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Trying life away from home didn't work for Sarah. Lonely and frustrated she adopts a huge cross bred dog of uncertain Parentage and it was love at first sight Until Darrell and Picco, to old class mates, suddenly appear on the scene. There hermit friend Old Joe is looking for a girl just like Sara to relive his lecherous twisted past and a plan is devised.

The first bloom of independence had faded, that first year away from home for Sara and the reality of working, paying rent and buying groceries forced her to realise that it hadn't been so bad living with her parents after all. Now she was back home and looking for work, any sort of work.

She wanted to keep a low profile, not yet able to explain to people how she had failed to cope with the big bad world on her own. However, her need for companionship remained and to that end a visit to the homeless pet shelter had resulted in her selecting a rather large brown and black brutish looking dog.

It wasn't what she had in mind for a pet at all. She had arrived at the shelter with the idea of something small and fluffy. Something to keep inside, a lapdog she thought they were called. This animal was none of these things.

Brutus, Sarah instantly thought of the dog as Brutus, it just flashed into her subconscious. The name seemed to fit the ugly looking animal. He climbed on the wire almost begging to be adopted and perhaps he was. There was something about the dog that immediately appealed to Sarah. She didn't know what that something was but it was immediate. It was like oysters Sarah thought. You cant stand the site of them but you must have them and she new she must have this ugly scared dog.

Brutus was an alert, appealingly virile looking animal battle scared and definitely ugly. He stood on his hind legs front paws gripping at the wire mesh of the yard. His big head and sad eyes looking straight at the girl on the other side of the fence. Many people had passed by the kennels looking over the assorted castoffs for a potential pet but Brutus was always overlooked in favour of the cute fluffy yapping ones.

To be honest Brutus hadn't cared much for he didn't care for children or families and usually hung back in his kennel as they passed. Former experience had given him a total disrespect for humans with one exception and that woman had looked a lot like this girl here.

Memories of the lady who had owned him previously and the way she had treated him came back to the big dog. She had been kind and affectionate and they, he and the lady, had crossed the boarder of what humans considered appropriate, many times. He again felt her wet warmth clutching him and her smooth, soft, plump, compliant buttocks moulded against his hot groin.

They had been awkward at the beginning. To neither of them was it a natural thing but they had worked it out and Brutus had found his persistent probing needed to be lower than with a bitch of his own kind. In the end he and the human had found that they complimented each other well.

The last time the human bitches husband had caught them and resulted in a brutal kicking for Brutus. His immediate eviction from that comfortable home had been sudden and painful. Now he was here in this unpleasant place and things for him looked uncertain at best.

Looking at this young human he saw in her his previous owner and the good memories came flooding back to him. now he had a burning need to be with another human bitch and his beastly instincts took over. He felt his loins aroused and that delicious tight feeling as the blood began to fill his penis as it pushed from its moist sheath. The cool air on his peeking redness felt good.

Sarah saw the tall animals peeking penis tip and wondered what he was thinking. If she had known she may not have decided to choose him as her pet but choose him she did.

"Hay Picco! Take a look up yonder there," Darrell pointed through the trees, "Is that sweet Sarah Woods walking that big mutt?"

"Where," Picco looked around confused

"Up there," Darrell pointed, "Just below the ridge there."

Picco peered up the slope through the thin covering of scrubby brush that had re-populated the hillside since the devastating forest fire ten years before. The slope, formerly a thick tangle of brush, was now more like an open wooded parkland.

"Yah! Looks like her Dazza," Never seen her in short shorts before but that sure looks like her cute ass." Picco peered harder at the slim girl who walked the big black and tan dog through the woods.

"Thought she'd moved away," Picco mused.

"Me too," Darrell studied the distant figure intently. "Its her alright, I couldn't mistake that ass anywhere."

Darrel and Picco both, had attended the same school as Sarah Wood. She was cute maybe no more than 5'1" and always a bit aloof with both of them. Understandably so, as they were from the bottom end of the academic ladder and generally dropkicks. School had been, like work now, was not high on their primary life agenda. Not to say Sarah was academic, far from it, she always considered she could do better and took no nonsense from the rougher crowd, especially the course boys like Picco and Darrel.

"Let's catch up and say hello," Darrel suggested.

"I'd like to do more than say hello," Picco replied as he threw a small stone into the creek and followed his friend, Darrel laughed.

"Yah! Me to but that wont happen, that dog may have something to say about that and from here it look like it might be capable of inflicting a nasty bight."

"Yah well that don't matter none lets go and see if she's mellowed some since she's been away this last twelve months."

Sarah hadn't seen the two young men lower down the slope. She was out here for some 'me time'. Time to think and just be with Brutus. The dog and girl had taken to each other in the first week of their new arrangement. Sarah was overjoyed at the dogs apparent loyal affection, he was always there beside her.

At times Brutus got a little to forward and was constantly rubbing his powerful body up against Sarah. His pink penis at this time was always on show. It could be embarrassing for her if others were around and Brutus had his pinkness on show, but she pretended she didn't see it.

Sarah he had rubbed Brutus's sheath fleetingly several times when he demanded belly rubs. Her eyes lingered on the tapered tip and she wondered what the dog was thinking. Was he thinking about sex or was it just a natural reflex thing.

Brutus could have answered her thoughts if he could have communicated with her in a human way but of course he couldn't. He was doing all the canine things to stimulate the bitch, rubbing, nudging, licking and sniffing and his instinct told him he was making progress. He looked on her as a replacement for his old mistress. He had become used to the human female attention that he had received from the mistress and needed, desperately, for this female to take his old mistresses place.

It had been months since he had felt release and he new that the uncomfortable tightness in his groin would only get worse until he could take this woman as his bitch. Perhaps today, on this walk, with her he could make her his mate. His previous mistress had shown him that humans, unlike his kind, liked to mate in private and it was private out here in the bush. He boldly pushed his wet nose into her groin.

Yes, he was convinced that this girl, this human bitch was going to allow him to mate with her today. He nudged her again and licked the inside of her exposed thigh, close to her covered crotch, as they walked. She shuddered a little and Brutus detected almost instantly a change in her body odour.

Sarah patted Brutus and looked down at the powerful shoulders and flank of the animal walking beside her.

"What are you thinking boy," She genuinely would have liked to know as she looked under his smooth belly. Her lips parted a little in just the hint of a smile. "I think I know," she decided then tasselled his head playfully. "Ok maybe just a little look just for you my lovely," Sarah said to the less than lovely animal.

They left the narrow ridge track that headed down to the creek and crossed over the ridge onto the old mining road. Sarah's pace quickened. A distant rumble made her look up at the gathering clouds. "Were going to get a storm here later boy. Maybe we will just go down to the old mine village for a quick look around and a little reward perhaps." Sensing here receptive mood change Brutus was on his toes and became increasingly frisky as they quickly negotiated the rutted, unused road down to the old mine.

On the other side of the ridge the two young men followed the creek along in the general direction that the girl had been taking, all the while keeping there eye on her progress. The ridge sloped down toward nice little flat spot where the creek took a big sweep and the closer the men got to the apex of the bend the closer they got to the girl. At least that had been their plan.

"Hay Picco, shes gone. Where did she go? Did you see ...? Both young men stopped and scanned the bush but saw nothing.

"She must have turned back, dam it." Picco vented his disappointment by kicking the ground.

"Yah! ... maybe! ... maybe! ... but I recon she crossed over the ridge onto the old mine road, she was there just a minute ago and then gone. Maybe shes heading for the old mine village or maybe she turned back. We'll keep going this way its the long way around to the mine anyway. Perhaps we can still catch up." Darrel suggested optimistically.

Brutus strained at the led with enthusiasm as he bounded down the slope almost, at times, dragging Sarah from her feet. Lightning flashed followed by a rumble of thunder, not yet close but moving quickly. Sarah now hoped that she could find shelter some place in the tumble down town.

"Easy there Brutus," the girl panted as she tried to avoid the sometimes deep ruts of the old town road. It hadn't been used in years, there was a deep layer of leaf-mould in the hollows along the rutted track and it was clear from the state of the overgrowth hanging over the road, track actually,

that no heavy vehicle had passed along here for a long, long, time. Occasionally Sarah saw some signs of narrow tire marks that were not very fresh and suggested that perhaps a single trail bike rider was using the access road from time to time.

However, Brutus bounded and strained at the lead until they reached the bottom of the incline where Sarah managed to finally stop the enthusiastic flight. She patted the heaving sides of the big dog and gave him a squeeze about the neck with both arms. The wind seemed to be increasing in strength.

“How about a drink fella,” Sarah suggested when she saw the narrow runnel that emanated from a spring a little further up the slope. Brutus drank greedily as the girl looked around at the now mostly vanished town. There were the vestiges of roads, even some stone curbing but mostly there were piles of timber and corrugated iron sheeting littering what were individual house sites. In a clearing about a two hundred metres or so from the old town stood a small, square, round topped, brick building that Sarah had remembered being told years before was the old powder Magazine.

Seeing that the dog had finished drinking she tugged at his lead. “Come on fella she encouraged and Brutus looked around at the flushed girl and again sidled along her side rubbing her naked thigh as he ambled alongside her. The thunder rumbled and rolled it was moving quickly Sarah realised.

The old magazine was a sturdy building with the remnants of a thick wooden door hanging from rusted hinges. Inside the concrete floor was generally bare with just a few signs of previous animal occupation. Thick spiderwebs hung from the ceiling. However, there was little sign of any living spiders or their eggs in the misty swaying webs. Outside of the three metre square building was a scatter of bricks and a few planks mostly overgrown with grass. Sarah tied Brutus to the bottom hinge of the door.

A quick look around and Sarah found a suitable plank, partly rotted underneath but mostly sound. She dragged the timber into the small space of the magazine good side up. Some of the old bricks staked four high at each end of the plank made a passable bench and Sarah. There were now scattered drops falling as the wind swirled. Sarah was glad of the shelter this was going to be a big one.

The rumbling of the approaching storm seemed close and the girl looked skyward, worried. The wind had increased and Sarah knew she wasn't going to get back home any time soon, It was going to be nasty for a while as Summer storms can be.

Untying Brutus she led the dog into the dim interior of the magazine and removed his collar. She sat on the bench and looked at the ugly dog. Brutus made a quick inspection of the small space before he came back to the now sitting girl and sat beside her resting his head on her lap.

Sarah placed her hands either side of the dogs jowls and looked directly into the dogs big brown eyes. “What is going on in that little brain of yours Brutus?”

Brutus didn't understand of course, not the words anyway, but he did realise that the girl was showing confusion. His ears pricked up and his tail wagged and he made a grunting whine. Outside the wind was whining through the trees and making an eerie whistle through the Magazine opening. It was getting colder quickly.

Brutus licked Sarah's leg and looked up at her. Goose bumps covered Sarah's skin partly due to the cold and partly to the presence of the dog. Out of the blue a rifle discharge like crash sound, but louder, was followed by something that sounded like the rendering of timber. The sound made both Sarah and the Dog jump. Lightning had struck close buy the girl had seen a close lightning strike on

a tree before, living with trees all around almost guaranteed that. Although she couldn't see it she realised that chunks of smouldering timber would have been showered all around a now smouldering tree carcass. Brutus was trembling with fear, tail down ears back while Sarah cuddled his massive frame.

"Hay where's my big brave boy then?" Sarah chided the big dog as she would a child. "It's only a storm baby, I'll protect you," She giggled.

For a while both the dog and the girl sat on the bench as the storm raged outside. Occasionally the wind whipped rain penetrated their solid shelter and Sarah shivered. When she did Brutus seemed to snuggle closer his face in her lap.

Sarah wasn't sure how long it was but the thunder and the lightning moved off to the east but the rain continued to fall in sheets, there was going to be no time soon that she would be able to leave the shelter. The dog, gaining courage lifted his head and looked at the girl who had reassured him during the worst of it. He raised up and licked her face and Sarah melted.

"I love you too baby. Storms scare you don't they?" The dog licked her again and then slid from the makeshift stool and stood in front of the girl and whined softly.

"I know, I know, they scare me too," Sarah repeated as she cradled Brutus's head in her lap. For a while he continued to tremble then slowly settled. His closeness to this gentle female stirred him and he felt his groin tighten as his testicles rolled and shortened. He sniff at the sweet female smell of her groin.

She didn't stop him but held his head close patting him. This action the dog saw as encouragement for what he was doing and continued to explore. He understood that when a bitch responded to his advances she would accept him as a mate. Maybe not immediately but she was not going to reject him. At least that is what his dog brain understood.

Sliding his nose under her loose fitting blouse and running his nose along her soft tummy several times his lolling tongue began to lick her with long wet strokes. Gradually he worked up across her navel then down her hips toward the band of her jeans

It was Sarah's turn to shiver but not from fear. Her mind was imagining all sorts of things. As the dog pressed its snout into the valley between her hip and her soft, slightly rounded tummy pushing the stretched denim down firmly so that his tongue was just able to slide under the band. Sarah bit hard down on her lower lip and she shut her eyes.

No she told herself, "no, no, no," she said aloud but she took no notice of herself, her right hand slit to the clasp and flicked it free. As the flap of her shorts fanned open just a little. Enough to just reveal the taper toward her pubic mound. The brown dog pressed its muzzle forward. Sarah felt the tickle of the searching tongue. She shivered.

"No," Sarah mumbled to herself but contrary to common sense she pulled at the zip, sliding it down to reveal the top of her pubic hair. The cold nose and hot tongue followed. Again Sarah bit her tongue, it felt really nice and her bottom lifted to the searching tongue.

"Oh Bugger!" the girl expressed her defeat and she slid the zip full down and raised her hips then with both hands shimmied them down over her knees.

Watched the girl remove her cloths and although he had always been fascinated at the ability of humans to remove their covering in this way he was only distracted for a moment. This girl like his

former mistress was offering him full access to the thing he most desired and his penis protruded a little further. He wanted desperately to mate with this human bitch and the storm outside was no longer a distraction.

The wafting female fragrance came to his nostrils and they flared marginally to allow the delicious muskiness to stimulate his olfactory senses. He lowered his nose into the hairy v between Sarah's creamy, smooth, clamped legs and sniffed at the inviting odour emanating.

"You like that don't you Brutus," Sarah played with the crown of the dog's head and rubbed gently between his ears. The dog licked the curly bristles and sniffed alternatively. The girl lay back hard against the rendered brick wall and ran her feet out straight before her. This is so sick and weird, Sarah thought silently but it felt nice. The warm chest of the dog pressed hard against her knee and the big heavy head rested across her upper thigh. Brutus whimpered as he endeavoured to insert his tongue into the groove made by the tightly clamped legs.

Unable to force her thighs open the tongue explored the girl's lower belly in long wet lashing strokes until her sparse pubic hair was dripping with dog saliva.

Outside the rain continued to tumble down. Occasionally the wind driven spray entered the opening of their shelter and the floor was now a sheen with the wind driven spray. Sarah allowed the dog to continue with his luscious licking and slowly, ever so slowly she began to open up to his persistent searching. No longer was she forcing her knees together, the decrease in pressure had allowed her thighs to relax and part just a little. However, a little was all the invitation the enamoured dog needed. Along with the parting thighs came increase of aroma that flooded his sensitive nostrils with her feminine musk.

The more Brutus insisted on inserting his searching tongue the more Sarah's will power retreated until with a groan of need and defeat she shuffled her feet apart. Her surrender offered the demanding tongue full access to her delicious most secretive place.

Caught by the storm Darrell and Picco had sought the refuge and shelter of the old hermit's shack snugly clinging to the ledge under the protective sandstone cliff. It was not far from the drop-over of the creek and perhaps no more than three hundred meters from where at that very moment Brutus was administering his sloppy tactile tongue to the spreading folds of Sarah's increasingly receptive femininity.

"What you boys be doing here, in dis wedder," Old Joe was an ageless figure maybe as young as fifty or as old as eighty. It was hard to tell. He looked the two young men up and down suspiciously. The old man was wearing long trousers but no shirt, his bare, lean chest showed off his dark hairless skin. stretched over sparse sinews, bones and muscles.

"We were just out walking Joe, didn't expect no rain" The two drenched figures standing in the low annex of the shack dripped dejectedly.

"Just walking' was you, not likely. I know you two and you wouldn't walk no where for nothing. You be out looking' for some small plot of weed? looking for some Jim's free puff maybe?" The old man looked at them cagily.

"Honest Joe, we weren't looking for Weed, we was following a girl." Picco felt the need to be honest, Honesty to Picco was something of a foreign concept to be stretched whenever the occasion arose.

"A girl was it? Ain't seen no split tail here in a many a time," His eyes twinkled at the thoughts running through his mind and memories long past came flooding back. "Used to have me a girl once.

Pretty little thing she was. That was years ago. Still haven't forgotten her though." He paused with his memories then lifted his head, "Say! You boys looks like you could do with some drying and some soup while this here storm wares it's self down."

Silently the two bedraggled men stripped their clothing and wrapped the proffered, tattered but clean blankets about themselves. This done they sat at the crude table and ate the soup that Jim had ladled from a huge iron pot sitting sort of permanently on the open fire. With it he served a generous chunk of home made bread.

"Why'd she leave Joe? This girl of yours," Picco looked at the old man critically finding it hard to imagine that he had ever had a woman and wondered what Joe really called pretty.

Joe didn't answer for a bit, the burden of his lost love still rested heavily on his mind. "Hard to say boys, hard to say." He took maybe three or four spoons of soup before he continued then he straightened in his chair, "Maybe it was shame." Both young men were listening intently now.

"Shame?" Darrel looked puzzled "Shame about being with you?"

"Heck no, she was happy enough being here, she liked this sort of life. No it was another shame altogether." he looked from Darrel to Picco. "Boys Ill tell you what that shame was but you gotta make me a promise."

"Sure, if we can," Darrell answered then looked at Picco who nodded his consent to the promise.

"Well I did promise myself never to tell anyone about what happened but just lately I have had me a hankering for some female company, If you know what I mean. Again the boys looked at each other and just nodded. They thought they knew what he meant. "Ok then Ill tell you what happened if you bring this girl of yours here."

"Hang on Joe," Darrell again took the role of spokesmen for them both. "This girl, we know her but she ain't our girl." Joe nodded but continued.

"You boys will do your best when I tell you my story. I'm certain sure of that" The wind was picking up again and Picco wondered just how this shack held together. The old man refilled their soup plate. Then took a kerosene lamp down from the shelf. "Its getting dark outside, You boys planning on walking back in the rain?"

"No Joe, We dont want to get soaked all over again," Joe stoked at his fire. And pushed the water kettle over the hot coals before resuming his seat.

"We was pretty happy this girl and me. Would have married her but she wasn't to keen on the commitment thing that goes with marrying. She was the sweetest little thing I have to say and she couldn't get enough of the rumpy, pumpy. She was a fire cracker I tell you truly boys, To be honest at first I was more than willing to keep pace with her but later on I couldn't meet my commitments all the time. It was then that I caught her." Joe had a far off look in his eye.

"Well I was pretty shocked at first I can tell you that. There she was in the cattle shelter, the one you passed on the way in. It took me back some I gotta say. Naked as a Jay bird she was and the red hunting dog we had at the time was on her back going sixty to the dozen. She was moaning and groaning but that dog was serving her good.

