving marks in the soil. Her legs bent and her toes curled, leaving her lower body supported only by her knees.

The Great Dane filled her no less than the German Shepherd did. She felt her pussy fill up within two or three spurts. The rest was forced out between the junction of her cunt and his cock. She could feel the mixture of their cum spray against her thighs. Wild shots sprayed here and there, coating her soft flesh in a layer of white.

When the dogs were done they pulled out. Her pussy was so sloppily wet his knot slipped right back out. All it took was a good firm tug.

Isabella fell limp with her ass in the air. She didn't even expend the energy to move her legs and lie on her stomach. After the dogs cleaned themselves off they cleaned her too, licking the cum off her legs and eating the fresh cream pie she presented them.

After Isabella felt refreshed she got up and got dressed. Pulling on her clothes after taking such a huge cock always felt weird, but she couldn't risk getting caught. She couldn't take the dogs out for too long or else the shelter would wonder where she was. She left the clearing walking at a relaxed amble. Her head felt a bit loopy from all the sex endorphins. So it wasn't for quite a while that she realized she was walking the wrong way.

Isabella stopped suddenly and tried to get her bearings. Given the amount of time she had walked she should have reached the running trails already. If she hadn't that meant she had taken the wrong exit from the clearing. She did an about face and double-timed it back to the clearing.

On the way she realized something else. She wasn't wearing any panties. Her post-coitus addled brain must not have reminded her to put them back on and her pussy was so used it couldn't tell the difference what was covering it.

When the trio got back to the clearing Isabella got the shock of her life. Two Asian girls were in there with four dogs. One had long black hair that had red tinting in it. The other had shoulder length hair dyed brownish with blonde streaks. They were naked and sixty-nineing each other. While they were pleasuring each other, two dogs went up and licked their pussies. The girls didn't pause for a second. They kept eating each other out while the dogs snacked on pussy right alongside them. The one on her back, the one with tinted red hair, reached out and began stroking the dog's extending cock.

Isabella was floored. Not only had someone else discovered her secret sex grove, they were dog fuckers too! The Great Dane and German Shepherd bounded into the clearing before she could react. The dogs were overjoyed that there were more bitches to mate with.

"Fuck!" Isabella swore under her breath. The dogs reached the group in seconds. the girls untangled themselves and covered their private parts with their hands.

"Sorry!" Isabella called out and started running. She cursed her sore pussy and powered through it.

"Sorry." Isabella said again when she reached the girls. "I wasn't peeping on you. I just forgot something."

"Was it those?" the blonde asked pointed to something in the grass. Isabella picked it up. They were her panties but they were torn to shreds.

"Yeah." Isabella said with a resigned tone.

"Sorry. Brutus and Hafthor ripped it to shreds." the blonde said. "They get really excited over certain scents."

The way she said it made Isabella realized they knew what she did.

"I guess I'll just say it. I fuck dogs too." Isabella said matter-of-factly.

The girls smiled and relaxed their arms. "You want to join us?"

Isabella nearly cried from the catharsis. The feeling of sharing her secret with someone else who understood her lifestyle was overwhelming. "I would love to, but I have to but I have to get these two back to the animal shelter or they'll suspect something."

"The animal shelter?" The red haired girl said. "I thought they were yours."

Isabella shook her head. "I don't have room at my place for a dog."

"Do you do this regularly?"

"It's a volunteer job. I just started recently."

"You have a big ... heart." the red haired girl replied while glancing at Isabella's crotch and then at the Great Dane. "But I meant fucking dogs. You do that regularly?"

"Oh! Yeah." Isabella replied.

"You may as well do it for money, then." the blonde gave her a business card. It was white with black silhouettes of a woman and animals done in the style of the Creation of Adam. The silhouette of the woman in the upper right reached down and stroked the head of the silhouette animals. The animal silhouette was composed of several layers. A bull was the largest one. Inside that was a horse, and inside that was a dog. On the back was the name 'Dionysus' in stylized font. At the bottom in plain font was the word 'Nymph', like it was a job title.

"I'm Stephanie." the blonde said.

"And I'm Ingrid." the red haired girl said.

Isabella shook their hands in turn. "I'm Isabella. Nice to meet you. Thanks for the offer. I think I'll take you up on it."

"Great!" Stephanie said. "We'd like to get to know you better after we finish this job. Give me your email, or something, and I'll send you the details."

The girls exchanged information and Isabella made her way back to the animal shelter; through the correct way this time.

"That must have been quite a run." Dr. Jameson remarked when Isabella returned. "It's almost closing. I sent the receptionist home early because it was getting quiet."

"Sorry Dr. Jameson. These two were really pent up."

Dr. Jameson perked up at Isabella's choice of words but pretended she didn't notice.

"Here, you can leave those two with me. Go home, it's late."

Isabella smiled gratefully. "Thank you." she said.

As soon as she was out the door Dr. Jameson looked down at the dogs. "I hope you didn't wear yourself out on that appetizer. You still have the main course." She took off her lab coat to reveal her sexy lingerie and took the dogs to her office.

On the way home Isabella's phone beeped. She had a new email from Ingrid with the details she promised. That night Isabella slept well. She broke her months long dry spell and scored a new job doing what she loved. Felicity was no longer mad at her, and in a couple months she would have Banga and Barghest again.

The next day Isabella took the subway to the address Ingrid gave her. She knew it was in the rich part of town, but she had never been to that area. The outside of Ingrid's condo building looked like any other, but the inside had that understated elegance of a five star hotel. It was the type of place that looked ordinary, but the marble floor was probably hand carved tile by tile by a family of artisans from Italy.

She went up to the concierge desk. "Hi, I'm a guest of Ingrid's. She lives in the penthouse."

"Right this way please." the concierge led the way to the elevators and took out a key. He opened a panel, inserted the key and turned. Isabella heard the machinery whirring and moments later the doors opened.

When Isabella got off at the top floor she walked down the hallway to the only door at the end of the

hall and knocked. The door opened, revealing Ingrid wearing an elegant skirt and blouse.

“Oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t realize it was going to be so formal.” Isabella felt embarrassed in her yoga pants and spandex shirt.

Stephanie popped into the doorway beside Ingrid dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. “It’s not. She just likes to dress like this.”

The girls all shared a laugh and Isabella felt her heart rate go down measurably. Isabella marveled at Ingrid’s decor. Her sense of decoration was even more sophisticated than her sense of style. Everything looked grand while still maintaining a sense of simplicity.

“Welcome to my place.” Ingrid said. “I just moved in. I’m still adjusting to the place.”

“You definitely know how to make use of the space.”

“Oh, my mom’s decorator did all this.” Ingrid gestured to everything around her. “My parents bought this place as a property investment. They sometimes stay here when they’re in the country, but since I’m doing my Master’s here they let me live here.”

“What a coincidence, I’m doing my Master’s too! I rent a place near the subway line on the east side.” Isabella said.

“I’m doing my Master’s too!” Stephanie said. “I live a few blocks from here. It’s an investment property too. But I spend most of my time here.”

“So when did you start fucking dogs?” Ingrid asked.

The memory always brought Isabella back. “In my first year of college I rushed a sorority. One of the tasks was to fill a condom with the semen of the school mascot, which was a wolf.”

“So you blew a wolf?” Ingrid said incredulously.

“No.” Isabella continued. “It was too much trouble to keep a wolf. So they had a Husky instead named Wolf. And I jacked it off. But I got curious. Jacking of a dog was no different than jacking off a guy. I went back several times, each time doing more and more until I finally fucked him. I was hooked from then on.”

Ingrid and Stephanie were all smiles. “So how many times did you fuck him?” Stephanie asked.

“A handful of times. It wasn’t easy getting him alone. How did you guys get started?”

“My uncle raises show dogs.” Ingrid said. “I’ve been to his ranch many times and often saw the dogs mating. One time I wanted to try for myself. Once was all it took.”

“And you?” Isabella asked Stephanie. “She’s more adventurous .” Ingrid answered for her. “When we were on vacation in Germany she found a bestiality brothel. After a night of partying and drinking she brought me there. Apparently I was the bitch of the ball. I fucked a sheepdog.”

“And a sheep.” Stephanie added with a big grin.

“Anyway I woke up completely naked and being spooned by a German Shepherd Dog. His dick was still in me.” Ingrid said.

Isabella's eyes widened in amazement.

"If you're impressed by that wait 'til you hear what she did."

Stephanie had a slightly sheepish look on her face. "That time was my first time. Before that I had seen plenty of bestiality porn. It looked so hot I had to try it for real. I told the people at the brothel I wanted to try everything they had. I fucked every breed of dog they had once. Then I sucked and fucked a horse. Then I sucked off a cow and then jacked off a pig. I don't think I slept that night."

"So if I was the bitch of the ball, she was the farm slut!" Ingrid said playfully. "I woke up to her being fucked by a Rottweiler in the other bed."

"That one was my favorite. I fucked him twice." Stephanie said.

Isabella was blown away. She thought she was a slut for animals, but these girls were insatiable to begin with.

"And now you do it for money?" Isabella asked. It looked like their lifestyles were funded by their very wealthy parents. Girls like this didn't need to actually work for anything.

"It started as just something we did for fun." Stephanie said. "We went back to the German brothel many times. It's now an entire resort town. Ingrid broadened her horizons there."

Ingrid smiled. "It didn't become more than just fun times until we met Alicia. Her family is old money. They own a bit of everything. Now their oldest daughter raises show animals. I guess Alicia wanted to do something herself."

"That sounds like the Bowen-Darkeleys." Isabella said.

"You know them?" Ingrid asked. She was very surprised someone like Isabella would personally know someone from the Bowen-Darkeley family.

"I know her sister, Felicity!" Isabella said.

"Small world!" Ingrid said with a big smile. "Now I know where you get your taste in dogs from. Alicia was the one who picked her father's hunting dogs."

"Sounds like Alicia has a lot of good ideas." Isabella said, probing for more information.

"After Alicia joined us she had the idea to make it into a club." Ingrid continued. "Through her sister's connections she got us contracts to various breeding farms. And then came the private requests."

"Private requests?" Isabella imagined some old perv watching these girls have sex with his dogs in front of a fireplace in a dusty library.

"A lot of rich business moguls don't want to board their pets with a regular kennel or stable. We came up with the idea of luxury facilities for all animals. For an additional price we would offer personal services as well. We sell it as a performance boost for competition. Rich people are crazy for animal competitions. It lets them beat their rivals without harming their business. Next thing you know Alicia set up a private ranch with full facilities for all animals."

"But some animals do need our services for legit reasons." Stephanie added. "Like, horse breeders needing stud samples."

"Alicia says there is a job coming up but she hasn't given us details yet." Ingrid said. "If you still feel like you'd like to join us, I'll tell her."

"Of course I'll join you!" Isabella said happily.

"My family owns media outlets and hers owns tech giants." Ingrid said while texting on her phone. "There is no trace of us on the internet or any other media. You won't have anything to worry about either. We can do what we want with total anonymity."

Isabella felt a sense of relief. No more having to find isolated places or worry about getting caught. "How long have you known Felicity?" Stephanie asked, coming back around to the topic of her relation to the Bowen-Darkeleys.

"Since first year in college." Isabella replied. "We still see each other regularly. I went to see her horse race about six months ago. He didn't win, but I scored."

"You didn't." Stephanie said.

"I did." Isabella said. "Right in his stall."

"I'm surprised you'd do that in the race venue." Ingrid said. "Did you get caught?"

"No."

"Well you're glad Felicity didn't catch you. She takes her reputation very seriously."

"Actually, she did catch me." Isabella admitted. "But we worked it out and things are alright now." Isabella continued, to assuage their looks of alarm.

"That explains the shelter dogs." Stephanie said.

"No, Banga and Barghest are in training for a big dog show in two months. No distractions until after."

Someone knocked at the door and Ingrid went to answer it. Ingrid came back with a pack of dogs in tow and a large shopping bag from Hermes. "A house warming gift from Alicia." She set the card on the table and went through the bag. "This one's for you." She handed a black leather handbag to Isabella and placed an identical one on the table next to the card.

Isabella opened the handbag to find a dog collar, two vibrating dildoes, two non-vibrating dildoes, a Vesper vibrator, and a Hitachi wand. Each set of dildoes had one dog cock and one horse cock.

"The Vesper is 100% platinum. As is the chain." Ingrid said.

Isabella stared at the small discreet vibrator. It was worth more than she made in a year. She put the bag of sex toys away and turned her attention to the pack of dogs. There were twelve in all and there were no doubles among them. There was a Great Dane, a German Shepherd Dog, an Irish Wolfhound, a Rottweiler, a Husky, a Malamute, an English mastiff, a St. Bernard, a Neopolitan Mastiff, a Golden Retriever, a Golden Lab, and a Doberman.

Alicia had also selected for size. Almost half the dogs towered over her by a head. These were the Great Dane, the Irish Wolfhound, both Mastiffs, and the Malamute. The rest reached at least to her shoulders. Isabella couldn't stop admiring these dogs. She could see their muscles rippling underneath their furry coats.



Stephanie picked up the card. "Welcome home, bitch." she read. As one all the dogs sat down on their haunches. The girls stared at the pack as one by one, each of the dogs' penises started growing. Little pink nubs poked out of furry sheathes and extended out until all the dogs were sporting raging red rockets. None of them looked less than ten inches long. The Irish Wolfhound and the Mastiffs each had a massive member that looked almost two feet long.

Ingrid carefully stepped through the pack to the sofa area, where Isabella and Stephanie sat on opposing couches, to get a better view. All the dogs followed her with their heads.

