

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Based on the short story [It's A Dog's Day](#) by Doglover32

Hi, my name is Stacy Meyers. I'm 18 years old and halfway through the 12th grade. I'm rather tall for my age, and to be honest with you, frightfully thin, weighing barely one hundred and five pounds. I don't have much in the way of boobs, (even less than my two younger sisters), but I do have green eyes, and long red hair that flows down my back all the way to my behind.

My dad breeds dogs. In fact, he's one of the biggest dog breeder's on the East Coast; so naturally, we have more than our share of dogs. Eight, to be exact. A nice even number. All are male. There is Skyler, the Great Dane; Boots, Edgar, Lawrence and Wolfy, the four large wolfhounds; Maxie, the Rottweiler; Trophy, the Black Lab; and Beethoven, our massive Saint Bernard. None of them is neutered because Mom condemns that as being immoral and cruel. I don't think Dad cares, but since Mom does...

Anyway, what happened was a complete fuckup. Which pretty much describes the Meyers household at all times.

"Now listen," Mom said, digging into her purse for her address book. Tearing a page out of the back, and handing it to me, she continued: "Mrs. Gross will be here no later than four o'clock. I can trust you not to get into trouble before four o'clock, can't I?"

"Mom!" I complained. "I'm eighteen, not twelve."

"Sometimes, you act like a twelve-year old," she said irritably, because, well, sometimes I do. She and my two younger sisters, Karen and Susan were going across town to stay with Uncle Mort for the night. Aunt Zelda had Alzheimer's disease, and Uncle Mort needed all the help he could get. Tomorrow, they were moving her out of the house into a facility. Uncle Mort could afford a facility. He was even richer than Daddy.

"Read them off to me," Mom ordered.

Sighing dramatically, I recited the numbers for Mom and Dad's cell phones, Uncle Mort's home and cell phones, Karen's cell phone, and finally the office and cell phone numbers for Dr. Crandall, my former pediatrician.

"What's with Dr. Crandall's numbers?" I asked, blushing with embarrassment. The last time I'd been to Dr. Crandall it had been a horribly stressful and embarrassing visit. I was sixteen years old, hadn't yet started my period, and at the insistence of my mother he'd given me my first pelvic exam. I will never forget the chagrin I'd felt putting my feet in the stirrups of his examination table and having the man that I'd had a crush on from the age of seven grope me with a clinical thoroughness that turned not only my face, but my entire upper body beet red.

"Don't feel embarrassed about this, Stacy," he'd said, grinning knowingly, both at myself and his nurse, all but winking at her. "I'm going to try my best not to hurt you, but your hymen is intact and it won't survive the insertion of my speculum, I'm afraid." He paused. "Is it important to you as an indication of your virginity?"

"No," I muttered, somehow growing more impossibly red. I valued my virginity and wanted it surrendered only to my husband on our wedding night, but I cared little about the need to substantiate it. It wasn't like I'd let him between my legs to investigate. At least, not at first.

Smiling, Dr. Crandall had then carefully spread me apart with his fingertips and inserted the tines of

the speculum into me, and that was enough of remembering that particular incident, I thought.

Still irritated, Mom replied: "Because he's the only doctor you've ever been to, and it's your own fault for refusing to pick a new primary. You are an adult, after all; you ought to act like one once in a while."

Grinding my teeth and ordering my mouth not to reply, I folded the paper and slipped it into my back pocket.

"You'll lose that," Mom scolded. "Or wash it accidentally. Put it away somewhere safe. I don't want you searching for numbers if something happens to you."

"Nothing will happen," I muttered through my clenched teeth. "I'll be fine. The list will be fine. Will you go already!"

She moved two steps closer to the door. "No parties, young lady."

"I'm not going to party, Mom."

"No boys in the house," she countered.

"I don't have a boyfriend, remember?"

She looked at me through narrowed eyes. I hadn't had a boyfriend since the middle of 11th grade and that worried her some. Possibly she suspected that I was a lesbian, or bisexual or something. I was just as interested in boys as they were in me, which lately hadn't been a whole lot. Minuscule boobs on an 18 year old were evidently not as acceptable as on a 10th grader. Or something.