"I didn't say a word, I couldn't, but she must have sensed me there or something and turned her head. Neither of us said a word boys, not a word till that dog had finished with her. Took a while he

was well planted as dogs get to be and it wasn't until he got his leg over her back and tried to turn that he broke free. She let out one almighty yell and hung her head then casual as you like she got herself up, butt naked and just walked by me tears streaming down her face, all dishevelled she was but she said nothing. I followed her out of that shelter all confused like. In a strange kinda way I didn't hate the lass at all."

As old Joe was telling the boys his sad tale in the shack Brutus was enjoying the open offering before him in the old powder magazine. The open female flesh all pink and pretty like a butterfly on a black furry plant and it kept giving delicious nectar to his long demanding tongue.

Sarah lay her head back on the rendered bricks with her eyes closed tight. This was so wrong, she thought, but so deliciously divine. She had to stop the dog but instead she flicked her shorts free of her joggers and opened herself more.

It was a contradiction of feelings. On one hand she knew it was wrong on the other hand she wanted more, so much more. The warm, long slashes of the slightly rough textured tongue that lashed her from anus to clitoris following the trail of her running nectar that seemed never ending. Sarah closed her eyes even tighter and could feel the pressure building in her groin and some place even deeper.

Every time the tongue hit her extended button or slipped partially into her vagina on its journey of discovery between her labia, she gasped. Her toes curled as her tension grew. Her legs trembled, her spine tingled then just as another clap of thunder shook the very air she was breathing her entire body trembled and jerked her groin clasped and unclasped and her legs stiffened and shook uncontrollably. Sarah Threw her head back opened her mouth and gasped then followed a piercing scream that joined with the rolling thunder outside. Her back arched, her naked bum rose from the makeshift bench vibrating uncontrollably several exhausting times as she felt a succession of clicking spasms of electric intensity rack her tiny frame.

"Oh god, oh ... my ... god that didn't happen, It couldn't have Its not right, Oh! dam,dam Dam." Sarah admonished herself as she came down. Brutus continued to lick but Sarah pushed him away, her entire body felt too sensitive for even her to touch.

"No Brutus that's enough she mumbled as her legs closed blocking access to that wonderful tongue.

Just when the two boys thought that Joe had finished telling them all he was going to, with both still wondering what his point was, he looked at them with a slow fixed gaze as if remembering something in detail.

"Boys I'm a telling you there ain't nothing in the world like seeing something like that a dog, don't have to be just a dog mind, but that day it was that red dog stuck in her. I tell you those whimpering sounds they was making spine tingle and I just gotta see that again. You understand me lads?"

I couldn't make that woman understand. No she just wasn't prepared to see it my way but ... I know you lads understand just how a man felt at a time like that. I just couldn't no how get into her girly understanding of how men feel," He pointed to his pants just look at it boys.

"See boys even now I get all hard just remembering, it sure was something to see, nothing like it, noting at all. There is something about a woman and an animal that brings out the worst in me, or the best, don't know which," again Joe had that far away stare as he rubbed his crotch.

The storm had passed and although the rain hadn't entirely gone Darrel and Picco had decided to leave.

"What do you recon Dazza?" Picco finally asked as they picked there way back along the barely defined track dodging puddles as best they could in the dark.

"Damned if I know Picco"

"I sure would like to see something like that I surely would,"

"Me to Picco, me to but it ain't going to happen. You know what Sarah was like in school and I bet you any money she ain't changed. She wouldn't give us the time of day back then and she wont now. Fare less let her watch while she fucked a dog."

"Guess not, but I sure would like to see it. God Dazza Im as hard as a board, no kidding."

Little did the boys know but just fifteen minutes later Sarah crossed over the ridge on the path she had taken coming to the old mining town and was following close behind the boys having the same problem navigating the dark, fallen branches and puddles

"Hay settle down boy, that's it you cant do that any more," She eased Brutus away as she wiped her matted pubic hair and dripping gash as best she could with her small handkerchief. The copious saliva that plastered the sparse pubic hair, belly and groin saturated the small piece of cloth. Finished, she gathering her hurriedly discarded garments, and slipped into her panties and shorts.

Finally dressed she gave the frustrated dog a cuddle and led him from the shelter.

That night she tossed and turned in her bed unable to sleep. That had been her worst of times, her best of times. She had some degree of self loathing for letting what had happened, happen but even now she felt that delightful tongue lashing her engorged pussy.

Fitfully she fell asleep only to wake at first light thinking of how wonderful it really had been. Yes she realised it was nasty and evil to let a dog do that to her but who would be hurt, it was only a licking. She snuggled beneath the sheets and relived every single moment in the old powder magazine.

Old Joe was already up and around inspecting the damage created by the storm around what he considered his town. Well not really a town any more but it was his. The reality was that it was actually owned by Joe. Passed onto him by his father who had purchased the land from the mining company when they closed down their operations. Most would consider that it was worth very little these days but it was his.

There was still a little gold in the creek, even more after each storm as the flush of water in the stream revealed the gold that was missed by the old prospectors, then the company minors who followed. In recent times the metal detectorists looking for their fortune that seldom came. Those that did were quickly dispatched by Joe and his dogs.

Joe always found enough for his needs, maybe more than enough at times. So after the storm last night Joe would, today, be panning the creek again in the most likely places. As he walked across the clearing to where the powder magazine stood he noticed the disturbed ground where the log Sarah had removed for her seat had been.

"Well, well what's this he muttered as he walked over to the doorway of the sturdy structure. "Ill be beggared," he muttered again to himself. "So this was where the lass was in the storm. He looked at the seat and smiled. "Smart girl," this time he spoke quite loudly but still to himself.

Then from the corner of his eye he saw behind one of the stacked bricks, a piece of white cloth. He picked it up between two fingers, it was still damp and a little stiff. "A girls hanky it surly is," He brought it to his nose and sniffed. There was the expected perfume but more. For a moment he looked confused then he grinned broadly. "Maybe lass you wont be so hard to convince at all," he sniffed at the hanky again then stuffed it into his top pocket.

Darrell and Picco were already settling in to fish in a nice looking fishing hole that Darrell had spotted previously. It was on the bend where they had expected to find Sarah the previous day.

"Recon she'll come out this way again Dazza?"

"Nah! Not really," Darrell flicked his line into the fast running current. "Well maybe, I don't know. She was out here yesterday maybe she walks the dog this way every day. Don't know where else she might go, do you?"

"Nope! Anyway she aint gonna go with us to the old man's place even if we do see her, not on our say so, she never did like us a whole lot any way."

"She never did, but if we run across her let me do the talking."

The boys were right, well Darrell was right to an extent. Sarah did walk the dog out this way taking a different track each day. She had done this walk many times since she had adopted him from the dog shelter.

Today was different though. Brutus was extremely frisky after the previous evening and the short walk from her parents house, where she was using the granny flat as her home, to the forest road the dog was jumping up on her and sniffing her crotch shamelessly and she hardly noticed, well not as much as she should have.

Sarah's mind was in lots of places at that moment. She needed work desperately, money was running out and so were the Job interviews. She was at that low point where she would take any work she could find just to see a pay check.

She had intended taking the ridge path as she had done yesterday. However, even before she discovered it had been blocked by a number of fallen trees from the storm, she had already changed her mind and was looking for the track along the creek.

Sarah had decided while she was in bed that she would go back to the powder Magazine with Brutus another session with his tongue would enhance her guilt, she knew, but it would also lift her up from her morbid depression. It was disgustingly wrong but she needed to feel again the way she had done last night.

"Stop bouncing about." She chided but Brutus was fixated on this human bitch, she was his bitch, he had claimed her and wouldn't be satisfied until he had relieved his built up tension inside that sweet open pinkness he had explored with his tongue. He remembered how the tight folds had opened under his exuberant licking, the innermost sweetness had been exposed to his tongue and it had oozed its copious nectar for him.

The girl was struggling to keep Brutus from tripping her up while endeavouring to make him walk straight. Her concentration was not on what was around her it was on the dog and on her own growing need. If the dog had intended to make her aroused it was working, she was now dripping with expectation. "I'm disgusting," she said allowed.

"Your being hard on yourself," The voice was close and Sarah stopped abruptly, looking around in all directions as she did. On a ledge, almost concealed by the Berm of the creek the two young men were sitting, fishing. They had seen Sarah heading along the track some while before she arrived. They had both observed the playful dog bouncing and sniffing at the struggling girls crotch.

Sarah looked over the berm edge at the two ostensibly fishing pair. "Darrell, Picco? She enquired. Both of the boys stood.

"Well dam me," Darrell proclaimed, looking the girl up and down, as the big dog stopped and looked in there direction ears pricked tail curled, "Look who it is Picco, Its Sarah Wood." He announced.

"Hi Sarah," Picco raised his hand and Darrell did the same.

"Hello Picco, hello Darrell," Sarah replied coolly. She looked a little flustered at the same time, as if the last thing she had expected was to meet them, anyone, out here.

"Thought you was away working some place?" Darrell attempted to look cheery. The girl stroked the dog along the neck gently and felt him vibrating tension in the animal she whisperer, "Steady Brutus," .

"I was away but I'm back home again now," Sarah didn't elaborate.

"Uh huh, well its nice to see you again," Picco attempted to be friendly, "Nice dog."

"Yes he is." Sarah seemed anxious to move on

"Where you heading Sarah?"

"Just walking my dog that's all. Its usually quiet out here or it used to be," She patted the burly dog on the head again and it nudged her hip with its cold wet muzzle. Sarah did her best to ignore the nuzzle but Picco, maybe three feet lower than the girl and dog, was quick to see the dogs penis poke out a little from his sheath. He nudged Darrel and inclined his head to draw his friends attention to the dog.

"What's your dogs name," Picco asked

"I call him Brutus, I haven't had him for long. I got him from the animal shelter a few weeks ago and he answers to Brutus."

"Nice!, the name fits," Picco sensed he was onto Sarah's favourite topic so he persisted to push the conversation further in the dogs direction "He seems to be taking to you alright then, a bit randy though." again the dog nuzzled Sarah's leg affectionately. She eased his head away gently but firmly.

"What do you mean?" She snapped back rather too sharply. Picco pointed to the hind quarters of the dog.

"Lipstick popped out when you patted him," He grinned laconically. Sarah looked down at the dog and blushed.

"Your still as disgusting as you always were Picco!" Sarah admonished.

"hay girl it ain't me with my dick hanging out, its the dog you should be cranky at." Picco replied curtly, Darrell suppressed a sniggered behind his hand while cranky at Picco for mouthing off. Picco

grinned broadly. Still blushing at the embarrassment Sarah turned and moved off.

Darrell turned to Picco when Sarah walked away. "For Christ sake Picco, I said let me do the talking," Picco shrugged and Darrell called after Sarah.

"Hay Sarah, can I speak to you, just for a moment, I wont keep you." He assured as he jumped up onto the bank of the creek. Sarah didn't look back but stopped. Darrell scampered after her. "Sorry about Picco," He apologised, "He can be crude sometimes." Sara looked at him expressionless.

"Well, is that it?"

"No ... no its not just the apology although I had to do that. You see I thought you might be interested in speaking to the old hermit fellow up in the old village. He owns all this land I've heard. If your going to be using his land maybe you should say hello. He wont say no he didn't to us at least and he is an Interesting fellow I recon."

"Not interested ... excuse me," and with that Sarah made to turn from the track. Standing no more than ten metres away was a thin, wiry looking man that Sarah gauged to be in his mid fifties, maybe older maybe younger. He carried a shovel and what looked to Sarah to be a gold miners pan. His cloths were clean but well worn and his boots were of a similar appearance.

"Hello again Darrell, Picco who's your pretty friend," He invited the boys to introduce Sarah.

"This is Sarah... Joe, th ..." Darrell was about to say the girl we told you about but stopped himself mid word.

"Nice to meet you Sarah," He doffed his battered old soldiers hat with an exaggerated flourish.

"Likewise Joe," Sarah replied sweetly not sure what to think or say. She was hoping they would all go away and let her continue with what she had intended.

"Heading back to my shack for a spot of tea and a biscuit, cookie the yanks call them, he grinned and walked ahead expecting them all to follow. Sarah hesitated then with a sigh she followed the three men.

Ten minutes later they arrived at Joe's shack they walked through the annex into the main room where Joe pointed to a chair at the end of the table for Sarah to sit at. When she sat it wobbled slightly and Sarah guessed it was either a short leg or an uneven floor that caused the wobble. The old man spoke quietly to the boys and they disappeared.

"I should tie the dog outside," Sarah offered but in truth was much more comfortable, in this strangers presence, with Brutus by her side.

"Not at all Joe smiled, here give him this to eat," he handed a hard home made dog biscuit to Sarah for Brutus "I give them to my own dogs for a treat," he explained as he went to the fireplace. He reached a tea canister down from the mantle. In ten minutes he had the tea made and opened a metal biscuit tin and offered Sarah a home made biscuit from the tin then he tipped several others onto a blue china patterned plate, they looked like one of those ANZAC oatmeal biscuits but rather big with green flecks in them.

Brutus settled on the floor at Sarah's feet and she could hear him gnawing and crunching on the hard tack. Joe handed Sara another dog biscuit and she reached down and received a grateful lick from Brutus as she handed him the second treat.

Joe was easy to talk to, Sarah found, and even before she had finished her first cup of tea she had loosened up quite a bit in the strangers presence. He handed Sarah another biscuit which she accepted graciously, they were delicious, a strange flavour but no less delicious for that. Then as they chatted Sarah found everything Joe was saying funny and was responding more and more with her girlish giggle.

"These biscuits are delicious Joe, what's in them. I would love the recipe."

"You shall have it before you leave," the grinning Joe replied. He was thinking this was going to be easier than he had anticipated.

Brutus had somehow wedged his head between Sarah's knees. In her relaxed state and with no one to see her the unsuspecting girl was no longer sitting as a young lady in company should. To Brutus, with his human female experience, this was all he needed as an invitation. With open access he began licking her soft inner thigh. Sarah giggled and pushed Brutus away.

"Whats the matter Sarah?" Joe looked at the girl in a quizzical manner but he had seen her arm moving and realised what was happening.

"I should take Brutus outside," She blushed, "He's being naughty."

"Naughty?" Joe frowned, paused then grinned, "Oh! I see ... Naughty." Joe feigned concern then almost instantly dropped the pretence as Sarah made to rise from her chair.

"No! Sarah leave the dog, he's ok, Joe held up his hand and spoke firmly almost commanding. "Have another cup of tea," Sarah flopped back into the chair, she felt ashamed and a little unsteady and she didn't want to fall in her attempt to stand. What was in those biscuits she wondered.

"Is the dog licking you Sarah? Sarah flushed a bright red and nodded. "Like he did last night Sarah?" Sarah's eyes shot open wide, very wide and her mouth hung open in surprise. Joe reached into his pocket and produced the small white handkerchief that he had retrieved from the powder magazine this morning. He slowly brought it to his nose. A gold chain that must have been entangled in the handkerchief fell onto the table. He sniffed the cloth deeply than handed it to Sarah. "This is yours, Isn't it young lady?"

Sarah looked at the lace edged hanky with the monogrammed S in a delicate floral pattern in its corner laying on the table between her and Joe and she giggled. She didn't mean to giggle but she couldn't help herself. Brutus was again lapping his way along her thigh.

"What were you doing in the old powder magazine last night Sarah?" Joe quizzed pointedly, wanting Sarah to say what she was doing, exactly. He knew what she had been doing but wanted her to say it. Brutus had worked his way to the fork of Sarah's panties and her knees fluttered to close access. However, her willpower failed her and she remained open to let the dog lick her covered crotch. The wrap around skirt she wore had seemed like a good idea for what she had intended to do today but right at that moment she wished she had worn her jeans or at least her cutaways.

Joe pushed his chair back and looked under the table. Sarah saw what he was doing and blushed but only made a token effort to conceal what the dog was doing to her.

"Let him lick you Sarah, take your skirt off and those pretty floral panties Sarah let your dog lick you Sarah. Joe's voice was almost droning, reinforcing her name every time he spoke.

"No! I cant do that." Sarah's words were positive but she was clearly in two minds, "I wont!"

Joe ignored the wont and continued. Joe knew that she had let this sleek, brown, uncertain breed of a dog lick her pussy last night, he had the white hanky as proof. He also knew what she would be doing right now had she not come across Darrell and Picco. Yes last night for her had broken down the barrier and she desperately wanted that powerful tongue on her pliable folds of lusciousness.

"Don't be silly girl you want him too. You know you do" Joe reached across the table and picked up the hand made gold chain and ran it through his fingers in a sensual manner. He had made the chain himself of pure gold he had panned from the creek and he had cast the little golden dog paw pendant that hung from it and inserted the sparkling ruby into the centre of the paw. It had been intended for his ex and he had kept it in hope of her return but she hadn't returned. That was years ago. Now he was sitting across the table from this sweet, sexy girl, woman actually, he knew she was going to earn this chain and pendant before this day was done.

"No I don't want him too its embarrassing enough as it is," She unexplainable giggled. She had only just met this rough looking old hermit and yet she was allowing Brutus to lick her panties in full view of the old man.

Joe held up the pendant and chain. "How would you like to be wearing this Sarah?" Sarah was biting her bottom lip in concentration. She looked at it closely. It was pretty and it looked like real gold.

"Is it real?" She asked simply.

Joe smiled "Yes its real, real solid gold and that is a real ruby. His index finger pointed to the glistening stone.

"Its pretty but strange. What is it?"

"I made it Sarah for a lady who liked dogs like you do."

"What do you mean like I do,"

"She liked to be licked by dogs and more, here hold it. Feel the weight Sarah." Sarah reached out for the shining gold chain and pendant at the very moment Brutus tried to wriggle his tongue under the fabric of her panties. She shuddered and breathed in sharply. Joe saw the reaction and realised it wasn't the chain alone that had elicited that reaction from the girl across from him. He rose from his chair and walked around the table and put two arms under Sarah's armpits and lifted her out of the chair. Sarah stiffened.

"What, what are you doing, don't touch me," Brutus growled at losing contact with his prize, Joe said nothing at all as he helped the almost limp Sarah to the couch at the end of the room and eased her down feet splayed.

With a deft movement he flicked the skirt sashes bow free with a single tug exposing Sarah to the waist. "Now take those panties off and let your dog see what you have for him," Sarah's mouth flapped but so overwhelming was the surprise move by Joe she could say nothing as she hooked her fingers into the snug waist band and shimmied the flimsy covering along her thighs and over her knees to the floor. Joe did the rest as he slid her shoes from each foot then removed the panties completely.

Sarah wasn't seeing to clearly her vision was blurred. She was bewildered, confused with what was happening around her, befuddled at her own reactions or lack of reaction. Those damn biscuits she thought but was too hazy to analyse her passing thought.

She should be making a fuss, screaming perhaps but why? She rationalised to herself in the vaguest way that she was only being helped to do what she came out here to do. That she was naked in front of a stranger didn't occur to her in her confused state. She wanted Brutus to lick her again like he had last night. Oh! God that was so exciting, bad and exciting. What did it matter that the old man saw. Yes let him get a thrill out of watching. There was the gold chain of course, she held the gold chain to her face. It was pretty, was it hers? Oh! She hoped so.