"There's more." Stephanie said. "I know you like it rough. Rough is spelled R-U-F-"

She never got a chance to finish. The room erupted into chaos as the dogs leapt up onto the girls. Ingrid was knocked backward and fell onto a large ottoman. The dogs grabbed at their clothes, and once they had them in their mouths they ripped them off the girls. Ingrid's skirt and blouse were easily torn away. her bra and panties were only a little it more difficult. Soon she was left only in her stockings. The English Mastiff mounted the ottoman. Ingrid looked up at the massive dog, and then at the huge cock dangling above her body. Precum dripped from his glistening dick onto her breasts. The dog adjusted his height and lined the tip of his dick with her pussy. In one lunging thrust he shoved his entire length into Ingrid's wet cunt. The girl was nearly shoved off the ottoman. Only had head dangled over the edge. She let out a moan, only to be cut short by another dog shoving his entire length into her mouth. Furry balls slapped her face, forcing her to close her eyes. Not even a minute later she felt two tongues lick her tits, one on each side. She wished she was in another position so one of those dogs could use her remaining hole. For the moment all she could do was give them a handjob.

Isabella's skin tight attire only provided minutes of protection. The dog's could not easily grab them, but they were not easily deterred either. The flimsy material was ripped away, followed by her sports bra and thong. They were so rough they pulled her partly off the couch.

The Malamute mounted the couch. the momentum of his mount caused his dick to slap her stomach, leaving a wet mark from his shaft slime. The dog shifted his dick and probed her pussy with his fleshy tip. Isabelle felt him begin to penetrate her asshole and scooted her butt back up onto the couch. The Malamute thrust forward and penetrated her pussy instead. The strength of such a simple maneuver pushed the couch backward.

Isabella started up at this furry beast as he plowed happily away. She started to rub her tits and clit when the Golden Lab jumped up onto the couch beside her and awkwardly mounted her face, presenting his cock for her to service. She opened her mouth to accept it and sucked happily away while she pleased her erogenous zones.

Stephanie was beset by the Doberman and the Great Dane. They each took a leg of her jeans in their mouths and pulled, forcing her to hang onto the arm of the sofa for dear life. The tough denim was a challenge for the dogs. They pulled every which way, flinging Stephanie around like a rag doll in their desperation to access their bitch's holes. The Rottweiler got into the fray, grabbing at her t-shirt.

The dogs managed to get the girl bent over the arm of the sofa. With her anchored on the heavy furniture, a three way tug of war ensued. The Rottweiler ripped the t-shirt off her, leaving a ragged collar around her neck. He lunged forward and mounted her face while the Great Dane and Doberman still tried to get her pants off. The Great Dane held a partially ripped pant leg while the Rottweiler held the other leg. They pulled in opposite directions now, helping each other instead of acting on their own. They only managed to rip the seat of the pants. The Rottweiler reached down

and grabbed the waist of her jeans. Together the three of them tore her pants to pieces and exposed her thong.

Stephanie felt the underwire of her bra digging painfully into her. She undid the straps and threw the undergarment away. Meanwhile the Great Dane took her panties in his mouth and tore them off her with a quick jerk of his head, leaving her pussy and asshole open to the whims of the dogs.

The Great Dane mounted her from behind, driving his dick home into her pussy, shoving Stephanie forward and forcing her to deepthroat the Rottweiler's cock. Once the Great Dane felt his bitch's pussy wrapped around his cock, the real fucking began. The Great Dane was so eager he slammed his hard knot against her tender pussy lips with every thrust. The Rottweiler was just as rough, and the initial deepthroat had given him a taste for it. He gripped Stephanie firmly around her shoulders and shoved his ten inch dick all the way up to the knot with every stroke.

The Doberman watched the threesome, a bit dejected he didn't get to fill one of their bitch's holes. Stephanie's swinging breasts caught his eye, though, and he leapt up and happily licked her mammarys.

The room was filled with moans, groans, and the occasional scream when one of the girls came. The dogs fucked them like they hadn't had sex in a year and they were the only bitches on Earth.

Ingrid was mid-orgasm when her dogs started cumming. Twin jets of hot dog cum shot into her and filled her holes in seconds. The rest of it spurted right back out. She felt it spray past the Mastiff's thick cock and splash all over her inner thighs. She felt it spurt out the corners of her mouth and dribble down the side of her face. Ingrid relaxed and enjoyed the feeling of making two dogs cum at once. It made her feel incredibly sexy.

When the dogs finished dumping their loads they pulled out. Free of the furry balls in her face, Ingrid opened her eyes and caught a glimpse of the Golden Retriever walking away. She turned over onto her stomach, making the dogs at her breasts pull back.

"Come on, titty boys." Ingrid said, spreading her ass for the Husky and German Shepherd. who had been dutifully cleaning her breasts. "Pick a hole. Second place gets a BJ."

The dogs jostled each other for position and the Husky won out. Ingrid felt him mount her and thrust his cock into her as hard. She grunted softly when she felt him penetrate her. Her eyes widened slightly with lust when she felt his knot press against her puckered entrance. The German Shepherd mounted her from the front, a little dejected from missing out on pussy until, that is, he felt Ingrid's soft mouth wrap around his hard cock. Then he plowed her like a prize bitch.

Isabella felt the Golden Lab cum first, flooding her mouth with this thick spunk. She swallowed a couple mouthfuls when the dog slipped from his unstable mounting position. His cock slipped from her mouth, but continued spraying. Thick ropes of jism landed on her neck, giving her an ornate pearl necklace. The rest of his load landed on her breast, covering them with white streaks of goo.

The Malamute came next. Isabella shuddered with orgasm when she felt the first spurt hit her vagina. She felt herself being filled with his hot seed, one spurt at a time. When she was full she felt it spray back out. She looked down between her legs and watched. Each pulse of his cock delivered more of his puppy juice into her, only to spray back out of the junction of his cock and her cunt, and land on her inner thighs.

The Malamute pulled out when he was done. The Golden Lab had already vacated his hole and was licking himself clean. Isabella just fell limp onto her side. She wasn't left alone for long. The

St. Bernard jumped up onto the couch and started licking her pussy clean of the Malamute's cum. Isabella moaned at the St. Bernard's soft touch. It was short-lived, because the dog was done lickety-split. He tried to mount her, but couldn't because she was in such an awkward position. Isabella lazily lifted a leg and let the dog position himself. Once she felt his cock inside her she rested her leg on his back and let him do all the work.

Isabella reached a hand down to paddle her canoe to paradise when the Golden Retriever mounted the couch and presented her with his cock. Isabella smiled and gladly sucked his tasty meat into her mouth.

Stephanie felt like a sex toy between the three dogs. The Great Dane and Rottweiler each had a firm grip on her and used her body like a cock sleeve; and she loved it. She was in a never-ending cycle of orgasms and the Doberman licking her tits was the cherry on top.

She could feel the Great Dane's knot splitting her pussy wider and wider with each thrust. It was only a matter of time before he fucked it into her and locked them together. Stephanie almost couldn't stand it. She was being teased with more cock and the only thing preventing her from having it right now was her own body. Every time she felt him slam that hard, baseball-sized part of his male appendage against her she pictured it spreading her pussy lips wide. And just before it got to be too wide it slipped into her, making her his.

The Doberman sped up his fucking. Stephanie could tell by the pulses of his penis that he was going to cum soon, and sure enough, only moments after her prediction he unleashed his balls, flooding her mouth with his salty treat. Stephanie tried to keep up but she couldn't. She reluctantly slid his cock out of mouth lest she drown in cum. The dog kept spraying his spunk, getting it all over her face and the front part of her hair.

Suddenly the Great Dane thrust hard into her. A feeling of euphoria came over her as she realized the moment was happening. Stephanie felt his knot spreading her pussy wide open. For a moment she thought it wouldn't fit. She spread her legs out a little more and reached back with both hands to spread her cunt as wide as she could. All of a sudden it slipped into her. Stephanie moaned with relief and a small orgasm shuddered through her. Then he started cumming. His spurts felt like jets of scalding hot water inside her. Stephanie's eyes rolled up into her head and she came with an earth shattering climax. Her body flopped around like a rag doll, held up only by the Great Dane's cock. Her flopping around and the Great Dane's massive load cause copious amounts of cum to spray back out of her fully stuffed cunt, coating her thighs, the sofa, and dripped down her legs.

When the both of them finished, the Great Dane dismounted the couch. He hadn't gotten soft enough to pull out yet, so he pulled Stephanie with him. The girl was resting off her orgasm when she was interrupted.

"Oh, fuck!" Stephanie cried out. Stuck as she was, the only part of her that could reach the ground was her feet. She stepped backward on her toes, taking small quick steps to keep up with the Great Dane. When she was fully off the couch she went down onto all fours awkwardly. She was still on her toes with her butt pressed up against the dog, and now she was bent over onto her hands. The Great Dane took a few steps around, and then, to Stephanie's eternal relief, laid down on his side. She tried to lay down as best she could, and found it was much easier than she thought.

That wasn't the end for Stephanie. The Doberman, who was left out of the threesome earlier, wanted some release. He sniffed around her body until he got to her pussy. Afraid he was going to try something unpredictable, Stephanie reached out and gently pulled him closer. She managed to get him down on his side and aligned in a sixty-nine with her. She grabbed his raging hard cock and slid

her lips all the way down his slick, shiny pole.

The Husky rocked Ingrid back and forth hard. Though he was smaller than the English Mastiff from earlier, her tight anal entrance was a harder than he was used to, and lacked the natural lubrication of her quim. The dog's copious amounts of precum and his natural slickness helped, but Ingrid still felt like her insides were being fucked dry.

The German Shepherd fucked Ingrid's mouth a little rougher than the Golden Retriever did. Perhaps it was because she was no longer in missionary and it was easier for him. He had a firm grip on her and he thrust his cock deep enough to touch her lips with his knot. For some reason she thought of her digestive tract, and concluded that if these dogs wanted to they could fuck her so hard they would meet in the middle.

Ingrid's tight Asian ass was too much for the Husky. He howled and busted his nut inside her, cause Ingrid to moan and writhe with orgasm. Feeling hot dog cum inside her anal passage was very different from her pussy. Both made her feel incredibly sexy, but being cummed in her ass made her feel naughty as well.

When the German Shepherd felt some pleasurable vibrations on his dick he blew his load as well. Ingrid didn't even need to swallow. His cock was so far down her throat he shot straight into her stomach.

When both dogs were done they pulled out and left Ingrid laying limp on the ottoman. Ingrid didn't even try to move. After having been fucked in al her holes and roughly used by five dogs she was exhausted. Warm cum leaked out of her ass and joined the rivulet leaking out of her pussy to form a pool of cum under her that overflowed down the edge of the ottoman.

Not even one minute later Ingrid felt a dog sniff around her ass.

"Oh shit, no." Ingrid said in a barely audible voice.

Then whatever dog it was started licking her, and cleaning out both her holes.

"No, doggy. Closed for business." Ingrid said and rolled over onto her back so she could use her hands. She froze part way both from fear and surprise. Between her legs was the largest dogs he had ever seen. it was he Neopolitan Mastiff. Similar in body structure to the English Mastiff, but with a droopier face, and the Neopolitan stood a full head taller. Ingrid noticed he had the muscles to match. Ingrid settled onto her back. His eyes travelled from between her legs, up her body to her face. Ingrid felt like he was looking at her as if she was a piece of meat and a mate. Their eyes met and he mounted the ottoman. Ingrid's eyes went wide with fear when his dick slid up at her. It was about two feet long, the same as the English Mastiff, but the Neopolitan Mastiff's cock was almost twice as thick. There was no way she could take that. Ingrid looked at it, wondering what she would do. His knot rested at her crotch. His length spanned her entire body, ending with his fleshy triangular tip right at her mouth.

She grasped his shaft in her hands. Her fingers almost didn't meet. "You like that, boy?" she said, looking up at the massive dog.

"I bet you do, big boy." She started stroking him with long pulls along his entire shaft.

"What about my tits? Do you like my tits?" she pressed her breasts together and fed his cockhead between them. He was so thick her B-cups almost couldn't engulf him. She tried to move her body to give him a tit job but his length didn't make it very easy.

The dog shifted around above her. It looked like he was trying to reposition his cock so he could fuck her. Ingrid couldn't let that happen. She tried gripping his dick harder without hurting him, but his slick shaft slime just made him slip out of her hands. She tried to wrap her legs around him and stop him from shuffling down any further but she couldn't reach around him. In a few seconds the dog would skewer her through her pussy with his monstrous dick. In a last ditch attempt she clamped her tights around his cock.

When the dog felt this new sensation around his dick, he stopped in his tracks. He thrust forward experimentally. His slick dick slid easily between Ingrid's soft thighs and made Ingrid moan unexpectedly. She had accidentally trapped the Mastiff's dick between her thighs and her crotch. When the dog thrust forward he rubbed his entire length over her sopping wet pussy and clit.

"There we go." Ingrid said with a grin. She gripped his shaft with her hands again to make sure he went over her clit every time. Then she adjusted her legs, crossing them slightly, so he would have a tighter fit between her thighs.

Once the Neopolitan Mastiff felt his dick being squeezed tighter he started thrusting. The force of it rocked Ingrid and the ottoman under her forward. Each thrust pushed the ottoman across the floor until it hit one of the couches.

Over with Stephanie things were a lot calmer. She lay on the floor being spooned by a large dog and in a sixty-nine with another dog. She enjoyed the feeling of her pussy being stuffed full of cock while also getting pussy licked. The Doberman ran his tongue all over her pussy from her clit, over her wet lips, and even down to her asshole. He didn't seem to care that he was also licking a fellow dog's cock in the process. For her part, Stephanie was licking and sucking the Doberman's cock like it was a tasty treat she was trying to make last. While she fondled his balls she licked his dick from knot to tip, and gathered a pearl of precum from time to time. Then she would envelop his shaft in her mouth and slide all the way back down to his knot. She could feel his dick pulse between her lips and knew when to pull away and make him last longer. The time between pauses was getting shorter and shorter. She knew it would only be a matter of time before he blew his load. During one of these lick and suck sessions she saw his ballsack tighten and she knew the big one was coming. She sucked his shaft in one gulp and worked her mouth quickly up and down his pole.