Finally she left, leaving me standing in the doorway watching as she joined my two obviously impatient sisters in the car. Her mood with them was little better than it had been with me, and I could see all three of them snarking at each other through the windows. It made me smile, which I fought. I waved gaily as the BMW drove away, Karen and Susan ignoring me, Mom returning my wave only grudgingly. The instant they were out of sight I lofted my right hand and bade them farewell with my upraised middle finger, this time not fighting my grin at all.

"Finally!" I exclaimed. Turning around and stomping inside, I slammed the door behind me and screamed at the time of my lungs: "I am so happy you are gone!" I let out a peel of laughter, which brought Lawrence, Edgar, Maxie and Trophy out of hiding or to their feet to investigate. A loud howl that I recognized as belonging to Wolfy answered me from the second floor, where undoubtedly he lay at the foot of Mom's bed, and Beethoven barked once from somewhere in the vicinity of the kitchen or mud-room. I stretched madly and giggled in my happiness. Alone. Just me and the dogs. Time for fun.

Rather than have fun, I very sensibly walked out to the kitchen and made myself a sandwich and poured a glass of milk, which I consumed at the kitchen table. While I ate I watched an infomercial about some versatile carpenter's tool that was surprisingly impressive, at least to a non-mechanical 18 year old. After I ate the sandwich and finished the milk, I placed the dishes in the sink and returned to the living room where I turned on the TV and watched another fifteen minutes of the amazing workbench. If Mom hadn't taken all my credit cards away, I would have ordered one of the things for my Dad's next birthday. Tinkerer that he was, he'd have loved it.

After dutifully waiting out an hour, I went to the front door to check that it was locked, then did the same with the mudroom door and the two sets of patio doors. Satisfied that I was safely locked in, I

kicked off my tennies and peeled the anklets off my feet and let them drop to the floor in the foyer. I then crossed my arms and, grabbing the hem of my shirt I peeled that up and over my head and let it drop to the floor also. One-handed I unclasped my bra and shrugged out of it, catching it with my right foot and flinging it across the living room where it comically landed across the top of a lampshade. I giggled at that and wiggled out of my jeans and panties. Stretching again luxuriantly, listening to my joints pop and ligaments stretch, yawning magnificently, I sighed deeply and basked in the pleasure of my bareness. I loved being bare. I loved being bare and not having to worry about it. I very much loved being alone in the house for three whole days and knowing that I could spend as much of that time bare as I wanted.

Crossing to the nearest overstuffed chair, I collapsed into it and flung a leg over either arm. When blessed with these rare opportunities, I sometimes chose the otherwise ridiculous bean-bag chair Daddy had left over from his faux-Hippie days in the '90's, due to its comfort and the way it shaped itself so pleasurably to my body, but today I desired the greatest wingspread I could manage, which meant the chair. Smiling contentedly, I absent-mindedly rubbed my nipples while enjoying the sensation of coolness kissing my spread lips.

It was so rare to pleasure myself at home. The best I could normally do in the roomy but hectic confines of my second floor bedroom was occasionally diddle myself beneath the covers at night, or enjoy myself in the tub. In no case could I ever throw myself open as I was right now, not in a house where people considered a door an affront to their mobility. No matter how much I complained, no amount of complaining had yet forced Mom or Dad to get a hand on their youngest daughters; privacy in the Goldberg household remained a mist-shrouded myth.

My problem now was the dogs.

"You stay away from me," I warned Trophy, the Black Lab. He'd followed me from the front door into the living room and now sat attentively five feet away, his tongue lolling from his mouth, his breathing louder and more forceful than normal. There was no mistaking the mottled gray and red tip of his penis protruding from his sheath.