She was naked to the waist partly striped by an old man she hardly knew that it had happened and she hadn't resisted. This was so wrong. She should resist, this wasn't right but her fuzzy thinking was that she didn't want to resist, not really. She was floating. Her foggy brain wondered. A myriad of thoughts, none connected, none coherent confused her but she didn't care.

From nowhere she considered what she must look like but again that fleeting thought wondered and faded as those mercurial dreams do in the period between wake and sleep.

Brutus had a better view of his mistress than she had of herself. Sarah's sparse patch of pubic hair was plastered with his Saliva. Clinging in thick sticky strings between aerated droplets and her femininity, normally no more than a tightly closed crease, was tumescent. The inner folds puffy and exposed from the tonguing he had given her.

The dog inclined his head to watch her as she lay back on the couch almost lifeless, but not really lifeless, her tummy was rising and falling in time with her shallow breathing. Her legs had parted just a little more as he watched. Was this an invitation? Brutus like all of his species was not one to dwell on such things that only complicate the obvious. She was there for anyone to see Brutus saw and all three men did as well.

Joe was right there in the room and Darrell and Picco inside the annex looking through what had once been an external window but now it was a bag covered void between the rooms. Each young man was restraining a massive blood hound. That had been the task that old Joe had sent them down the slope to the barn to collect his two hunting dogs. He hadn't said why he wanted the two dogs but there imagination ran riot.

The hounds were massive beasts, maybe 60 or 70kg's or more, tan and black with sad looking eyes, moist drooping jowls, tongue protruding and long dumbo like ears. These animals were well fed and and cared for as evidenced by their thick barrel and glistening coat that give the dogs a powerful, monumental appearance in the small space.

Sarah was unaware of either the men or the dogs being close by. Brutus sensed, more likely smelled the other dogs but his attention was fully on the human bitch lolling on the lounge before him, her female opening engorged, glistening pink and open from his already vigorous tonguing, he moved in mouth open tong dripping mucus as he came.

Sarah didn't resist. She wasn't able and really didn't want to. Her slightly raised head looked across her chest and into the fixated stare of the hound. Without thought she eased her thighs further apart and all she could think about was that delicious tongue against here tenderness, rubbing, probing, lasing wetly across her little nub making it tingle, making her tingle. This hadn't been how she had envisaged this encounter but she had envisaged it none the less.

Joe, had some how lulled her into an uninhibited state and she reflected again that it was in large part due to those dam delicious biscuits of his. There is no way on earth that she would have been spreading her private bits in front of him if her modesty resistance hadn't been lowered in some way.

Joe walked behind the couch and began to undo her blouse. Sarah looked back at him and put her hand up to stop him but he didn't withdraw his gnarled hand from her front. Slowly Sarah's hand retreated. It seemed to weigh a ton.

Brutus was getting excited now he smelled the woman/girls arousal and he remembered his previous mistress in this very way. He was licking every exposed bit of Sarah's flesh with obsessive enthusiasm, she was moaning lowly and closed her eyes the better to concentrate on the delicious ministrations of the tongue.

"No don't do that Joe," Sarah's hand again rose without conviction.

"Don't be silly lass Joe cajoled and cupped one of her breasts tenderly. Sarah squirmed a little but offered little more resistances as Joe eased the blouse off of her shoulders then unclasped the bra hooks. Sarah felt the cooler air on her warm breasts as they were liberated.

Sarah had never been breast conscious but now that she was totally naked in front of this old man she suddenly was. She need not have bothered about her self consciousness for Joe was quick to appreciate her firm small C sized chest.

"Beautiful ... beautiful titties lass," he lent over her shoulder and cupped both breasts together in his rough bony hands. Sarah shuddered and wriggled her shoulders in a feeble attempt of denial but neither the old man or the dog now lapping voraciously were put off.

"Come in lads leave the dogs tied up for the moment," Joe called out and Sarah, who had forgotten about Darrell and Picco made to cover herself in a reflex movement.

"No Joe please, not them they cant see me like this, Please tell them not to come in Joe," but it was too late for they were already in gawking, mouths agape. Sarah grew tense and stiffened with agitation that these young men, who she didn't like that much, were seeing her like this.

She was totally naked, totally mortified and totally helpless in a room full of men. Laying back on the couch with the old man pawing her breasts and the dog deliriously lapping her. It was humiliating and crazily erotic. However, she hoped vainly for the ground to open up under the shack and swallow them all. Sarah made to rise but Joe's hands held her firmly back.

"Steady girl its ok," The old man whispered in her ear. "No one is going to hurt you. They just want to watch, we all do."

"I don't want them watching me Joe please tell them to go," Sarah's initial reaction was subsiding as Joe continued to tease her nipples and the dog continued to devour her gaping pussy. She couldn't hide, not now, and Joe told her as much.

"Just relax and let the dog do its thing, you enjoy it girl, I can feel it in your body, its a wonderful thing to be sure, seeing the way he is going at you makes me wish I had one of those sweet things to lick myself." Joe smiled at his own suggestion.

"Look at that poor dog of yours," He pointed to the protruding pinkness between Brutus's hind legs, "That there poor critter needs his own relief." Sarah wriggled a little bot eased her legs wider still.

"Joe continued to whisper close to her ear as he gently removed the gold chain from Sarah's fingers and held it up in front of her with the pleasantly heavy gold and ruby medallion touching her nipple.

"You ever fucked a dog before Sarah?"

"No of course not," She denied.

this is yours to keep if you do." Joe swung the chain so that the heavy cool gold ran teasingly across her hard nipples.

"You said it was pretty Sarah. It is pretty, isn't it? Now all you gotta do is roll over and let the dog take over. Look at them boys drooling girl, they wished they was that dog right now." A licking was one thing but real sex with a dog was entirely something else.

"No Joe I can't. Its not right its dirty," She was protesting but there wasn't a lot of conviction in Sarah's voice

"No its not dirty Sarah its beautiful, maybe lots of folks don't think so but it is, it really is. you'll enjoy it sweet girl. I know you will," Anger rose for a brief moment in Sarah's confused brain. How would a man know if a girl would like to have a dog fucking her? Only a man would think he knew. She didn't know what it would be like herself. Maybe she would like it maybe she wouldn't but she wasn't going to even try to find out certainly not in front of these men.

Several minutes passed with Joe continued to tenderly fondling Sarah,s breasts and Brutus continued exploring the secreting Vagina that dribbled copiously, so much so, that Brutus was lapping furiously to avoid missing a drip. The prostrate girl felt her sexual tension growing, she had forgotten the leering boys looking on in rapped silence. She had descended into a dream world dictated by her immediate pleasures.

Sarah whimpered loudly, then whimpered again as Brutus's rough tongue found her little nub, lashing it powerfully twice as he followed every last drop of girl juice. It was then that Joe saw his chance, "come along girl over you go now and with that he rolled Sarah over without resistance. Brutus jumped back a little and flattened his ears back against his head in surprise.

"That's the girl," Sarah looked up at Joe, eyes pleading but not opposing his action at all. " There now," he patted her gently and spoke soothingly, "good girl lets get you comfier," He eased her fully onto her front, her arms resting on the couch, her shoulders raised with the help of a cushion under her chest, Sarah's knees were already on the floor.

Joe, please! ... I'm scared,"

"Good girl now nothing to be scared of don't you go panicky on me. Ill help if it comes to that, I promise" Almost before Sarah had realise Joe had rolled her over onto her knees Brutus was back licking her butt and puffy folds of her dripping wet vulva.

Joe walked around from the back of the lounge and sat next to the trembling girls head. " Its ok sweetie you just let that doggy of yours do his thing, He looks like he knows what to do with ladies and your a sweet lady that's for sure, You haven't been fucked by a dog before have you?"

"No!" Was Sarah's muffled reply, her head was resting on the musty smelling old cushion. "Pleas Joe I don't want to do this." But she didn't move or resist.

"Its ok my lovely, you want this necklace don't you?"

"Yes! Yes please" The two boys drew closer.

"God Dazza! I aint never seen a girls pussy before.

"Me neither Picco, me neither." Darrell rubbed the bulge in his pants. Joe put one finger to his lips to silence the conversation then he touched Sarah's hand lightly

"Ok Sarah, now listen to me. That dog of yours wont keep licking for much longer, He's getting a little unsettled so then when he decides he wants to mate you itll happen kinda quick well it mostly does.

Now when he gets on your back hell go prodding around for a bit but when he finds your crack hell try his best to slip a bit in, hopefully. Now he may miss a few times but the quicker he finds you the better. It'll go in easy enough when it does if he's on target. If he's not sure he's in properly he may have a few dips but when he is in a few inches and he realises he's in the right place hell most likely tense up then make an almighty lunge by hunching himself up and slamming his self at you in one go. That might be a bit of a shock, not sure how you'll feel about that. Then he my even trying to clime sort of, his feet off the ground scrabbling to claim you deeper like. When he's full in then hell hammer like hell. When he's all the way in you'll feel the lump, it wont be so big at first though it grows quick.

Dogs get big inside there bitches, and that's what you will be, his bitch. You'll feel him tighten up inside you as he swells ... it happens quick. Don't worry none it'll feel good ... I've been told. Anyway you'll get it as you go along. Now don't tense up just relax."

"Tell you what! you've been a good girl Ill put this around your neck right now and with that Joe slipped the gold chain and pendant around Sarah's neck and kissed her on the cheek when he finished"

All the while Joe had been speeking Brutus was licking the wobbly flesh of Sarah's Labia but now he paused and sniffed long and hard at the dripping vagina. Yes she was ready and he new she was going to be just as pliant as his former mistress. However, to to be sure of her acceptance of him he raised his front paw and ran it down the smooth, white flesh of the human bitches hip, Sarah trembled a little at the scraping paw. Just as a maiden bitch might do. The little kelpie he had been forced to breed years ago had trembled and shook as he approached and mounted her. Women of course were different, his experience had told him that much, but he sensed a certain fear and reluctance with this one. However, she remained still at his touch, ready and compliant.

Sarah lifted her head from the cushion and looked back at the dog who stood alert, ears pricked, tail arched, at her rump. His head resting on the broad flair of her soft goose bumpy hips. There eyes met but Sarah could determine no emotion in those brown pools. She felt a tremble flush warmly through her entire body as she waited. "Whats he doing Joe?" She surprised herself by asking.

"Wont be long now lass, ...you excited?" What a funny question she thought but she supposed she sort of was. Scared she was for sure, expectant yes she was that, maybe a little excited it was so unreal . Things had gone this far so quickly she could feel all the mixed and growing feelings welling up inside the expectation of what was going to happen was intense. She blocked out all those around her except Joe who she felt she needed for support.

Brutus pressed his chest against her hip firmly, she trembled, little electric shocks ran along her spine. Sarah felt the dogs racing heartbeat through his pressing chest. Her own heart was bouncing against her ribs her breathing was heavy and irregular.

A scratching shuffle on the wooden floor and the warm fury chest was gone from her hip as Brutus, no longer prepared to wait, clambered onto her back in a sudden move. The scratching shuffle of claws again. Brutus's warm belly pressed against her butt as he sidled to get in behind her. His front

paws scabbled for a grip one either side of her hips. Sarah closed her eyes and bit down on her lower lip, feeling pain then iron taste of blood in her mouth.

More shuffling of claws as Brutus came around behind her wide, fleshy, soft hips and pressed forward. A short pause. Then he began to swing using his gripping forelegs around her waist for support, he prodded and searched, adjusted and began again, his warm wet tip poking as his front paws clutched onto her. The first prod against the round fleshy bottom felt slippery and wet. A hint of something spraying against her bum then Brutus dropped his front legs down between her ribs and her flared hips and was dragging back against her vigorously, pulling himself hard into the fleshy softness of her two butt cheeks, spraying her with his fine lubricating precum. Sarah turned her head and opened her eyes Joe smiled at her. Sarah's lip trembled as she tried in vain to offer a nervous smile in return. Sarah was now supporting most of the dog's upper body weight on her hips.

Brutus had the bitch in his grasp and he began prodding rapidly then several slower deliberate pokes. He was remembering his former mistress and he began to lower his hips to adjust his angle to the human under him, shuffling then, almost too easily, dipping into her sloppy open folds, too high, Brutus whimpered adjusted slightly then gripped Sarah even tighter, the next stab was too low but close, then several more stabs of his pointed penis tip one making Sarah flinch and yelp. The scratching claws against the floor boards seemed to move forward and the weight of the dog dropped lower all the while Brutus was stabbing his penis, searching ...finding. then Sarah made a Ooofing sound as she expelled air.

She hadn't realised she had been holding her breathe but the feel of the thin penetrating penis slipping into her distended vagina had taken her somewhat by surprise. She wasn't sure why it had but it had. That thin, seemingly pencil like, pinkness rubbed against Sarah's most sensitive bits at the neck of her vagina then she felt the dog tense and arch. She held her breath again.

"Oh god," Was all she managed as she felt the dog's penis drive deeply into her slippery vaginal sheath. The flesh pointed tip of the now elongated penile shaft, stiff and hard as it was supported by the stiffening of the baculum bone that made the penis rigid, it nudged against her cervix. Sarah yelped but the sharp pain was brief as the dog began to hammer into her without mercy.

"Arrrh! arrrh! Arrrh!," Sarah whimpered in time with each furious drive of the rapidly swelling penis. Joe stroked Sarah's brow, strangely tender. As he knelt on the couch at her head. "That's the girl your doing great, just great, Whats he feel like Sarah?" He whispered and Sarah didn't understand why he was whispering, but he was. She didn't reply.

Sarah opened her eyes again and she was looking at Joe's crotch, fly open penis out, jerking his thick shaft just inches from her face. His gamy unwashed smell assailed her nostrils.

Brutus shaft buried deep inside Sarah's vagina which was making almost imperceptible rippling constrictions against the rapidly expand thickness of the penile shaft that had distended to fit her space. Now snugly wedged he slowed his vigorous thrusting and Sarah felt his rapidly pulsing heartbeats through this invasive hot hardness.

The morphing alien member, from thin and pink to a thick throbbing red and bulbous prong, of another living being was inside her making her one with him. Male and female joined in an unnatural alliance of bodies. Sarah shivered and a tear rolled down her cheek. She tried to twist her hips to free herself of Brutus's fiendishly tied flesh, but she was locked to the pulsing shaft unable to break free.

She yelped as the knot tugged painfully and at the same time she felt a shock of pleasure ripple up

through her belly and along her spine. The yelp was followed by a startled gasp as the pleasure superseded the pain. Brutus was oblivious to Sarah's feelings, she was just his bitch, and he was delighting in his own carnal fulfilment. To be a successful stud he needed to stretched her uncomfortably, to seal the union and make sure of breeding her successfully.

"How is she boy?" Darrel was some where close behind and he was talking to the dog." My god this is so weird, Sarah thought an old man wanking his willie near her face and a ex school acquaintance talking to the dog that was fucking her. Everything was happening so quickly

"Get him off me Joe," she moaned "this is so wrong."

"Shush there girl let him finish with you," Joe was gasping from his own building pleasure.

Brutus felt the girls tightness gripping him as he began to discharge his thin, seminal stream into her. It had been too long for Brutus and he felt the gripping ache in his groin. The girl moaned and Brutus panted, Joe whispered and Darrell was asking him how she was. If Brutus could have smiled he would have. He had claimed this new human bitch and she was a good, compliant, breeding bitch.

"There he goes he's coming now, Holy shit!, holy shit!" Picco informed everyone as he saw the dogs butt hole clasp and his tail flag.

The warm flush of foreign fluid flooded Sarah and she felt week. She was fortunate she had a couch to hold her up otherwise she would have fallen. Every few seconds the penis swelled and throbbed and a new surge of warmth bubbled and spread some where inside her. It was weird so weird but nice.

She was attached to this Ugly, beautiful dog by an ever increasingly thick penis, or maybe she was imagining that, which was spewing life into her, life that would never come to fruition but never the less all of those doggy tadpoles were swimming inside her and it felt nice knowing what she did.

The very thought was that something wondrous was happening inside her. Her normally empty vaginal sheath was full and it was a pleasant tight fullness that felt better by the moment. It was in the weirdest way making Sarah shiver with a new excitement.

The dogs head was on her back his open mouth and dripping jowls were pressed against her neck, his heart pounded against her back. His tightly meshed groin was pulsing against her behind all warm and snug. The dogs furry sheath tip tickled her labia.

It was special, girl special, she thought and closed her eyes to block out Joe jacking off next to her face. At that very moment she felt warm, squishy, full and just a little uncomfortably stretched but it was pleasant discomfort. She was strangely comfortable.

Something warm splashed onto her forehead and cheek then onto her lips and chin but Sarah didn't open her eyes. She knew what it was as the ammonia like smell of male ejaculate assailed her nostrils.

Brutus grew restless on her back and started to lift his left hind leg scratching Sarah's hip as he did. Sarah whimpered.

"Lift him over her back, steady like Picco, we don't want those claws scratching the pretty lady do we?" A breathless Joe said loudly. Then in a lower apologetic voice, "Sorry about the mess Sarah ill clean it off in a minute," Sarah remained eyes closed and not moving as the boys eased the heavy weight from her back. The dogs penis tugged and pulled but as soon as he was back on the floor

with his butt against hers the discomfort ceased

Joe climbed from the couch and Sarah felt his hand on her butt. Then he eased Sarah back onto the floor as well so that she was on much the same height as Brutus. "Now hold him there keep him steady," Joe instructed as his cum ran from Sarah's forehead into the corner of her eye. She had them closed because she didn't want to see what was happening now she had to keep them closed as the cum began to matt her eyelashes.

"That's the way, don't let him go tugging for a bit he might tear something and we don't want that sweet pussy damaged do we fellas."

We sure as hell don't Joe, God would you look at the way he's stretching her! That's as big as a cricket ball in her pussy" Sarah grimaced at the thought of the ball and of Picco seeing her like this but it was done and nothing would change that.

Brutus pulsed continuously not as hard now but still a warmth spread. How many times had he spurted into her, it was a lot but she hadn't counted. He hadn't finished. Just how long did dogs cum for and how much did they discharge. It was probably a lot Sarah guessed but didn't know. She felt it trickling from her and some began running down her inner thigh.

"Has he finished yet?" Joe asked matter of factly.

"I don't think so he just ...," Sarah didn't complete her sentence but paused, "there he just did it again but it was pretty weak just a twitch"

"Ok! Let him go Darrell." Joe instructed

"Hell start trying to pull out when Darrell lets him go Sarah, If he gets too rough well hold him again but he should come out with a rush as soon as he shrinks a little more," Joe had a warm cloth next to her face. He must have been to the basin next to the old fuel stove without Sarah seeing him go. There Ill get this gunk off your pretty face he said as he removed the smelly semen from her eyes, forehead and cheeks. There you go. He smiled when Sarah opened her eyes.

"Relax sweaty If you relax back there that will help a lot, don't clasp up just let him tug if it don't hurt. Hell have to tug some but we wont let him heart himself or you" Joe took a look at the bulging penis bulb and seemed satisfied. " Good boy arrr ...dog." then he looked at Sarah who was straining to see what was happening behind her

"Its Brutus inst it, his name." Joe inquired and Sarah nodded, "You like her fella you like slippy warm girl pussy? Yah! I'm sure you did." Sarah, in spite of herself smiled at the man talking to the dog and she involuntarily clamped down on Brutus although she was told to relax. The truth was she was not in a hurry to loose the nice snug pleasant uncomfortable feeling that the penis gave her.