In minutes the Doberman came, shooting his spunk into Stephanie's greedy mouth. The girl swallowed mouthful after mouthful, and the dog still kept pumping his puppy juice into her. Suddenly the Doberman jerked his hips as if he was thrusting. Stephanie saw the rest happen as if in slow motion. The tip of the dog's dick slipped from her lips, trailing a strand of saliva as it went. She saw a drop of white build up at the tip, which formed the head of a stream. It shot forth, thick and opaque. Stephanie saw it get closer to her and shut her eyes. It landed on her upper lip and went up to her right eyebrow.

She reached out blindly to stop his cock from flailing around. All the while he kept spurting, and they came at her fast. Three thick ropes landed right between her eyes and dripped down over her right eye. His twitching made him very hard to control. A spurt hit her in the corner of her left eye, leaving her completely blind and not in control. The Doberman painted her face like it was a blank canvas. He sprayed all over, covering her from her forehead to her chin. Several stray spurts landed in her hair, plastering it to her skull. When he was done he got up and left Stephanie an unsatisfied mess. He hadn't bothered to finish her off.

Stephanie was wiping the tick goo from her eyes when the Great Dane stirred behind her. He was trying to get up but they were still tied. Stephanie used her arms and legs to keep her body in position, lest the large dog rip his large knot from her body. It was like trying to keep steady in a

rocking rowboat. Eventually she wound up on her back on top of him splayed out like a starfish, and still stuck. However, she did feel something different inside her. His cock had shrunk. Only a little, but it was smaller than before. She felt around her pussy, testing the edges to see if his knot could be slipped out. The Great Dane had the same idea. he started twisting his hips, and little by little, she felt her pussy stretch wider as his knot eased its way back out. Stephanie helped in whatever way she could. Big dogs were a good lay but she wasn't a fan of being stuck in odd positions.

Suddenly another dog bounded in and straddled the tied couple, almost bowling Stephanie over. She looked up at the Golden Lab, who looked back at her, panting happily and ready for his second round. She didn't know what to do, but the dog did. he hunched over her and started rubbing his cock over her clit. Stephanie realized he wanted to fuck her, but couldn't get it in because the Great Dane was in the way. Unable to do anything, Stephanie just laid back and enjoyed the experience.

While the golden Lab was having outercourse with her, she could feel the Great Dane's knot slipping out of her bit by bit. Maybe it was all the extra juices she was making because of the Lab, but it was definitely going easier with another dog's help.

The feeling of the slipping knot was an odd aphrodisiac. Her stretching pussy caused her a little pain, but it would dissipate when the knot stopped moving, and be replaced with a burning ember of pleasure that spread over her lips. Suddenly the Great Dane's knot slipped out of her. Stephanie let out a surprised yelp. That last second of pleasure and pain followed by a sudden empty feeling was surprisingly orgasmic.

the great Dane twisted about, trying to get the rest of his cock out of this bitch, but the Lab wasn't done yet. He flopped on top of the shifting couple. The sudden weight made the Great Dane stop. He looked around a bit before flopping his head on the floor and giving up. The Lab went back to grinding his bitch, but now he was aware of something else. The tip of his dick felt something warm, wet, and inviting.

Stephanie knew what he found. It was her pussy. In the moments after the Great Dane's knot vacated her she was still temporarily loose. The Lab managed to fit the wedge of his spear-tipped penis in, and was now trying to push into her still full cunt. Stephanie grunted. She could take the Lab so far, but she didn't know for how long.

She looked around, hoping to get the attention of one of the other girls. Instead she slapped herself in the face with the Malamute's cock. The dog had been standing there all along, waiting to be serviced. Now that this bitch was finally paying attention to him, it was time to get what he came for. He walked forward, stepping over the Great Dane and Stephanie until he straddled them both. The tip of his large red prick rested on her lips. Stephanie tried to get help again, but the Malamute shifted forward, sliding his dick into her mouth and silencing any words she tried to make.

All the while the Lab kept trying to stuff his dick into his bitch. She was much tighter than he ever could have imagined. But bit by bit, he felt her loosening and conforming around his cock. He was getting more and more of himself inside her until, finally, he got his entire length in.

At first Stephanie couldn't believe this was happening to her. Then she couldn't believe she could do it. But once the Lab's entire ten inch shaft was inside her, he rubbed her G-spot with every stroke, and she didn't care. Her head exploded with fireworks as she came. The combination of the Lab's cock rubbing against him and his bitch's clenching pussy made the Great Dane hard again. He started bucking his hips and tried to thrust in and out of her.

Stephanie didn't think she could get this high on sex. Or that she could do a double penetration. Or

that she'd be doubly penetrated in her vagina. She felt as full as when she took a knot, except she was still getting fucked and the dog couldn't get stuck in her. It was the best of both worlds. She moaned her pleasure loudly around the Malamute's cock and all the while, slurped up all his precum.

Isabella appreciated a nice load of precum as well. From the moment the Golden Retriever had given her his cock to service she had been continuously swallowing the thin, runny fluid. It was never-ending. The St. Bernard still pounded happily away at her...

She could feel him slapping her with his knot. She anticipated the moment it would be inside her and locking them together.

Suddenly the Irish Wolfhound leapt up and mounted the couch. Isabella stared, transfixed at his giant, red cock. It was almost as long as her arm and almost twice as thick. She felt an ache inside her and she realized she wanted him. If only the St. Bernard had chosen a different hole, or if her asshole was easily accessed, she would have eagerly presented it to him so he could take her like a proper bitch. For the moment all she could do was give him a handjob.

Ingrid couldn't believe how much this dog made her cum from just clitoral stimulation. He may as well be fucking her at this rate, were it not for his girth. She looked up at him and then down at his magnificent cock thrusting between her thighs. They were all slick and shiny thanks to his natural shaft slime and her pussy juices. The Neopolitan Mastiff started thrusting harder, shaking the ottoman and couch with each thrust.

"You gonna cum, boy?" Ingrid said. " 'Cause I want your cum. I want it all over me. Fucking cream all over my tits and face."

Suddenly the Mastiff's cock erupted in her hands, A thick rope of doggy jism spurted out, went between her breasts, and splashed between her eyes. Blinded, Ingrid dropped his cock out of instinct. That first spurt was like a signal flare for the rest of his little soldiers. Spurt after spurt landed on Ingrid's body, completely covering her from her cunt to her head, and then some. Even when she couldn't feel his spunk landing on her skin anymore, she could tell it was still landing on her by its weight. When the dog was done draining his balls he dismounted the ottoman, pulling his cock back through her sloppy thighs. Ingrid flopped her legs down. She was exhausted and wanted nothing more than rest.

Stephanie didn't know which part of the sex sandwich she was. She was lying in between two dogs, so that made her the meat. But she as also being triple stuffed with sausage and had a mainline to the special sauce, so that made her the bread. If she still remembered this train of thought later she swore she would figure it out.

The Lab and Great Dane figured out a rhythm. One of them would pull out half way to let the other one go all the way into their bitch. Then they would switch it up. In their position, half way out was all they could do. To Stephanie felt like someone had hooked her up to a fucking machine that had one of those weird alien dildoes on it. Whatever the dogs were doing, it worked. She felt one of them cum inside her, followed immediately by the other one. White hot dog cum filled her again, sending her into an earth-shattering orgasm. Her overstuffed cunt couldn't handle anymore and this new batch sprayed right back out. Her body would have been writhing and arching were it not for the Lab. His weight on top of her kept her in place.

Her moans around the Malamute's cock triggered his orgasm as well. He filled her mouth with his seed until in overflowed. Try as she might, she could not keep up with his balls. She ultimately had

to take her mouth off him. The second time today, she noted. She swore she would take an entire dog's load in her mouth one day. The Malamute kept shooting and gave her face a new coat of doggy white.

When all the dogs were done they pulled out and walked away. Even though Stephanie's cunt was stuffed full of two dog cocks, the amount of cum they dumped into her left her so wet they pulled out easily. The Lab pulled out first with a wet slurp. Free of the additional weight The Great Dane got up, dumping Stephanie on the floor in the process. His cock pulled free of her cunt with a wet and noisy slurping sound. Stephanie just lay on the ground while doggy jizz cooled on her face and leaked from her cunt.

Isabella wished the Golden Retriever would hurry up and finish. She didn't think it was fair for the Wolfhound to settle for her hand. As if in answer, the Retriever howled and began shooting inside her mouth. Isabella smiled, as best she could, and swallowed his load. But soon she realized she had the opposite problem. the Retriever wouldn't stop cumming. She swallowed five mouthfuls and it didn't seem like there was any end in sight.

Just when she was thinking of pulling her mouth off the Retriever's cock the Wolfhound started cumming. Thick ropes of dog cum rained down on her, covering her stomach in seconds. Isabella played with his cock, moving it side to side and letting him spray her entire body.

Meanwhile the St.Bernard thrust hard into her and fucked his large knot into her, making her squeal, and started cumming inside her. Thick, hot doggy jism filled her pussy in seconds and sprayed back out, coating her thighs.

Minutes went by and all three dogs were still cumming. She was amazed at how much their balls held and felt like a goddess receiving tribute from her worshippers. The Retriever finally finished and pulled out. Isabella felt like she must have swallowed a gallon of cum. She felt her stomach and was surprised to find it a little distended. Like a food baby she got from eating too much, only with cum in this case.

The Wolfhound wasn't letting up so Isabella directed his firehose to her face and let him plaster her. His thick semen splashed all over her, covering her entire face and hair.

Isabella felt the St.Bernard's flow start to ebb, and then stop. The dog awkwardly tried to pass a leg over her and face the other direction. Isabella was forced to shift with him and ended up on her elbows and knees in a low version of being on all fours.

The wolfhound kept cumming during all this. Now he was covering Isabella's back. Isabella felt dirty and sexy at the same time as she directed his cock over her body again. More thick ropes of his jizz landed on her ass, thighs, back, and everything else all the way back up to her head. By the time the Wolfhound was done she was completely covered and her hair was matted to her head. She even had a small pool of cum in the spinal indentation of her back.

In the silence that followed none of the girls moved. They were too exhausted. They didn't know how long they stayed there, but it was the St.Bernard that roused them. He pulled out of his bitch and his knot made a loud popping sound as it pulled free of her cunt. A torrent of blocked up cum flooded out of Isabella's pussy and onto the couch.

Isabella sat up and wiped her eyes. All the dogs were in front of her in the middle of the living room. The other girls were on the outer edges of the pack. Stephanie was laying on the floor, but sat up when she heard the noise. She wiped her eyes clean as well. Ingrid was still on the ottoman, although she was at the other couch now. She looked like she was cemented in place.



Isabella went over to Ingrid. Stephanie saw her and followed. Together they helped her up and onto the couch. Thick strands of cum still connected the girl to the piece of furniture like webbing. Isabella went around and broke the strands. When she was done she pushed the ottoman away and sat down at Stephanie's side. Ingrid seemed awake now. She was cleaning her own face of the Neopolitan's massive load.

"Alicia sure knows what to get me." Ingrid said with a smile.

"You two are a mess." Stephanie commented, looking from Isabella to Ingrid.

"You're not exactly sparkling clean yourself." Ingrid retorted.

Isabella gave Ingrid a look and the two embraced Stephanie, trapping her between their cum covered bodies. Stephanie cringed as the cool, tacky cum squished onto her. Ingrid and Isabella laughed and pulled away. Strands of cum connected the three girls for a few seconds before they broke.

"This is what will be expected of you in this club." Ingrid said. "Much more than your trysts with Banga and Barghest, or any shelter dog. Plus, there would be other animals. Do you think you can handle it?"

"I'm already wearing the club colors." Isabella said.

The girls all shared a laugh. Ingrid got up and came back with three wine glasses. "Stephanie, can you give me a hand?"

The two girls went around to every dog and jacked them off into the glasses. The dogs had more than enough to give, even after filling all the girls and covering them from head to toe. Ingrid just wanted a bit from each of them. She presented Isabella with a full glass of cum mixed from all twelve dogs.

"To Isabella!" Ingrid toasted, and clinked their glasses.

"To Dionysus!" Stephanie said, clinking their glasses again.

"To ... the dogs!" Isabella added, clinking their glasses a final time. The girls drank deeply, draining their glasses to the last drop in one go.

The door to Ingrid's condo opened. Isabella's heart skipped a beat and she dropped her glass. It shattered on the floor. She looked for her clothes and saw the shreds that remained. She covered her breasts and crossed her legs. Cum squished between her fingers and thighs. She realized it didn't matter if she revealed her body or not. That person would take one look at her and see she was a dog whore.

As the person stepped into the condo Isabella realized she recognized her. Large framed sunglasses took up a lot of her face and the wide brim hat she wore covered her blonde hair, but she was familiar. The high couture clothes she wore showed she was rich, but it wasn't until Isabella heard her voice that she was sure.

"Damn, Ingrid. When I got you this house warming gift I didn't think you'd wreck the place with it."

"Hi Alicia." Ingrid said. "Thanks for the gift, it was really thoughtful."

Isabella noticed Ingrid and Stephanie didn't move an inch to cover themselves. Somehow Ingrid still commanded a presence even though she was completely naked and covered in dog cum.

"Alicia, this is Isabella." Ingrid introduced her officially. "I believe she knows your sister."

"Isabella!" Alicia greeted her warmly. "Of course I remember you! You take such good care of Banga and Barghest!"

Isabella tried to remember when she and Alicia met. It was possible they met at the Bowen-Darkeley estate, or at one of the functions Felicity invited her to, but she couldn't recall.