I had gone through this before. Eight male, un-neutered dogs around the house were any girl's constant irritation. In this I wasn't alone. Karen and Suzie both complained about the crotch nudging and unexpected snout in the rear-end that each of us put up with from time to time. All of us had endured an occasion leg-humping. Mom was no exception but bore the irritation in stoic silence, as it was she who refused to let the dogs be neutered. As you can imagine, the problem was magnified a hundred-fold by a certain female human who chose to undrape herself and sit spread-legged in the middle of the living room. My usual solution was to kick all eight of them outside. With it pouring down rain at the moment, however, outside wasn't much of an option. Sometimes I hated dogs.

Trophy settled down to watch and after a few minutes was joined by Maxie, the Rottweiler. These two were typically my worst tormentors, along with Boots and sometimes Wolfy. Edgar, for some reason, ignored me most of the time, while Skylar the Great Dane regarded anyone not his own species as invisible. Lawrence went in cycles, ignoring me for months at a time, before suddenly taking a special interest in my crotch. He'd been inquisitive again just lately, and it didn't surprise me much when suddenly he trotted into the room and took up a watch and see position ten feet away from me. He sniffed the air, making the other two dogs follow suit.

"I don't mind if you watch," I said, putting as much menace into my tone as I could manage sitting there naked. "But if you try to get into the action, I'll smack you hard enough to make your ears ring. Same for you two guys," I added to Trophy and Max. "Stacy doesn't need any help."

Relaxing somewhat, I returned to rotating my finger on the tip of my button and twirling my puny nipples. I lay my head back and closed one eye and eyed the dogs with the other. I didn't notice at first that Wolfy had shown up also and was watching me raptly from a position just south of the coffee table. Like his littermate Lawrence, Wolfy sat on his haunches with his front paws planted firmly before him. My audience was growing unnervingly large, I realized.

"You guys wouldn't try anything?" I questioned nervously. Like all females, I'd heard tales of young girls being accosted by their dogs, if not actually being mounted like a bitch, then at least being made a meal of. The sudden surfacing of those memories made me shudder hard enough to almost close my legs. What stopped me, I think, was the fact that both Lawrence and Wolfy both chose at that moment to settle to the floor. I let out a shaky breath as both mechanically arranged their limbs beneath themselves, Lawrence licking his right paw almost disinterestedly.

Rightfully anxious, I debated whether to continue my reward in the living room or retreat to my bedroom where I could shut the door. The thought of being forced from the room was repugnant, however, and I so liked the feeling of abandon masturbating in full view of the windows gave me. Of course I would never do it at night, never in a million years, but knowing that passersby on the sidewalk, people driving by in their cars, the two young boys across the street whose bedroom conveniently faced the street, therefore giving them a marvelous opportunity to see a teenager nude and pleurably masturbating herself, had only to concentrate their attention on the big bay window before which I conveniently sat facing, to have a very memorable afternoon. Especially the boys across the street, Marcus and Edward, whose ages I guessed at 12 and 14, and whom I had caught multiple times peeking in my bedroom window at night with their binoculars. If frequency was any indication, those two liked seeing me nude.

I must have drifted away for a moment because suddenly my eyes popped open to find Trophy standing right before the chair. I froze, a finger still inside me, as a cold nose sniffed at me from no more than two inches away. I shuddered violently, violently enough to make my legs try to snap involuntarily closed, and started at the way my heart staggered in my chest. Then my heart shot out of control because Trophy licked me between my legs, blessedly getting mostly just the backs of my hands, but enough of me to make me shriek and scramble desperately out of my vulnerable position and onto the back of the chair where I sat, trembling violently.

"You sh-shouldn't have done that!" I scolded. Gooseflesh had erupted all over my arms and torso and I rubbed at it frantically, suddenly freezing cold. My nipples ached they were so erect and my toes curled inward upon themselves so hard I felt my feet might crap up. Clutching myself defensively across the chest, I glared at Trophy and cursed myself for being a fool. Trophy, head cocked to one side inquisitively, panting normally, just looked back at me.

"You are not mounting me," I said shakily. I hadn't anticipated the words and was startled to hear them. I'm not a bitch. I'm not sexually compatible with you. What you want is just not possible." What he wanted, of course, considering what dangled so obtrusively from between his hind legs was to impregnate me with his litter. "Well, you're not going to," I informed him.

