

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

Sampson was a German shepherd that had been a trained combat scout in the U.S. Army but after being wounded in battle, he was retrained as a seeing-eye dog for a non-profit group that assisted the unsighted segment of society to cope in a hectic crowded world in a public setting.

The intelligent dog was big and strong for his breed and would probably not win any blue ribbons for perfection at any dog show, but he was a proud and sturdy fellow with a pleasant personality and a fond liking for the entire human race.

He had a close friend, from the time he was a puppy, in Sergeant Noble of the First Brigade, but the Sergeant was killed in battle at the same time that Sampson was injured and taken off the field of battle once and for all.

Now, he was sort of rudderless and floating in any direction his owners desired.

The war-weary Sampson was not unhappy because he was treated well and had plenty of good food and a nice environment in which he trained for his new job as a guide dog for some poor unsighted human with very few options in a world of complete darkness. Sampson had no difficulty in understanding the value of his new assignment and the fact it was quite different from his last job to sniff out unexploded bombs and find people still alive in the rubble of an explosion. Now he would be taking charge of some poor unfortunate human unable to see and acting as an insulator between him or her and the unseen dangers around them in the sighted world.

His trainer at the guide-dog institute was a Puerto Rican girl called Carmen that had a negative attitude against most men because of being raped by two homeless men in the basement of a shelter in the Bronx. She stayed away from the opposite gender and she was not well inclined toward females either because she found them much too submissive to men and with a tendency to give up their female favors with very little resistance. She kept her opinions to herself, but she considered the cock-loving submissive females to be traitors to their gender and not worthy of friendship in any way or manner.

Carmen liked Sampson because of his fine military war record and the fact he didn't seem to show much interest in chasing after the female members of the guide dog institute's training program like most of the other male canine students with a strong instinct to mate with any female bitch that didn't put up a fuss. It was stressful to hear the bitches barking excessively before, during and after being mounted on the sly. She noticed that Sampson's military training had instilled a sense of the value of silence in sensitive operations and they both were on the same channel when it came to doing their job.

The Puerto Rican girl enjoyed washing and grooming Sampson a lot more than the other dogs because he was so docile and stood at attention even when she was fooling around down low under his tail and doing his family jewels. She decided that they resembled the human variety if one had their eyes shut tight and imagined they belonged to a friendly human male with an attitude of taking orders.

At least, that was her way of thinking about the scenario, although she understood it was not considered "normal" behavior to use one of the male dogs to take care of her sex-deprived existence no matter what excuse she could contrive to explain her unprofessional conduct.

Things progressed to the point that she experimented with letting Sampson mount her from the rear

and dry hump her with all her uniform still on her slender figure and modestly in place. She felt his wonderful hardness between her legs and right up in her ass crack like it was some horny prick that was taking advantage of her with a friendly weapon in the shadows of the training classroom.

Sometimes, one of the other boy or girl dogs saw what she was doing and she knew instinctively that they disapproved of the odd union between canine and human because it was definitely “crossing the line” of human/dog behavior in a strict training environment.

Carmen had gone too far to turn back now and she was beginning to pant with frustration even when Sampson was shooting long lines of white doggy goo on her pants and boots. It was strange that she was so receptive to the merging passion between them because of her fear of all males, both human and animal. It seemed to her that she considered the experimental humping to be something that she controlled and not Sampson. That was the real reason she had no fear to take his full weight on her spine and give him what he needed to drain his seeds from his masculine equipment.

Her primary concern was that he did it in a reasonable time and with enough force that she managed to reach a climax that tingled her all the way down to her toes.

This was all new territory for Sampson and he was not all that sure that he was in favor of such tomfoolery with the human female because he had far too much respect for their superior station and wished she just gave him orders instead and stopped fooling around with his doggy business like one of the bitches down in the kennel late at night.

Sometimes, the overworked staff would make a mistake and put one of the bitches in with the male dogs and the poor bitch was exhausted in the morning and unable to do any productive work until she recovered some energy to do a good day’s work.

Then, the day came when she went all the way with Sampson and stripped off all her clothing from her waistline down except for her boots and socks. She took up a standard mating position underneath Sampson and waited patiently for him to sniff all around for danger before he mounted her from behind and took her with absolute silence and skillful force. The only noise was Carmen’s panting as the determined four-legged creature pushed her into a fast lane to a happy ending that rocked her boat with the tingle that made her day.

They quickly covered up their transgressions, but she knew some of the bitches knew her guilt with their wise sense of smell that saw past her pretense of innocence that fooled the humans but didn’t fool a smart dog.

A couple of the high-spirited canine bitches failed to see what a fine German Shepherd like Sampson could possibly see in some skinny Puerto Rican bitch with hindquarters that were not built for proper doggy-style humping anywhere near as nice as theirs.

Sampson didn’t care.

He liked the way Carmen gave it up to him and didn’t make any fuss about things afterward. He hated it when bitches took it and then expected him to be all the sniffing and licking forever after like they were silly puppies back in the kennel. She cleaned him up and acted like it was all forgotten until the next time and that was just the way he wanted it to be because he was far too independent to be a one-bitch dog for the rest of his life.

Finally, they came to graduation day and Sampson realized that after that weekend, he would not

get an opportunity to hump Carmen any longer because she would have to go on to the next class of guide dogs. Strangely, he felt a small sense of loss but he put it down to the loss of his satisfying pleasure each time he was able to make Carmen wiggle and shake at the end of his long doggy dong and the delicious tingle he got when he drained his shaft into her pretty Puerto Rican ass with the human female heart-shaped target that made him hard whenever he came real close and sniffed her need.

He considered mounting the female Labrador with the chocolate exterior but she was one of those chatty bitches that never stopped barking and whining all the time. It would drive him to distraction even if she had a nice tight place for him to park his dick every now and then.

They called out his name and his serial number and he knew it was his turn to go up to the front office and meet his new owner.

The only one sitting in the office waiting room was a young human female with impossible wild hair that went in every direction at the same time. The stuff was almost red in color and at first he thought that it was a wig or dyed with some sort of product that came from chemicals that smelled like they were fermented in a junkyard. When he got closer, he realized it was her own hair and that it was a natural color despite the fact it looked somewhat odd.

Maybe it looked odd because he was a German Shepherd and not some human male with a liking for females with frizzy hair and tiny boobs that looked like they never really got started properly. For some strange reason, he debated if she might like them licked by a long doggy tongue to make the nipples stand out in a way that might excite some human male to mount her and give her a nice little tingle early in the morning. He figured that it was the fact he was hanging out with the sex-obsessed Carmen too much the past couple of months and had gotten somewhat addicted to her human pussy and the nice scent of her tiny Puerto Rican ass.

This little thing looked too puny to be a full-grown woman but he knew that all the unsighted owners had to be on their own and be old enough to sign the contract that gave them the services of a guide-dog for at least the next twelve months.

“Patricia Prendergast. Your guide dog is here. His name is Sampson and he is a German Shepherd. Come over here to the desk and let him get a good sniff of you. All the dogs are trained to be a one person dog and once he gets your scent he will be your personal dog for you to command at all times. Just remember that he is the one with the eyes and he will guide you in the right direction with absolute accuracy. You have to learn to pay attention to his nudges and stay as close to him as possible at all times. He will push his nose up into your lap when he needs to take care of his business and you should take him outside to the back yard to get it done. The yard workers know how to clean all that up so you don’t have to worry.”