He's almost out Sweaty just a bit more. Don't clamp up on him, just relax. Hell its some big knot on this boy. You hurting girl? say if you are we'll leave him in for a while longer if you are."

"Its tight Joe, Oh god its tight but its not too bad, kinda nice," Sara knew how her stretched vagina must look to the watching men but the hurt was nothing more than a pleasant teasing ache. Then it was gone with a squelch sound. The trapped seminal fluid gushed from Sarah's distended vagina running in part down her inner thigh and matting her pubic hair even more where it dripped into a puddle between her knees.

It was gone, Brutus was gone and Sarah felt an empty chill and that felt strange. For how ever long

the sex had gone on for she had felt this living thing inside her. It had been a an achy but nice feeling. She had liked the tight fullness of the dog penis, throbbing, warm. Now it was no longer there and the empty void that was her vagina felt suddenly cold. Sarah's head dropped and she began to sob.

"There, there, baby don't you go crying on me, that was beautiful. You ain't hurt are you?"

"No ... I'm not hurt," Sara confirmed

"You sure sweaty. Brutus was going at you there for a bit and he had a monster knot inside stretching you." Joe seemed to be concerned. Sarah felt between her legs. She was squishy and dribbling still but she pressed and poked and didn't feel sore at all. Inside it might be different. Sarah looked at her fingers and they were wet and sticky with a clear frothy fluid but no red specks. She did feel a dull ache in her belly but no more than that.

"Yes Im sure Joe," Joe seemed satisfied but looked at Sarah with an odd sideways look.

"That's good then." Joe rolled her over and lifted her bodily onto the couch. He was wiry but strong. He sat beside her and put his arm around her shoulders. Sarah, through her tear blurred eyes looked down at Brutus who was licking his long heavily veined red, purplish, raw looking penis that dangled with the swollen knot not allowing it to retract . It had shrunk a little perhaps but she was struck by its size and the thick ball like bulge that held it out of his sheath now but held it inside her just moments before. She pointed to the dog licking his penis.

"Was that thing really all the way inside me," Sarah sounded incredulous, Joe and the boys all laughed.

"Have you got that tape measure thingy of yours in your pocket still Picco." Darrell was always ribbing Picco for carrying his retractable tape measure everywhere. Picco tapped his left hand pocket.

"Yep I always have my tape, never know when you need to measure something. You give me enough shit about it don't you?"

Sure I do its weird, it only measures in inches, but now it could be a bit useful," Darrell grinned broadly. And pointed to Brutis busily licking himself, "How big is that? Carefull hes probably a bit tender" Picco extracted his green covered plastic, retractable tape and gingerly measured, careful not to touch the dogs swollen appendage.

"Do I mesure the dick or the dick and this bulb thing as well?" He looked up at Darrell.

"All of it that was in her for gods sake, measure it all."

"Ok, just a tick this is a bit tricky ..., 8.5" no ... no ... its a little bigger than that when I line it up properly, Its 9", holy crap its a whopper."

"And you took every inch sweet cheeks, you were sure stretched to accommodate him." Sarah just shook her head sniffled and wiped away a tear. She could still smell the old mans semen in her nostrils. She should have felt disgust but she didn't

"How do you feel sweaty?" Joe squeezed her naked shoulder.

"Im fine Joe," she managed, "I don't know why I cried."

"Your allowed to cry, your a girl," There he went again what did being a girl and crying have to do with it. Sarah sniffed and sighed but didn't say what she really wanted to say about men. "Guess I was a little emotional, sorry."

"That's ok don't apologise, how did it feel?" Sarah said nothing for a bit, and wondered what he wanted her to say. Then she shook her head slowly.

"I cant describe how it felt. I'm too confused." Sarah shrugged her naked shoulders and looked about this ramshackle home of Joe's. It suggested poverty but he had been able to give her this expensive hand crafted gold necklace and pendant for having sex with her dog. It wasn't nice to be naked and watched by these leering men she was disgusted with herself for having put herself in this position worse was having the old man ejaculate on her face, could she sink any lower, but Sarah didn't know how she should feel. Joe ignored Sarah's confusion and continued to press her.

"You liked it then?" Sarah looked at Joe for almost a minute. Had she liked it, maybe she had.

"Yes I guess I liked it."

"You sure you haven't done it with him before?"

"WHAT? ... NO!" Sarah snapped back. Still on the nerve tingling edge.

"Well if you haven't done it with him someone has. I recon he has done it with a women before. There was no mucking about to find you. he knew exactly what to do. It didn't look like beginners luck to me the way he manoeuvred himself." Sarah couldn't comment she had no idea and tears of frustration flowed freely down her cheeks. Then from accusative back to inquisitor

"You had him long?"

"Two weeks, I got him from the shelter," She had calmed down a little and answered freely.

"Well whoever owned him before taught him really well, that's for sure." There was silence for a while. Sarah felt the wet patch under her bum growing, she was leaking still. Brutus continued to lap at his raw red penis his hind leg up head in his crotch.

The boys just looked at the naked girl on the couch. Naked as she was she looked alabaster frail and almost angelic. She was tiny and almost perfectly proportioned, maybe one breast was smaller than the other but it was not easy to tell. Picco doubted that he had seen the like on any of his porn sites. He felt his penis straining in his pants. Joe suddenly turned around on the couch to look Sarah directly in the eye and cleared his throat.

"Would you do it again?" Sarah looked up toward the ceiling and gave the question a great deal of thought. She probably would she conceded to herself, eventually.

The way she felt now was yes she would, she loved that ugly dog to bits. but she didn't feel disposed to admitting that to anyone. It was just a vague notion that she could hardly admit to herself right now. Joe and the boys waited on her answer hoping for an enthusiastic yes.

Sarah was about to say no when Joe reached into his shirt pocked and pulled out several worked gold objects. The small objects appeared to be small, gold, dog paw-print pendants. In fact he had several gold pendants of different shapes in his hand but Sarah could see the golden paws clearly.

They were just plane gold, no stone, perhaps a little smaller then the one with the jewel setting that

hung snugly between her breasts. Sarah wasn't sure how much gold was in each one but she was sure that each pendant alone was of considerable value. Joe smiled wickedly

"This would look nice next to the other one, set it off, wouldn't it?" Joe held one little golden paw between his thumb and forefinger, "perhaps one each side maybe." Sarah looked at the glistening yellow gold. Joe reached out and lifted the chain and pendant up and placed one of the plain gold pieces next to the dangling golden paw with the ruby stone centre piece.

"Lovely," was all he said and let the pendant fall again. Sarah understood his meaning quite well. Joe's astute eyes saw the rise and fall of Sarah's pretty naked breasts and he couldn't resist the temptation to cup the left one in his free hand. "You are so pretty Sarah, so, so, very pretty." Sarah felt her nipple tighten and tug at her chest. She wasn't beyond flattery and being made feel special helped her cope at that very moment. She made no attempt to remove Joe's hand.

Sarah's entire body was on a tight wire of emotion and this move of Joe's just wasn't fair. There was nothing likeable about this old man as far as his looks were concerned, he was gnarled, wrinkled and his lips were way to thick. In addition he had a badly broken nose. He was almost ugly but like the ugly Brutus there was something indefinable about him. Right now he was pressing all of Sarah's emotional and vanity buttons. Like Joe had said a short while ago she was a girl and she was aloud to cry and she did. Deep racking sob's shook her slender body.

"Yesss ...," she managed to sob her reply.

"Yes, you would do it again with a dog or yes the pendant would be nice next to the other one.? Joe was demanding her to answer directly. He had brought his other hand from around Sarah's shoulder and was easing her back into the back board of the couch. Sarah's eyes widened with suspicion.

"Yes ..., both," Sarah finally replied between her sobs. Joe turned to the boys and taking his hand from Sarah's breast momentarily he signalled to the boys to take Brutus out and bring the other two dogs in.

"Now? You will allow another dog to fuck you right now. Is that what you want Sarah?" Sarah wasn't sure what Joe really meant but said yes anyway.

Sarah heard the boys encourage Brutus to stand and be led out of the room penis still raw and dangling awkwardly between his hind legs. She wondered what they were doing but didn't react. A short while later there was the now familiar busy scratching of dogs claws on the bare wooden floor that made Sarah look up from the gnarled, rough fingers, that were twirling around her tender, rigid nipples, instantly she saw the source of the commotion. From the annex Darrell and Picco were leading two Sad looking dogs into the main room, the only other room of the shack. They looked sad as a type but they glistened with health and struggled against their chains.

Sarah quickly looked at Joe then back to the two big dogs, she sat up bolt upright, now alert. Brushing Joe's hands from her chest as she did. Pointing to the dogs she turned to the old man "Nooooh, no ... no ... no way, No Joe not two. Besides I thought you meant Brutus, hes my dog. There too big," Sarah guessed that these dogs weighed at least the same as her, probably more. Joe Just sat calmly his hands behind his head.

"Let Brutus rest up a bit maybe later again. Pick one then we will see, that's Trigger, with Darrell and that's Fly with Picco, there brothers. They have never had a bitch, never had a women, true virgins." as he spoke Joe was slowly fondling the gold paw print pendants. "One on each side of the ruby paw, don't you think?" He held two of the golden paws near the chain.

Sarah slowly looked from the pretty pendants to the two large dogs that the boys were restraining. Before she had answered Joe told Darrell to set Trigger free from his collar.

Free of the collar and lead the big dog shook himself noisily. His ears and Jowls slapping loudly.

“OK then!” Sarah sighed and struggled to contain her sob’s . She hated herself for being so weak but she wanted the gold and deep down having felt the rippling pleasures that Brutus had just given her she wanted to have that feeling again.

She parted her legs invitingly, just a little, as she knew was expected of her. The dog approached the couch tentatively. His long face looked sad, his wrinkled forehead and sagging eyebrows just added to the dismal, tired look of the big bodied tan and black dog. Everything about him looked lethargic but Sarah was about to find out that lethargy was just an impression.

Sarah sighed once again and parted herself a little more and with on last look at Joe still holding provocatively the golden paw print pendant. She patted her wet pussy as an inducement to the timid Blood Hound to come and investigate what she was prepared to offer for the two gold pieces.

Trigger just looked confused. He wasn’t sure what he was looking at but he could smell the presence of another dog coming from the human on the couch. It was a strong smell of a bitch having been bread. He tilted his head and looked at the creamy white skin of the strange thin human. He saw a sparse light covering of hair on her belly near her hind legs and it was still wet from Brutus’s ejaculate. Her smell was enticing as he inclined his head one way then the other.

Something told him that this was a female human but she didn’t smell like a female should smell. Joe had a number of bitches in his kennels but they had a different smell all together. This smooth skin smelt of a recent mating that was all to clear to his sensitive nose.

He closed in a little still unsettled, expecting to be pushed away or struck but the human did neither.

He lowered his nose toward the wet matted patch of hair and it definitely had a strong smell of another dogs semen, Was this human a female? Was she in season? She didn’t give off the right pheromones for a bitch in heat.

He looked at the fleshy dark pink gash of wrinkled wetness. It sort of glistened with a sweet inviting look. She didn’t have a penis but that ugly thing didn’t look like a bitches vulva either.

He licked lazily at the white thigh just above Sarah’s knee, again the distinct flavour of another dogs dribble and it was very recent. This was a female a human bitch that had been bread very recently he was sure of that.

He stepped closer still and stretched his thick neck as far forward as he could toward the gash and the smell of another dog that was coming from it.

Doubtfully he licked the fur-less thigh. The human wriggled but didn’t growl or move away. It even parted its legs a little more was this an invitation, was this human bitch in standing season, it appeared so. Having parted her legs a little now It remained still. Emboldened he followed the familiar smell and taste with his tongue and nose. The human giggled as his wet jowls rubbed its naked thigh.

“Joe patted her head. That’s the way girl he is just a little confused, let him check you out. He aint never seen a human woman before and he defiantly ain’t seen one naked and in heat,”

"I'm not in heat," Sarah snapped at the suggestion but Joe just patted her head again.

"Just an expression lass, just an expression is all," Joe rolled his eyes up and cursed himself for his insensitivity.

"The dogs Jowls tickled," Sarah almost smiled and Joe grinned relieved at the diversion. As he looked at the blond girl, slim and fine featured almost frail but yet Joe realised that she was strong, mentally and physically he new she was. She could take both of his bloodhounds and want more of this he was growing more sure of each minute. She was a real dog bitch he thought as he smiled his satisfaction.

Trigger was now totally confident as he closed in on the wrinkled slash between the creamy naked thighs. It was longer and lacked the outward look of a bitches vagina but he was confident that what he was looking at was the human bitches vagina.

He was confident that this slim, delicate thing was a female and a breeding female at that. His heightened sense of smell detected the male humans were also aroused. He wasn't sure but the smells wafting around warned him that he may have, at any moment, to defend his right to this human bitch. He looked from one man to another, there was no sign of a challenge at the moment but he remained aware.

The dogs tongue slathered across Sarah's vaginal folds and she shivered, it felt nice deep inside. Then, with a little, almost imperceptible, whimper she unthinkingly lifted her hands to hold Trigger by the floppy ears firmly. her bottom lifted with each lash of the dogs tongue. Triggers early confusion gone as he bathed the girls legs and belly in wet tongue lashes.

Sarah could barely control herself. She forgot all about those that were watching and was thinking solely of how she had felt when Brutus had slid into her not more than a half hour ago, she groaned with as residual feelings and immediate thought flooded through her. Triggers tongue parted her labia in an effort to follow the wet nectar that had started to flow again. It was a sweet cocktail of Sarah and Brutus but Trigger didn't seem to mind at all. For several excruciating minutes Sarah wriggled under the attentive tongue that grew more and more demanding. Trigger whimpered and drew back a little. He was becoming a little agitated Sarah observed as he shuffled about.

Outside, somewhere, Sarah heard Brutus whining loudly followed by a high pitched yelp then more whining. Did he know what was going on in side the shack, Sarah guessed that he probably did.

Trigger stepped from between Sarah's spread legs and she felt deprived. Then he was alongside her licking her waist and chest in a random attack. Joe removed his lingering hand from Sarah's right breast. The dogs body seemed to be more animated as he pushed and wriggled his hips from one position to another, his claws busily scraping the floor as he moved. He thrust his hip against the prone girls right leg in a dry hump then he whimpered and raised his right paw across her belly. Sarah breathed in sharply at the feel of the rough claw on her pliant softness.

The girl reached out her right hand and stroked the dogs floppy ears gently making soothing sounds as she did. Outside, Sarah wasn't sure where they had taken him, Brutus was getting louder in his protests. Trigger licked along her outer thigh then continued to lick her entire body right up to her face. His foul doggy breath made Sarah gag and turn her head away to avoid a second lick across her lips.

"Is he ready," Sarah asked no one in particular as she wiped the saliva from her eyes, She appeared seemingly relaxed about what was to happen, knowing instinctively that the dog was ready to fuck her without having to ask.

"I recon he is, are you?,"

"Uh ..hu, Sarah answered briefly and turned her head back to face the men.

"To right she's ready," Darrell answered for her, "Look at that puffy pussy all open up like a flower petal it is Joe." Sarah glared at Darrell and saw that Picco was also close enough to inspect her in every detail while fighting hard to hold Fly back on his leash. Trigger again pawed at Sarah and she pushed his chest back to give herself some room.

"Easy fella," she chided and eased herself over on to her belly the same way as Joe had flipped her over for Brutus. If this was going to happen, and it was, Sarah had already decided she was going to take charge.

"Good girl," Joe encouraged her pleased at her willingness then he turned to Darrell.

"We may have to help here Darrell. That cute bubble bum makes it hard for dogs to fathom. They normally have there bitches pussy more exposed for them to plug. Just let him at her in his own time at first lets see how he goes. Ill tell you when we need to help if at all."

Trigger pushed his wet muzzle between Sarah's slightly parted thigh and up against her distended pussy. She gasped at the cold wetness of his nose against her warm exposed vagina.

He tongued her several times tasting her feminine ambrosia. His doggy brain and taste receptors told him that this wasn't how a bitch on heat should taste or smell but she was behaving like a bitch in heat and her pheromones were telling him she was ready to mate.

Trigger withdrew his head and cocked it one way then the other taking a long look at the open pink petal inches in front of his nose. A bead of clear nectar was about to drop from it. He took on last long lash of his powerful tongue and Sarah flinched then giggled with her growing nervous excitement. Trigger slapped at Sarah's butt with his right front paw, She flinched again and looked back at the dog behind her behind. To her own surprise she spoke to him and patted her butt.

"Come on fella, come to Sarah." The boys guffawed and Picco commented.

"Cum in Sarah more like," he laughed again pleased at his ribald sense of humour.

The big dog lifted with more grace than his body style suggested. His hips were swinging before his front legs closed around Sarah's narrow waist. The dogs hind feet shuffled forward and his hips continued there rhythmic swing, The pink tip of Triggers penis was out and jabbing in the general direction of Sarah's goodies.

"That's it boy, Fuck her good," Picco urged. Why did he have to be so crude Sarah wondered. Then, with a resigned sigh, she accepted the fact that this was a gross situation for any woman to be in and she deserved his crude comments.

Trigger kept swinging his hips with intention but the cute pointed tip met only air. He wasn't close enough.

"He ain't got the idea proper," Joe observed as Trigger eased off of Sarah's back and licked her bubble butt several times then satisfied he was in the right place he tried to remount.

Sarah eased back toward the swinging hips this time. She arched her back, just a little, to lower her hips. Wanting him, any dog, more than she would admit at that moment in time. Sarah knew she

wasn't acting and thinking like her normal conservative self but she had come this far and she found that she had enjoyed Brutus more than she would normally admit

"Good girl, good girl," Joe encouraged. This girl was a natural dog bitch, just like his ex had been, The brief Images of his Laura flashed through his mind as if she were there at that moment, then she was gone. Joes greatest pleasure in life had been watching Laura with one of the dogs. Never more than one at a time for Laura, this girl was something else. Joe shook his head to bring himself back to the moment. Picco was babbling when he focused.

"What a bitch, she's gagging for it," Picco had to offer his opinion and Sarah expected nothing less from the oaf. She felt the penis tip slid across her smooth butt cheek with just the slightest hint of sliding, wet friction on her skin. Trigger was heading directly toward her puffy vulva. She felt it, felt the warmth.

Picco was right about one thing Sarah was behaving like a wanton bitch. She really did want the dog inside her just as Brutus had been inside her, stretching, filling, pulsing, not so long ago. She eased back a little more as the dogs front paws gripped and pulled at her hips, Squashing her butt to his groin.

Triggers searching penis tip dipped into Sarah, she felt the slippery intrusion and held her breath with anticipation. then the prodding appendage was gone the heavy beast slid reluctantly from her back once again. Trigger was frustrated as was Sarah.

"He got in I felt him in me!" Sarah spoke excitedly into the musty cushion. Not directing the comment to anyone but herself. She reflected on her situation momentarily comparing it to her visit to The Valley and a large Thoroughbred stud where she saw a mare being bread. She compared herself to that mare, docile and expectant the stallion squealing and prancing with excitement. 'Gee,' She thought, 'Males make a big deal out of it all.'