"I brought dinner." Alicia said, putting several paper shopping style bags on the table. She couldn't get close enough to hand them off personally.

"I knew you'd be too busy to cook."

"I could have ordered in." Ingrid said.

"Not in that outfit." Alicia teased. "And not at this hour." Ingrid stepped between the dogs and retrieved her phone from the kitchen. "1:20 AM!?"

Isabella couldn't contain her shock either. She recalled arriving in the afternoon and the sun was still out. It was definitely night now. They had been having sex for over eight hours.

"You should all wash up before dinner. I'll handle this." Alicia said, gesturing at the room.

The girls did as she said. Ingrid's penthouse had five bathrooms. The one Ingrid gave Isabella to use looked more ornate than a five-star hotel's.

While the girls were washing up Alicia opened the front door. Servants wearing gas masks hooked to personal air canisters entered. Each of them carried a white cane and swept it in front of them as they walked. Alicia blew a dog whistle and all the dogs got up and lined up in front of the servants. One by one the servants leashed the dogs and led them out of the condo. Then the servants came back, this time carrying cleaning equipment and wearing full body protective suits.

"It's just the living room." Alicia said.

The servants cleaned every inch of the living room starting from the borders of the living room area. They moved like they had memorized the layout. Once the floor was clean new furniture was moved in to replace the dirty ones. This part always fascinated Alicia. The servants used their canes to find the sofa. Then they followed the edge of the sofa with their cane until they got to the end where they made a tight turn, right at ninety degrees. That was how all four servants found the corners of the sofa. As one they lifted it and carried it out.

Then one servant walked into the living room area. With military precision he found the edge of the area by memory and paced out the location of where the sofa should be. Then he started tapping his cane on the ground. Four other servants carried the new sofa into the living room. They walked as if they were soldiers carrying the flag. When the servants closest to the door reached the servant tapping his cane, all four of them stopped and gently lowered the sofa.

The rest of the living room was assembled this way and then the servants left. Alicia surveyed the room and found not a thing out of place. She reached into the handbag she gave Ingrid and removed a hidden camera before she left.

Nearly an hour later Isabella came out of the bathroom. Ingrid had many luxury brand shampoos, body washes, and other bottles of liquids she didn't know the use of. Isabella indulged in them all. Short of having a massage right now, she felt like she had come out of a spa.

She still had a towel wrapped around her body as she walked down the hall. The clothes she wore here were ruined. Stephanie exited a bathroom ahead of her down the hall. She looked all dried and presentable. She was also stark naked. Isabella remembered her clothes were ripped apart by the dogs too.

For a second Isabella averted her eyes from Stephanie's ass as she walked in front of her before remembering she had already seen this girl naked and pummeled in all three holes by large dogs. Then she felt embarrassed that she was covered up. She removed her towel and tossed it into the bathroom Stephanie had come out of and followed the girl to the kitchen.

Ingrid was already there, clean and naked as well. If it were not for the fact they had been wearing clothes earlier today, Isabella would have thought they were nudists. The food was already set out and Ingrid was already eating. Stephanie and Isabella each got a plate, piled it with food and sat down.

"I'll get you some new clothes." Ingrid said to Isabella. "Stay the night. There's a bedroom right beside the bathroom you used."

Isabella had her mouth full, but she nodded her thanks. She could hear the exhaustion in Ingrid's voice. Stephanie also looked like she could nod off at any moment. The girls ate in silence, cleaned up in silence and each of them went to their rooms.

Isabella pulled the covers over her naked body, and the minute her head hit the pillow she fell into a deep and dreamless slumber.

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Isabella at the Photo shoot

Isabella woke up and stretched her aching body. She felt like she had completed a triathlon, gone one round with a Muay Thai fighter and lost badly. For a second she didn't know where she was. She had never had the money to stay in a place this fancy. Then the memories came back. She remembered the orgy from yesterday, thanks to Alicia, and Ingrid's invitation to spend the night.

She got out of bed, still naked since her clothes were ripped apart by the dogs. She blamed Alicia for that, though. The clock on the nightstand said it was 11:10AM. After going through her morning routine, and using more of Ingrid's luxurious skin care products, she went to the kitchen for breakfast. Ingrid and Stephanie were already there. Ingrid wore more casual clothes this time - black yoga pants, a white t-shirt and a loose blue hoodie sweater, and had her hair up in a ponytail. Stephanie was still naked.

"Good morning." Ingrid said. She slid her laptop over to them. "Here, pick out the clothes you want. Alicia will pay for them, so feel free to splurge a bit. Especially you, Isabella. Alicia said she didn't know you were here when she ordered that housewarming gift. They deliver quickly, so it should get here around lunch time."

The web browser was already set to a luxury designer's site. Stephanie quickly picked out a pair of jeans, a t-shirt, and a sweater along with a lacy and elegantly embroidered lingerie set that included stockings and garter belt. Isabella spent a little more time and chose a nice summer dress, a lingerie

set like Stephanie's but without the garter belt, and replaced all the clothes she lost.

Ingrid's phone vibrated with an incoming text. "Alicia says she needs to take some photos of you for the Dionysus club. When can you be available?"

"Any time." Isabella replied. Since it was summer break she had no end of free time.

"Monday, 10AM at Alicia's ranch?"

Isabella nodded. "That works. So what's it like being a nymph?"

"It's a lot of sex." Ingrid said, smiling. "You get to travel to a lot of different countries. You spend a lot of time naked but sometimes there is a dress code."

"It's mostly dogs." Stephanie added. "They're the most common pet people have and the most common breed animal for beginners."

Isabella grabbed a croissant, some fruit, and a couple fried eggs. "Which ones are your favourite?"

"I prefer dogs and horses. But I'm open to anything." Ingrid said. "Dogs are easier to control and have sex with. But I love taking a huge horse cock. And being drenched in cum."

Isabella smiled slightly at the memory of Ingrid covered in spooge. She was willing to bet Ingrid wished every dog was a Mastiff.

"Like she said, dogs are easier to have sex with, but I like variety." Stephanie said. "So far I've liked every animal I've fucked. But I will only do anal with dogs, horses, and donkeys. I'll suck pretty much anything."

"I've only had sex with dogs and horses." Isabella said. "It's hard to choose between them. Dogs fit in me easier, but I do love taking a huge cock like a horse's. I also love getting cummed on."

"Oral, anal, or vag?" Stephanie asked.

"I've done it in all three." Isabella said. "I like being able to take it anywhere."

"You'll fit right in." Stephanie said.

Isabella smiled as she finished the last bites of her breakfast and went to get a cup of coffee. "What about other kinks?"

"Oh, that does come up." Ingrid said. She had forgotten all about some of the client's particular requests. "It is rare, though." she said looking at Stephanie.

"Not really." Stephanie replied. "I'd say at least about five times a year we'll get a bondage request, roleplay, public sex. Nothing crazy, though. Alicia shuts those down immediately."

"Public sex?" Isabella asked, a little alarmed.

"It's like what you did in the woods." Ingrid said. "No one will actually see you. This whole operation is open to a very select group. None of them want this to be traced back to them."

The intercom chimed and Ingrid went to check on it. "Your clothes are here." She went down to the concierge desk and came back shortly with a package. Isabella and Stephanie picked out the clothes

they ordered and got dressed. Even the lingerie felt odd on Isabella's skin after spending so much time naked.

Isabella thanked Ingrid for her hospitality and left. When she got home she took her car and drove to the Bowen-Darkeley estate. Their butler answered the door.

"Hello, I'm here to see Felicity." Isabella told him.

"Ms. Bowen-Darkeley is taking her horse out for a ride. She told me she would be at the East Trails."

Isabella thanked him and walked around the house to where the stables were. She knew what 'East Trails' meant. It was a code word between her and Felicity. Just past the stables, and a short walk into the woods behind the building, was a small grotto. It was nothing more than a clearing created when a large tree had fallen. Nothing had yet grown in its place so Felicity had a small patio set installed so she could enjoy nature free of any reminders of society. This was also where they took Trooper for an outdoor tryst. The patio table was carved one-piece in stone and imported from Greece. The whole thing made Isabella think of a royal dining room in a Dwarf's hall from *The Lord of the Rings*.

As Isabella approached she could hear the familiar sounds of sex. Trooper stood in the middle of the clearing with Felicity naked and kneeling underneath him. The red-headed heiress had her mouth wrapped around the horse's cock and sucked it noisily while she rubbed herself between her legs.

"Hello Felicity." Isabella said, making Felicity jump up in fright.

"Fucking hell, Isabella." Felicity angrily said. "I almost bit his dick off."

"Sorry, Felicity. I just came by to say I'm going to have less time for Trooper, Banga and Barghest. I got a new job."

"That's wonderful! Don't worry about the boys. I can handle them on my own. Where are you going to be working?"

"With your sister, actually."

"My sister?" Felicity said after a pause.

"She has a club with her friends. They go around fucking dogs, horses and other interesting creatures. Actually I think it's a ranch."

"I didn't realize Alicia was so enterprising."

"You didn't know?"

"I knew about the club." Felicity clarified. "She and her friends have visited all the equestrian clubs from here to Hong Kong. I didn't know she had purchased property and expanded her after school activities into an actual business."

Isabella sensed this was becoming a sensitive topic. "How does Alicia know me? I don't think we've actually met." she asked, changing the subject.

"It was at my birthday party last year. I had it late, remember? Alicia was flying home early from Oxford and I wanted her to be there. There were tons of people, so that's probably why you never saw each other. Oh, wait, you did chat with her. The two of you were talking with that Chinese

fellow from Singapore.”

Isabella remembered now. That fellow was a handsome, young, rich investment banker. They were actually fighting over him.

“Since you won’t be here for a while, why don’t you give the boys a farewell present?” Felicity suggested.

“Felicity, what about the dog show? Their training?”

Felicity looked like she was arguing with the angel and devil on her shoulders. “Alright. Just Trooper, then.”

“I’d be glad to.” Isabella said, pulling off her shirt. She was familiar with the size of Trooper’s loads and didn’t want to ruin her new clothes.

Felicity admired Isabella’s slim, athletic body as she stripped. Isabella’s lingerie caught her eye. It looked like one of the ones she had seen in Paris when she went shopping last month at her personal atelier. The designer swore it was exclusive. She wondered how Isabella got her hands on a set.

Isabella put her hands on the patio table and bent over with her legs spread, exposing her pussy. Trooper needed no more encouragement and mounted the table. His hooves landed to either side of Isabella’s head, reminding her what a powerful animal he was. She felt his flat, flared cock head against her pussy already. In one powerful lunge the horse thrust into her, lifting her up a little and dropping her back down on her stomach. Her toes couldn’t reach the ground anymore.

Trooper sunk his entire length into her, making Isabella moan as she was filled. The horse fucked her with long, powerful thrusts. He wasn’t as quick as a dog, but his ridged cock head made up for it. Isabella felt every bump and crevice slide around inside her. Nearly every thrust brought her to the brink of orgasm. Isabella tried to reach under her and rub her clit, but it was impossible in her position. She just lay there and let Trooper have his way with her.

Felicity climbed onto the table and directed Isabella’s head between her spread legs. The brunette smiled and happily licked her snatch. Every time Trooper thrust into Isabella he pushed her onto Felicity. Isabella stuck her tongue in between Felicity’s folds and used this motion to tongue-fuck her.

Felicity rubbed her clit while Isabella ate her out. Being very intimate with her horse’s physical needs, she could see Trooper was about to cum. She wanted to cum with him, and rubbed her clit faster.

After a few more thrusts, Trooper whinnied and came. Isabella came instantly when she felt him shoot his seed inside her. She heard Felicity cum as well; their moans combined, announcing to all of nature just what depraved whores they were.

The strength of Trooper’s spurts felt like a fire hose inside her. He had filled her up long ago, and now his spunk just sprayed back out, coating her legs and the grass underneath her. Isabella had a thought and pulled herself further up on the table. Felicity sat back and gave her room, wondering what she was doing. Trooper’s cock slid out of Isabella’s pussy still rock hard and spurting. Isabella felt a long rope land on her back, going from her butt to her hair. The next hit the middle of her back and went up to her hair as well. She heard Felicity yelp and she knew Felicity got some of that money shot as well.

The girls waited patiently while the horse emptied his balls. By the time he dismounted Isabella felt her back was a sticky mess. Looking up at Felicity she could see the red haired girl was only slightly better. Because of the angle, only her tits got splashed on. Her face and hair were fine, compared to Isabella, whose hair was completely matted on the back of her head.

The girls walked back to the stables with Trooper carrying their clothes on his back. Felicity had a shower installed here and the two took turns cleaning up.

Finally it was time for Isabella to go. The two friends embraced.

“Congratulations on the new job”, Felicity said, “but do drop by once in a while so the boys don’t forget your face. Or perhaps I’ll drop by Alicia’s ranch.”

“Thanks Felicity. I’ll try to drop by some time. “

Felicity saw Isabella to the front of the house and Isabella drove home.

When she got home she made a call to the animal shelter and told them she would be unable to continue volunteering there. Dr. Jameson expressed her dismay at losing her, but to Isabella, she sounded a little happy at the situation.

The next day Isabella drove to Alicia’s ranch for the photo shoot. Arriving there she saw Ingrid and Stephanie already waiting for her. As the three of them walked through the main building, the windows allowed Isabella a grand view of the entire property. The buildings were two stories at most, but it was a sprawling estate with a wide yard, a patio, and a pool. Part of the old stables had been converted into one large building. What was left looked like it could house three or four horses. A barn was off to the side of the stables and looked like it had been raised recently. It wasn’t as weathered as the stables.