Angry now, both humiliated and affronted, I jumped down off the back of the chair, returned to my clothing abandoned in the foyer and put them back on. Then I did what I should have done in the first place, gathering the dogs all together and locking them in the connecting two-car garage, along with their water and food bowls.

"If you can't be good," I growled at the lot of them motherly, "you can just spend the weekend in your bedroom. I'll be back later to let you out so you can go to the bathroom." Grinding my teeth at the sight of Trophy licking himself quite unconcernedly over in one corner, I slammed the door

closed and set both the lock in the doorknob and the deadbolt. "See if that doesn't keep you out of my way," I muttered irritably.

No longer in a mood to enjoy myself, I went upstairs and spent the rest of the afternoon on the term paper I had due in English. The balance of my homework went quickly after that, and by four o'clock I was able to close my last textbook and return the lot of them to my backpack. I then returned to the garage as promised and opening the side door I let the heathens out and stood there with arms folded belligerently across my chest, still seething inside over Trophy's behavior.

"I ought to neuter you myself," I mumbled grumpily. The thought of a knife in my right hand while Trophy backed anxiously into a corner brought a smile to my lips. I envisioned that horridly red and slimy looking thing that he'd affronted me with that afternoon caught firmly in my hand, then switched that image to one of me clutching his doggie sack, instead, when I remembered castration involved the removal of the testes, not the penis. Regardless of that, my mouth twisted lopsidedly, imaging depriving him of both. But disturbingly, I also found myself lingering on the image of myself holding that horrid thing in my hand, stiffening when I could not sidetrack the thought in time to keep myself from what it would feel like in my hand.

Or in my mouth.

"Oh, gross!" I spat out, shivering from head to foot. "Get your asses in here!" Quickly I gathered them up and closed the side door and hurried to the connecting door to the kitchen. In my haste I thumbed only the door lock this time instead of setting both it and the deadlock, a mistake I would come to seriously regret. Appalled at myself, disgusted to the point of involuntarily gagging, I raced back upstairs to my bedroom and flung myself on my bed, where I curled up in a tight ball. I remained that way until I fell asleep sometime later, thumb in my mouth like a baby, unable to keep the image of Trophy's frighteningly large gray and starburst red cock out of my head. No amount of mental pleading could stop me imagining me bending down beneath him and putting him in my mouth.

It was dark when I awoke. Looking bleary-eyed at the clock, I saw that it was eleven o'clock. Groaning, I rolled over onto my back and unbuttoned my jeans. My bladder was bursting. I refused to get up, instead wiggling out of the jeans and kicking them onto the floor. It hurt even from the waistband of my panties, and I wiggled out of them also. I didn't feel horny; I had never felt less horny in my life. Even the thought of sex made me shudder.

Eventually I gave in and stumbled into the bathroom and went pee. It burned as it always did when I went too long without getting up. I mumbled some choice words about the dogs. I looked at my watch. It had been six hours since I'd left them outside and they probably hurt as badly as I did. I blanched at the thought of seeing them again. I considered just leaving them till morning. The thought made me grin.

Wiping myself and flushing the toilet, I grudgingly trudged back into the bedroom and retrieved my jeans and panties from the floor. If I was going down to face those dogs, I certainly wasn't doing it undressed. Again I cringed as the image of Trophy's swollen member filled my mind. Disgusted, I stormed out of the bedroom, panties and jeans in hand and headed for the stairs. An unexpected sound from below stopped me dead at the top of the landing.

"Hello?" I called out stupidly, immediately cursing myself for giving myself away. Brilliant. Alone in the house and telling them where I was. Cautiously, I stepped back from the railing and bent to slip

into my panties. I had my right foot in when another sound, a loud bang from the kitchen made me jerk spasmodically. I lost my balance and had to grab for the railing, loosing both my panties and jeans in the process. Cursing silently, really frightened now, I bent over and groped desperately in the darkness. What I should have done was scramble back to my bedroom on my hands and knees, lock the door and call the police. That's what I should have done. Instead, I screamed at the top of my lungs as a cold nose thrust between my butt cheeks and sent me snapping upright. I spun around, already off balance and found myself facing a waist-high dark shape that I only fleetingly identified as a Wolfhound before the dark shape rose up and dropped a forearm over either of my shoulders. I stifled a second scream as a huge raspy tongue slobbered up the side of my face, relief flooding in atop my terror.