Sampson heard them ask the young girl if she had the food bowls and the water bowls all set up at her apartment and they reminded her that she would have to wash him at least once a week to keep him nice and clean. That made her giggle nervously and he was reminded of Carmen and how she loved to wash him because it let her do a lot of things that females like to do when they get their special dogs all alone with no witnesses to see what they did.

He pushed that thought out of his head because this girl was much too young for him and she obviously had no experience in getting mounted or even used like a toy or a doll by some man with no problem with the fact that she couldn’t see anything at all.

They managed to make it out to the waiting cab and he guided her up the stairs to her apartment

with a skill that amazed her with his expertise.

When they were inside the locked door, she petted his head and he put his nose right in her lap when she sat down and inhaled her female scent that told him she was in dire need of a nice cock to make her day. He felt guilty about his musings on a first day when he should be learning her likes and dislikes and not be plotting how to get her into a nice doggy style position for mounting and showing her that a good guide dog could do a lot more than help her get across the street.

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## **Chapter Two**

Now that she was alone with the newly arrived guide dog, the young blind girl did her level best to calm down and pretend like it was a day like any other day.

After all, even though her private domain was now shared with another creature, it wasn't as if it were an actual human person. In a way, she was relieved that her new companion was a canine and not a human because she didn't have to make silly conversation or try to civil or gracious or some other such foolishness that she generally hated to even contemplate.

Her darkness was her domain and she used it like a cloak to cover up her emotions.

On the outside, she was as calm as ever, but inside her innards were a seething, churning mass of chaotic feelings that ranged from her customary self-pity for still be a dratted virgin to her constant worry that she was not dressed properly or had been tagged in some way that made her look ridiculous to the casual observer. She knew her biggest fault was that she was so obsessed with what other people thought of her and her lack of sight affliction.

At least, she didn't have to worry about a dog's feelings because they were supposed to be dumb animals and acted purely from instinct and not from the advantage of knowing right from wrong.

On second thought, she thought that perhaps the latter was not an advantage at all but a handicap because most of the purely pleasurable experiences in life were those ventured from the former impulse and seldom filtered by the logic of the latter.

Her petite young teenaged body was literally begging to be used for masculine pleasure, but she was so absurdly shy that she knew it was unlikely, when one considered her lack of sight was enough to turn off any prospective suitors.

Now, she had another living creature inside her sanctuary and she would have to feed him, make certain his water dish was refilled, even walk with him outside to the back yard and make certain he did his business. She was happy that she couldn't see him do that because it was just too gross to imagine. She also had to give him a bath at least once a week according to the instructions she received from the guide-dog society. It was almost like having a baby and being a mommy even though she was still a technical virgin.

She had gotten used to petting her guide-dog now and she knew he liked the touch of her fingers all over his fur. When he put his nose and snout right in the middle of her womanhood on her lap she initially was jolted and it made her get all stiff with her sudden thought that her secret place was defenseless against a big, strong animal that was capable of taking her against her will.

The young girl kept her knees tightly closed and she froze up at the nuzzling of his head into the sweet insides of her inner legs. Eventually, the excitement of his cool, moist pressing into her

womanhood caused her to open her knees slightly and she was certain that her sensitive slit could feel the air from his nostrils up close and personal.

She hadn't realized that Sampson was so large until he positioned his big head in her lap and rested one paw on her thigh like a lover's arm holding her immobile. Slowly, she allowed her knees to open wider despite her abject fear that he might take advantage and actually push up further underneath her skirt and get his head right up onto the edge of her French undies that her grandmother had mailed to her from Paris, France. Her undies were a little damp from her naughty thoughts and she felt Sampson's head start to wetly work its way underneath right at the panty-line.

The sly dog was snaking his educated tongue up under her dampened panties and slowly stroked its wetness along her softly curling pussy hair all the way to the rear and right up into her back door crevice.

"Ooohh ... that's a bad doggy. No fair licking me there, boy. I like it too much and it makes me want to be a bad girl."

All of a sudden, she was actually talking to an animal that couldn't speak a word in return. On the other hand, Sampson let his tongue do all the talking for him and she was getting his message loud and clear.

He was starting to lick her feminine folds giving her a tingle of pleasure so strong that it ignited her cunt and set her lower body on fire with wave after wave of seething desire that overwhelmed her sex-starved body with her need for the hardness of a masculine shaft to chase away her virginal status once and for all. She knew that Sampson had just what she needed because she had accidentally touched him down there when she was petting him and she had discovered that it was a full seven inches of hard delight for any bitch in heat.

In a way, she could see that she would easily qualify as a bitch because she was of such a submissive nature when it came to taking a penis anywhere that a man wanted to put it on or in her body. On second thought, she decided she would include a dog in that mix because Sampson had already proven to her that he could be a good substitute for a walking, talking human because he had the right equipment to get the dirty job done if push came to shove.

The movement of the dog's long wet tongue was still setting her bottom on fire when she had the sudden thought that the supposed "dumb" animal might have instinctively sensed her need for sex. Then she wondered what else he had on his doggy mind about her fantasies of canine carnal coupling in her world of complete darkness and sometimes despair.

Could it be possible that he might sense she had considered getting down on all fours completely naked and allowing him to have his way with her just like a submissive bitch for his pleasure?

"Ooohhh ... My-God! Right there, you good doggie. Lick me right there."

Sampson's fiery, long wet tongue was still moving with teasing glory under her panties like a flame of desire burning the sweet soft lips of her virginal twat. The touch of his tongue on her sex-deprived cunt was something that she had never thought was possible in her world of darkness. She was certain no human man could do it better and with more effectiveness.

Again and again!

The trained seeing-eye dog was licking her non-stop with a huge German Shepherd tongue that

swept over her entire slit from the top of her clitoris to the beginning of her tiny brown eye in the rear.

The mesmerized girl allowed him to do it to her. Her knees were wide open and her ankles up in the air like some slut on the street or in an alley. He licked her on her soft insides and up and down her entire still virginal slit.

“Ooohhh ... Yes, doggie, please don't stop. Keep licking me and make me a bad girl.”

Of course, Sampson couldn't understand her words, but he understood her tone and the need in voice. He gave it to her twice as hard as before and she melted in his paws like a bitch obsessed with his German Shepherd cock.

The teenaged girl wiggled and shook her rear-end like a pole dancing naked girl up on a stage for everyone to look at and want to fuck. She had no idea how sexy she looked and she could only imagine the sight of a huge dog humping her pussy with his oversized penis in front of other people that could actually see her shame.

She was sweating all over now and she tried to push the dog away but her shameless buttocks closed around the dog's determined snout that pushed inside her vaginal slit and right up into her anal divide. It was exactly what she needed and it was in the right place at the right time for her to experience her first and most satisfying orgasm of her entire life.

The blind girl was panting with emotion and she experienced a moment of guilt at her shameless pleasure with her personal guide dog. She knew deep in her heart that it was wrong. It was a perversion of animal lust and she knew that most people saw it as definitely dirty and depraved.

Still, she didn't quite think of it as dirty because she knew the dog was only doing what he did instinctively and that she needed his tongue and his cock because she really had no other option at this point in her sightless life.