"Yah! He did, I saw it." Sarah gave a start realising she had spoken louder than she thought. Joe patted her shoulder affectionately and looked at Darrell "Next time he gets close to her pussy put a hand on his Tail Darrell just hold him, don't push when you do. He got close to getting right in that time. He just needs to know he has to hunch himself up when he gets his tip in so we'll help if needs be, Ok boy?" Joe instructed.

"Yah! Sure Joe." Darrell replied and watched the Sad looking dog as it licked Sarah's pussy and walk away a few steps. Perhaps he was planning his next move. After the briefest of pauses he returned, licked Sarah's pussy once more, then walked the other way a few steps wheeled and again returned, pause and remount the expectant girl gracefully right leg first then, as he gripped her hips, he edged behind her using her soft behind as a fulcrum that supported his weight.

"Here he comes sweaty," Joe whispered encouragement as Trigger clawed at her waist one more time endeavouring to pull himself onto this smooth, naked human bitch. He felt more balanced this time, his hind legs were outside of the girls long legs as he settled onto the her back. Sarah yelped as a dew claw scratched her as his right leg adjusted a fraction..

Triggers hips were swinging wildly with renewed enthusiasm and Joe was down low watching, waiting to tell Darrell when to hold him. Sarah breathing was rapid, her heart thumped with excitement. She felt the smooth penis spray her bum with its lubricating doggy cum.

Then at the moment Joe was about to tell Darrell to put his hands on Triggers back the penis dipped into the girl once, held for an instant then came out. Now he realised he had found the bitches portal. He jabbed a second time but deeper this time. Triggers animal instinct and reflexes took over

and he came alive with excited energy.

"I think hes got it," Joe sounded excited. Sarah moaned as she felt the contact then the sliding warmth.

Darrell's hand had, in anticipation, touched Triggers tail as the dog scabbled his hind legs forward and partly swung, partly pressed into the wet warmth of the human bitch. This time and he felt his penile sheath press against the moist, tender pussy folds. He was in deeply.

Canine instinct took over then and he hunched himself and started to climb, his right leg rapidly clawing at air, his left barely in contact with the floor. He clawed at Sarah's leg and her thigh in equal measure, as he drove his virgin male flesh into the human bitches warm silken receptacle. Sarah cried out as the claws repeatedly scratched her legs and thighs, mainly her right thigh. His weight bore down on her unrelenting as he drove and stabbed himself deep into the silken tunnel that grew tighter and tighter, drawing his pent up seed from his aching testicles.

Trigger had never felt so good before. His penis strained and extended deep into the receiving bitch as his hips thundered rapidly. Stretching, pushing, expanding as it did. He felt the need to dominate and he whined loudly with his controlling pleasure of victory. The bitch was trembling under him and she was clamping down on his tightly fitting penis.

Trigger could hear the low burbling groans and grunts and several protesting screams of the human bitch who flinched and wriggled under him. Unable to hold back Trigger mercilessly hammered his hips with a mechanical fervour. His penis was thickening and he felt the pleasant ache at the root of his engorged shaft that was extended to its limit from his groin. He could penetrate the bitch no further and the friction of his engorged spear had begun to extract another feeling from his groin, a pressure that needed release.

He slowed, then stopped humping into the compliant bitch and at the very moment his testicles contracted and the muscle between his tail tightened then jerked once, so hard that it hurt. Triggers bulb was held tightly inside the human bitch as it would in a bitch of his own kind.

Trigger was delirious happy with his achievement as he started to inseminate his first bitch and he felt all truly dominant. The rhythmic pulse under his tail began a series of clicking muscle contractions that sent his seminal fluid spurting along his shaft in waves of pure pleasure.

Sarah groaned with a different, though related pleasure. She had endured the onslaught of the big powerful dogs hips as he seated himself deep within her secret place. While he strenuously humped her his dangling balls slapped against her hooded clit invoking a series of electrically charged sensations that sent tingles through her entire body. She felt dizzy and unsteady. At that unrestrained moment she wanted this rut to last forever. The steady slapping testicles had started to evoke little tremors that ran along her spine. When Sarah realised what was happening deep inside her, she screamed.

"No,no,noooo," and she closed her eyes tight and bit down on her lip in an effort to stop herself from climaxing. Far off through her rising delirium she herd a sound, a distracting sound and with an extreme effort she forced herself to focus on that sound, not the sensations of her body.

Outside Brutus was playing up badly. He knew that his bitch was being possessed by another and he didn't like that one bit.

Sarah panted and bit her lip and tensed herself to the point of muscle shaking spasms. Slowly, finally she succeeded in forestalling what would have been an embarrassing moment. She couldn't, she

wouldn't let a brutish dog bring her to orgasmic pleasure in front of these oafs.

Maybe in front of Joe she might, he seemed to understand, but not Darrell or Picco. No not them. That would be way too gross for her to contemplate. Fortunately Trigger stopped his frantic humping just in time for Sarah. The swinging nuts no longer tapped her tender clit allowing Sarah's mind to overcome here tingling urge.

Now the dog that lay along Sarah's back with the help of her scratched and chafed calf's to support his feet his mouth open panting against her ear. He whimpered and his penis twitched powerfully as she felt his first warm flush invade her belly.

"look at those tail flagging, would you," Darrell was in awe of what was happening to this petite young woman who thought she was better than the likes of Picco and himself.

"you ok Sarah, SARAH?" Joe asked finishing his question loudly as he saw Sarah's eyes glazing. Sarah didn't answer immediately, she had been some place else with her self induced, confused state and Joe's voice took time to penetrate that deliberate distraction.

"Yes," I'm ok, I can feel him jerking inside me Joe. He's jerking really hard,"

"You screamed a couple of times, did he hurt you?"

"just a bit, inside, he hit my cervix a few times I think and it was like an electric shock or something." She didn't say she had screamed because she didn't want to climax in front of them.

Your sure your Ok?"

"Oh!Yes ... yes ...yes" she repeated the yes with each pulsing discharge of Triggers cum. Oh my god she rolled her eyes back in her head and panted then regained her composure one more time, "Its like before, just tight and a little achy but lovely. I'm pretty stretched aren't I, It feels like it.

"Your stretched alright," Darrell answered.

"He's right, his big bulbous glans is so swollen he's stretching your vagina tight, it looks like a rubber band about to snap. That must hurt you surely." Joe was concerned Sarah could tell from his voice.

"Just uncomfortable in a nice way, A nice ache that's all. He's still coming isn't he?"

"Cant you tell,?" Joe asked

"Not really, not now, he feels like he is throbbing every so often. Not as much as he first was. I cant feel anything inside me now not like the first spurt."

Darrell added, "His balls are still surging Sarah so he's still coming. I got no Idea how but there is cum leaking around that big plug of his. God that must be painful girl!" Darrell was pretty observant Sarah almost grinned but didn't.

Outside Brutus was still playing up and now Fly was getting agitated as well.

"Will we turn him Joe?" Darrell asked

"Not yet let him go for a minute or two, Sarah," He raised his voice just a little.

"Yes?"

"When he pulls out will you be able to take his brother, Fly." Sarah was beat, mostly emotional but physically as well. However, she thought of the second gold medallion being offered.

"I guess,"

"You don't have to you know, so far you have been awesome."

"Can we let Trigger finish before I decide," Joe agreed. But looked over towards Picco and got up from watching Trigger.

"Let him off the lead as soon as Trigger breaks the tie, OK? Joe wasn't leaving the decision to Sarah he was turning the dog loose to have her without leaving Sarah to decide he wanted it this way and his excitement grew in his trousers as he thought of the doggy gang bang that was on offer.

"Yep, as soon as he's off her."

"He's shot heaps of stuff into her Joe and he's still going," Darrell was super impressed with the dogs stamina and powers of ejaculation.

"You want him off now Sarah? He's still buried in there pretty well." Joe asked looking at the girls serene expression.

"No let him be for a while Joe its kind of nice while he's calm. He still hasn't finished. I can feel him pulsing every little while." For the next ten minutes Trigger stayed embedded in Sarah but more and more of the knot was showing a raw purple and white ball of hardness as he finished ejaculating his last drops into her.

The big sad dog was spent and he knew it. His jowls were streaked with foam and his tongue lolled as he dribbled saliva onto the slim girls back. Joe nodded to Darrell and told him to turn the hulking dog. As careful as Darrell was Sarah's tender vagina was stretched even more. She squealed with the sudden burst of bruising pain.

Jesus Darrell be careful wont you its me that can get hurt you know," She turned angrily towards the man assisting her.

"Sorry Sarah," he apologised but her sequel had upset Trigger and he struggled stretching Sarah even more. Amid Sarah's sequels and Triggers screeching yelps coupled with the sudden awkward manoeuvre and Sarah's opposite reflex response resulted in the big dog tugging himself painfully free of the clinging vagina. The copious flow of surplus cum gushed from Sarah's vacant vagina. The girl lay panting into the cushion. She was tired and she was sore.

"Piccos timing was perfect and Fly was already lapping at Sarah's sore pussy as Trigger was doing the usual doggy equivalent to having a cigarette after sex, licking himself.

"Nooooo!" Sarah groaned loudly.

"No please not again Joe I'm tired and sore and I need a pee badly," Sarah protested. Joe looked from the girl to Picco.

"Off you go darlin' , out the back there, he pointed to a screen door. Pee where you want to. Picco you hang on to Fly for a bit until she gets back," Joe instructed.

Sarah made to rise before Picco could secure the dog and Fly jumped on her back playfully but with intent as he tried to keep her down. On her second try to stand Sarah managed to get free of the dog as Picco slipped the doubled up lead around its neck as a temporary hold. Fly was the most boisterous of the three dogs and he scared Sarah a little bit. He seemed to want to dominate his bitch. That was the scary bit for Sarah.

The bladder pressure grew suddenly and Sarah scampered out of the back door. Casting any modesty she may have still retained aside, she squatted on the ground at the bottom of the steps. Instant release made her shudder. She stared off into the silent bush. Well it would have been silent except for Brutus maintaining his rage some where out the front of the shack. There was a sharp yell from inside the house but Sarah ignored it.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere Fly was jumping at her from behind as she relived herself. In her precarious squatting position she fell into the dust in mid pee stream. Fly was almost crazy with his need to have this woman bitch that he had seen his brother take inside and here she was squatting waiting.

Fly was growling and he sounded threatening to the vulnerable girl. Sarah tried to rise from the ground muddy from her own pee but the yard was mostly just dusty ground where she had fallen. Fly was all over her mouthing her neck and shoulder menacingly. For the moment he hadn't broken her skin but she felt his teeth pressing into her tender fleshy parts.

Sarah was getting scared. She tried again to get up as cautiously as she could watching the crazy dog all the while as he was bouncing around and mouthing her occasionally, threateningly. This time fly was on her back forcing her back to her knees and humping at her with intent as he did.

"Ok! Ok you crazy bloody dog, Joe Picco come and get this dog Please." She called.

Sarah squealed as Fly forced her further forward by grabbing her on the shoulder painfully this time. Sarah knew that she had to quit fighting or get hurt she submitted. She stopped resisting and rested on her hands and knees in the dirt. Bracing for her next encounter and it happened fast.

The second dog in a few minute was driving into her sore, overly distended pussy. Unlike his brother Trigger, Fly was able to claim Sarah at the first try. Sarah looked to her left as the dog pounded into her. The three men stood on the Verandah and watched as Fly brutally raped Sarah in the dirt.

He had climbed over her back, feet off the ground in his desperation to bury himself as far into this pretty naked human bitch as he was possibly able. At the same time he needed to be dominant to stay her struggles. Again his open, slavering maw was about her neck, not biting but mouthing her, dog dribble running copiously onto her shoulder. Sarah wasn't sure if he was going to bite or not but she was not going to risk hurt and remained still as the third dog in less than an hour fucked her busily.

Sarah's pussy, distended as it was, was slack and easily accommodated the growing knot of Fly. But she knew that he was huge as he grew inside her tightly. In little more than a minute he was slowing down as he filled her tender sleeve and began to cum in a steady rhythmic spurts.

Sarah was stunned and so were the men. She would have allowed this dog to have her inside the house after a short rest but for some crazy reason the situation had turned from consensual doggy sex to dog rape. What had happened to her, what was she doing, she must be crazy, this was so not her. Here in the bush with the cicadas drumming with a constant background hum of life. Sarah was on knees in the generally dusty, some places damp soil from last nights rain and one from her own pee.

As Sarah's mind wondered time had passed and Fly was struggling to lift his left hind leg over her back. Disoriented by her thoughts and the bright sunshine Sarah tried to move with the dog to ease the stretching discomfort. Her moving with the dog still not in contact with the ground as he struggled to reverse on his bitch caused the joined pair to tumbled into the dirt.

The puddle Sarah had made was now under her shoulder and she smelt the warm earthy smell of her own urine as she lay there panting with fright as Fly scrambled to his feet still stuck to Sarah. He seemed pleased with himself as he stood tongue lolling. The three men approached the stuck pair and Fly swung toward them and broke free of the tie. Fortunately for them both Sarah was loose from the three mating's and her vaginal elasticity was now weak.

It had been little more than three minutes of madness. Sarah looked up at the grinning men and she tried to be angry as she slammed her fist into the dust but couldn't suppress her smile and looking at herself dusty and laying in a muddy pee puddle she began to cry and laugh at the same time.

Fly couldn't give a dam about what was going on. He was proud of himself. The human bitch had wandered off ,like teasing bitches do, and he had caught her. That's what dogs do. He sat on his behind his left hind leg raised and he licked his tender, tingling penis and felt happy.

The faint, distant sound of rolling thunder off in the distance made all four people looked out to the west where the shape of a forming cumulonimbus storm cloud was building over the hills. "Looks like another storm this afternoon," Darrell observed and Joe nodded agreement.

"Wont be as bad as that one yesterday but we have to expect them this time of year. Time for some lunch I think, a little late but I have some fresh baked bread and as always plenty of soup. Sarah you might like to clean up a bit down at the creek," Joe pointed, "There is a nice rocky bathing hole just through the trees a bit. Ill be adding those new pendants to your chain while your tidying up," Joe reached out for the chain and reluctantly Sarah handed it to him.

"Take a towel and soap from that rail there with you, there rough but its all I have."

twenty minutes later Sarah was back at the house and had retrieved her cloths. Her scratches would have to wait. She now felt a desperate need to be dressed and to cover her nakedness.

She quickly dressed and came to the table where a place had been set for her. The setting was a mixed lot of plates and cups but all were clean and Joe's soup was tasty. The bread was real and still warm from the oven. All four ate in silence before Darrell rose from the table and looked across at Joe.

"We gotta go now Joe that storm is building."

"Sure thing boys but remember what I said, what happened here today ain't to be talked about with no one less I says so first," Sarah's head snapped up.

"with no one at ...no one at all Joe, no one" Sarah spoke firmly, Joe ignored her.

"Like what I told you boys afore we ate still goes right, you understand what I'm saying."

"Sure we do Joe," Picco and Darrell chorused together. Joe saw them to the door of the annex and they were gone.

Joe returned to the table and picked up the necklace and Pendants giving them back to Sarah. He was shaking his head.

"You sure earned that girl. That was the loveliest thing I ever seen. Been waiting a long time to see that again ever since my Laura left" Sarah looked him straight in the eye and took the necklace from his hand. She wondered about Laura but said nothing. On the table were several other pendants of similar size to the two plain gold paws she had just received. There were various different shapes perhaps eight or nine. There were several more dog paw pendants and six others she was a little uncertain of their shape. One looked satanic, A goats head perhaps? She wasn't sure. One other was like a little golden penis but different it was definitely elongated. Joe scooped them up and put them in a bag that contained a number of jewellers tools.

How about a little walk around the place I want to show you a few things. Starting with the rest of my animals if you like, besides we need to chat a bit Sarah before you go.

"What about?"

"You, me them boys and my Laura?"

"Who's is Laura Joe?"

"She was my Lady, caught her once with the farm dog we farmed proper back then, didn't I say, anyway from then on we shared her passion for the critters."

"The dogs?"

"Not dogs exactly, well ... not just the dogs."

"Not just dogs, Sara was feeling a little uneasy. They walked a bit, following a well used dirt track to a tumble down barn. Everything here was tumbledown.

"No!" Joe finally answered. Sarah formed her mouth to ask another question then swallowed hard. Walked a few paces then "Joe I think I should go before the storm arrives."

"Its fine lass, we got to talk as I said. If the storm is too close you can wait it out at the shack," Even Joe called it a shack not a house. Then after a pause, "Have you got folks waiting for you?"

"No! No there away for a few months actually," Sarah volunteered and immediately regretted saying it.

Joe opened the decrepit double wooden barn door, it scraped on the ground which was no surprise at all and ushered Sarah inside. Belying its external appearance the barn seemed neat and well ordered, there was a big pile of hay in the loft and the stalls were well ordered although gnawed considerably by bored, restless horses at some time.

The barn was bigger than it had first appeared and may have been a stage station way back or some sort of produce store and livery Sarah new nothing of these things. However, the area outside had the appearance of an old street though all other buildings except one had long gone.

Sunlight streamed through the space between the split log cladding and the beams of light cut through the dusty air that sparkled as each dust gran offered its twinkling facet to the concentrated beam of sun light.

A goat bleated or was it a sheep, then another and another joined in. A stomping of hooves and a whine mingled with a low coo of pidgins and nervous clucking of chickens. Sarah could see several horses and there was a cow, maybe two, also in stalls. At the end of the barn a pig snaffled and one

squealed as pigs do. There were chickens everywhere and pigins roosting up high in the rafters.

Almost hidden behind feedbags and several bales of lucerne hay were four Kennels, all occupied. One kennel housed Brutus, The two bloodhounds were in adjacent kennels and a nasty looking dog in the last of the four kennel's. Brutus came to the front of his Kennel and whimpered. Sarah patted the big dog through the steel mesh.

"There there boy, don't fret, I love you Brutus." She tickled his ear and threw him an air kiss before she caught up with Joe.

"Like my barn Sarah?" Joe asked hands on hips. Sarah just wondered what she should say. It was a barn, it smelled like a barn, it was dusty like a barn it even sounded like a barn, what could she say. 'No' would offend, 'Yes' would be meaningless.

"You have lots of animals Joe, chickens and pigs. You must have bacon and eggs often Sarah smiled. Joe laughed.

"That I do, that I do." Joe introduced Sarah to all his animals one by one. Not the chickens or pigins that would have been silly. There was King the huge boar and his two sows and twelve piglets. Butterscotch and Tony the two pretty miniature horses about great dean height. Butterscotch was a buckskin, Tony was a glistening black, Sarah forgot the bull and cows names she was dwelling on the two pretty stallions when Joe was pointed the cattle out. However, the massive macho looking Kalahari Red goat was called Satin and he looked Satanic with yellow snake like eyes, Swept back horns, roman nose and rusty brown coat. He smelled powerfully musky and towered over the three Saanen milking doe's.

"Dont mind his smell, the male goats pee all over there front, their chest, face, beard. Apparently it attracts the does in rut. Sarah grimace and Joe smiled, It works for them. Joe had seen Sarah screw her nose up when they had stopped at Satin's pen.

"He does smell awful," Sarah agreed but she lingered by the goat pen and looked at the evil eyed monster of a goat. She hadn't realised goats could grow so big.

Back at Joe's shack they both looked at the threatening sky.