Isabella was surprised to see photos of Ingrid and Stephanie all over the walls. It really didn’t match the décor, so Isabella surmised they must have been set up just for today’s shoot. In some of them they were clothed and looked like they were modeling. Most were nude photos. Some were tastefully done, and showed off their slim, toned figures. Others were more racy, with the girls spreading their legs and their pussies for the camera. They posed with dogs, horses, and other animals. Sometimes they were on their knees with a dick in their mouths. In others they were mounted in all sorts of positions.

Isabella found herself particularly drawn to a black and white photo showing Ingrid and Stephanie in a barn performing a daisy chain with a horse and a dog. The horse was on a raised platform and Ingrid had his dick in her mouth. She had one leg raise up on a hay bale with her toes pointed down, as if she was wearing high heels. She was being licked by Stephanie, who was sitting with her legs spread on another hay bale with her toes pointed down as well. She was in turn being eaten out by a Dalmatian. She found the portrait to be equal parts artistic and lewd.

“Ladies!” Isabella heard a man call at them in a stereotypical gay voice.

“Rafael, so glad to see you again!” Ingrid said, giving him air kisses on each cheek.

“Ingrid! Stephanie! It is always a pleasure.” Rafael said. “How long has it been, two years?”

"Yeah, about that long." Ingrid nodded.

"What have you been up to?"

"Stephanie and I both graduated and we moved straight into doing our Master's."

"Congratulations to you both." Rafael said.

"You must be Isabella." Rafael said, extending his hand.

"Nice to meet you." she replied, shaking his hand.

"How did you all meet?"

Isabella was at a loss for words. She didn't want to say she caught the girls fucking dogs in the woods while she herself was fucking dogs in the woods. It seemed like too much information and too inappropriate for a first meeting.

Ingrid came to her rescue with a white lie. "We were in university together. She's doing her Master's as well."

"All you highly educated women are putting me to shame." Rafael said, jokingly.

"You have some nice features. I'm guessing you're mixed?" Rafael studied her face.

"I'm half British, half Japanese." Isabella replied, studying him in return. Rafael looked like he was in his mid thirties and came from an Italian or Spanish background. Like most gay men he took his personal grooming seriously. He had his hair up in a loose man bun and kept his beard trimmed at a length of one-inch. Glasses with a thick black plastic frame finished his look and gave him a contemplative air like you would expect from a philosophy professor. Isabella knew the trends he chose were a bit dated, and wondered if he actually liked the styles he chose or if he was just cycled through trends as they came up.

"Fabulous! Come this way." He led them to the room where the shoot was actually taking place. An entire crew of people were there ranging from makeup and wardrobe, to lighting and wranglers. A Great Dane was already waiting with his wrangler holding his leash.

Alicia was standing in the doorway and looked like she had been waiting for them. "Isabella! So glad you came. I'm sorry about my housewarming gift. If I had known you were there I'd have gone with something that ... made less of a statement."

She wore the same sunglasses from when she showed up at Ingrid's penthouse, but she ditched the haute couture today in favour of a more casual outfit of shorts, t-shirt and a summer jacket. She also had her hair down and wore it loose. Isabella noticed the snooty tone she used at Ingrid's was gone. She sounded friendly. Perhaps this was the real Alicia and the one glammed up in next year's fashions was just a facade for the public?

"No need to apologize." Isabella said. "I quite enjoyed your gift."

"We all enjoyed your gift, Alicia." Ingrid said. "Isabella handles the unexpected very well."

"I'll have to shoot you two again." Rafael said, indicating Ingrid and Stephanie. "so much has changed. Especially you, Stephanie." He had the girls sit at their own makeup station while he examined each of them in the mirror.

"I love your tinting, Ingrid." he said while playing with her hair.

"Let's touch it up, and give her a choppy kind of style at the ends." he told the stylist, who followed him as he went from girl to girl.

"Stephanie, you keep changing your hair." Rafael said in mock exasperation. "What happened to your blue streaks?" Stephanie only smiled in response. "Well, I love your new dark brown colour and blonde highlights. Let's keep the asymmetry of the whole thing, but we'll have longer highlights. Have it transition from blonde to brown as it gets closer to the head."

"Isabella. First shoot?" Rafael said, standing behind her chair. Isabella nodded. "First nude shoot?" Isabella nodded again. Rafael noticed some trepidation creep into her face. "You have nothing to worry about. These two girls with you are professionals in every way. All the women here? Former porn stars. They've seen and done everything." he said, with emphasis on the word 'everything'. He leaned in close and whispered in her ear for the next part. "The men? All gay and eunuchs." Isabella had to laugh. "Except for me, of course." he continued, in a normal volume "I'm the full package."

"You have a natural wave to your hair." he said, lightly running his fingers through her shoulder-length dark brown hair. "I like it. Let's lighten it just a bit. Maybe half way to the next shade."

He turned to the makeup artist. "Use a little eyeliner and accentuate her Asian features."

Once the stylists were done the girls moved onto Wardrobe. They had the girls strip completely naked and then held clothes in front of them to see how they looked, including some expensive looking lacy lingerie. One of the wardrobe girls whispered to her assistant, who left the dressing area. Moments later Rafael came in.

"Knock-knock." he said, politely letting them know a man was coming in. "There were a few requests made by Alicia for this shoot." He began in a diplomatic tone. "One of which is that you must be bald.", and glanced down discreetly at their crotch level.

Isabella was taken aback. No one mentioned anything about personal grooming before the photo shoot. She kept herself well maintained with a finger's width strip and bare lips. It was certainly nicer than Stephanie's thatchy triangle.

"Come on. Let's get a free wax." Stephanie gently took Isabella by the arm and the three of them went to the waxing station where the women there made short work of any hair between their legs.

Back in Wardrobe they dressed in the lingerie, jeans and shirts laid out for them and got in front of the camera.

"All right, girls, let's have fun!" Rafael took pictures of them from every angle and arrangement. Back drops were changed at the drop of a hat. The girls went through multiple wardrobe changes going from from casual clothes, to office attire, to bikinis, to lingerie.

It was now time for the nude shoot. Rafael took individual shots of Ingrid and Stephanie first.

"Fabulous, ladies! You've been working out, haven't you? You're still as skinny and tight as the last time I shot you two years ago."

Ingrid and Stephanie smiled wider and flaunted their bodies more. Then it was Isabella's turn in front of the camera

"Oh, wow, I love your mixed features." Rafael took several shots of Isabella's head and then directed her in her poses. "You have a natural beauty, girl. So athletic and lithe!"

His compliments had the same effect on Isabella as they had on the other girls. Isabella found herself more confident in showing off her naked body to a room full of strangers.

"Alright, Isabella, these next shots are going to be a little ... blue." Rafael warned. "Can you sit down and spread those gorgeous legs for me?"

Isabella complied and felt a different sort of thrill as she exposed her pussy to the room. She noticed several women ogling her, but true to his word, none of the men did. The only penis that reacted to her was from the Great Dane.

"Lovely!" Rafael said as he snapped a few quick pictures. "Now spread that pussy for me. Beautiful! If I wasn't gay I'd be hard and holding myself back from getting in there and tapping your tight ass!"

Isabella laughed and felt totally relaxed now. Rafael directed her in many sexy poses with many backdrop changes, and also some props.

When Isabella was done Rafael paired the girls up and did group shots. The poses started tame and were typical of what you'd find in a porno magazine. The girls would be standing or sitting, and they would pretend they were doing normal things, like reading a book. Then the girls moved on to racier poses, like spreading their legs or bending over to expose their pussies.

Then they started getting raunchier. Rafael instructed the crew to give them dildoes and had them mimic fellatio or penetrate each other with them. Ingrid was given a strapon and told to fuck Isabella while Stephanie sat on Isabella's face. The girls intertwined themselves in a few lesbian poses and licked each other before Rafael called for the dog to be brought in.

Ingrid and Stephanie stepped out of frame while Isabella posed with the dog. Like before, the tame shots were first, followed by the more risqué ones. Isabella was impressed that the dog obeyed every command given to him. He didn't even try to sniff her unless he was commanded.

"Okay, Isabella, let's get a shot of you with his dick in your mouth."

Isabella swallowed all of the Great Dane's eight inch cock easily, prompting amazement from a lot of the girls in the crew.

"Love your enthusiasm, girl." Rafael said. "But let's save some for the audience?"

Isabella blushed and slid the dog's cock half way out of her mouth. Once Rafael got a shot of Isabella taking a dog cock in all her holes while naked and in costume, the whole crew changed venues to the barn where they repeated the shoot with a horse. And then again with a donkey, and then a bull.

After everything was done, everyone enjoyed a late lunch outside on the patio that eventually turned into late afternoon drinks, and then finally, dinner. Alicia had her personal chef cook everything to perfection.

"How do you feel?" Ingrid asked Isabella.

"Good." Isabella replied. "It was fun."

"From this point on you'll be on everyone's radar." Ingrid said. "You're the first new girl we've had."

It took a minute for Isabella realize what that meant.

“Don’t worry. Stephanie and I will be right at your side.”

“I’m not worried.” Isabella said. “I just realized I don’t have to go looking for my next lay anymore.”

The girls laughed and sipped their drinks. Alicia came and sat down next to them.

“Glad you joined us, Isabella.” Alicia said. “As insatiable as these two are, there’s almost too much for us to handle this year. Even with me joining them on all fours.”

“We are not that bad.” Stephanie said.

“You two ran through a year’s appointments in less than six months last year. You literally could not wait to fuck. It’s only thanks to the new animal competitions this year that we have as high of a volume as we do now.” Alicia pointed out. “Man, rich people go crazy for animal competitions.”

Isabella was surprised to hear Alicia use the word ‘rich’ when describing other people. From what Felicity had shown her the Bowen-Darkeleys were incredibly wealthy themselves.

Alicia looked around at the departing crew and the staff cleaning everything up.

“You guys should stay the night. You’ve been drinking.” Alicia said.

“Thank you, Alicia.” Isabella said, but Alicia waved it off.

“My staff will show you to your rooms. I am going to turn in. I have to be in Singapore tomorrow. Goodnight.”

The girls bid her good night and finished their drinks. The room Isabella was shown was quaint but the furnishings showed someone with expensive tastes had decorated it. Isabella washed up and changed into an honest-to-goodness nightgown that was provided for her. She didn’t think anyone still made them.

In the middle of the night Isabella was awoken by a strange noise. It sounded like it was coming from outside. She opened the window and listened closely. She heard the sound again, and it was close. There were no street lights this far away from the city. The ranch only had lights near the buildings, so that meant much of the property was pitch black. Even with her eyes adjusted to the dark she couldn’t see very far into the night.

The sound happened again. It came from the same direction and this time Isabella thought she recognized it. She went downstairs and quietly opened the back door. She crept silently across the yard to the stables. In the light of the single lamp next to the building she saw one of the doors was slightly ajar. She slid in, careful not to make a noise. Her night gown caught on a stray splinter but she pulled it loose. Just inside the doorway she found two nightgowns thrown on the floor. She picked them up, knowing who their owners were by now.

In the moonlight she saw Ingrid and Stephanie each fucking a horse. The two lay side by side on top of some hay bales with a horse plowing his entire length into them. Isabella could see the bulge their cocks made in the girls whenever they were fully inside. She watched them silently and stroked herself until the horses came.

Ingrid and Stephanie slid off the hay bales, careful not to slip on the puddles of cum on the floor. The

two put away the horses and crept around the hay bales to retrieve their clothes, but Isabella knew they wouldn't find them. They came back, checking the floor carefully as they walked.

Isabella cleared her throat. "Looking for these?" she said, holding up their nightgowns.

Ingrid and Stephanie looked like they could have jumped out of their skins, but recovered quickly.

"You two really are insatiable." Isabella teased.

"You want the last one?" Ingrid said.

Isabella looked at the last stall. It was the chestnut brown stallion from the photo shoot. She remembered how his cock felt in her pussy during the photo shoot and her horniness came back full steam. "Oh, yes, definitely." She replied hungrily. She pulled her nightgown over her head and tossed it onto the floor while Ingrid led the horse to the hay bales. She quickly got the horse hard while Isabella hopped up.

In the dim moonlight Isabella could just make out the horse's flared tip. It felt larger and warmer against her pussy than it did earlier today. She grasped his shaft and gently penetrated herself on him. She got five inches of his shaft into her easily, which surprised even herself. She figured she must be incredibly wet right now. The horse handled the rest and thrust his remaining seven inches in. Isabella flopped onto her back and moaned as she felt herself being filled completely. Her feet planted against the horse's body and she could feel his firm, powerful muscles contract as he thrust into her. She was at the mercy of the horse now, who plowed her just as hard as his brothers plowed the other two mares.

Ingrid and Stephanie entertained themselves with the other animals in the barn while Isabella enjoyed a midnight delight. They found a donkey who had been roused by all the equine sex happening. Ingrid was surprised the donkey's cock looked just like a horse's only much longer. Stephanie, who was more experienced with donkey anatomy enjoyed giving Ingrid a lesson. The two of them took turns slobbering over his cock until he blew his load all over them. Ingrid smiled and felt like she was back in familiar territory.

Isabella was in a never-ending cycle of orgasms. Just when she thought one was dying down another one exploded within her and sent shockwaves throughout her entire body. Her hands clawed at the straw underneath her as her orgasm wracked through her.

Isabella's ran her hands over her body, alternating between squeezing her breasts and feeling her belly bulge out from the horse's thick member. She could feel the horse's cock pulse inside her and knew it was coming. A few seconds later the horse came with a loud whinny and unloaded inside her. His cum filled her pussy and sprayed back out in one spurt. The effect of so many orgasms in so little time made Isabella feel like a ragdoll. This final one made her shake and writhe so hard the horse's cock slipped out of her. The horse wasn't done cumming. The rest of his load sprayed all over Isabella, covering her from chin to crotch in his thick, white spooge.