"Bootsie!" I cried out, recognizing his tongue-lick instinctively. "Cut it out, you monster!" It didn't immediately occur to me that his forward momentum and my resulting backward steps were heading me directly toward the balcony railing. "Eeeeeeee!" I squealed as I went over it backwards.

Head over heels, twisting wildly, I plummeted the dozen feet to the living room and landed face down on the beanbag chair. The air was driven from my lungs and I cracked my forehead on the floor sharply enough to make me see stars and forget momentarily where I was or what had happened to me. No matter what I did, I could not get my breath. I couldn't move, nor could I even get my muscles to function on command. I wondered for a wild, horrible moment if I hadn't paralyzed myself, but the spasming of my limbs made that seem unlikely.

And then I wondered what the hell Bootsie was doing out of the garage.

"No," I moaned in consternation Tell me they're not! I concentrated on getting back my ability to breath and to control my muscles. I got my hands beneath me and started to push up just as my diaphragm came out of shock and sucked in a lungful of air- just in time to expel it again in a shriek as another cold nose violated me.

"No!" I cried this time in anguish.

I tried to push up onto my hands and knees and was knocked forward onto the beanbag again.

"Stop that!" I wailed stridently. I slapped fustily at whatever had taken up position behind me, my fingers brushing through thick fur, telling it me was a Wolfhound. "Bootsie?" I demanded. "If that's you, buster, you stop that right this minute!" Already on the verge of hysteria, I whooped crazily as he licked my hand. Asshole dog! I thought angrily.

And then I realized I was in more trouble than I had thought. What I could see of the room seemed to swim in my vision, and the beanbag rolled sickeningly beneath me. I collapsed onto my chest as vertigo robbed me of any sense of up or down. In my final seconds of consciousness I thought of the folded sheet of paper in the back pocket of my jeans, the numbers written upon it in Mom's hurried scrawl, and in particular of the number for Dr. Crandall.

"Oh, shit," I muttered as a blankness much darker than that of the living room swallowed me up.

Awakening, I knew instinctively that I was in a horribly compromised situation. I also knew that I'd been in that situation for some time now, as provided by the tongue energetically scraping my backside. I knew to whom the tongue belonged even before coming fully conscious. "No," I moaned. "Leave me alone, Trophy."

Pausing, Trophy snuffled noisily and I sensed his head rise so that he could look over my shoulder. I tried to raise my own head but managed to get it up only an inch or two. The dizziness swept over me in waves and I almost passed out again. I had hit my head a lot harder than I'd originally thought. Again I thought about Dr. Crandall longingly. Did I have a concussion? Should I be in a hospital? I knew where I shouldn't be was draped over the beanbag, face down.

Trophy licked my crotch again and I groaned. This wasn't happening to me. I wasn't lying here being sodomized by a dog. To my horror, I realized that some of the movement I sensed around me wasn't a symptom of my dizziness, but the shifting of large furry bodies. All, or most of the dogs were in here with me. Could things get any worse? Evidently, they could.

While Trophy concentrated on my genitals, Maxie attacked my face, soaking me from chin to forehead, including my mouth in every slobbery lick. Normally I recoil at the taste of dog saliva; this was like having my face washed with a sponge. I wondered how long he'd-they'd-been at it before I had awoken. I wondered why I didn't mind having my genitals and backside being licked more than I did. In fact, I didn't not like it all.

Sighing, I relaxed and let my chest and face settle into the pliability of the beanbag. This of course both elevated my rear end and separated me from the ancient vinyl, which Trophy took immediate advantage of, extending his range to include my hypersensitive clitoris and my vulnerable anus. I began to moan from a different kind of anguish.