"Maybe you should wait it out girl, its mighty close now. A bright jagged flash added testament to Joe's observation. Sarah wanted to go but the memory of last nights storm was fresh in her mind.

"I really should go Joe," She screwed up her face and looked skyward.

"Up to you of course, but its an hours hard walk back to town from here and that storm is moving along some." Joe looked at the gathering clouds and inclined his head. Unsure Sarah pondered the heavy black green clouds, she had seen clouds like this before.

"Maybe its going to hail," Sarah spoke quietly and looked at the skinny old man.

"Your right there lass, best stay for a while. Its snug inside and we can chat until it passes.

It didn't pass, well the storm did but the following rain was still falling heavily long after dark.

"Look her lass you best sleep on my couch over their. Its plenty long enough for the likes of you and its comfy enough. Sara looked at Joe and at the couch and she knew the old man was right. She couldn't go back to town now.

"Ok," she agreed and stood up from the table where she had been chatting with the old man for the better part of the afternoon. A large part of the conversation had been of Laura. His Laura, as he called her and when he spoke of her he looked sad. He had loved that woman Sarah could tell. Joe grabbed a musty blanket from the old wooden cupboard and put it on the couch.

When Sarah moved she winced and looked down at her scratched thigh. Joe saw the expression of pain on the girls face and his eyes followed hers and he cursed.

"Dam girl why didn't you remind me. I should have realised you would be scratched up a bit. I have just the thing for scratches and bites, make it myself from prickly pear and a few other things boiled down to a jelly. Makes a potent salve it does.

He went to the shelf by the table and came back to Sarah who had set about arranging the couch.

"Here we go," he said as he applied the smooth gel on her numerous leg scratches. "Don't want them to get infected now do we? He rubbed the ointment in gently and with long strokes that felt good. The sting instantly was gone from her leg.

"That feel better lass?"

Uh hu!" Sarah replied as she lay back against the back of the couch as Joe worked the Salve into her abrasions It stung for a second or two then there was no soreness at all.

"I knew it would, it always does." There was a series of long red welts on Sarah's thigh that disappeared above her hem line. Joe's hand slid below the skirt as he followed the scratches with his supple fingers.

"might be best if you take your skirt off and lets see if you have more of those scratches to treat up high." Sarah hesitated for a moment. It seemed so different now, alone in the shack with the old man. However, the salve felt good and her worst scratches were on her butt and the front of her thigh where the dogs claws had groped and clawed as they had clambered over her.

Sarah untied her wrap around and slid it from under her behind. Joe hesitated as he inspected the scrapes and scratches. They were mostly red scrapes with a few deeper abrasions. All but a few would be gone by tomorrow.

"Those panties are dirty, best take them off as well, are you still leaking?" Sarah looked down and saw that the crotch gusset of her panties was indeed soaked. She had known they were wet but not as much as they were. She blushed scarlet. Now knowing that she was so wet she immediately felt aware and uncomfortable.

Sarah looked at Joe, he had his head down as he watched her shimmy out of her wet panties and drop them to the floor. This girl was so like his memories of his Laura. Her tiny frame and pale skin now claw marked by three dogs, with more to come, was exactly like Laura. He remembered the first time he had had sex with Laura and how he thought she must surely brake. Sarah's sparse pubic hair and the dark brown skin surrounding her genitals was enticing him like the girl he had known so many years before. Joe felt his growing tension press into his denim pants.

"Oh god you are so beautiful," Joe whisperer in a broken voice and Sarah looked at him as he lifted his face to hers. Tears were streaming down Joe's cheeks and he looked so sad Sarah thought.

"Oh honey what is it?" she herd herself ask and wondered at her own choice of words. The old man looked even older at that moment and Sarah sat forward and put her arms about him and held him

tight.

Joe began to sob and all Sarah could do was hold him. How did you console an old man? This was not what she was good at. For several minutes Joe sobbed then with some effort he brought himself under control and sniffled like a child but now he held the girl as she held him. His hands were running up her back and down to her bare bottom as he clutched her tightly.

“There, there Baby, your thinking of Laura aren’t you?” Sarah consoled.

“I sure am, I missed that girl she was special but we went to far I guess,” Sarah frowned but said nothing. Joe kissed Sarah’s neck and she didn’t resist, the old man was hurting and she allowed him to continue as he kissed her neck again then her cheek. Then his lips were on her lips crushing commanding as he turned her slightly and pushed her down onto the couch.

“No Joe,” Sarah commanded but she felt sorry for this old guy, at what he had lost.

“I need you Sarah, your so like her, I loved her Sarah, I love you Sarah you are her. He was rambling but at the same time he had her blouse undone and was working on her bra with agile fingers as his lips grew more demanding.

“Oh shit, shit, shit Sarah mumbled and Began to help the old man as he undressed her. Even as her bra hit the floor Joe was unbuckling his own belt as Sarah unsnapped the lower three buttons on his shirt. The sound of his Zip and the feel of hot flesh on her belly was all that was needed to tell Sarah the old man was indeed ready.

It had been a long time for the old man and even though he had jerked off on Sarah earlier in the day this was different. The frail softness of the girl was a contrast to his course hardness and to his own surprise he felt the ache and tension in his groin almost as a cramp. Joe was frantic with his need and desire.

He was kissing with a need to devour. He pushed Sahara’s legs as far aside as the couch would allow as he settled between her thighs. He didn’t guide himself into the girl but came over her, covering her, prodded and pressed as the animals of the afternoon had done until her still moist and leaking vaginal hole gave way to his desperate rut.

Joe groaned with ecstatic relief as for the first time in many years he felt the warm grip of a woman’s vagina clasp his hardness. Joe was not long down there, normal he thought, average perhaps, whatever average might be but he was definitely thick and Sarah now felt the thickness of a man as he spread and filled her tight resistance and she liked the feel. In fact she liked having a male penis warm and alive inside her. It was something special and she felt lucky to be a woman at that moment.

It didn’t matter that the man fucking her was old and decidedly ugly. He was both of those but with her eyes shut he was none of them. Joe was lots of things and one of them was hard fit and with his fitness came stamina. His pounding hips forced rhythmic groans from the girl impaled by him. His thickness, unlike the dogs earlier, was sliding in and out, stretching, pulling, pushing and the friction deep within Sarah was growing.

Joe grunted and sweated as he thrust into the frail body under him. It was not her he was thinking of he was thinking of Laura and he was thinking of his own gratification. The girl who he had pinned to the couch beneath him was providing that. The couch squeaked, Joe groaned and the girl made little sighing squeals that were growing louder as Joe pounded harder. The couch was barely holding up under the furious assault.

Sarah knew nothing of Joe's thoughts. It was her body, her sex being pounded but it was also her being served. She was taking what she needed for her own gratification from the rough hammering it was the total frantic enjoyment of the vicarious sex. At some point she had wrapped her legs around Joe's thighs as he provided the momentum for her own reciprocal thrusts.

The pail, frail girl was in her own whirling world of delirious pleasure and her tingling, electrically charged groin finally exploded into bolts of lightning along her spine that jolted and jerked as it did. In spite of Joe's rapid, hammer like thrust, Sarah's body arched against him and stiffened before it burst into a, trembling, twitching, claspng wrack of uncontrollable spasms. Sarah screamed and screamed again as she bounced and twisted under the sinewy man.

Joe pounded on seemingly oblivious to her orgasmic body. He was in the throws of his own desperate need at that moment. The girl under him slowly subsided back to the couch as her spasms ceased. Sarah's naked body was a lather of their combined perspiration. Still the couch bounced and squeaked. Several minutes passed before Joe finally groaned and stiffened deep inside the girls claspng sheath and let his own juices flood into the now supine girl in six powerful jerks of his potent shaft. Joe groaned as he slumped onto Sarah. Their hearts racing together their lungs screaming for air, neither moved for many more minutes until Sarah pushed at Joe's chest. Reluctantly the man disengaged himself from her and got to his feet helping her to sit up as he did.

"Sorry Sarah, I was pretty rough there, Its been a long time for me, I thought I would cum quicker than that, It was a release thing for me, sorry lass." Sarah looked at Joe and smiled wanly at first, a release thing for him and her what about her was she just some sort of receptacle. Hell she thought of course she was, then her smile widened.

"you were lovely Joe, I'm glad it wasn't just a quickie," She stood up and on tiptoes she kissed him full on the lips. Joe responded with enthusiasm. Outside in the barn the dogs were barking.

"They've been barking since you screamed lass. That was something special I can tell you, never felt or heard the like of that before.

She had screamed? Sarah supposed she had, if Joe said she had she must have. To disturb the dogs in the barn it must have been loud, really loud.

"You want to do me again Joe?" Sarah asked as she clung to the old man tightly.

"In the morning perhaps, I need to recharge," he chuckled as Sarah looked down at his spent penis. Sarah shrugged and picked up her dirty undies and wiped herself with the driest bit.

"I need to wash again just look at me," Joe was looking and couldn't believe his luck.

"Dint worry about washing yourself, those dogs don't mind a bit of odour, you can have a good shower tomorrow afternoon."

"Tomorrow, again?" Sarah sounded surprised at the suggestion but wasn't, "You want me to do the dogs again tomorrow?" It was Sarah's turn not to believe her luck. She knew here dreams would be filled with the fantasy of the dogs perhaps even that big nasty looking one with the chewed ear and scared face.

"Not if you don't want to lass, its your decision. Don't you want to?"

"No!...", a pause, "well yes, maybe ...," another pause "I don't know," she stumbled and stopped, thought a bit then said, "I guess I do if you want me to."

"I thought you would want to. Maybe one of the others as well, if you want to of course."

"One of the other animals or one of the other dogs." she looked at Joe steadily and felt a tremor of excitement.

"Oh! Its up to you lass, maybe the dogs first, those three from today and perhaps? It was both a question and a suggestion, "that Pakistani mastiff maybe, It would be depending on his mood he can be pretty docile at times and mean at others. Haven't ever seen him with a bitch but my guess is he could get rough with his ladies, besides he's huge maybe 75, 80kg's. Like to see you try him though. Then maybe one of the others. You took a shine to the that smelly goat, or maybe the ponies, its up to you as I said. Why don't you sleep on it.

Sarah did sleep on it and in Joe's bed. Twice that night she was woken by Joe. She badly needed her rest but it wasn't happening in a strange bed with a sexually deprived, ugly old man. The second time it was just before dawn the room was a little lighter and Joe had pulled the sheets back and parted Sarah's legs or maybe she had been sleeping that way. In either case Joe was running his fingers up the inside of Sarah's thigh and lingering as he slid his hand across her sex.

In the semi dark Joe loomed over her as a dark shadow. Sarah reached out a hand and touched Joe's chest lingered a little then dropped it slowly to his leg. Two can play at this Sarah sleepily thought as she ran her fingers along his leg to his belly to find his penis, it flexed at her touch, her slim fingers lightly caressed the rearing member at the same time that Joe brought his thumb to bear on her clit.

Joe's thumb made tiny circles around the hard nub while the middle finger slid slowly along her groove in search of her vaginal entrance. His other hand, that had been lingering near her arm, cupped her breasts, first one then the other before his thumb circled her left nipple in decreasing circles before settling over the top of the dark pink pinnacle, lightly rubbing provocatively backward and forward across the tip. Sarah came alive and her body began to wriggle in response to the simultaneous stimulation of her most sensitive bits.

Sarah's tiny hand was sliding along Joe's hard shaft stretching the foreskin back and forth just a little each time so that it revelled the crown of the mans hardness. She thrilled at the soft silky feel of the moving flesh. His penis responded with several spontaneous jerks against her agile fingers. Joe groaned and tried to hold back but his years of deprivation wouldn't allow him to prolong his satisfaction and he was immediately into Sarah's saddle and unerringly penetrating the girls now over used sheath.

With his morning woodie in full bloom, his fantasies running wild, Joe came quickly with his usual grunt and deep penetrating thrust as he ejaculated. Sarah didn't care. She was tired and in need of sleep no matter where she was. She rolled onto her side and felt Joe leave the bed before she was claimed by the dark void of sleep.

It was already daylight when Sarah next awoke. It was hot and steamy in the shack and the girl felt stick from perspiration. Pushing her hair back from her face she swung her feet to the floor. Memories of the previous night came flooding back to her. She had promised Joe she would decide which of the dogs and or animals she would fuck that day.

She was sure about the dogs, Brutus of course followed by Trigger and then Fly just like yesterday and if she had any strength left maybe that evil looking dog with the battle scars and spotted skin. However, her mind was full of that big red/brown buck goat, She knew nothing about goat sex but there was something big and powerful about that animal that appealed to her. The smell had been gagging but as she had lingered near that pen the vile muskiness seeped into her senses and it was

bizarrely erotic. She now realised that musky pee stench or no stench she wanted to try that big robust male with the heavy looking testicles.

Joe entered the shack with Darrell and Picco in tow. Reflex modesty meant that Sarah pulled the old sheet over her nudity.

"No time for that nonsense girl," Joe glanced at Sarah as he walked purposefully to the table and picked up the box that contained the rest of the gold pendants. Sarah realised her modesty was a false modesty and pushed the blanket partly away. Joe came back to Sarah and opened the box in front of her and sorted through the golden pile, selecting one carefully.

"That evil Red bugger is going nuts in the barn and if I let him out he will be all over that maiden doe, she is in season and he can smell her. He's fair frothing at the mouth.

"Joe I ..." Sarah began to speak and Joe placed the impressive goat's head pendant in front of her.

"Whatever you were going to choose that Buck needs fixing first. Sarah sat on the edge of the bed as Joe collected several things from around the room, a jar, some covered rope and a number of long bolts, and handed them to Picco. The boys and I have been working on a breeding stool while you been sleeping girl used it years ago but it needed repairing. It'll take us another twenty minutes or so and well have it all ready to use. Now you do what you gotta do and meet us at the barn in twenty minutes.

Sarah could only make a gesture of acceptance as all three men walked out.

"You been rooting her Joe?" Picco in his crude way had to ask.

"Cause I bloody well have. I don't look this tired because I had me a good night's sleep." Joe replied curtly.

"Can I shag her Joe?" ever persistent Picco asked.

"No you bloody well can't, not just yet a while anyway."

"Later then?"

"If she says you can, why not." Joe shook his head and walked into the barn.

Twenty minutes later a fresher looking Sarah walked into the barn still naked.

"You too pretty to be shagging critters Sarah," Darrell was immediately hard in his pants at the sight of Sarah's Alabaster body. Sarah made a lame attempt at a smile and stood next to Joe.

"You ready for this sweet cheeks?"

"Yes I am, I think." Sarah was no longer sure. Just being in the barn had sapped her false confidence.

"Just a few things before we bring the Buck out, He's a big boy for a Goat, he's bred for meat and he's maybe 120kg's or more not sure don't have no way of weighing critters. Now when we let him out he's going to get a whiff of the doe scent that Darrell collected in the jar here and he's going to paint some on your sweet ass when you are on that bench. I figure that will keep him curious enough to see that your a split tail and ready to jump and I do mean jump. They is funny buggers them goats when he mounts you it'll be like the dogs in some ways, hell grip you tight above the hip to hold on

while he pokes about. Then when he finds your hole hell be poking into you real furious for just seconds. Then hell sorta jump into you.

Now I'm a man and I don't know such things but I suspect that he sorta stretches his dick some at that point to squirt his cum as deep into you as he can.

Picco wheeled out a vaulting horse like contraption, on wheels. It was maybe the size of her fathers saw horse but with a wider padded top. It was made of different bits of cast off material it appeared. A cheep weight bench top a modified saw horse and other useful junk matched up and constructed. Just the thing a hermit might build with cast of rubbish.

It was clear to Sarah that she was to lay along the bench, stool whatever it was called. There were obvious handles at the front and padded rope stirrups for her feet. She would be laying along it as if she was riding a racing moter bike or riding a race horse.

"Built this for my Laura before she left, never did have the chance to use it. Thanks to the boys help we fixed it up pretty good don't you think?" Sarah didn't know what to think so she said nothing.

"I got the boys to buy me some wheels, heavy duty casters actually so we could wheel it along twist and turn it to tease the buck just like a doe would do, well that's the plan. The big boys are used to that sort of thing and he should get excited even more than he is right now and believe me he's excited right now.

"you let them does out of their pen?" Joe asked the boys.

"Yah! sure Joe, there out grazing in the paddock." Darrell answered.

"OK then girl you ready for that big red Buck?"

"I ... I think so." Sarah stammered

"Now you get on that thing there, face down I recon," He added when Sarah used her hands to ask face down or face up. Sarah climbed onto the narrow padded plank and too hold of the handles protruding out from the support under the plank. She hadn't noticed it previously but there was protruding, upward angled rests for her knees and Joe helped her slip her feet into the swinging stirrup loops they were probably not needed but allowed her to push forward if she had to. It wasn't exactly comfortable, nor was it entirely uncomfortable. "Here put these bags under your chest so's you can look about some," Sarah wiggled herself until she decided that was as good as it was going to get.

"You set now girl?" Sarah was but she wondered how she looked.

"I think so," Sarah was pretty sure she was settled, Joe looked the girl and the bench over and turned to Picco.

"Maybe down about 10cm at the back I think," The bench lurched down at the end as Picco fiddled with something at the back end. Joe seemed satisfied then. "OK Darrell rub some of that stuff on Sarah's butt. Just want the buck to get the scent, no need to dab it on her pussy," But Darrell had already done exactly that.

"You ready girl,"

"Yes, " Sarah braced herself for the unexpected. She heard The Pen gate creek open and Darrell

saying

"Whoa , whoa, Stop boy, wholly Shit he's strong! Joe give us a hand would yah," Sarah was able to turn enough to see the Kalahari Red bustle from the gate, stop, head up eyes wild as he looked about the barn. Suddenly the barn felt cold and Sarah shivered and saw goose bumps covering her arm and chest. Oh god no, what have I done she thought wildly to herself. She wanted to stop all of this nonsense but she couldn't take her eyes off of the magnificence of the alert pose of the master of the barn. That was the impression he gave and the impression he sought. Darrell and Joe were straining to hold the enthusiastic buck in check.

"Picco, be ready to move the bench a little when I say," Joe Spoke out loudly puffing as he did. Joe was a fit man but the goat was strong and wanted his head, "Well tease him for a bit though I don't expect him to need no teasin," Joe's voice showed the old mans excitement as well as his struggle. "Hes got your scent girl," Sarah, turning as far around as she could without loosing balance saw the buck standing alert head up and straining, top lip curled back as he sniffed the air. "that Doe's scent Dazza boy, its working lad, its working, just let him go to her." the excited Joe puffed.

On the bench ten feet away Sarah lay in a bike rider hunch looking back, Her knees were either side of the frame her bare behind tilted up by the inclined frame and presenting, The Bucks feet was scrabbling on the hard packed floor as he determinedly pulled himself toward Sarah or more likely the enticing pheromones that coated Sarah's bum courtesy of the contribution from the Doe's pee collected by Darrell. That very alluring fragrance that had been stimulating Satin all morning.

In two bounds he was behind the naked girl but not too close. He was desperately curious but animal cautious, at first. This was not a doe it looked nothing like a doe, It smelled like a doe, it had a gash that was parted slightly showing a pleasant pink inside but it wasn't the same as a doe, similar but different. The big red roman nose tilted first one way then the other. There should be a wagging tail, does in heat wag there tail a lot but there was no tail and this doe was hairless well almost hairless. He was confused and his senses were alert but his heightened arousal made him curious enough to approach the naked doe. It smelled and behaved like a doe in oestrus, she must be a doe the robust Kalahari Red buck decided.