Sampson looked down at the female human on the white fluffy carpet. She was still panting like a satisfied bitch and he wondered if she might allow him to show her the real way to getting that nice tingle by bending over and giving him a nice angle to get inside her nice and deep. He could imagine getting his knot up inside her and getting her hung up on his penis for a long time unable to get away from his never-ending draining of all his liquids up deep inside her womb just like he liked to do with the bitches that gave him a chance to get up inside them real deep. He knew that she didn't know about that stuff yet but he was willing to guide her in a lot of ways not just on how to cross a street without danger. She might be only a human but she was a good bitch and he liked her taste that was better than gourmet dog food and she made nice sounds when he did her from behind. She sounded just like a bitch in heat. He liked the way she made him hard and kept him that way a lot longer than his four-legged bitches. They only took and never gave like this one with the closed eyes and the heightened senses of touch, sound, scent and speech. He knew that made her more like a dog than a teenaged girl, at least in his perspective and he liked being close to her at all times just like a good guide-dog. Besides, their personal business was their own business and they could keep it for them only without any interference from nosey people with a negative outlook on animal/human relations in any shape or manner.

Sampson's nostrils started to tremble.

He could sense the heated scent of female sex now rising from the girl's lower body.

His slowly rising thick red penis started to emerge from his hidden sheath. The gleam of his pre-cum

was visible but the girl could not see it because of being totally blind. She could reach out and touch it and feel the slickness of the stuff and she knew right away was it was because she had read stories about the magical properties of the sticky stuff.

There was a fire in her cunt that she could not quench without using the dog to give her the respite she desperately needed. Her unsighted eyes were closed but her mouth was open and her red tongue was protruding slightly like some animal waiting patiently for completion.

The girl's lust was pricking her inner core like a pinching devil.

The dog gave her some preparatory licks up between her thighs and she fell down on all fours waiting for his weight.

She knew her shaved pussy was moist and absolutely dripping with exposed passion.

The dog's long tongue was making its insidious way to the entry of her ignited vagina, it traced a path from quivering clitoris all the way back to her puckered star waiting to be rimmed and possibly even stretched open by a demanding dog's cock if Sampson missed the mark and hit her sphincter instead.

Her pants turned to gasps as he carefully mounted her and slipped his seven inch penis inside her vaginal folds. She moved her entire pubic area in small circles feeling the passion of her erotically pulsating pussy. The girl was talking now but there was no sense to her words and it didn't make any difference if there was a human or a dog listening to her babble.

The dog's juices ran down the insides of her strong young legs and buttocks and he licked it all up to clean his new bitch for her next time he felt the urge to mount her.

They were connected now in a way that made them function as a single unit and there was no reason to make sense out of it.

It was just the way of things behind closed doors.

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Chapter Three

The petite young blind girl's cunt was on fire.

She had to have it and the thought of any delay was like handcuffs on her wrists preventing her from getting the tingle she had to have right away to chase away the ghosts in the darkness that told her she was damaged goods and not even able to see the cock that was fucking her.

It was of no consequence to her because she had learned long ago how to "read" the size, the shape, the texture and the wetness of a male penis just with her heightened senses of touch, scent and natural instinct that led her to it like a GPS system deep inside her twitching twat.

She knew instinctively that the nice boy from the society that came to bring her a home-cooked meal ogled her naked backside when she did her toilet duties with the bathroom door open as if by accident. It made her pussy tingle with anticipation and he did not disappoint her when he mounted her from the rear before he left and pressed into her brown eye with his thick cock not giving her time to breathe properly before pounding her into surrendered submission beneath his enthusiastic thrusts that almost knocked her off of the sofa and onto the fluffy white carpet.

She didn't mind it at all because it had been a long time since her lower body was called into service to give pleasure to a young man and this one seemed to appreciate her heart-shaped buttocks in a way that was obviously sincere.

He had spanked her and told her,

"You are a bad girl, Miss High and Mighty, and I think you need your shit packed nice and tight and take it in so deep that you will walk a bit funny for the next couple of days. That way, you will remember it was Tommy that made you take it and you will ask for me special so I can do it again."

That episode was deliciously dirty in her memory and she would ask for "Tommy" because he was quite right about her loving it back there and she wanted more because it made her feel good all over to be a "bad girl" despite the contradiction and the fact that she couldn't see him like a normal girl out on a date. It seemed to be a punishment to enjoy something so much and not be able to see it like it was some sort of denial of her happiness for absolutely no reason at all.

Well, it would be at least a week before Tommy could do her again and in the meanwhile she had her faithful new companion and guide-dog Sampson to attend to her feminine needs in the interim and she was prepared to give him the signals he needed to get him into the proper mood to get her juices flowing in a way that young girls need when they get that certain touch.

It was the touch of Sampson's lovely nose and tongue between her legs that got her started on a satisfying orgasm and she knew if they were not interrupted that he would certainly mount her like a bull and make her his bitch with absolute certainty behind locked doors to protect their privacy in a matter that was viewed as "not normal" by most that frowned on such things.

The touch of Sampson's long wet tongue along her neatly trimmed cuntal lips gave her a twinge of pleasure that exploded in her female parts and the fire of desire spread like wildfire down deep into her thighs, her softly rounded belly and then right up into her quivering sphincter and the remainder of her sex-deprived body. She staggered up against the wall in the hallway and let him have his way with her secret places like she was a submissive bitch waiting for him to take his pleasure in any way he decided. It was like an unconditional surrender of her sacred pussy and anything else he wanted to ravage with his skilled animal tongue.

The words spilled out of her mouth like slithering snakes winding their way across the fluffy white carpet.

"Ooohhh ... My God! Sampson, you are so good to me. Yes, lick mommy right there, baby, right on mommy's pretty pussy. Just rip those panties off with your teeth. Get up in there and lick me good."

She knew it was wrong and that she should be closing up her buttocks to his explorations but his demanding pleasure-giving nose was just exactly what she needed at that moment in time and she pushed back for him to give her more of the same.

The seeing-eye dog nudged her off the edge of the sofa and she continued to undress until she was totally naked and down on all fours on the fluffy white carpet.

She could feel his breathe behind her right between her already wet feminine folds and right up into the nicely tanned thighs that she nurtured by stretching out naked under the sun every noon up on the porch above the patio and out of sight of bystanders and safe from prying eyes. She didn't know that the married man next door with the five small children watched her each day with his binoculars and slowly jerked his cock off when she stuck her ass cheeks up in a yoga movement to keep her shape trim and neat and appealing to any man with a rampant cock ready for action. If she

had known, she would have done a lot more posing and posturing because the thought of being watched like that was like a forest fire in her gut and it made her want to spread her flames in every direction to give the men their treat by feasting their eyes on her naked form in all its glory and nubile perfection.

Sampson placed one heavy paw on her head and she dropped her head and shoulders down to the carpet. Her ass was still up high and that was exactly how the intelligent dog wanted his mistress to take his long doggy dick between her feminine folds from behind. At first, he almost missed the mark and his frenzied dick almost went into her pucker by mistake. She reached up and grabbed his shaft and placed him at the right place just below her vaginal entryway and his cock slipped inside her vaginal channel with ease because she was so well-lubricated with her naughty girl thoughts.

The weight of the German Shepherd on her back was enough to hold her slender petite body close to the carpet. She pushed up just to see his reaction and was startled when the dog bit her ear lobe and humped her so hard from behind that she almost passed out from the pleasure and the pain. It was "too much" from her way of thinking, but she was loath to stop it. In fact, she wanted it harder and dirtier than ever before and whispered in her personal seeing-eye dog's ear.

"Yes, good doggy, Sampson. Right there, that's where mommy wants it. Poke me hard, my baby. Give it to mama real hard right there. Ooohhh ... Yes, Don't stop, please, don't stop. Make mama take it all the way up, you bad dog."