Once Isabella's horse finished busting his nut, Ingrid put him away and gave Isabella room to slip down from the hay bale. Stephanie put the donkey away and the three of them headed back to bed.

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## **Isabella and Felicity's Canine Fun**

*Note: This story contains characters from Darksoul3D's comic 'Felicity's Holiday Encounter'*

## Isabella and Felicity's Canine Fun

Isabella stretched and got out of bed. Summer break started only days earlier but she had yet to get used to sleeping in. As it was, 8AM was the latest she could manage. She was sure she could get into the new habit, though.

After going through her morning routine she put her shoulder length brown hair into a quick ponytail and put a bit of eyeliner on before she left to go to Felicity's house.

A while later Isabella rang the doorbell on the ornate door of the Bowen-Darkeley mansion. Their butler opened the door shortly and welcomed her in. It was not the first time she was here but she always marveled at how the incredibly wealthy lived. The ornamental plants changed with the season; there were actual historical artifacts in display cases. Felicity's father often came back from his business trips with an item bought at auction. His tastes tended to stay around weaponry or paintings, and he had an eclectic collection from all historical periods and countries.

Isabella made her way to the veranda out back where Felicity was playing with her dogs. They were her father's hunting dogs, but when he gave up that hobby Felicity asked to have the dogs. And so Felicity became the new owner of Banga and Barghest, two strapping Great Dane Mastiff crosses.

The dogs were playing tug-of-war with a piece of knotted rope. When Felicity saw her she clapped her hands and commanded the dogs to drop it.

"Hi Isabella!" Felicity greeted her cheerfully. She had always been jealous of Isabella's mixed British-Japanese ancestry. She always thought Isabella got the best from both her parents - dark brown hair with a hint of auburn, delicate facial features, and a small smattering of freckles. The way she did her eyeliner made her look exotic and a bit elfin.

"Hi!" she waved back. Felicity wore her hair down today. Her ginger locks framed her face and contrasted nicely with her nearly porcelain complexion. To Isabella, Felicity looked radiant as always.

"Hello Banga. Hello Barghest." she said while petting each dog on the head. It wasn't the first time she was meeting them and they were a lot less intimidating when they weren't tracking an animal or bringing back prey in their mouths.

"Shall we?" Felicity asked.

"We shall." Isabella replied.

"Come on, boys, it's time for a walk."

Both dogs ran around in circles, overjoyed at the thought of going for a walk. Felicity and Isabella set off across the large backyard to the trails behind the stables with Banga and Barghest trotting obediently at their sides.

The group strolled along the dirt path at a leisurely pace. The girls chatted about nothing in particular and everything while the dogs ran here and there chasing scents and sounds only they were aware of.

They eventually came to a clearing. It was Felicity's favourite. It originally had a large maple tree right in the centre. After a huge storm it fell, leaving a broken trunk. Felicity had it removed and made a table from the stump. Then she had a maple tree planted in the same spot and imported a

table made from whole stone. Isabella thought it looked like something out of a Dwarven king's hall.

The dogs laid down and rested on the grass while the girls got some folding chairs from the storage shed. Isabella stroked Banga's fur absentmindedly with her foot while she sat and enjoyed the summer weather.

Banga sniffed at her appendage once or twice but ignored it. Instead he licked her calf, making Isabella squeal and pull her leg back.

Felicity laughed as Banga got up and licked Isabella's leg again. Isabella tried to push the big dog's head away, but he could not be deterred.

"He just wants the salt from your sweat." Felicity explained.

"I know." Isabella replied. "I just don't want dog spit all over me."

Isabella finally gave up and let Banga lick her bare legs. The dog went from one leg to the other, licking from calf to calf and thigh to thigh. As he moved higher he caught a different scent; a more alluring scent. He shoved his snout between Isabella's thighs into the crotch of her shorts making the girl jump up.

"Bad dog!" Isabella shouted, slapping Banga on the top of the head. The dog quickly moved a short distance away and looked back at the girl with a confused look on his face. Isabella picked up her chair, set it upright and sat down angrily.

"Why Isabella, I didn't know you've come to dislike dogs so much." Felicity said in a mocking tone. "Especially after the incidents this past year?" she put extra emphasis on the 's' in 'incidents'.

Isabella knew exactly what she was talking about. This past year was her first year at university. She met Felicity when she was rushing a sorority. The two of them became fast friends despite the competition of the rush. One of the tasks was to get a sample of sperm from the school mascot - a Husky. She got it and became a legend. But in the following weeks she started feeling a strange attraction to the dog. She started looking at dog breeder sites to see if there was any information about bonding with a dog this way. She couldn't get the memory of jacking off a dog out of her mind. She started looking up pictures of dog penises and comparing them to the Husky's. She started masturbating while thinking about jacking off the dog and having his cum spray all over her.

Eventually one of the dog dick pics she clicked on led to a porn site. There were galleries of photos of women jacking off dogs, and doing much more. Soon pictures weren't enough and she started watching videos. Many nights she rubbed herself off while thinking of having sex with a dog. She even went so far as to order a dildo shaped like a dog dick and had it shipped to her dorm. Using it that night felt right. Feeling the shape of a dog dick inside her, unfamiliar as it was, cemented the thought in her mind that she had to have that Husky again.

One of her sorority sisters was dating a guy on the basketball team who occasionally took care of the dog for a month. Through her she learned the schedules of the other caretakers and got a copy of his key to the varsity clubhouse in exchange for doing a threesome with them.

Once a month Isabella snuck into the Husky's cage and gave him a handjob into a condom. It made for an easy cleanup. Afterwards when she masturbated, she always had the biggest orgasm of her life. Then the day finally came when handjobs weren't enough for her. She had to have more. The next time she snuck in she got him hard like always. Then she squatted down and got closer to his cock. She could smell his musky odor. It was close to what his cum smelled like, but not quite. She

tried to lean in but she still couldn't reach his dick with her mouth. She ended up going on her stomach and sliding underneath him.

Her heart was pounding out of her chest as she got closer to his red, spear shaped cock. She licked the tip of his dick and pulled back quickly in case he made any sudden movements. When nothing happened she licked him again, on the underside of his dick. Emboldened, she licked his shaft all over, going from the base of his cock all the way back to his fleshy tip.

The dog came unexpectedly, spraying a few shots into her mouth. Isabella pulled back on instinct. A few weak spurts landed on her chin. She wiped herself clean and slid away. The dog actually followed her and stood with his side facing her, as if telling her to finish the job.

Isabella slid back under him and wrapped her lips around his cock. It felt hotter than a guy's cock and a lot slicker. She slid her mouth back and forth along the Husky's shaft and gave him a blowjob like she would a guy. As she did she felt her fear melting away to be replaced by lust. This wasn't just something she was doing to satisfy herself. She was pleasuring her lover now.

She didn't know how long it took, but the dog eventually blew his load into her mouth. It was her first taste of dog cum and she nearly spit it out right there. But then she remembered she wasn't using a condom this time and couldn't leave any evidence behind. Nor could she have any unexplained stains on her clothes. So she swallowed his load. All of it. She felt dirty. When she got back to her dorm she rinsed with mouthwash until the chemical fumes burned her throat when she breathed.

The next time she had her tryst with the Husky she found couldn't get enough of his cum. She thought back to all the times she jacked him off into a condom only to throw it away. She had swallowed his load already and was trying to coax a bit more out of his balls when the door opened. Isabella was caught in the cage with six inches of doggy sausage stuffed down her throat and her hand pickpocketing his coinpurse.

And who else should her captor be than Felicity Bowen-Darkeley. The redheaded girl showed no disgust or even surprise. She wordlessly stepped into the cage, grabbed Isabella by the arm and dragged her back to the dorms. Felicity explained that the varsity players were getting suspicious. There were reports of noise coming from the clubhouse during hours when nobody should be there. So they would have to coordinate their schedules. And that was how Felicity revealed she fucked dogs.

The next time Isabella went to the clubhouse her key didn't work. And that was the end of her foray into bestiality. She never saw her clandestine canine companion again. Not even at sport events. There was a short article in the school newspaper about how budget cuts had forced the athletics department to get rid of their mascot. But there was no need to worry because they found him a good home.

"I never told you about my vacation to the south of France, did I?" Felicity said, breaking Isabella out of her reverie.

Isabella shook her head.

"It was before we met. I was sunning myself by the pool when this mutt came out of nowhere. He caught me unawares and licked me through my bikini. I was offended as well, but I couldn't stop him. He gave me one of the best orgasms I've ever had. Do you want to know what happened next?"

Isabella nodded.

“That dog awakened something in me. So I let him fuck me. I got naked, turned myself around and let him fuck me right there like a bitch. I’m telling you this because that Husky awakened something in you. And you’re not doing yourself any favours by denying it.”

Isabella took it all in with a contemplative look on her face. Then her look changed. “Is this why you invited me here?” she shouted at Felicity in outrage.

Felicity’s face didn’t betray any emotion. “Like I said. You’re not doing yourself any favours.”

Looking at Banga’s red tip poking out of his fur, Isabella felt the memories of those nights with the Husky stir her feelings. “I don’t dislike dogs.” she said and knelt down next to Banga. She pet his side while Felicity looked on.

“I don’t dislike dogs.” she repeated, with more conviction this time. “I like dogs. I like their dicks. I like how they feel. I like how they taste. I love their cum.”

She looked at Felicity. “Can I have his cum?”

“Of course.” Felicity smiled. “First things first. Those clothes have got to go.”

Isabella pulled her blue-grey halter top over her head while she stepped out of her shoes, and tossed it onto her chair. She unhooked her black bra, revealing her 34B breasts and tossed that on top of her shirt. Next were her beige shorts and then last was her purple thong. Felicity snuck a glance at her shaved pussy but said nothing.

“Now you get Banga ready and I’ll work on Barghest.” Felicity said with a smile.

Isabella knelt down in the grass and rubbed Banga’s belly near his hindquarters. Meanwhile Felicity pulled off her yellow t-shirt and tossed it aside, not caring where it landed. Next came her white sports bra, releasing her pair of 34Cs. Her white shorts, and blue thong quickly came off and joined the rest of her clothes on the grass. She ran her hand over her trimmed landing strip and wondered if she should go bald like Isabella. Barghest was laying on his side so Felicity got him to roll onto his back before rubbing his sheathe.

Isabella’s hands didn’t forget a thing and she soon had Banga’s eight inch hardon in her hand. Before she knew what she was doing, she was crawling underneath the dog and putting his dick in her mouth. Feeling a dog dick slide between her lips felt so familiar. She moaned as a tingle of pleasure flashed through her body.

Felicity watched Isabella suck Banga’s dick while she rubbed Barghest’s sheathe until his cock slid out.

What she never told Isabella was she had been spying on her every time she had been with the Husky through a camera she had hidden in the clubhouse. She saw the look on Isabella’s face during the party after she presented the dog semen. It was the same one she had by the pool in France. She knew it was only a matter of time before Isabella went back for more.

Every month Felicity was treated to a live show of a girl discovering her love of dogs. She made sure her own dalliances with the Husky didn’t interfere with Isabella’s, and that the dog had plenty of cum saved up so Isabella was always satisfied.

The night she caught her, she was actually retrieving her camera. She had seen the coach talking with the administrators that morning about changing the locks. The coach had gotten reports of



noises at odd hours. In addition to the budget cuts it was easier to get rid of the dog and use the clubhouse for something more useful.

In the months after Isabella had withdrawn from her, understandably. But Felicity didn't give up. While they had made a connection on rush night, Felicity knew she had to cultivate this friendship. So she made every effort to reach out but never mentioned that night. Just as she thought Isabella came around and they became best friends. Felicity followed her intuition again, and now Isabella was reigniting the flame that drew her to the Husky in the first place.

The change in the texture she felt in her hand brought Felicity out of her thoughts. Barghest's cock stood proud at attention in her hand. Felicity licked her lips as she gazed at his nine inches of doggy dick. It was deep red like Banga's, but in the light she noticed some lighter mottling. She jacked his dick a couple times, feeling his slick shaft slide through her hand. Then she bent down and swallowed his cock into her mouth. Six inches went in easily and she worked to make the next two fit, but then decided to just enjoy herself for now.

Banga and Barghest's panting created a constant background noise to which the only sounds that broke it were the gentle slurps and soft moans from Isabella and Felicity as they pleased the dogs with their mouths. Isabella slid her mouth back and forth on Banga's shaft while Felicity bobbed her head up and down on Barghest's.

Suddenly Isabella yelped in surprise as Banga started shooting his load into her mouth. Felicity checked on her out of the corner of her eye but saw nothing she needed to be worried about. After the initial unexpected squirt Isabella held her lips around his shaft and let him fill her. She could feel his dick pulse with each shot. One after the other, they filled her willing mouth until she could no longer hold his seed. She slid her lips off him to swallow, only to catch more of his load on her face. She closed her eyes instinctively and let him plaster her with his cum. She couldn't believe how much his balls could hold. The Husky never had this much.

When Banga was finally done Isabella slid out from under him and sat upright while she wiped her face clean with her hands. Felicity was still working Barghest's pole. Isabella watched as the red headed girl sank her mouth deep on the dog's cock and sucked so hard on the way up her cheeks caved in. Barghest's hips twitched, signaling his orgasm. Felicity held her mouth in place while she jacked her hand on his shaft to help him along.

Isabella watched with fascination as Felicity's throat contracted as she swallowed. Then she pulled her mouth off his dick and swallowed again. A stray spurt of cum shot straight up into the air before Felicity aimed Barghest's meat cannon at her face. Barghest pasted Felicity's face just like Banga did hers. When he was done Felicity let him go to clean herself off.

"How do you feel?" Felicity asked.

"Good." Isabella replied with a grin. "Horny."

"You've got a surefire cure for that right there."