Satin, head extended now that he was free of the restraining men and more certain that this creature was a female in heat. Carefully at first, his neck stretched a little then a little further toward the fur-less doe. He sniffed deeply without making contact, drawing in the wafting pheromones of the doe, then to be certain he sniffed deeply one more time. His head lifted high and he bared his yellow teeth as he tasted the scent with his tongue and his flaring nostrils.

"Whats he doing?" Sarah could no longer see the buck but she could feel his radiated presence.

"He's checking you out girl, guess he is a little confused, he ain't seen nothing quite like what you have on offer, let him do what he has to and don't spook him any." Sarah could have replied but didn't.

Satin's penis extended about three inches in response to the positive odour. He stepped closer authoritatively and tilted his head one way then the other one more time. Again he lowered his head to the exposed bum and pussy in front of him. The yellow snake eyes glistened with expectation. Satin licked and sniffed the doe's delicious flavour as he grew more bold.

Sarah giggled at the touch. Satin's mating responses tightened, his testicles rolled , his thin penis pushed further from its protective sheath. He was sure now. As peculiar as this doe was appeared she was defiantly a doe and one who was in season.

He rubbed his smelly beard across Sarah's hip and kicked forward with his right foot to evoke a response but the doe remained still but made a sort of low chuckling sound much like his own but he was much louder

Sarah giggled as she turned as much as she could to see what he was doing. The buck was also in the process of turning around as he checked her out entirely. That mostly meant nuzzling, along with rubbing his smelly face across and along her body from neck to behind. Sarah could see his massive, dangling, brown fur covered balls and couldn't help but wonder how much cum they held. His slim tapered penis was hard, pointed and pink, looking more like a delicate slim spear than penis.

He was so Macho, so very male. Sarah's groin tightened at the thought of so much power serving her. He swung his hips away from Sarah completing his turn so that his head was beside her head. He nuzzled and made all sorts of excited sounds that vibrated into Sarah as he pressed against her. Sarah was again rubbing his smelly beard across her cheek and shoulders, then the big red buck kicked his left front leg forward, bleating loudly "wup," "wup," "wup" followed by a loud clucking sound.

"Steady boy I won't hurt you, promise not to hurt me," Sarah cajoled the big animal.

"Move it a couple of metres Picco, slowly son, slowly," Joe hissed and Sarah felt the trolley wheels roll forward. The Goat continued making clucking sounds, not unlike a rooster as he followed her and continued rubbing his head along her back from her hip to her shoulder then he again kicked out, Sarah yelped as the hoof caught her leg. Sarah screamed out at the shock and stabbing pain

"Jesus that hurt," she whimpered.

"Move it a few feet Picco," The trolley rolled and the big red goat followed seeming more agitated as he did. Drooping his head to Sarah's spine his tongue darting in and out rapidly as he licked his way forward along her back and again the mandatory kicked forward. Sarah was dripping with expectation. She was certainly scared, a little, but curious as well. She had caught glimpses of the goat's penis and realised that being long, thin and bone stiffened it may hurt but she hoped it wouldn't, she wasn't going to say she was worried to the men.

"Stop him kicking Joe," then to Darrell, "Darrell he's cutting me," Both men looked at Sarah's trailing leg and saw that it was no more than a scratch left by the sharp hoof.

"Just a scratch Sarah," Darrell said and Joe signalled Picco to move the trolley again.

"He smells worse than I thought Joe, he's gross." Joe and the boys laughed rancorously. "What's he doing now?"

"Thinking that he's gonna do the deed I reckon," Joe sounded a little shaky.

The huge goat had his head on Sarah's back moving as he was nibbling and making those chicken noises, noises that got louder and more erratic. Shivers ran the length of Sarah's spine. She turned, just as the goat lifted a leg over her back, Sarah flinched expecting it to be a kick but it wasn't, the goat rested his leg on her behind for several seconds. Then he made a quick nervous shuffle and lifted his entire chest up and over Sarah's hips, He seemed so graceful but so quick as he came down to clasp her hip.

"Joe," the girl called expecting Joe to tell Picco to move the trolley.

She felt the wet tip of the goat's slender penis brush her bum then poke her tender butt cheek several times and then the trolley moved forward just a little but enough.

“Jesus Joe, I thought you were going to tease him?”

“Tease both of you girl, almost got you didn’t he?” Sarah didn’t say anything in reply

The men laughed and the goat nudged Sarah’s ribs with his hard swept back horns then he nuzzled her behind and pussy momentarily. Again he attempted to mount and got his hips thrusting and the penis dancing across her smooth butt, again the trolley moved forward and the goat fell back with a frustrated bleat. Twice more the goat mounted and twice more Picco pulled the trolley and girl away. But the goat stayed with her, always in contact. Sarah could sense the big strong bucks frustration by the way he nudged more roughly. To her left the dogs were lined up at the front of there kennels, The bloodhounds started up a chorus of deep wailing and the other two dogs joined in.

Joe rubbed his crotch and Darrell had his penis in his hand but Sarah couldn’t see that in fact now all she could see and here were the dogs and Picco. The big goat was a little disturbed as well. At this moment he didn’t need competition and he nervously looked about with little jerking head movements.

“leave the puller now and come back here Picco,” Joe said quietly and now all three men were out of site. Sarah turned first one way then the other but got no inkling of what was happening behind her.

The goat was still there, she knew that, he was nuzzling Sarah frantically first under her armpit then under her flank. All the while he was clucking frantically. He paused, raised his head and looked around again. Sarah guessed he was looking at the men this time as if they posed some sort of threat.

Then satisfied that there was no immediate threat he dropped his head onto Sarah’s back and rubbed his beard vigorously to impart the musky pee smell onto the fur less human Doe. Still in contact with the girl he shuffled back and around to some point behind her that Sarah couldn’t see.

Sarah tensed, Satin paused, Sarah drew a deep expectant breath. She could feel no movement from Satin except for his heavy head. He didn’t lift his head from her back, she let her breath out slowly. The barn went quiet. Sarah could her Satin breathing heavily, excitedly. Now he was pressing down heavily, to heavily on her behind, so forceful that Sarah wriggled her butt in an effort to be free of the weight. As if the wriggle had been a sign the weight was gone and in the same instant the prone girl felt the goats underbelly pushing and pressing on her behind. Satin was straddling here his hips. Sarah shuddered and drew breath again. No one had to tell her that this was it.

The buck stabbed frantically, short thrusts but rapid, more frantically than the dogs had hammered at her. A series of machine-gun like pokes in and around her butt crack that got lower, searching, exploring. Then too low, then high again. Sarah was breathing again, rapidly, excitedly. Her groin ached with excitement and maybe a need.

For a moment Sarah thought she would explode with frustration if the goat didn’t implode from his own frustration first. Sarah swore under her breath with her annoyance and need. She lifted her butt and pussy a little.

More prodding, he was close, so close. Sarah felt herself become tense with the immediacy of being penetrated. She drew her breath sharply as she felt the slim shaft slip into and along her groove.

“Oh! God, Oh! God,” She must be dripping with expectation she realised.

Then again up and through her slippery folds but he was lower. Sarah arched herself without

thinking to help the rutting buck. Then she cried out, part in frustration, part in shock as she realised the Bucks thin spear was inside her vagina hammering even faster. She hardly felt the invading member but she did feel the pounding sheath against her delicate vulva.

Then Sarah screamed and screamed again even louder. She was gasping from the bolt of white hot pain that stabbed through her as the massive goat threw his hips at her in a powerful jumping lunge to drive himself longer and deeper into this hairless doe.

Instantly the warm continuous squirt of ejaculate was spurted against her vaginal walls. The trolley, unrestrained, rolled forward and the goat dropped from Sarah in an instant. The men were laughing raucously at what they had seen.

"Bastards," Sarah muttered

Sarah turned as best she could to give the men a piece of her mind. As she turned she coughed and felt the viscus goat cum ooze across her slit and drip onto the end of the Padded Stool to form a puddle of sticky goat cum under her belly. Before Sarah could say anything to the stupid men she saw that the goat hadn't finished with her and was already back nudging her side and Whooping.

"Ok ... ok I get it," Sarah sighed as the randy goat remounted her. He was quick, very quick, tap,tap,tap then lunge. The clucking and bleating beast stabbed into Sarah and squirted, no pulsing throb, as the dogs had felt inside her when they ejaculated Just a warm flood. There was a distinct squirting pressure and a warm wet spread in her belly. It was, weird, surreal and very,very quick. Again the goat was dismounting. Before Sarah had gained her breath he did it again. Each time Sarah squealed as the lunging penis stabbed into her. There was an element of shock and hurt in each sequel. The goat was brutal and fast, erotic in a way but she wanted it to stop before she was damaged in some way.

"That's enough," Joe called out, "take him back and turn him out with the does." The boys acted quickly. Darrell, a little slower than Picco to react, he was still in the throws of jerking himself off. Not without some effort and struggle did they turn the big goat and drag him away just before he was about to take a forth turn.

Sarah just lay on the bench breathing heavily eyes closed. She felt the copious, slimy discharge running across her pussy and under her belly.

"Sarah, honey! Are you hurt sweaty." Joe looked down at the girls bubble butt. The perfect white skin, now blemished with chunks of Satin's belly hair sticking to her sweat glistened bum in no particular pattern.

"I don't think so, that was so weird, so crazy weird. It was like being slammed on the arse by a truck. I could hardly feel him until he jumped into me and that dam thin hose of his hit bottom some place and squirted hard, it was like being zapped by one of those electric toy zappers but worse." Joe said nothing and Sarah still lay on the bench unmoving.

"Jesus girl, your leaking lots of cum, it's still oozing out," Joe observed

"I know it, its real thick and tacky. I can feel it under my belly as well." Sarah added to Joe's observation. Sarah sighed and rolled onto her side, dropped her legs to the barn floor and sat up to escape the tacky patch.

"Well you sure earned the goats head medallion," Joe reached forward and fondled the gold necklace that hung heavily around Sarah's neck, "even if it is the only thing you earn today." Sarah had

temporarily forgotten the medallion while everything had been happening but now she began to think about the shining gold and sat up straight.

“Oh maybe not the only one,” She said with a cheeky smile as she looked up at Joe. Joe had been looking to see what Darrell and Picco were doing but now he turned and looked at her in part amazement. He had been sure that she would not be wanting to fuck any other of the animals today and was taken by surprise. Not only at her declaration but the cheeky smile that went with it. He shook his head, god this girl was so very much like Laura had been at the beginning.

Sarah was not a person who psychoanalysed herself, she wasn't sure exactly what it meant anyway. However, she did realise that she had changed. Her attitude had changed. She was not ashamed or embarrassed to be naked in front of these men for a start, She didn't care if they or anyone else knew that she let herself be fucked by animals as well as an ugly old man, she liked it. It gave her power and woman should not have to justify to everyone what they did or did not do. She simply had a need that two days ago she didn't realise that she had. Now that she did realise the truth about herself she wanted everything all at once and she especially wanted those little golden trophies.

“You still keen on the dogs?”

“Why not, do I get another paw print?”

“Sure you do sweet cheeks, for the Pakistani mastiff, you do.” Joe was making it clear that a medallion was earned for each different animal not for each time. Sarah pressed her lips together and turned to look at the kennels.

“That's a big dog, he looks heavy,”

“He is heavy, you will need to use this bench so you don't collapse under his weight.”

“By the way, you stink like a randy goat,” Joe held his nose.

“I know it but it isn't that bad, I rather like it.” Sarah sniffed herself and found she was not offended all that much by the goat musk at all. She knew she smelled awful but somehow the musk no longer disgusted her. It made her feel kind of runny.

“Jesus girl it smells foul, only those does find it sexy, you turning into a goat or something”

“What a damn stupid thing to say but maybe I am if thinking male goats smell is sexy means that I am a doe,” Sarah shrugged Joe's comment off and looked toward the kennel with meaning. Joe pursed his lips, and stared her down before turning to the boys. He was a little annoyed at Sarah's apparent change in attitude.

“Get the big boy out and let's see what this cheeky little bubble butted bugger is made of,” Joe gave Sarah a challenging look

“The spotty one” Picco queried, he was not expecting Sarah to choose that one.

“Yes that one, Scars his name, if he looks like he's going to get feisty then put that muzzle on him it's hanging on his Kennel door but if he comes quiet then leave it off, let him have a bit of fun first.” Joe had taken Sarah's confidence as some sort of arrogant bravado. In a way it probably was.

Darrell grabbed a lead from the bench near the kennel and opened the mastiffs door. He came out bouncy with Darrell straddling him like a jockey with both arms about the feisty dogs neck.

However, he didn't seem to be aggressive just playful. Like the goat he was big and he was strong, it took the boys a few seconds longer than they expected to attach the lead to his collar.

He was a massive dog, by sheer bulk. His light coat allowed the darker skin spots to show through. His wide barrel chest was supported on, what appeared to be, shortish but powerful front legs. His hind quarters were equally as strong and gave the appearance of being longer than the front legs under his tucked up belly. His big square featured head was supported by a thick neck. At that moment his mouth was open and his tongue was lolling from one side. From the look of his scared muzzle and gnarled ears, he was the veteran of many fights.

Sarah's tummy tightened with apprehension. She faced what was one big tank of a beast and she had more or less claimed that she could handle him. Well girl she thought you are going to do this no matter what happens.

Sarah remained seated as she watched the huge dog approach. His head dropped and his tail was down as well. Scar was in a stalking crouch as he moved in. Sarah decided that she was going to take the initiative with this one that's what she did by opening herself as Scar approached one step at a time. The human bitch's pussy was a pattern of folding flesh but Scar was getting a good look at her still dribbling slit. He had seen the goat rut with this human bitch, so he knew she was female and he was curious. The other dogs were making a fuss behind him but it didn't put him off as he boldly approached the sitting girl.

"Hello! You are a big boy aren't you?" Sarah reached her hand out tentatively as the dog came up beside her dangling legs. When Scar didn't flinch or make a sound Sarah grew in confidence and began to pat the scared head. "You've been in some wars haven't you sweaty," She patted him soothingly as they both grew in confidence. "Fighting over a girl I bet," Scar licked the girl's leg in response to her patting.

"He's a pussy cat," Picco grinned at both Darrell and Joe.

"Let's see," Joe returned.

Sarah parted her knees a little more and slid her right knee under Scar's neck so that she had a leg on either side of the big dog. All the while Sarah watched the dog closely. There was an element of distrust in this bulky animal.

"There you go fella, see what that nasty goat did to Sarah, I'm all messy down there now you lick me better, good dog," gently Sarah pressed the dog's head toward her partly opened gash. He held back a moment then he lashed Sarah with his rough tongue, exploring. "That's the boy," she ruffled vigorously, his badly ripped but naturally short ears in encouragement. Scar tensed and rolled his gums back from his teeth and snarled. Sarah flinched and her heart skipped a beat. She realised that she had overstepped a line of some kind with her fast, rough stroking. Sarah withdrew her hand slowly so as not to agitate the beastly animal any further. Her heart beat faster. Small beads of perspiration formed across her brow, "Steady fella," She encouraged but her voice trembled.

Scar was watching the human bitch closely. He detected her fear and was satisfied. He licked her again. Sarah twitched. Her composure was shaken from that one warning snarl and she retreated from confidence to fear in just a few seconds. Now, instead of Sarah deciding what came next the dog was in charge and to make sure he was not being challenged he looked around threateningly at the three male humans, then at the kennelled dogs, snarling and showing his yellowed fangs in threat. He settled a little then licked the bitch again she whimpered he looked around once more.

"Jesus Joe he got mean all of a sudden," Darrell observed

"He's like that boys, he goes from nice to nasty in a flash. Now with a female at stake his nasty side is coming out big time. He's making sure there ain't no threat to him getting this bitch as he sees the girl"

"Slowly girl slowly ease off that bench and onto all fours, don't look at him, keep your eyes down. Hes takin over and he will get rough if he thinks your goin to challenge him or deny him."

Sarah was way too afraid to speak thinking that if she did she would be facing a mouth full of fangs close up as Scars chastisement for defying him.

"You said he would be too heavy for me to support," She hissed then looked from under her lashes to see if Scar had reacted, he hadn't.

"I said don't look at him, hes gone to his wild side not his domesticated side, hes boss and your just a subservient bitch."

"Do I get down on the floor then?"

"Yes but slowly," Joe encouraged

Sarah began to slide from the bench and Scar continued to lick her as she slid down to her knees. The floor was rough against her tender skin. The dogs big head was directly in her face and his doggy breath was overpowering. Sarah did as Joe had directed and kept her eyes looking down. All she saw was her own chest with its perspiration glow. She could feel her own heart beats as her chest rose and fell in time with her heavy breathing. Scar licked her neck and his tongue finished up with a swipe across her chin and lips leaving saliva clinging to her bottom lip, she gagged.

Sarah turned to be parallel with the bench and with slow positive movements dropped down to her hands and knees. Scar stood over her. She felt tiny and fragile as she looked sideways at the bulk of the animal next to her and trembled.

His sides went in and out his breathing was slow and deliberate. He was checking out the human bitch in every detail. Her smooth hairless body was strange and alluring to him. She was small but not as small as several bitches he had mated years before in a different life. He knew, from those experiences, that he would have to drop his hips low to find her heat and he would do just that.

He also suspected that she would, as the other small bitches had, find him difficult to accommodate but she would conform to him, he would make sure of that. They were also going to be tied for a longer time than usual tie he suspected. That would be uncomfortable for them both but it was good for ensuring she was bred properly. Scar sniffed her now tangled mess of hair and licked her face leaving another gelatinous glob of saliva on Sarah's face.

"Oh gross!" she said loudly but Scar didn't mind the bitch making noises he was going to possess her and soon.

"Your fine, your fine lovely. Hes checking you out that all." Scar looked at the men and bared his teeth and snarling his warning once again.

The dog brought his big head down to the girls armpit level and sniffed her odour which was highly charged with goat musk. He didn't seem to mind the goat musk at all as he licked Sarah under the arm and on her sweaty chest. She shuddered again at the contact. Scar continued his licking and sniffing all around the kneeling girl. He sniffed her butt and followed the sniff with an expansive lick. Sarah did her best to follow the movement of the powerful male without moving anything but her

head.

“Oh My God,” Sarah moaned loudly.

“What is it girl, he hasn’t hurt you has he?” Joe was sure he hadn’t but he had to ask.

“No! Not yet at least,” Sarah spat, “Have you seen these bloody dewclaws, not to mention his other claw’s?”

“No I havent took much notice of him, why?”

“There bloody long, thats why? Sarah was angry.

“You’ll be ok,” Joe was emphatic

“No Joe I wont be OK, he’ll shred me with those things, there like one of those fighting cockrill spurs, SERIOUSLY.” Having voiced her fear and anger Sarah didn’t move, she wanted stand, move away from this devilish brute but feared what the naked fangs might do if she did.

“We had better stop him Joe, shes right those things can cut bad.”

“Nah! Shes just exaggerating, shes nervous that’s all,” Sarah felt like screaming but at that moment Scar was pawing her behind and she held her breath as his pad stroked her upturned behind. She shuddered with expectation but the long claws barely scratched her flawless skin.