It was certainly not the way she could communicate with another human being. It would be far too embarrassing to admit one's physical need to be dominated in such a way. In her mind, it was a sign of weakness but it had the difference of being with a species of non-human animals and as such, it was not any form of despised masturbation and in actuality it was not even a love affair with some sort of obsessed lover. This was sheer animal lust, plain and simple, and she could revel in the fact that the stretching of her secret places was by a living entity with the proper equipment to make her juices flow nice and sweet. In fact, the seeing-eye dog was able to give her liquid gifts of passion that filled her quim with creamy stickiness and made her feel quite full and contented like a bovine eating grass.

Sampson knew he had to flood the human girl now because his balls were near to bursting with his seed. If she pushed her ass up any higher, he would probably have to sink in further and give her the final knot for the lengthy draining that generally made him a happy dog when it was all complete. He wanted to save that for later because it was a sign that the girl mistress would be his personal property and that he had flooded her in a way that dogs knew was the last and final step to unconditional surrender by a bitch in heat.

He started to spurt inside the young blind girl and she slowly sank down to the carpet whimpering in that sort of panting cadence that he loved to hear from his bitches when they were taking it like good little bitches underneath him. Sampson knew that when she spoke to him in her human words, she was begging him to do her harder just like any bitch would do and it generally made him try a little harder to please her because he knew she was just trying to be a good little bitch.

He didn't think she was all that afflicted with the loss of sight because it made her a whole lot more interesting from his point of view with her added gifts of touch, scent and hearing and speaking all now super-human in lots of different ways. His animal instinct told him that the girl was far more appreciative of a good humping than the average human female able to see 20/20 and see what they were getting from a horny, but dumb, animal like him.

The blind girl fell asleep on the fluffy white carpet.

The dog silently watched her and when she woke up, he nudged her until she was back into position on her hands and knees.

Sampson was drawn to her scent of a female in heat. He pushed his nose in between her ass cheeks and licked her anal crack and her pretty pussy. The dog's wet tongue sent shivers of excitement down the blind girl's spine and she started to tremble with excitement because she remembered what the dog had just done to her and given her a wonderful and pleasurable orgasm.

The dog continued to lick her bare pussy with his determined tongue, roughly pushing past her sensitive clitoris and causing her moan in sheer delight. He licked up into her wide spread vaginal lips sucking up every last drop of her sweet girlish nectar that tasted so nice to his hungry mouth.

Ooohhh ... Sampson. That's a good boy, Sampson. Right there. That's where mama likes it."

The dog never slowed down for an instant and he violated her private vaginal channel with his long wet tongue. The girl went into another quick orgasm and she screamed into a soft white pillow under her chin like a bad girl wanting more. The tingle from the orgasm swept over her entire body and she actually peed a little bit on the fluffy white carpet making her feel more ashamed than ever before.

The scent of the girl pee was enough to cause Sampson to stop his tongue licking and to mount her like the bitch she was deep inside. His long thick hair was all over her bare skin and she loved every second of it. The weight of the dog was pressing her down and she pushed up with her hips to get his long doggy penis inside her like a knight in shining armor come to save her from the dark. He initially made a mistake and entered into her anus a couple of inches before she reached back and directed him to the correct entry for him to pound to his heart's desire.

"Oh, dear God, I've never felt so full!"

She was talking to the dog again and she began to wonder for her sanity in a world of nothing but black.

Sampson was humping into her gripping pussy with his full seven inches. The girl could feel her orgasm building yet again. The dog spurted into her a couple of times and she was not certain if it was doggy pre-cum or the real thing. It must have been pre-cum because he was actually accelerating his pounding now and she twisted in every direction to escape the force of his doggy dick deep inside. It felt that with each stroke into her depths, the tip of the dog's cock was actually touching her cervix and she hoped he was not getting carried away and would "knot" her with his big knot to flood her with oodles of doggy seeds making her feel all bloated and content like some cow out on the meadow chewing her cud in silence.

The girl took a long shower and made her skin fresh again.

When Sampson but his snout in her lap, she opened her knees because she knew her pussy belonged to him now and he would let her know when it was time to assume the position.

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## **Chapter Four**

"No, Sampson, bad doggie. Don't lick mama when we have company coming over. They will think we

are very naughty and we can't have that, can we?"

Once again, I was talking to my seeing-eye dog, Sampson like a crazy person ready to be signed into an asylum for the weirdos and the people who were not quite right in the head. Well, maybe, I was not quite right in the head because I had been allowing my guide dog to lick me and a lot worse for the past six months and I had to admit that I loved every moment of it. Of course, I would deny everything on a stack of bibles but that was my sense of not ignoring what other people thought of me even if it was none of their business.

At least I was sitting down and it was impossible for Sampson to get at my sensitive brown eye with his wandering wet pink tongue and his blunt snout that felt like a tent pole between my legs. It didn't take very much for him to get me all worked up with his tongue, his snout and his heavy paws on the back of my neck to get me down low for him to mount with his glorious almost eight inch doggie penis that worked wonders on my sex-deprived cunt even in the early morning hours when all most people thought of was getting a good cup of coffee.

I guess I was thinking of later that afternoon when my uncle Vito would be coming over for my back massage and his magic fingers that seemed to read my mind about where I wanted them next. I had a sort of love/hate relationship with my uncle Vito because he was one of those strange guys that liked to hurt people with the possible exception of me because I was totally blind and he thought of me as family and not in the realm of that unusual world that he navigated with social ease. The only exception was when he gave me a good spanking although he assured me it was entirely to bring the blood to the surface of my skin in order to get all my life cells active and working like busy little bees making me tingle in a way that was terribly close to an actual orgasm.

I had known Vito all my life and was quite comfortable with him like an old pair of shoes one simply hates to throw away because they feel so nice on one's feet. My girlfriend Veronica had told me in no uncertain terms that he was a cold looking fellow and she was a bit afraid of him because he had that cruel look in his eyes that most girls recognize as nasty to anything female. I knew that Vito was always talking real dirty about the things he liked to do to girls, but I knew he would never do any of that with me except for the occasional spanking and maybe a bit of slapping on my oversized breasts to make me feel excited and bounce up and down on his lap real nice. He was careful with keeping his hefty equipment inside his trousers because everyone in the family knew he had a history of interfering with young girls whenever he had the opportunity.

He was not like that with me. I was certain it was not only because we were related by blood but because I was totally blind and unable to stop him from having his way with me if he ever had that inclination. Sometimes it was fun to lay there on my tummy with his big rough hands on my backside and know that he was so very close to making me take his business but that he always let me off at the last second and just tapped my bare cheek with his hand to let me know it was time to turn over.

I didn't mind turning over like that for Vito because I had been assured by my female friends that were sighted that I had a beautiful body and that my breasts were most delightful to the male eye with delicious looking nipples and I had a nicely trimmed bush down below that was tended by the lady on the first floor that had a sort of fetish for grooming young girl's pubic areas and even was reputed to do enemas for those that were into that sort of thing. She was a divorced lady that had these loud clicking high heels that let you know she was coming into your close proximity and the scent of her French perfume was enough to make me dizzy with the excitement down between my legs.

When she had me face down on the sofa for my trimming session, all I could think about was how many guys she had pulled her knickers down for and if she took it up the ass like my high school

teacher. It made me pause to consider my own sexuality and I definitely came down of the side of a nice-sized cock instead of a carpet covered pussy but I have to admit this lady made all my buttons start buzzing and I hoped she couldn't see how excited and wet I had become when she put her hands on me down there.