Knowing that Trophy's present absorption in oral gratification would naturally escalate to a desire to mount his new bitch, I wondered how I felt about this idea. What should have been intense horror turned out to be a feeling of intense anticipation. I also wondered what I thought about being mounted by a number of my canine friends, and discovered that I smiled about this also. While Trophy licked contentedly, I sighed contentedly and began to return Maxie's licks, discovering a dog's tongue felt even more raspy against my tongue as it did against my face. It made me giggle. Giggling made me lick even harder which Maxie seemed to consider an invitation to annihilate my face, which tickled me even more. I suspected there was something more seriously wrong with me than a simple concussion.

My suspicions about Trophy were proven correct a few minutes later. His licking had grown exponentially more energetic until I was on the verge of clitoral-hyperventilation. Maxie had also grown increasingly energetic, trying to roll my upper lip over the top of my head. From the way he was dry humping the air, I knew he'd soon be trying to do that to my mouth. In my newly receptive mood, I had no objection to this.

"I want that," I said hungrily. Maxie's cock was not the monster that Trophy possessed, but big and fat enough to make my mouth water in anticipation. "Put that thing right here," I ordered, opening my mouth wide. Obeying my command, Maxie half-climbed the beanbag chair, carefully avoiding me with his claws, and positioned his cock right before my face. I didn't wait for him to thrust forward, but reached out and sucked his warm wet flesh into my mouth. The bitter taste made me spasm slightly in disgust, but not enough to release him. Contrarily, the disgusting taste only fueled my sudden craving for subjugation. I wanted to be their bitch. I wanted all eight of them.

Not to be outdone, Trophy climbed aboard and began thrusting his penis against me. It mostly slid harmlessly between my legs, poked me between my butt cheeks, or brushed threatening against my lips with acute anticipation. I altered my position several times in an attempt to facilitate him, but each repositioning seemed only to make the situation worse. I ascertained that, though he wanted me desperately, he hadn't the necessary experience with a human female to get in. Finally, I reached back and grabbed the back of his left leg with one hand, the club of his immense cock with the other,

and while holding him relatively still, guided him to myself. Once between my lips, all control was lost and he thrust forward into me painfully.

“Ow!” I cried. “That hurts, Trophy!”

Ignoring my howls, wrapping his forepaws around my waist and resting his underside upon my back, Trophy quickly established and maintained a bruising assault on my pussy. Incredibly painful at first, the huge cock hammered my cervix like a battering ram trying to knock down a door. For a wild moment I wondered if his thrusting actually could penetrate the entrance to my womb, but stopped worrying about it as his powerful thrusts elongated my birth canal, making things much less painful. Moments later I returned my concentration to my mouth, simply enjoying the pleasure being delivered to me from behind, assisting with my left hand wrapped around Maxie’s swollen knot while the other serviced my now feral clitoris. A part of my mind jokingly quipped that as long as I had to do this, I might as well go for maximum enjoyment.

Occasionally, Trophy stopped to attack me frantically with his tongue, Maxie doing likewise to my face. I relished these interludes as a tongue in my aching pussy felt almost as good as an imbedded cock. I discovered I equally enjoyed a tongue in my mouth, and spent nearly as much time vigorously slobbering with Maxie as I did sucking him. In truth, I became so wrapped up in my canine lovers that I completely forgot about their pack-mates. That changed when Bootsie made it clear her wanted to replace Maxie in my mouth. Though I was okay with this, Maxie was anything but.

“Easy!” I exclaimed as Maxie and Boots exchanged angry nips and snaps with each other. Trophy paused as well, growling deep in his throat as the possessor and the interloper contended for rights to my mouth. I didn’t like the idea of them fighting over me, especially within some close proximity. My delicate skin had no thick covering of fur for protection. I shuddered imagining myself caught in the middle of a clawfest, which triggered a growl from behind me, which immediately silenced both the dogs. Though smaller than either the Rottweiler or the massive Wolfhound, Trophy was the undisputed Alpha male of the pack, and therefore respected and listened to. A second rumbling growl from behind me resulted in Bootsie placidly settling to the floor to wait his turn.

“Good boy,” I said gratefully. The two of them had really had me worried.