“There see hardly a mark,” Joe couldn’t help point out.

Scar shuffled in behind the human bitch. Without a tail as an impediment he had full access to her long slit, so different from the protruding puffiness of a bitch. He again put his front paw over Sarah’s flaring hips and lifted himself onto her rump. Sarah felt the wight pressing her forward and down at the hips. Then the front legs of Scar came down to clasp about her waist. Sarah yelped with the first nick of the long dewclaw then her yelp became a scream as Scare dragged himself up against her butt in search for her pussy. His front legs had pulled back against her waist and thigh scraping and cutting like a dagger into her tender unprotected skin.

Sarah was crying with the pain and the men saw the first of what may be more cuts welling with a bright red stain against her alabaster skin. Sarah cried and whimpered as the big dog searched and prodded. His, as yet, only partly protruding penis slid into Sarah’s butt groove but was not even close to where he wanted to be. Frustrated Scar backed up and off of Sarah’s back and she was revealed by his absence. He was a mean, heavy, broad dog and his powerful hips had prodded with determination. Sarah knew he would return any moment to try again.

The girl looked back under her arms at her cut thighs and hips. Through tear filled eyes she saw the welling redness of her own blood from several lacerations . Her sobs increased. She wanted it to end now. Scare sniffed at Sarah’s butt and licked some of his own precum that had sprayed against her smooth rounded cheeks. He knew that to make this human bitch he would have to get his hind legs further forward. He clasped the human bitches hips and remounted and shuffled forward.

Sarah screamed and screamed again as Scar trampled over her calf’s. First one then the other as he moved his hunched haunches down and further under the girl. Again he was pulling and thrusting and more red welts appeared around the girls waist. Scar was slipping up and back in Sarah’s groove but he was now to far under her to be able to penetrate.

Three more times he mounted and dismounted, three more failures. He was getting frustrated and the girl was wracked with sobs and bleeding from the cutting dewclaws as well as the long hind leg claws that had scraped and cut the calf's of her legs.

"Please Joe get him off," She sobbed and begged. Joe did try but as he moved he was met with the open, snarling maw of Scar, feet stiffly planted, hackles raised, ready to spring.

"Hes gone nuts Joe," Darrell said genuinely concerned. All men were genuinely scared.

"Get me something heavy Picco, Joe asked as he backed up. And Picco scuffled to the front of the barn. Even while Picco was searching for something heavy Scar saw defeat in the human pack leader. He gave a snapping bark and turned back to the waiting bitch.

Satisfied that he had the men cowered he turned back toward the human bitch who was shaking with fear but still presenting like any good reading bitch in heat would. Scar sniffed at Sarah one more time for no special reason then mounted. Sarah began to scream in anticipation as she felt the dog cover her. Scar shuffled forward scraping Sarah's legs as he did, justifying her preemptive crying, then he paused as he shuffled to line himself up with the bitches pussy. Satisfied he jabbed, just one jab was enough as he felt the warm clutching inside the dripping vagina clamping on his warm penis tip.

Scar was only too aware of the men and his powerful clutching forelegs swung Sarah ninety degrees as he bounced his powerful groin against the tender wide behind of the human bitch. She had stopped screaming but continued to whimper and cry as Scar hammered vigorously at her receptive pussy.

Scar felt the swelling, expanding, deep inside his tightening groin he was driven in desperation to go deeper. In his crazy need he began to climb, feet scrabbling against tender flesh. In despair he climbed up and over Sarah's naked back. Now she was carrying the dogs entire eighty kilos on her back. Her arms vibrated as she struggled to support the Dominant writhing dog.

Sarah every sense was alive with feeling. Inside she was conscious of the expanding penis filling and closing against the walls of her cavity while the knotty gland was pressing, stretching her most tender vaginal vestibule where her nerve endings were on fire with sensation. Scars head hung over her shoulder, his tong lolling, his eyes shining as he slowly came to rest, not moveing except for the twitching of his engorged penis as it spat his vital discharge against the back of her tingling, stretched vagina.

From the corner of her eye she saw Joe handed a long handled shovel. His intention was clear, Picco had found what he was sent for, something long and heavy.

"No Joe don't do it, your too late hes in me now, I'm OK,"

"But ...but," He stammered

"No Joe ... Noooh... please donnt ..." Sarah pleaded as she felt the slight movement of Scars knot rubbing her most sensitive place.

Sarah saw the hand holding the shovel relax then Joe slowly, so as not to distract the alert Scar, turned and handed it back to Picco who, distracted, promptly dropped the shovel and cursed, causing Scar to twist around and raise his head toward the sound, snarling menacingly. Sarah felt the deep rumbling threat as it vibrated into her body. However, what she felt most was the twisting knot which sent a jolt from her groin to the base of her spine, the feeling was exquisite.

Her eyes rolled back and her toes curled but the feeling had subsided. At that moment Sarah wished she was alone with the brutal beast so that she could explore her feelings in total isolation from everything and every distraction. Sarah knew what was happening but she both wanted to let herself succumb to her feelings while on the other hand she needed to suppress the rising climactic sensation that her sex was willing her to let loose. She just couldn't be seen to be so slutty and sexually abandoned.

She wasn't alone of course, she was far from alone with three voyeuristic men looking on. In some ways having them watching, if all her inhibitions could be erased, made her feel a certain erotic pleasure. She was in a perverse way giving the watching men a nefarious (wicked) pleasure while being pleased wickedly herself. Scar had inflicted hurt and now he was giving her pleasure in return. In turn she was giving the men an erotic pleasure in seeing her being pleased by this ugly beast. Her tight vaginal neck ached and throbbed with a pleasant pain

No ...no ... no ... not here not now not with them watching her. She bit her lip but still felt the pressure inside the neck of her vagina increase with a dull aching pleasure, tight, ready to explode in climax.

Sarah's knees were scraped and they hurt something awful. Her arms shook ready to collapse from the total weight of Scar. Her head was spinning, stimulated by the little tingling charges that ran from her groin to every part of her body. It was a weird mixture of pain that enhanced her pleasure.

Scar grew restless as his warm squirts of delight diminished in strength and volume. He lifted his left front paw across Sarah's back inflicting another scratch and more pain as he did. The girl trembled as more shooting shocks of electrically charged joy racked her body as the knot twisted and tugged.

Finally her weakened arms gave way and she slumped forward allowing Scar to lift his back left leg over her bum and turn a full one eighty degrees. As he lifted his hind leg over her butt Sarah fell onto her right side Facing away from Scar with the dogs knot firmly embedded inside her spasming vagina. Her whimpers became a cry then a scream as her body convulsed then she was racked with uncontrolled muscle contractions that caused her to shudder, shake and writhe on the hard dusty earthen floor.

Scar looked at the human bitch in the throws of her orgasm and wondered what was happening. Her pussy clenched and un-clenched on his blood engorged penis and he felt her drawing his, already embedded, shaft deeper into her pussy. Scar wasn't at all comfortable with the clinging tugging bitch and he moved first one way then another in an effort to be free of her but every time he did she spasmed even more

Sarah had lost all physical control as she writhed on the hard packed dirt floor. She wanted it to end but each time she thought she was coming back under control Scar moved and her now oversensitive, dilated sex exploded with another lightning bolt of painful pleasure.

"Jesus Joe shes having a fit or somthin," Picco observed with an edge of panic. Joe gave him a serious look with just the hint of a smile.

"No she ain't lad."

"She looks like she is Joe, I'm serious, shouldn't we be doing sumpin," Darrell added in Piccos support. Joe held up a staying hand.

"No boys, Im telling she aint having a fit as you know a fit, I suppose its a special kind of fit in a way

and I tell you she wouldn't take kind to your interfering in her fit of pleasure right now,"

"That ain't pleasure," Darrell added

"Oh! It sure is pleasure boy you just sit back and enjoy seeing it first hand, you may never see the likes of that again. That's a girl orgasm boys, a really big one. Now Shush with you all and watch." Joe never took his eyes from the dog and girl all the while he spoke. The boys looked sort of strange but took Joe's word and watched as well.

Scar moved, Sarah reacted, When Sarah clenched down Scar moved. Sometimes Scar whimpered at others he gave a little puppy yelp as the girl clenched down hard on his penis. Both the dog and the girl were in a cycle of action and reaction that diminished as Sarah got control of herself through willpower and exhaustion.

Finally she lay on the dirt floor breathing heavily unable to look at the men who couldn't take there eyes from her. Scar stood for many minutes just looking at the attached girl until he finally decided that for the time being they were not going to be separated so he lay down as well.

The barn was quiet, well it was quieter than it had been when Sarah was in the throes of her first out of control orgasm. Joe had taken her there but that was hardly comparable with what she had just experienced. Sarah was feeling a deep sence of shame at that moment. What had happened should have been a private thing with some one she trule loved not induced by a rapacious dominating dog and with an audience looking on to witness all of her shameful experience. Never again was this going to happen she vowed as she lay on the hard dirt floor breathing in the dust of ages past.

"Sarah! Sarah! You OK there girl?" Sarah didn't answer she was too tired, too defeated to answer at least to answer coherently so she remained silent. Let them wonder, she thought, I dont really care what they think.

"She ain't moving Joe," Picco observed but she was, it didn't take much observation to see her rib cage rise and fall with each breath she took.

"Of course she is, look there," Joe pointed to her back, "Shes breathing alright I recon shes all tuckered out from Scars fucking is all. The dog ain't finished unloading into her either look under his tail there, see, see his balls pumping. Not often but hes still cumming that's for sure"

For maybe forty minutes The two remained coupled until both showed signs that things needed to end. Scar began by turning from one side to the other, Sarah moaned each time he did before the dog finally stumbled to his feet awkwardly and Sarah rolled onto her tummy in an effort to lessen the discomfort that the moving dog was causing her tender pussy. She also managed to regain her hands and knees but her knees were to tender and they hurt. Scar pulled away forcefully and Sarah winced and clamped down preventing any change in there situation.

"Ain't never seen a tie last that long," Joe finally observed, "You hurting girl?"

"Of course I'm bloody well hurting, I'm chafed and my cuts are stinging like hell, Yah I'm hurting," She replied bitingly but with an element of resignation as well. After several more seconds Scar tugged again, it hurt them both, he whined uncomfortably.

He was hurting as well and the girl knew it, She just wanting this all to end and for that to happen she could not clamp down as a reflex when the knot moved. She had to relax herself and not tense up.

The next tug from Scar Sarah was concentrating and instead of the reflex clutching of her vagina she resisted the forceful tugging of Scar in the hope it would help their separation. She felt her self being tugged backward and her penis filled vagina expanded to what seemed to be an incredible degree, it was excruciating and she bit down hard on her bottom lip knowing that the dog must be at least partially out,

She whimpered Scar whined and yelped, then with a wet slurping the distended penis slithered from Sarah's open gash that felt like a cold void. Sarah got a quick peek at the dangling appendage both the penis and knot were a bleached looking whitish purple with thin traces of red veins. It looked so engorged and ghost like from its prolonged soaking. Not for the first time Sarah wondered how it had all fitted inside of her. Scar after giving Sarah's pussy a cursory lick began to tenderly lick his own numbness.

Sarah, after a moment for her swirling vision to cleared made an effort to stand. Darrell rushed forward forgetting about the satiated dog and his potential threat to help her. Scar just watched uncaring or seemingly so, he had had the bitch so it no longer seemed to matter to him who had her next. However, that wasn't the case, nor would it be. Sarah had had enough, she was exhausted and badly in need of a shower.

"The girl stood as proud as she was able with her belly and inner thigh glistening from the copious surplus of dog cum that had gushed from her when they had separated. Ignoring the men's concerns she told them flatly that she was going to bath in the creek.

"Here take this home made soap lass, you look bad and smell worse, well go to the shack and set up the camp shower for you and find some scented soap. The creek water wont get all of that goat musk off of you." Joe was fussing as he spoke.

With a little difficulty Sarah managed to get to the creek pool and wash away most of the grime and clean herself as best she could. The scratches and scrapes of which there were many she tenderly dabbed to avoide restarting the bleeding, but she remained feeling unclean.

Still naked, her cloths at the shack, she shuffled slowly back to what Joe called his home. She really did need a hot shower and a good lather of soap and shampoo for her tangled hair and she still smelled of goat. What was she thinking letting this all happen to her. Scar had scared her to the point where she could not move he had taken her mercilessly and tied her for god knows how long. She was chafed and numb down there and she was aware that she was walking rather stiffly, legs further apart to protect herself from further discomfort.

She hardy realised that she was back at the shack, "Me and the boys got the camp shower full and ready with some nice warm water for you, help you get rid of them aches lass," Was Joe's greeting to her. Still a little confused she was shown to the shower and stayed there till the last drop of water fell. As Crude as the shower may have been it felt good to have the warm water ease her aches and take the last of the goat smell from her skin.

Sarah did feel better when she came out of the shower and walked into the Shack again. She was heading for her cloths when Joe produced the special prickly pear ointment of his and applied it to her cuts and scratches he suggested she rub some into her tender pussy and she did. It was only then that Sarah could dress in her stale cloths and regain her modesty. While she did Joe attached two more medallions to her gold necklace

"I have to go home Joe." Sara said flatly

"If you want to girl, then you go, but I think that if you stayed tonight and left in the morning you

would feel a lot better.”

“No I have to go, I need fresh cloths,”

“You don’t need no cloths, your naked most of the time,” Picco grinned. Sarah gave him a withering look.

“I must go, Joe,” Sarah was adamant.

“Have some lunch afore you do.”

“No Ill go now,” and she did.

Sarah had badly overestimated her strength. The five miles back to the house had been taxing and worse was to come. As she walked up the drive she saw her parents car in the garage. They were not supposed to be back for a couple of weeks. As she walked along the side of the house heading for the granny flat she was using, her mother appeared at the side door. She looked awful, her hair dishevelled almost as bad as Sarah’s own hair and her mothers make up was streaked and in need of repair.

“Gees mum you look awful, whats the matter, why are you home?” Her mother burst into tears. Sarah could see she had been crying earlier. Her face was totally haggard. With the aid of a handkerchief her mother stemmed the flow of tears and composed herself while Sarah went up the steps to comfort her.

Behind her mother her uncle appeared, “Where have you been Sarah? We have been looking for you since early this morning” He sounded annoyed. Yes where had she been, She couldn’t tell them where she had been and clearly something was wrong, bad wrong so she had to lie.

“Ah, well its a long story actually,” She stalled

“Short version uncle Cyril demanded,” He looked Sad and cross so she paused again then it came to her.

“Well its my dog, Brutus, I took him for a walk out to the old mining town yesterday and he got away, chasing a rabbit but he wouldn’t come back. I went looking for him and I got caught in the storm. I sheltered in the old powder magazine. By the time the rain had finished it was dark really dark. So I decided to stay there hoping Brutus would come back, but he didn’t. I slept a little and I have spent the morning looking for him but still no Brutus,” She shrugged, “Why? It was sort of true apart from Brutus getting away, the powder magazine was a sort of truth and she didn’t have the dog so why wouldn’t they believe her.

“Its your dad Sarah, he had an accident.” Uncle Cyril was doing the talking now and Sarah felt the pit of her stomach drop with a dark foreboding.

“How bad? is is he hurt?” Uncle Cyril looked really sad and her mother began to sob, Aunt Becky came and took her inside. Cyril put a hand on Sarah’s shoulder.

“Sorry Sarah but there is no easy way to say this,” his voice caught and he too had a tear running down his cheek, “He’s died sweetheart, He fell at the lookout in the Blue Mountains, trying to get a photo, and fell.” Sarah held it together for a while but then she breakdown and sobbed as well. Uncle Cyril helped her into the house.

Sarah was never close to her father, She never established that dad, daughter bond like most girls did there was something that kept them distant, she never knew what it was. Now he was gone and both her and her mother sat throughout the night consoling each other after Aunt Becky and Uncle Cyril had gone.

Next morning her mother was having breakfast when Sarah came into the kitchen giving her mum a big kiss. "How are you mum, did you sleep at all?"

Sarah's mum made an attempt at a smile and just shrugged "A little I guess, the phone has been wringing off the hook for the last hour I just want to smash it." She looked all in

"Don't worry, Ill take the rest of the calls, I had some sleep. You go lay on the lounge and Ill bring you in a nice cup of tea and some toast. Her mother looked old at that minute, the dark circles under her eyes didn't help they were evidence of very little sleep and lots of crying.

Sarah's mother had barley left the room when the phone rang again, Sarah looked up at the clock It was 7:30am, "Hello?"

"Mrs Laura Woods," the deep male voice enquired.

"Sorry?" Sarah had a strange look on her face "What did you Say?"

"Is this Mrs Laura Kristine Woods?"

"This is Sarah, Sarah Woods My mother is Christine Woods."

"Could I speak to Mrs Woods then please?This is the Blue Mountains Police."

"Yes! yes! sure but shes exhausted,"

"I understand but I must speak to her, I wont keep her long."

Ten Minutes passed and Sarah's Mum hung the phone back in its cradle.

"What was that about mum Sarah asked when she brought in the tea and toast, He asked for Laura Woods." Her Mother looked confused and sad.

"They were just telling me that there would have to be an Autopsy and an inquest because of the fall and because there were no witness except me. Ill be getting a visit from detectives to take a statement."

"Yah! Well! Sort of understandable isn't it." Sarah consoled

"I guess," Her mother said resignedly

"What was the Laura thing your name isn't Laura."

"Thats just it, my name was Laura. I haven't used it since just after I married your Father. I prefer Christine and I changed it by dead poll I have no Idea why the police still have Laura down as my first name, that's sort of strange. I simply never use it."

"But why change your name." She didn't answer but got up from the lounge and went to the filing cabinet rummaged in the back of the middle draw and withdrew a small case, came back and sat close to Sarah.

"I have wanted to tell you this for a long time, your Dad ... My husband wanted me to tell you, he was a really nice man but I couldn't. There were too many memories. Bryan wasn't your Dad Sarah, your Dad is Joseph Anthony. Sarah's mouth dropped open and her stomach churned and she jumped up running for the sink and was violently ill. Her head hung over the sink for a minute or more before she straightened and turned one hand resting on the sink the other across her stomach.

"Mum, what are you saying? Please say it isn't true."

"But it is true, Joe Anthony is your Dad I was pregnant with you when I met Bryan and he knew about the baby so we had no issues except that Joseph wanted me to come back to him. So we left town and I changed my name.

I wasn't sure about coming back when we did but it had been fifteen years. Besides I had heard that Joe no longer came to town. Things, people, change in that time.

"Mum, you can't be Joe's Laura, say your not" Sarah's mother looked at Sarah closely and the golden chain sparkle caught her eye. She again got up from the lounge and came to Sarah and reached out pulling the chain and pendants clear of Sarah's blouse, looking at it for a moment gagged then swallow hard to repress the bile that rose in her throat and went to the small box that still rested on the lounge. She brought the box back to Sarah and opened it. Inside was a golden necklace like Sarah's but this one was heavily adorned with pendants.

Both women collapsed into each others arms and held on tight for a long long time. Both knew what the pendants meant. Sarah was hugging her mum her sole mate and praying silently, hoping she wasn't pregnant with Joe's child, her dads child while accepting her mother for what she had done, what they both had done.

End