I suspected she had some sort of thoughts about my guide dog Sampson because the naughty thing was constantly nosing her pussy and her ass as she worked on me and I sensed that the sexy sounding and sexy smelling divorced lady was onboard for a little doggy digging up high under her skirt. I could hear it and smell it rather than saw it but the gift of imagination had me so wet between my legs I felt like I just got out of a shower.

After she did my pussy, the exciting female lifted my feet to do my toenails and I pretended that I had fallen into a deep sleep from the sensuality of my pussy tending session. I even shamefully made noises that sounded like a gentle snore and heard her snicker at my weak disposition. Her work of my toes went quickly and then she moved up higher right back into the middle of my private parts territory and I knew she was going to make me have a nice orgasm before she was finished with me. I had to concentrate on the pretending and continuing to sound totally exhausted. It was hard work but I was overwhelmed with the need to have this woman's fingers in my pudding pie and I allowed my gentle snores to slowly evolve into demented groans of pleasure letting her get the message that I would be obedient to her touch.

My first orgasm came and went and then her lips touched my recently trimmed feminine folds. Of course, that accelerated my second orgasm and I did nothing to hide this one because I wanted her to know I appreciated her efforts on my behalf.

The sound of slurping filled the room and since it wasn't me, I had to assume it was that naughty German Shepherd lapping up all of the divorced woman's happy juice straight from the tap.

I guess all three of us were sated in our own way and even though I couldn't see a darn thing, I could picture the sight we must have made to some lucky porn watcher with a hardness that wouldn't subside or a wetness inside that needed a special kind of scratching.

The next day was Tommy's day to deliver my groceries and check the apartment for any visible signs of danger that might do me harm if I encountered them unexpectedly. He was a little giddy and I suspected he might have been smoking a joint or something like that just before he got there. This time he had another worker with him and he told me,

"This is Nicky, little lady, he is in training so I have to show him how to take care of one of our clients having a problem with her vision."

It bothered me that Tommy would refer to my handicap like that in front of a total stranger and one that I hadn't actually heard or smelled as yet. The sound of his footsteps in the hallway was reassuring because it sounded steady and confident. I immediately starting speculating that this new boy might want to find out what it was like to screw a blind girl and make her do things that he wouldn't do with a normal sighted girl because he would be too embarrassed.

I heard him whispering to Nicky in the background, but even with my heightened sense of hearing I couldn't make out the gist of it much to my chagrin.

Both Tommy and Nicky sat down next to me on the sofa with one of them on each side. I began to feel like a girl that was in prison because I was surrounded by male flesh and a pair of unseen cocks that could make me feel like heaven deep inside. I was certain my panties were completely saturated

by now and I hoped that neither of them could smell my scent of a female in heat that tickled my nostrils with irritating self-awareness.

Tommy held my hand in his and I liked the way his fingers were tracing little circles in my palm like he was telling me that I was going to have to take it in my mouth, my pussy and even in my ass before he was finished with me on this session. I knew it was just my overactive imagination but blind girls are allowed to dream and I liked those thoughts right now with a pair of cocks within inches of my milky white skin on both sides. I suspected that Nicki was a dark-skinned boy, but I was much too sensitive and worried about hurting his feelings by asking such a thing and when you are blind, it really doesn't matter anyway.

"Miss Patricia, Nicki has already drawn a bath for you and I am going to show him how to bathe a client with a vision problem. Do you mind if we take off all your clothes and get you ready for the lesson?"

I am ashamed to confess, that at that point, I started to giggle like a crazy person thinking that soon two young boys would be looking at my naked body and my recently trimmed pussy like I was some sort of "playboy bunny" or even worse.

"Sure, Tommy, I don't mind. Please don't think I am a bad girl because my undies are a little wet. I couldn't help it and I promise to be a good girl for you boys."

They stood me up between them and one took my upper half and the other took my bottom half. I was naked as a jaybird in a matter of a moment.

I followed Tommy's instructions and put my hands on his shoulders to follow him into the bathroom.

Nicki brought up the rear and he had his big rough hands all over my butt like he was guiding be from behind but I was certain he was just copping a feel of my goodies like some schoolboy on a prank. In all honesty, it did feel quite nice and I opened my legs so his hands could get up insides a little bit deeper.

"Miss Patricia, both Nicki and I have to take all our clothes off so we don't get them drenched in the water. I know you can't see us but don't be startled if you feel our skin right next to you because we have to do our job properly."

Now, I was almost panting with anticipation because the other two times that Tommy had given me a bath, he had licked my pussy and my ass even better than Sampson and had rubbed his glorious huge thing right up there in my crack where the sun don't shine and even up front on the outside of my feminine folds like a real boyfriend or a husband.

I sat in the bath and Tommy scrubbed my back holding my hair up high so it wouldn't get drenched.

Nicki slid into the water and I could feel his muscular legs wrapping around my hips and torso on the outside and then the hardness of his big thing was right on my vaginal entry under the water like an erotic submarine ready to make a landing on virgin territory.

That forced me to place my hands on Nicki's shoulders and I started crying with pleasure because it felt so good.

Tommy lifted my face to his cock and I opened my mouth to give him pleasure.

The three of us were like a single human animal with me unable to see a thing. Eventually, I came to

the ultimate conclusion that my orgasm was poised to commence without further delay.

Nicki must have felt me coming and he told Tommy that I was a “juicy one”. After that, I allowed both of them to move me out the fluffy white carpet and I got down on all fours in the way that Sampson had trained me as his doggy “bitch” and they took turns on my pretty pussy and my sensitive ass.

I heard Tommy tell Nicki that I was a good “subject” and that he should do it just like that the next time if he should come alone. It certainly felt strange to hear them discussing me like that like I was some side of beef ready to be cut up into nice roasts and steaks to satisfy the taste buds of their sexual desire.

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Chapter Five

The prim and proper prissy unsighted and undeniably pretty prima-donna princess called Patricia had just been mounted with precision by her precious pet Sampson.

Sampson was a common-sense seeing-eye dog with a no-nonsense attitude about licking and satisfying human female owners according to their personal needs and desires. He had developed a doggy style of humping that most human females found refreshing after the boring missionary poking of uninspiring males with a macho attitude that only considered “getting off” and with little consideration of their partner’s need to reach a satisfactory climax.

The intelligent dog had not “knotted” his female owner yet and he was saving that for a special occasion when the young girl was so filled with the need to have multiple tingles of happy orgasms that she would throw all caution to the wind and just open up for her guide dog with the abandon of a bitch in heat so excited that she lost all logic and command of reason.

Sampson knew with the wisdom of the animal kingdom that he would have his owner in that special position in the very near future from the way she was panting in complete surrender after his sessions of showing her how a skilled dog does it from behind.

It was Tommy from the agency that tended to their special client’s needs that reported to her that her favorite Uncle Vito was currently incarcerated at a downtown prison for “violent” inmates with a history of violence in their past record.

She knew that her Uncle was a valued member of the “family” and that he had been in jail many times in the past, but she worried about him because he was not a young man any longer and she was afraid that he might be subjected to uncommon stress in the dark brick building with only bars on the windows and no glass that could be changed into cutting tools in the dark of the night.

Vito had pushed his overly thick dick up into her tight little sphincter more than once but he was circumspect about shooting his goo onto her ass cheeks and not inside her because they were related and it would be too much of a sin to be completely forgiven if he treated her like some strange female he had picked up on the street corner and used for his pleasure in the midnight hours. She had taken his average length but overly thick shaft into her willing mouth many times. Her only regret was that she was completely blind and unable to see the living flesh of his happy dick with her eyes. She had to be satisfied with the touch of the hard thing flopping about inside her mouth almost to her tonsils with a vibrant energy that could not possibly be denied.