Free now of disturbance, Trophy returned to his prize while I returned to mine. I was now quite expert at sucking doggy-cock. I had begun to experiment with deep throating and could comfortably manage three-quarters of Maxie’s length without triggering my gag reflex. The more I worked at it, the deeper I worked him down my throat, until finally all that was left before my lips was the greatly swollen knot. A breeder’s daughter, I knew only too well the function of that knot. The last thing I wanted was to have it behind my lips as Maxie ejaculated. Having already resigned myself to Trophy knotting my other end, thereby confining me to this position for half an hour after finishing with me, I had no desire to be knotted from both ends.

As though reading my thoughts, Trophy suddenly became still. Stiff-legged, clutching me tightly about the waist immobilizing me, he rearranged his hindquarters and stagger-stepped forward until the knot, hideously swollen now and the size of an apple, crushed against the mouth of my vagina. Removing Maxie from my mouth, I grit my teeth and whimpered pitifully as the massive flesh-ball forced its way inside and was immediately closed upon by the overstretched rings of flesh and muscles forming the mouth of my canal. Trying unsuccessfully to scramble forward away from the pain, I was made to hold still and accept the agony by the pair of powerful jaws closing gently but authoritatively about my neck. Shuddering in pain, frightened and humiliated, submitting obediently, I moaned and sobbed as Trophy took up another rhythm. Within moments I desperately sucked Maxie back into my mouth and concentrated single-mindedly on his blowjob while Trophy made me

feel like I was giving birth. I blocked my mind from the pain, thinking only of the hot flesh in my mouth, the way it slipped effortlessly in and out of my throat, the ludicrous amount of semen he was pumping into me. (And equally ludicrous amount had been pumped into me by Trophy prior to my being knotted, as I would later find out, soaking the portion of the bean bag directly beneath me and hopelessly soiling a large swath of the carpet beneath it, which I'd been obliged to deal with the next day.) Most of Maxie's semen I greedily deposited into my stomach, though of course an appreciable amount also worked its way out of my mouth and down my chin where it dripped off onto the floor, further soiling the carpet. Intent on my pleasure and pain, however, I barely noticed.

Trophy orgasmed first, followed almost immediately by Maxie. I felt the hot ejaculate gush into my birth canal at the same moment it burst into my mouth and down my throat. Having never tasted ejaculate of any kind, I was totally unprepared for the bitter, gagging saltiness. I spontaneously choked, my shoulders hunching violently as spasms threatened to overtake me. Experiencing an uncontrollable gag, ejaculate exploded out of my mouth and up my nose at the same time. Controlling the urge to expel everything in my stomach took every stitch of will power I had left. Somehow I managed it, however, and forced blankness on my mind, allowing me to concentrate on swallowing the mouthfuls of sperm Maxie pumped into me. I had no such problem on the other end of course, as I had no taste buds in my vagina.

Eventually it was over. Trophy collapsed atop me and I collapsed beneath him onto the beanbag. I refused to release Maxie from my mouth, far too greedy to allow a single drop of ejaculate to escape my ravenous stomach. Eventually, however, I was forced to let go, complaining bitterly about it as he staggered back and collapsed onto his haunches and began to lick himself. I found some consolation, however, as Maxie returned to licking my face while he cleaned himself. That, I liked. I also liked Trophy contentedly lying atop me, sealed against leakage by his knot, knowing that millions were battling their way through the tiny opening in my cervix, preparing for a long desperate swim down my uterus, in search of an obligingly waitful egg cell. No cell of Trophy's had the necessary genetic key to unlock my code and penetrate into my depths, I knew, but the knowledge that my own genetic code waited patiently for him despite that, made me feel very warm and tingly inside.

I eventually became the bitch of every dog in the pack. There went at me all night long, until well after sunup, refusing even to let me up to go pee. While Bernie the Saint Bernard bludgeoned me with his massive cock, and Skyler the Great Dane, usually so indifferent of me stretched the envelope with regards to deep-throating, I finally gave in and let the muscles of my overextended bladder empty me out. What's a little urine compared to the titanic volume of doggie semen already expelled from between my legs.