Isabella's eyes wandered to Banga's cock; still erect and ready for action. "Yeah, but how...?"

Felicity had to try really hard not to roll her eyes. "Seriously? Ever heard of 'doggy style'?"

Isabella blushed in embarrassment and got on all fours. It attracted Banga's attention immediately. The dog walked around and sniffed Isabella's exposed pussy. He licked her with his wide flat tongue, going from her clit to her asshole, making Isabella moaned at his touch. A few more licks and

Isabella was ready to cum. Before that happened Banga mounted the girl and hunched his hips, attempting to find her pussy with his dick.

Isabella felt the tip of his dick brush the surface of her pussy. It sort of tickled and made her feel tingly all over. Isabella felt Banga readjust on top of her. His strong forepaws gripped higher on her waist and he shuffled closer until she could feel his fur on her butt.

Isabella gasped as she felt the tip of Banga's dick penetrate her, and then she moaned softly when she felt him fill her up. She felt something odd press against her pussy and looked between her legs to see his large round knot. She knew what it was for from all the porn she watched. Her heart skipped a beat when she thought about Banga using it on her.

Once Banga felt his dick wrapped in her pussy he started fucking her the only way he knew how - fast and hard. Isabella moaned and clawed the ground with her hands. It never occurred to her how fast a dog could fuck, even with all the porn she watched. He was much faster than a man. She tried to put a hand against Banga as a signal for him to slow down, like she would a man, but it did nothing. She was at the mercy of this dog now.

Felicity, being more well versed in dog sex knew just what she was expecting. She got on all fours for Barghest and let him mount her. His firm paws around her waist and his fur against her back always got her motor running. She reached between her legs to play with herself and make sure she was wet enough for him. Barghest hit the mark and slid into her in one stroke. Felicity moaned and smiled as he fucked her like the bitch she was.

Isabella couldn't believe how good it felt to have sex with a dog. It made her feel primal and full of raw sexual energy. His strong furry body against hers made her feel like she was part of his pack. It gave her a feeling of calm and being protected. At the same time he could take her, mount her, and use her whenever he wanted, and she would let him.

Isabella started breathing harder and moaning louder. She felt an orgasm build inside her and explode, sending waves of pleasure cascading through every part of her body. She moaned even louder as her body shook with the force of her orgasm. Her legs bent and her toes curled while she pressed her palms into the ground. When it was over her body collapsed. Banga wasn't done with her, however, and kept a firm grip around her waist as he kept fucking her. Isabella's upper body lay limp in the grass while her ass remained up and in the dog's possession.

Felicity felt an orgasm of her own take hold of her body. Her back tried to arch as pleasure shot through her body like electricity. She ended up stretching out and pushing back against the dog. She felt her eyes almost roll up into her skull as she moaned freely and loudly. Her legs tensed and bent, and her toes pointed to the sky. When her orgasm passed her arms felt like wet noodles. She got on her elbows and rested her head in her arms while Barghest continued to fuck her.

Isabella couldn't believe how much stamina this dog had. She wondered if all dogs could fuck this long. Especially after blowing his load already. She felt another orgasm build inside her. Her abs and thighs tensed in anticipation of what was to come. She moaned loud as it flashed through her body all at once like a warm supernova of pleasure. Her legs bent again and her thighs quivered as her orgasm took hold of her body.

As she was coming down from her second orgasm she felt something press against her pussy. Something in the back of her pleasure-addled mind told her it was Banga's knot, but it was too slow. The dog's knot was pressing against her soaked pussy one second, and in the next it was inside her.

Banga howled as he came. Isabella felt spurt after spurt of his cum shoot into her like jets of hot

water. He filled her up in seconds and she could feel the pressure of his hot liquid build and press on the inside of her, against the round edge of her blocked pussy. Weakened by her orgasms, she could do nothing but moan as pulses of pleasure spread throughout her body.

Felicity felt Barghest's knot against her pussy with every thrust. Little by little her pussy was being spread wider with each thrust. Felicity smiled lewdly and spread her legs as wide as she could in anticipation without getting too low for him. Then the inevitable happened and he knotted her. The orgasm that had been building this whole time flashed quickly through her body, making her shudder and shake. While she was trapped in its throes Barghest fucked his knot into her and unloaded his balls into her, triggering another orgasm. Felicity spasmed and shook like a rag doll while she moaned like a woman possessed.

When the dogs were done they passed a leg over their bitches and faced the other way. Felicity and Isabella lay panting in the grass, worn out by their canine partners. The girls could do nothing now but wait until they could be released by their dog's cocks.

Isabella traced a finger around her sensitive pussy lips. She could feel Banga's hard knot just on the other side. Her mind was dizzy with thoughts. One of which was that she had actually had sex with a dog. Not only was it the best sex of her life, it fulfilled a need inside her. An ache she didn't know she had was silenced.

Banga shuffled a bit behind her and she felt a tug on her pussy. Banga was pulling out. His knot felt so much larger now and it felt so odd now that she could feel her pussy slowly widen and stretch around it. There was a 'pffff' sound as small streams of cum shot out of her pussy. She felt some of them land on her thighs. Then Banga's knot slipped completely out and he pulled free of her.

Isabella rolled onto her back and absentmindedly touched her sensitive pussy as Banga's cum leaked out of her. Barghest pulled out of Felicity and allowed the redhead to crawl over to Isabella. The dogs went off by themselves and licked themselves clean while the girls recuperated in their own way.

"How was it?" Felicity asked.

Isabella smiled and laughed. "You almost don't have to ask. It was wonderful, Felicity. I feel complete."

Felicity smiled. "Banga and Barghest are wonderful lovers. It would be a shame to waste anything they have to give."

Isabella looked perplexed. Felicity gently put a hand on her thigh and spread her legs open. She eagerly dove between her thighs to lick Banga's cum from her pussy. Isabella gasped as her friend's tongue touched her sensitive petals and bud. Then Felicity went deeper and licked Isabella's love tunnel clean, making her legs quiver. She was quick as she was attentive, and once every drop of Banga's cum was gone she stopped.

Isabella started to get up so she could repay the favour but Felicity pushed her down. The redhead straddled her body and presented her pussy to her. Isabella took one look at the cream pie Barghest left and stuck her tongue right in, wanting to eat it all at once. She wanted to be just as attentive as Felicity had been. She swirled her tongue deep into Felicity's pussy and collected all the cum she could find. Then she licked circles around Felicity's pussy and clit, getting whatever residue was left.

She could have licked her friends pussy all day, and she was sure Felicity would have let her. But the redhead had more self control. Felicity got off her while she was in mid lick and crawled to where

she had scattered her clothes in the grass.

“We have to go. It’s about to rain.”

Isabella looked up at the sky. Grey clouds were rolling in and she could see darker ones approaching. They dressed quickly and Isabella put the chairs back in the shed while Felicity got the dogs back on their leashes. Even running at full speed they didn’t make it out of the woods before it started pouring. Before long it was almost black as night, and wind and rain lashed at them from all directions.

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Isabella’s Equine Awakening

Note: This story references the comic by Darksoul3D ‘Felicity’s Dilemma’

Felicity used her knowledge of the grounds and got them to the stables, the closest building to the woods. They closed the door and stood there panting hard as they caught their breath. Felicity walked through the building turning on lights as she went. Isabella and the dogs followed her into a break room of some sort. Then she saw the bar and surmised Felicity’s father must have built a den here so he could entertain guests and show off his prize race horses. Now those were Felicity’s as well since he left the hobby behind long before he got into hunting.

Felicity got some towels from a closet and tossed Isabella one. The brunette dried her hair and face while Felicity gave herself a few cursory swipes before starting to dry the dogs. She only just began when Barghest shook himself dry, followed shortly by Banga. Isabella thought Felicity was going to have a fit about having water all over the expensive décor, but she said nothing and went back to drying the dog.

Isabella knelt down and helped her. They needed two towels per dog, but they managed to get them mostly dry. They themselves were still a soaking mess.

“Come on.” Felicity said. “My dad built a fully furnished apartment here.”

“Of course he did.” Isabella thought as she followed Felicity.

Adjacent to the den was a studio apartment decorated just as nice. Felicity got two bathrobes from the bathroom and gave one to Isabella. Then she started stripping right there. Isabella followed suit, rather than stand and gawk at Felicity’s athletic physique, and put her wet clothes with Felicity’s.

While Felicity started the laundry Isabella put on her robe and walked around the apartment, looking at all the knick-knacks and photos. Seeing her friend naked in such mundane circumstances made her feel a little insecure. She felt her taut stomach through the pockets of her robe. Although she kept herself in shape her abs didn’t show like Felicity’s did. She wondered what her routine was like.

One of the photos caught her eye. Felicity’s father was standing next to a horse while Felicity was in the saddle in full riding regalia. It looked like it was taken years ago; perhaps when Felicity was in high school.

“I’m going to have my chef make us something. Confit de Canard with buckwheat crepes good?”

Isabella nodded. “Are they going to bring it here?” she asked, gesturing at the storm outside.

"They'll use the dumbwaiter." Felicity said in a matter-of-fact tone and pointed at the small door built next to the counter. "There's a conveyor belt under the lawn that goes all the way to the house." she explained when she saw Isabella's confused expression.

Felicity put out some food and water for the dogs and the girls went back to the den where Felicity turned on the gas fireplace. Felicity and Isabella relaxed on the couch as the warmth filled the room. Felicity had an idea and got up to retrieve a bottle of wine and some glasses. She poured them both a glass and made a toast.

"To you." Felicity said, extending her glass.

Isabella raised her eyebrows at the unexpected honour, but clinked her glass nevertheless.

"Why thank you." she said after taking a sip.

"It's not every day a girl gets to peck a prick of a different species. And pop her cherry to boot."

Isabella laughed and blushed. "Wouldn't it be nice though?" she said and drank some more wine. She felt it warm her and chase the chills from her body.

"What would what be nice?" Felicity asked and drained her glass.

"If a girl could prick a cock ... I mean peck a cock ... I mean, you know! Do it with a dog every day." Isabella blushed. She didn't expect the alcohol to hit her so fast. Then again, she was drinking on an empty stomach.

Felicity gave Isabella a look as she refilled her glass and topped her friend off, spilling half of her own glass in the process. "Why I do declare I think I've done a Fair Lady on you." she said while filling her glass again.

Isabella laughed at the reference to the classic movie and Felicity's accident. The alcohol seemed to be hitting Felicity a lot harder. Still, it sort of fit. Isabella was the titular character who wanted to have sex with a dog. And Felicity was the teacher, offering instruction and opportunity to fuck dogs.

"You could, you know." Felicity said. "Do it with a dog every day."

Isabella perked up.

"It's part of this training regimen I read about. Sex is a great way to relax an animal if you're going to have them compete. And it increases the bond between trainer and animal."

"I would love to help you train Banga and Barghest for competition." Isabella said, hanging on to Felicity's every word.

"I could definitely use an assistant. Especially one who loves animals and has the qualities the animals are looking for. Welcome aboard."

"Yes!" Isabella celebrated and pumped her arms, accidentally spilling her wine. Felicity refilled her with no mention of the mess.

"My only rule is no sex for two months before a competition. That's firm."

Isabella nodded while thinking of all the dog sex she would have. She was sure she could follow that rule.

Banga and Barghest walked in and sat by the fire. With their bellies full and an energetic day behind them, the dogs lay down and slept.

“They are the perfect lover, aren’t they?” Isabella said rhetorically as she looked at the dogs.

Felicity didn’t reply and her thoughts drifted elsewhere before a bell chimed from the apartment next door.

“It’s here!” she got up and left, prompting Isabella to follow.

Felicity set out the dinner on the table and the two ate their fill. They also polished off the bottle and almost three quarters of another.

After dinner Felicity let Isabella have the first shower while she sent the dishes back and set up the pullout bed in the den, which she found harder than it should have been. Isabella sighed as the hot water cascaded down her body. She could have stayed in there forever were it not for the knowledge Felicity was still waiting. She stayed as long as she dared and dried off with a towel that was even fluffier than the first. She almost tumbled over when she dried her legs, but managed to brace herself against the shower wall. She held herself steady as the effects of the wine continued to hit her.

She had walked in a little tipsy and she walked out fully inebriated. She mockingly bowed low to Felicity and gestured to the bathroom. “All yers my Majeshty.”

Felicity laughed at her slurred speech, even though she was just as drunk. She went to take her shower and Isabella held her bow until the door closed. When she got up she realized her robe had fallen open.

“Wouldn’t wanna flash the queen.” she said to herself and went to the den. She laughed at herself when she remembered Felicity had already seen her naked.

When she saw the bed her exhaustion hit her all at once. She wanted to plop down and roll herself up in the warm blankets and sleep for a week. But she thought it would be rude of her to claim a side without asking Felicity, who was her host. She killed the time while she waited for Felicity to finish her shower by rummaging through the drawers and hidden alcoves around the bed. To her amazement one of them held a small hair dryer. She removed the towel from her head and blow dried her hair.

She forgot the dogs were still in the room until she saw them, but they didn’t move a muscle. Felicity walked in while she was still drying. Already familiar with the accouterments, she pulled out another blow dryer from an alcove and started drying her hair as well.

Isabella finished first. Felicity shut off her blow dryer for a second. “I got us dessert.” she said, pointing to the next room.

“Ooooooh.” Isabella stumbled through the doorway and saw two dishes of ice cream on the table. Each held three scoops of – one each of strawberry, vanilla, and chocolate.

Felicity came into the room with her hair half dry. “Go on.” she gestured at the dessert.

Isabella started with the strawberry and found it was actually raspberry. There was also hint of something familiar in it.

"Felicity, what kind of ice cream is this?"

"Vodka ice cream." Felicity replied.

Isabella laughed out loud. "Like we need any more alcohol!" but she continued eating.