Tommy humped her nice and hard in the old-fashioned missionary style that he preferred, but that she hated, and she felt his hot breathe on her sightless face. Patricia allowed him to bend down and kiss her full and wetly on her open lips like he was a knight in shining armor or a boyfriend that wanted desperately to be a fiancée.

She didn't have any hope that he would ever be any of that but he was a familiar dick to her now and she knew that even Sampson sitting quietly in the corner approved of the way Tommy humped her with such intensity that he never failed to bring her to a submissive orgasm in the shortest time possible. Perhaps he was not quite the romantic hero of her silly schoolgirl dreams, but he was a safe and steady rock-hard cock dependable and ready to meet her requirements for a climax of panting release that made Sampson a bit jealous of her writhing gyrations under the social worker's sweating male flesh. It was only momentary because Sampson the German Shepherd was smart enough to not compete with human males in matters of carnal desire.

Female canine bitches were a different story.

Sampson remembered a dog-fight with a pit-bull that made him teach the bitch-crazed animal that sometimes technique is better than a hard bite and no ability to use every dirty trick in the book to defeat one's opponent. He had left that pit-bull minus some parts and a lot more educated about studying his enemy before he started a fight. The French Poodle that he mounted immediately after could only whine and whimper because she knew he was a winner and she took everything he dished out without objection knowing she had no other choice.

He never got into that sort of a controversy over some female human bitch because they were a different species and he knew it was a divide that could not be possibly crossed without the danger of never returning to one's own world and realm of reality with one's own kind. Once a dog goes human, he never goes back.

Patricia was not at all sure if it was a good idea, but she decided to visit her Uncle Vito in the Correction Facility located in an isolated rural area that could only be reached by private automobile or by a special chartered bus that was used by guards, their families, and visitors to the inmates on a daily basis. In fact, there were two scheduled trips a day except on Sundays when there were three trips because of increased visitors to the incarcerated unfortunates inside the facility.

She was able to arrange for Sampson to go with her as he was an accredited service dog and registered with the State for official use.

The bus was crowded and Patricia was lucky to get a seat all the way in the back where Sampson could sit at her feet and stay out of the way of the other passengers. At least the air conditioning system was working just fine on the bus and everyone was protected from the high temperatures outside.

The facility was actually built into the side of a cliff and the rear section was connected by tunnel to several deep mines that had been drilled for the isolation of problem prisoners separated from the general population.

The guard contingent was mostly ex-law enforcement officials and ex-military members with lots of experience in handling detainees.

Patricia was nervous because she sort of hoped they would let her "take care" of Uncle Vito in a way he would consider his just due from his niece in a respectful way of showing she was on his side. The fact that she was blind might make that less likely because she would be considered someone that needed closer watching than a normal person. Sampson was on good behavior because he sensed

that this was a dangerous place and that most of the inmates considered dogs to be the enemy just like the majority of the guards with a bias against any detainee with a history of violence.

The inner courtyard of the facility had about two dozen trailers, mostly singlewides, which were used by the families of the men being visited. She was sent to one of them and told that it would be shared by her and her Uncle Vito and another prisoner and his wife that had come on a special "conjugal visit".

She had a pretty good idea that "conjugal" meant the guy was going to get laid and she thought that was nice because the incarcerated family men were separated from their families for many years in some cases.

The middle-aged woman with her talked to her and told her,

"I haven't seen my Tony for almost a year. I hope he don't think I got old and don't have my looks anymore."

Patricia was quick to reassure the woman by saying,

"I am certain he will be so happy to see you that you will spend the entire time on your back getting re-acquainted with your husband."

"Yeah, honey, that's one of the things that worries me. My Tony is none too hesitant to pound a girl when he hasn't had it for a long time. I am not as young as I used to be and I might disappoint him in that department."

Patricia stayed positive and patted the worried woman's hand.

"Honey, if you can't get close with your Uncle in the other bedroom, you are welcome to join us and maybe my Tony can spread his horny pecker to include you too."

Patricia laughed and said,

"That would be fine with me, Mrs. Anderson, but he might not think a blind girl is a good way to catch up on his humping happy time."

The still-attractive older woman kissed Patricia on the cheek under Sampson's watchful eye and told her,

"Believe me, dearie, if he saw your pretty face and your nice body, he would be on you so fast it would make your head spin. He is not a bad guy, just gets a little enthusiastic when he is around a nice looking broad."

The female guard at the doorway told them that they could close their bedroom doors and would not be disturbed. However, they only had ninety minutes for visiting time there were no exceptions.

Patricia went into the back bedroom without Sampson because the guards made her tie him up right by the front door.

Sampson didn't like that at all but he was well behaved and just settled down in the shade and lapped at the bowl of water placed right next to his head.

Uncle Vito was happy to see her and she dropped to her knees and gave him what he expected right

up front like a dutiful niece.

They had a lot of time after that to pass information to each other about new developments and he told her that she should visit his headquarters to check in with his number two because she could relay valuable information to and from him without getting any lawyers or other people involved. It was obvious that Vito didn't trust many people and she was his flesh and blood and he knew she was one hundred percent loyal to him.

He stretched out to take a nap and she felt her way down the hallway to the other bedroom and scratched at the door, whispering,

"It's me, Mrs. Anderson, my Uncle is asleep now and we have almost an hour left before they come to get us. Do you still want me to join you and your husband for some up close and personal conversation?"

The door opened and the fully nude figure of a mature female pulled her into the bedroom.

Outside the front door, Sampson raised his head, hearing the muffled sounds and keenly understanding that his owner was making some new friends in the strange setting.

The heavily tattooed husband was also naked as a jaybird and he quickly helped his visiting spouse to put Patricia in the same condition as the three of them merged into a single jumble of human flesh and groaning, moaning twisted arms and legs on the king-sized bed. Unknown to her and the Andersons, the bedroom and the other bedroom in the back were both wired for sound and there was a video cam pointed down at the beds from separate angles to catch all naked activity in living color. The videos were a constant source of entertainment for the guards and in some cases were so popular that copies were sold on the black market to a selected clientele.

Of course, Patricia was unable to see anything at all and she reveled in the touch of four hands all over her beautiful body and the demands of a pair of searching tongues that ignited her fiery passion.

In a way, she missed the furry warmth of her special friend, the loyal German Shepherd Sampson with his loving tongue and his gentle mounting of her submissive body in the doggy style way of copulation that she had grown to love beyond imagined belief.

The sex-deprived felon's hard dick and the equally repressed wife's need for oral, anal and vaginal relief overwhelmed her with waves of unseen physical intensity. It was a sexual session of perverted demand that taxed her every square inch of feminine flesh with a tidal wave of complete abandon that made her so weak in her knees that she was unable to stand and move in any direction even if she wanted to do so. Naturally, she was quite content to stay supine between the two middle-aged despoilers of her innocent youthful flesh and the degradation and humiliation that followed was just what the doctor ordered to make her feel wanted and loved in a special way that women know makes them vessels of precious bodily fluids in more ways than imagination could possibly conceive.

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## **Chapter Six**

Patricia and Sampson returned from her visit to her Uncle Vito at the prison fully tired from the journey and the activities she had engaged in caused her to sleep most of the way back in the special bus.

Mrs. Anderson was nice enough to hold her hand and squeeze her boob every now and then to show her appreciation for Patricia's willing gift of pussy to ease Mr. Anderson's terrible stress of incarceration without female companionship for a long period of time.