Whether purposely or otherwise, Wolfy penetrated my anus and gave my rectum a thorough and painful exploration. Semen makes an excellent enema as it turns out, but I won't gross you out with the details of that very difficult half hour waiting for the knot captured in my ass to subside enough to allow Wolfy out, nor of the subsequent five minutes. Suffice it to say that I never want to be violated anally again.

Lawrence worked in tandem with Wolfy, which left the duo of Boots and Edgar to experience me last. Boots had the bigger cock, but lacked Edgar's energy level, which left me very glad it was Boots banging away at my backside and not Edgar.

The exact order of the rest of the night eludes me. I know only that every dog had me both oral and vaginally, Trophy taking me twice from behind, while Boots and Maxie each experienced the loving of my mouth twice each. I think, possibly, that Maxie had me twice, also, but of that I'm not absolutely sure. I'm not even sure that I was conscious the entire time. I'd never done an all-night

gang-bang before. I don't have to tell you how I felt in the morning.

So what came of all this you ask? Well, needless to say, I had a very hard time eliminating the evidence. The beanbag, being made of red vinyl, though ancient and worn almost through the surface in some places, is resistant to stains and cleaned up acceptably well. The carpet was a different matter. Saturday afternoon I resorted to a steam carpet cleaner rented from the local supermarket to attack the stains. Three hours and copious amounts of liquid cleaner later, I sat exhausted on the floor with my back against the wall, too achy to move. I let Maxie and Trophy take turns licking my face and between my legs while I wondered if I was up to another night of mayhem. The rest of the dogs were safely out back, but I was too enamored of Maxie and Trophy to do without their attention for any length of time. I hadn't let either of the dogs mount me, but I had given them both occasional oral workouts, and allowed one or the other or both pleasure me with their tongues while down on my hands and knees scrubbing that floor. In truth, not an entirely miserable afternoon.

Did I get pregnant, you ask? Of course not. Despite knowing that no such thing was possible, however, I spent a very nervous two weeks waiting for my next period to start. The morning I awoke with a bloody mini-pad in my panties I laughed out loud, a somewhat hysterical sound from the reaction of my mom. I giggled on and off the rest of the day, only making matters worse, somewhat saddened knowing that I carried no litter of puppies in my tummy. I still wonder what an offspring of Trophy and I would look like.

Do I still fuck the dogs? Of course I do. Every chance I get. I have my favorites, of course, Trophy and Maxie, but I give the others their chance. I wouldn't want to hurt their feelings. And every month I count the days from ovulation to the start of my next cycle, imagining, What if? So far, only disappointment.

Other news. I graduated high school last week and plan to attend university in the fall. Mom and Dad and the girls are leaving for an extended stay at Uncle Mort's and the house is mine for a week. Right now, as I finish typing this into my Apple laptop, I have a very anxious Maxie and Trophy standing either side of me, alternately nudging me on the hip or in the sides, sometimes on my elbows, whining impatiently, taking turns sneaking between my spread legs to lick my bare pussy, complaining that I am otherwise fully clothed in a sleeveless top and a skirt, complete with tennis shoes and white anklets. In half an hour the folks will leave and after an hour's wait, I will go about the house locking the doors and opening the curtains so that I can masturbate for the pleasure of the viewing public. If Maxie and Trophy can control themselves I will let them tongue me as I masturbate, if not, I'll be forced to put them outside with the others. At nine o'clock, after the sky has darkened and I've placed a twelve-foot square plastic sheet on the floor to protect the carpet, I will invite the boys back inside and arrange myself over the bean bag as I did that very first night. In the interest of staying awake all night for them this time, as they so justly deserve, I have a pot of coffee to brew up. I even have a special treat to offer them. According to the thermometer, my temperature is up. My breasts are tenderer, a sure sign, and my cervix is higher, softer, and more dilated than normal. In other words, I am ovulating. I have an egg awaiting their arrival. I feel so happy. Maybe this will be my time. I can only hope.

I have to go now, sorry. Write to you tomorrow, okay? If I am able, loll.

Love, Stacy.