What she thought was vanilla was actually coconut. The chocolate was at least what she expected. Felicity joined her and by the time they finished they were more drunk than ever. The dessert lifted their spirits as well as their exhaustion and the girls talked and laughed at whatever tickled their alcohol fueled brains.

Suddenly Felicity raised her finger to her lips in a shushing motion. Isabella quieted down immediately and tried to hear what Felicity heard.

"What is it?" she asked.

Felicity kept her finger to her lips. "Come on. I might need your help."

Felicity ran out of the room and through the den with amazing coordination considering her level of drunkenness. Isabella followed and managed to stumble into or trip over everything in her path.

She found Felicity in the main stables petting the flank of a tan Palomino horse and saying soothing things to it. She waved Isabella over and pointed to the next stall. Isabella approached in tentatively and jumped back and screamed when something inside slammed against the door. Felicity motioned for Isabella to take over while she handled the frightened horse in the stall.

Isabella pet the horse like Felicity did while Felicity expertly unlatched the door and led a black stallion out. The horse was jumpy but Felicity calmed him down as well.

"We need to calm them down. His name is Trooper." Felicity said in a stage whisper, pointing at the tan horse.

"Aren't they calm now?" Isabella whispered back.

Felicity shook her head. "Remember what I told you about training and the dogs, and competition?"

Isabella searched her mind. She vaguely remembered something but couldn't grasp it.

"How they need regular release?"

"Oh!" Isabella said when she remembered. And then "Oh." when she realized what Felicity meant. She had never considered having sex with a horse before. Maybe it was the sex earlier today, or maybe it was the alcohol, but she felt a familiar ache inside her. It was the same one she didn't know she had until she had sex with Banga. She knew now it wasn't just dogs she loved.

"Sure." she told Felicity.

Felicity smiled gratefully. She led the horses over to some hay bales. Then she took off her robe and laid it on top of the bale. Isabella did the same.

"It's just like a dog." Felicity said, kneeling down on the floor and rubbing around the stallion's belly.

Isabella did the same with the tan horse and felt his cock bulging in his sheath. Her eyes grew wide as she imagined what the horse must be packing. As she rubbed, the horse's cock slid out and

dangled beneath his body. Even flaccid, the horse's cock must have been ten inches and almost as thick as her wrist. Isabella followed Felicity's lead and kept rubbing the horse's dick. Slowly but surely, it got harder and longer until it stuck straight out and almost parallel with the floor.

Isabella stared at it, fascinated by everything about it. Unlike a dog, a horse's penis didn't have a slick surface. It felt like normal skin. The tip was entirely different. Instead of being pointy and spear shaped it had a flat head and a flared ridge. Lastly, a horse didn't have a knot. A horse's cock looked like one long fleshy shaft that ended in a flat mushroom head.

Isabella touched the head of the horse's cock and felt the ridges on the side. It felt fleshy but firm. It was more like a man's penis in this way. Felicity cleared her throat to get Isabella's attention. When she had it she showed Isabella how to pleasure a horse with her mouth.

Felicity licked the stallion's flat cockhead and circled the hole in the centre. Then she licked the ridges on the side before licking the flat part again with her entire tongue and getting her saliva all over his dick head. She pumped both her hands on the stallion's shaft and opened her mouth as wide as she could. Then, to Isabella's amazement, she stuffed the horse's entire flared tip into her mouth. Felicity moved her head back and forth, sucking on the two inches or so she was able to fit inside her.

Isabella didn't think she could do what Felicity did but she was determined to try her best. She copied Felicity's actions as best she could. She licked Trooper's flat cock head with the tip of her tongue, swirling her tongue in circles around the hole in the middle of his dick. Then she teased the ridges of his flared section like Felicity had done, with a single stroke going around the entire edge. Then she got the head of his cock nice and wet with a layer of shiny spit. She started stroking his shaft and hesitated at the next step. Trooper's cock looked huge and the head was the widest part.

She looked over at Felicity servicing the black stallion. She slurped and sucked on that horse's dick like it was her most favourite dick in the world. Suddenly thunder clapped overhead. Both horse's shuffled their feet nervously but Felicity was unmoved. She stayed on her knees and sucked the stallion's cock until the horse calmed down again.

Isabella turned her attention back to Trooper's dick in front of her. This horse was important to Felicity, so it was important to her. She redoubled her efforts, determined to help Felicity. Trooper had gotten a little flaccid because of the thunder so Isabella started again from the beginning, teasing his cock head and jerking his shaft. Soon he was hard again, and this time a single drop of transparent fluid oozed out his dick hole. Isabella stared at it, transfixed for a moment before realizing it was his precum. She licked it up, getting a whiff of his musky odor in the process. The flavor sent a rush through her body. If seeing this horse's cock made her ache for it, tasting his fluids made her lust for it.

Isabella opened her mouth as wide as she could. Trooper was going to get his dick sucked tonight even if it meant she had to wire her jaw the next morning. Her lips touched close to the edges of his flared tip. She took a deep breath and pushed her head forward. She felt his flare bend backward as her lips went over them. Her teeth scraped the flat of his cock head a bit, and then he was inside her. Isabella couldn't believe she did it. She slid her head back and forth experimentally and felt his ridges rub the inside of her mouth.

She stroked his shaft with her hands and sucked his cock with renewed sexual vigor. Trooper's flared tip trapped her spit on both sides of his cock head, depending on which direction she was sucking. The result was one of the sloppiest and noisiest blowjob she had ever given. Her slurping and other sounds of her oral sex got louder until it was the only thing she could hear. Trooper's dick

put out a steady supply of precum, and whenever Isabella swallowed she felt her libido go to the next level.

Isabella moaned steadily as she stroked and sucked Trooper's dick. Her mind felt foggy, and the only thing that gave her any clarity was the precious fluid leaking out of Trooper's cock. As she swallowed the newest batch and hungrily sucked for more, Isabella realized then what her body already knew. She was crazy for horse cock.

Isabella felt a change in Trooper's body as the horse set his legs. She thought it was the thunder again but then she felt his cock pulse between her hands. There was no time to react and Trooper's first spurt blasted the back of her throat. Isabella was amazed to find her cheeks bulging outward as her mouth tried to contain his load. The next shot blew her backward and off Trooper's dick. She lost her balance and sprawled out onto the floor. She opened her eyes just in time to see Trooper's next spurt. She closed her eyes instinctively and Trooper's cum splattered all over her face and into her hair.

Isabella swirled her tongue around her mouth, tasting the cum she still held in there. It tasted stronger than his precum and was a lot thicker. She swallowed it and got the same rush she had with his precum, only it was stronger. She masturbated as Trooper's cum rained down on her. Spurt after spurt covered her from her face to her thighs. Whatever landed between her legs only helped her rub herself better. Isabella's body arched and shook as she came with a thundering climax.

She lay there panting as the last weak spurts of Trooper's orgasm landed on her. Looking over at Felicity, she saw the stallion had already cum. Felicity was coated in her own layer of white, but she had remained on her knees. Her front was covered in the stallion's thick cum while her back was bare. Streaks of cum lined her arms where they shot past her and onto the floor.

Isabella got off the floor and wiped her face clean. The rest of her would have to wait for another shower.

"Thank you, Isabella." Felicity said gratefully after cleaning her face with her robe. She crossed her fingers for luck and looked up at the ceiling while the storm rumbled on outside. "Here's hoping that was enough."

"It was my pleasure." Isabella smiled. "And I should be the one to thank you for broadening my horizons."

Felicity raised her eyebrows and the beginnings of a smile formed on her face.

"Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

Isabella nodded and smiled. "I'm not just a bitch now. I'm a mare."

Felicity collected her robe and was about to put the horses away when another thunderclap roared overhead. This one louder than the last. Then the lights went off and lightning flashed outside, bright enough that the stable was illuminated through the window. The following thunder made the windowpane rattle hard. The horse's reared up and whinnied. Felicity hurriedly grabbed at the stallion's mane while carefully avoiding his hooves. Isabella did the same with Trooper even though she didn't have a clue what she was doing.

Trooper stopped rearing when Isabella placed her hands on him. That was when she realized how well trained the horse was. The black stallion needed more tries from an experienced hand to be calmed.

"I'm afraid I'm going to need your help again." Felicity said.

Isabella nodded and started to get down on her knees.

"I'm afraid that's not going to be enough this time."

Isabella looked at her quizzically.

"More drastic measures will need to be taken." Felicity said as she took Isabella's hand and led her to the hay bale. "More precisely, more pleasurable measures need to be taken."

She patted the hay bale where Isabella had laid her robe. "Hop up."

Isabella understood now. She climbed up, laid back and spread her legs. Felicity led Trooper to the hay bale. With a quick command, Trooper reared up and put his hooves on the bale. Isabella stiffened in fear when the horse's hooves thudded down on either side of her. Somewhere in her core she truly realized this was a much more powerful animal than a dog.

Felicity gently stroked Trooper's flaccid cock until he was at full mast again. She pressed his flat cock head against Isabella's pussy. Isabella felt her heart skip a beat when she felt his huge dick against her. She suddenly felt very small. She swiped some of Trooper's cum off her body and swallowed it. It still gave her a rush, but it felt tempered by her fear. She swallowed some more and felt her body respond even if her mind did not. Her libido raced, and she felt her nipples stiffen and her pussy became wet. She rubbed her clit to get more of her juices flowing.

Felicity gently pressed Trooper's cock against Isabella's pussy.

"Aaaaaaaahhh." Isabella softly cried out as she felt the horse's cock enter her; more out of expectation of pain than any real pain. She looked between her legs in amazement when she realized the flared tip of his penis, that she had trouble fitting in her mouth, was actually in her pussy.

Felicity was glad Isabella didn't show any signs of discomfort. Isabella's cunt look impossibly stretched, yet it still took the horse's cock. On one hand, she knew a human could fuck a horse because she herself had fucked Trooper. On the other, you couldn't know it would work until it was too late.

Felicity left Isabella to tend to Trooper while she handled the stallion. In her practiced hands the horse calmed down and was hard again in minutes. Felicity got him mounted on the hay bale and then hopped up between his legs. She stared at the horse's cock dangling above her stomach. Even though she saw this as trainer's therapy, she also loved having sex with all animals. Unlike Isabella, she had known after her canine sexual awakening. But she needed plausible reasons to spend hours alone with them. After her father started getting into hobbies involving animals, she knew his mercurial nature would eventually lead him to abandon them. Felicity gladly picked them up and finally had her cover story.

Felicity raised her hips and aligned her pussy to the horse's cock. She thrust lightly and felt him enter her. Once the horse felt something warm, wet, and tight wrap around his cock he instinctively thrust forward. Felicity moaned as half of his cock rocketed up into her. From then on the horse was in control.

Isabella moaned loudly as Trooper fucked her. His cock head felt wonderful inside her. His flared tip widened her pink passage only for it to conform to his narrower shaft afterwards. The bumps on his ridges drove her crazy as they slid back and forth inside her. She squeezed her breasts, feeling

Trooper's cum squish between her fingers. She licked the congealed horse spunk from between her fingers and shuddered as her body responded to the tasty treat.

Isabella looked down at her body and saw Trooper's cock bulging out her belly. She pressed her hands against herself and smiled with amazement when she felt Trooper's cock through her body. She was even more amazed when she realized the horse was shoving nearly his entire length into her. She was taking a literal foot long and loving it. Like when she had sex with Banga, she never knew she could feel this good fucking a horse. She rubbed her cum covered clit in time with Trooper's thrusts and came in no time. She pressed her feet against the hay bale and arched her back as her orgasm took control of her body. Her body flopped back down on the hay and spasmed and shook as pleasure raced through her like currents of electricity.

Isabella breathed hard when her orgasm left her. She looked up at this magnificent beast as he continued to fuck her. Suddenly Trooper whinnied above her and she felt him cum inside her. The heat of his cum gave her another orgasm. She moaned and writhed as the horse filled her with his spunk. Full as she was with his cock, each spurt shot in and immediately sprayed back out of her cunt, coating her thighs and legs.

When Trooper was done he pulled out. Isabella was weak with repeated orgasms but she made herself look. She watched with fascination as inch after inch of horse cock slid out of her. The flared tip was last, pulling a glob of cum with it as it slipped free of her pussy lips. Isabella stared at the horse's cock dangling above her stomach, all shiny with her juices and still standing hard and proud.

Felicity's moans attracted her attention and she looked over to see the redhead flopping around on the hay bale in the throes of orgasm; held in place only by the stallion's pink pole. Splashes of cum sprayed out from Felicity's full cunt and landed everywhere. When the black horse was done he pulled out and dismounted the hay bale.

Felicity breathed hard as she recovered. Then she slipped down from the hay bale and put the horses away. Isabella glanced at the ceiling as the storm rumbled away above them. Felicity didn't seem to worry now. She supposed cumming twice in such a short amount of time would be enough to calm any male down.

Isabella got off the hay bale and put on her robe but left it untied, not wanting to get cum all over it. Felicity didn't bother covering herself. She gave Isabella another heartfelt thanks and went to the bathroom for another shower.

"Do you mind if I join you?" Isabella asked. "To save time."

Felicity regarded Isabella strangely. Her eyes still had a lustful ember burning in them, but the bags under them suggested she just wanted to hurry to bed. She made a gesture with her head and invited her friend to come with her.

"You got a new horse?" Isabella asked when they were under the water.

"Yeah." Felicity replied. "His name is Dawnbringer."

Isabella just nodded. And true to her word Isabella did nothing but clean up. Even when she soaped Felicity's butt she didn't cop a feel or run her fingers up her slit.

This time neither of them took very long in the shower. The exertion of the day finally caught up to them and the girls wanted nothing more than to sleep.

After drying themselves they flopped onto the pullout bed and fell asleep naked.