Sampson watched carefully knowing Patricia was in good hands and he sniffed Mrs. Anderson's ass thinking she was advanced in years but still had the aroma of a woman in her prime. It stirred his junk thinking about mounting the mature woman and showing her how loving a pet can really be when the lights go down low.

That first night back home, Sampson waited until Patricia was sound asleep. Then he crawled up the bed to place his nose right next to her pretty pussy. He started to lick her clean of her sins at the prison with her Uncle. The strange scent was from a new man that must be Mr. Anderson because his juice had the scent of the older woman's snatch in it. The mixture was so arousing to the wise dog that he wanted to mount his mistress without delay. He felt a need to deliver his load to her flanks in the way that all male dogs treated their bitches when they were in heat. When Patricia stirred in her sleep and turned over, he took advantage of the opening to push his long wet tongue into her sweetly scented crack and lick her sensitive pucker. He knew she loved it when she was awake and he could hear her purring under her breath with the intense nature of anal desire. He loved human females for their addiction to being humped from behind in that tightest of holes and his Patricia was one of his favorite all-time ass-fucks either human or canine.

He would often push the light on at night so he could see her naked body in close up detail. She never guessed his fetish of watching her sleep in the nude on top of the sheets but he needed the light to fully appreciate her lush flesh and shiny white skin waiting to be sniffed or licked with his loving tongue. When it was time to get up in the morning that was how he would wake her up and he knew she loved it from the way she pushed her hips up offering him her lush butt to lick with his skillful tongue. She would grab his collar and let him guide her into the bathroom and knew he was watching closely as she did her toilet routine but he did not bother her leaving her to her own devices without interference.

Sampson would only mount her in the evening when she was ready for bed.

At such times, he knew immediately what she wanted from the way she would drop down on all fours like a well-trained bitch and look over her shoulder with her empty eyes waiting for his weight on her back to let her know she was receiving his full attention and his driving intensity up deep where she wanted it most of all.

A knock on the door brought both Sampson and Patricia to the door at the same time.

"It's the maintenance man, Miss you had a work order for your bathroom sink leaking."

Patricia remembered her report of the leak and it sounded like it was exactly what she had asked for so she decided to open the door knowing she had Sampson at her side if the guy was looking for trouble or anything else equally silly.

Sampson looked the dark-skinned man over carefully. He was carrying a tool box and he had on a shirt that had his name tag and the logo of the apartment complex. He didn't bark or jump up or anything else of that nature but he was on guard just in case the male human was up to some trick to hurt his Mistress. He knew she had been raped once earlier last year when she went down to the basement to get rid of some garbage. It was before she had any guide dog to look out for her welfare and when the front entrance didn't have the buzzer lock system they installed after her unfortunate incident.

The incident was fresh in her memory even fourteen months after she had been taken advantage of by the transient man with a dick in need of some immediate relaxation after a long period of incarceration in the county work farm.

Patricia was wearing her bathrobe and had unfortunately neglected to wear any undies and was bottomless underneath. It only took the man a split second to whip up her bathrobe in the rear and expose her gleaming white buttocks to full view.

After that, of course, the man had no impediment to his swift entry and Patricia was speared good and hard in a way that she remembered for a long time afterward.

It was unclear if the man even knew Patricia was unsighted because he made certain she didn't get a good look at his face. She managed to keep her balance by hanging onto the steel railing on the hallway wall and refrained from either yelling or begging for mercy because the man threatened her with grievous bodily harm if she made any noise. Strangely, she found the sound of the harsh copulation to be joyously stimulating. She attributed this unusual result to the fact she was unsighted and the strange dick inside her was not entirely unwelcome providing no violence was attached to the intrusive poking of her feminine secrets.

When pressed for a description, she divulged that the man was youngish from his muscular strength, he had recently eaten a dish with a lot of garlic on it, probably, it was Italian food if she was any judge, and that his dick was hooked to the left exciting her no end with its angular probing of that side of her vagina. The police sergeant was astonished at her ability to see that much without the use of her eyes. Unfortunately, she could not identify his race but she opined he was probably black from his accent and slang that pointed in that direction.

Sampson heard her telling this story to several different relatives and other visitors only so they would be on their guard if they ever went down to the basement of the building.

All Sampson could think was that would never have happened if he was around and he felt sorry for Patricia knowing how deeply she was saddened by the incident and her humiliation at a stranger's hands.

Mrs. Anderson came to visit and she drank wine with Patricia with the result that they both fell into the bed together and scissored each other until they both had a spate of orgasm that made changing the sheets a necessity for comfortable sleep.

When they both fell asleep, Sampson moved in to lick both of their snatches and pretty bottoms carefully gentle to avoid waking either of them. He knew the day would come soon when he would be able to mount the older woman because he smelled the scent of a man on her bottom and he knew she was an anal bitch not unlike his own Patricia when she lost all inhibitions after a couple of glasses of wine.

The next time Mrs. Anderson came over, she brought her son Vince.

Vince was a tall, handsome boy who had just celebrated his twentieth birthday. He had done his mom on his eighteenth birthday and she insisted her only use her mouth to keep his juices flowing thereafter. For some strange reason, he shunned the silly girls in his high school because they had a nasty habit of giggling when he was ready to stick it inside their hairy pussies. It turned him off because he suspected they were laughing at him or making fun of his size. It was true that his rod was slightly shorter than average but in all honesty it more than made up for that fact with its girth which was almost double the average width of any penis in America.

He was a bit uncomfortable around the pretty Patricia when he realized she was totally blind but after a couple of glasses of wine, he was snuggling up with her on the sofa with his mom on the other side kissing Patricia's back and bottom with her pointed older woman tongue that needed no encouragement to do its best to satisfy her needs.

Eventually, they made it into the bedroom and Patricia impaled her cunt on the young boy's hardness with his mom riding her back with a black strap-on buried up the blind girl's crack. The sweat rolled off the three of them in little rivers that soaked the sheets.

Sampson watched the action from the corner of the bedroom and envied the youth his position between the two human females. He knew his day would come and it wouldn't be long before he was mounting both females delivering his dog spunk to their needy holes in a way that have them coming back for more because it was so addictive to human females.

Later that night, Patricia and young Vince were engaged in deep penetration in the bedroom. She had her legs wrapped completely around his slender torso and was digging her round heels into his buttocks like she was riding a bull and needed to get more traction to keep from being thrown off the bed.

Vince's mother Mrs. Anderson was out in the living room watching television face down on the fluffy white carpet. Sampson silently padded up behind her and sniffed her bottom. The skilled guard dog was certain that she was ripe for getting some dog humping action and he nuzzled her pretty naked ass cheeks with his cold nose and licked the insides of her legs with his long wet tongue.

She quickly got the message and got up into a "down on all fours" position looking fearfully over her shoulder at the huge dog with the aroused cock just waiting for her cooperation.

"Good doggy, that's right. Lick Mommie right there boy. Oh, my, your tongue is so wet. I love that soft touch. Do it again like a good boy."

Sampson knew his target was hot to trot and he mounted her from the rear aiming for the back end of her slit to slide into her vagina. Unfortunately, he missed that hole and hit her smaller tighter entry to the rear. At the touch of the dog's dick on her rosebud, Mrs. Anderson moved her hips left and right attempting to reset his tip in the right place. All it did was allow him to enter into her rear door quicker and his lubrication took hold and he slowly slid into her posterior opening causing her to fall into an endless anal orgasm that made Sampson forget all of his careful training and he allowed his knot to enter her gut in a certain way that they both knew insured it would stay inside until all of his dog spunk had drained into her pussy. They were locked together and the more she squirmed the tighter his dog dick got deep inside and she knew she would have to be calm and take it until his ardor subsided.

Mrs. Anderson hoped her son and Patricia were far too busy with their own coupling to enter the living room before her disgrace was finalized.

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Chapter Seven

Patricia felt a change in her eyes as soon as she woke up the next morning.

Strangely, she began to notice shadows and could discern movement after years of only seeing the same boring blackness for many years.

The blurry outline right next to her bed proved to be her trusty seeing eye dog with his wonderful long wet tongue and his instinctive nature that always knew when she was in need of something hard up in her private parts.

She patted Sampson's furry head with both of her hands and he nuzzled her crotch with his inquisitive nose searching for the scent he loved best of all.

The vision impaired girl hesitantly spread her knees to allow him access to her needy feminine folds. The impatient dog used his front paws to nudge her over on her side and present her haunches to his male equipment already rising to the task of impalement sooner rather than later.

The dog paused to ready the young girl's secret place with his demanding tongue. She gasped as the long, wet thing licked and entered into her vaginal slit with relentless force that could not be denied at this point of their coupling.

She knew that he would soon be inside her and her blindness was a blessing because she imagined the sturdy dog as a knight in shining armor ready to pierce her feminine defenses with his hardness hard with anticipation of her complete surrender.

Patricia knew that she was ready, willing and able to be Sampson's bitch once again knowing that the promise of a satisfying tingle at his ejaculation inside her feminine folds was all she needed for her hungry female needs. The fact that he was a dog and not a human boyfriend made no difference to her because the result would be basically the same for her carnal desire at the moment of completion and her imagination would change him into a Prince mounting his beautiful Princess with all the passion of true love.

She dressed after her hot shower washing away the sins of her odd behavior.

Momentarily, she thought about her less than innocent actions with Sampson and knew that she would have to adjust her behavior to become more human related than canine dependent for such basic needs such as sex.

Moving out to the kitchen, she noticed that for the first time in many years, she could make out the outline of light in a rectangular shape on the wall and realized it was the window to the side alley on the still indistinguishable wall with the long-forgotten wallpaper from her early years of sighted life.

Her heart started to beat faster as she realized that there was a distinct possibility that her sight might be improving to some degree, and she felt a moment of fear of facing a world of visual reality.

Sampson watched her from the corner, and he sensed her change in behavior. He understood that it might change their relationship and it caused him concern that he might lose his favorite bitch's favor once she could see his animal shape in clear detail.

The dog looked up Patricia's short dress and saw her pink panties.

Sampson felt his doggie balls start to churn in that old familiar way and the temptation of sniffing her pussy overwhelmed him as he moved to place his nuzzle in her gloriously scented lap.

She smelled so fresh after her shower, and he stretched his long pink tongue out to lick the outside of her panties with resolute pressure designed to arouse her libido.

Patricia sipped her breakfast tea and munched on the strawberry jam covered toast with her recently brushed and immaculately white teeth. She reached down with her hand and pushed her

pink panties to the side to allow Sampson's tongue to touch her pussy directly with wet and wonderful strokes of sheer delight.

Her recent thoughts about changing her ways of submitting to Sampson's instinctive need for sex went out the window with her other resolutions about changing her attitudes about sex.

All she could focus on was the steady licking of Sampson's wet tongue on her vaginal folds and its insertion into her pussy slit with wonderful tingles that made her knees quiver with anticipation.

She rose up from the chair and fell to the floor with her body in a "down on all fours" position that was an obvious invitation to the horny dog to hump her from behind with vigorous thrusting actions to make her moan her joy in loud appreciation for his weight on her spine.

Patricia had rolled up her short dress out of the way and yanked down her skimpy panties to give him full access to her pussy and he mounted her with unerring accuracy from above making her stumble forward on the floor like a cartoon character with a large dog riding her sweet hips with carnal determination.

Her tears of regret flowed down her pretty cheeks and soon her ass cheeks were covered with doggie sperm that was slammed into her pristine white skin with humiliating repetition and growling victory at her complete submission as the dog's consummate bitch.

Sampson pulled out of his bitch and went back to the corner to lick his dripping dick scented with her feminine juices in tantalizing tasty essence that he gobbled up until he was completely clean.

Patricia headed straight back to the shower to wash away her sins and refresh her private parts to be free from the scent of bestial sex for her own sense of normalcy.

She contritely begged God in silent prayer for forgiveness for the relapse of her recent change of heart about relations with her seeing eye dog. She decided to take her mom's rubber girdle out of the closet for her wearing it under her dress. It was the only thing that might save her from the ravages of Sampson's lovely tongue and release her from opening her feminine folds or her tightly clenched brown eye for the dog's determined impalement.

Perhaps with the switch to dry fucking, the dog might stop his expected copulation and she might be able to stop her craving for his hardness inside her in abnormal sexual conduct.

The first few times she allowed the dog to mount her with her mom's girdle in place the dog knew he was not getting what he was used to with Patricia underneath him. Still, he persisted because her scent was so intense, and he loved the tingle it gave him as he spurted his emission all over her backside and legs. It was similar to the real thing and he liked the way she shuddered with orgasm as he licked his stuff off her girdle and her beautiful white skin of her legs and back.

With each new day, she was able to see more formative outlines and eventually she could make out objects that hit her memory from her previous sighted life.

Sampson shared in her return to sighted life and knew that the girl could see him in his animal form the morning that she removed her summer dress and allowed him to mount her tightly girdled torso and her training bra in place. He licked her armpits and her crotch outside the girdle and whined for her to remove it so he could get into her to the tasty pussy pie inside.

Still, he was more than satisfied for her submission to his humping motions and he nibbled on her

tiny earlobe to show her his need for her sex.

Patricia was relieved that she had been able to resist the dog's instinctive needs and she really didn't mind him dry humping her because it was nice to have him come on her skin and then lick it off to make her clean again.

There came a day when Patricia was able to go out to the store without her seeing eye dog at her side. The man in the store was called Mister Patel and his wife looked on with disapproval as the husband fondled her girdled backside underneath her short dress.

"Why do you wear this old thing, little Missy?"

She didn't want to admit it was to defend against her amorous pet, so she just told him it was because she was afraid of being raped without her consent.

Under the watchful eyes of his overweight wife, she removed the girdle to allow Mister Patel to satisfy his inquisitive fingers investigating her feminine secrets. Apparently, the wife allowed him to take such liberties providing she could watch his behavior to make certain he used a proper condom on his female partners. His wife even opened the thing to place it on her husband's dick before he slid it into Patricia from behind as she bent over the counter following Mister Patel's orders to stay silent and take it all the way up her anal opening without any resistance.

The shop owner filled the condom with his male juices, and he told her to get on her knees and suck his dick to show him her complete compliance with his need for sex. The wife dabbed at the sticky stuff on her chin to keep things clean and neat and she pinched Patricia's nostrils to tease her about swallowing her husband's residue down into her "silly American belly".

She was surprised when the still attractive although overweight spouse asked her to kiss her pussy. Patricia had never done anything like that before but she saw that the woman was quite attracted to her mouth and tongue and followed her instructions to show she could be an obedient female friend willing to follow orders when required.

Because of her cooperation, the Patels gave her the purchases without payment, and they invited her to visit whenever she wanted to get free stuff for her complete obedience. She knew it was not quite normal, but it was a lot better than weird relationships with one's pet and it may signal a return to accepted behavior in normal society.

The End