

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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We lived in a gated community in Orange County. It was just after graduation, the summer I was 18. My mom and I lived well, she was a doctor but we got most of what we had from my father, whom she divorced and left us with a substantial way of life.

We lived on a 5 home cul-de-sac, where the houses were truly just mini-mansions built from the foundations of greed and nouveau rich ideals. I rebelled against the idea that you had to work for a dollar, and was a spoiled rich kid. It was also no secret that I'd been having men over to the house and was very promiscuous. Hey, I loved to be f**ked, couldn't get enough.

This just pissed my mom off greatly and we constantly fought. One Sunday morning, we had just seen the last of the movers and decorators leaving the house next door. A couple who looked like she was in her early 30s and he was a handsome man of at least 45 (who could tell with all the plastic surgery around here anyway) had moved in to the house next door.

"I hear he's some bigwig attorney from Malibu," my mom said. I didn't give a crap if he was the king, I had my own interests and today his name was Mikey. I met him at a club the night before and we f**ked all night up in my master suite. He was showering and I was hoping he was on his way out.

"Whatever, Mom. Why do you get into everyone's damned business anyway?", I said sitting across the counter from her, eating an apple. She finished pouring herself a cup of coffee and gave me the "Don't start with me young lady" look.

"I'll let them settle in, but I ordered a nice basket from Williams Sonoma for a house warming gift, just some nice wine, some baked treats and fruit. It should get here tomorrow afternoon," she told me, looking out the back window at the golf course in the distance.

"Did it ever occur to you that maybe the Joneses don't care about keeping up and that they want to be left the hell alone, Mother?" I said sarcastically.

"Oh please, Chelsea, don't sass me. They're name isn't Jones, its Peterson," apparently my point was lost on her. "And get rid of that riff-raff you were whoring yourself out to last night. I don't want that god damned Jeep in front of my house for another minute," as she walked out of the kitchen and out onto the back patio where she always drank her coffee.

Shit. I did pass Mikey on the stairs and he asked, "Hey got anything to eat?" I didn't look at him as I went up to my room and yelled behind me, "Yeah, there's a Denny's in Anaheim, isn't that where you're headed?" I could feel his stunned stare as I went up and closed my door. I watched him peel out in his Jeep through my bedroom window and stripped my bed, putting the sheets in the hall for the maid.

The next day the basket came and my mom was in her home office, conferencing in with one of her partners. She put them on hold and told me to bring the basket over to the Peterson's. "Put on something decent, you look like I raised you in a whorehouse!" she said. I told her I'd take the stupid basket over, but if she didn't like the way I dressed she didn't have to look at me. We'd had this conversation before, so she just rolled her eyes and picked the phone back up, continuing her call.

I took this heavy basket next door, hoping these people weren't home and I could just leave it on their porch. But when the doorbell rang, this tall, blonde clearly overly botoxed but still attractive woman came to the door. "Oh hello," she said, looking behind me, "I don't see a delivery van..."

"No, I'm from next door. My name's Chelsea, my mom, Linda wanted to welcome you to the neighbourhood... this is for you," I said, expecting her to take the basket.

I noticed a small terrier at her feet, another damn designer dog. Of course. When she stepped aside to let me into the foyer, the dog immediately sniffed and started humping my leg. Ew! What the hell! He was leaving slimy dog squirt all over my calf. The woman didn't look down, didn't try to take the basket. Instead, she interrupted me when I was about to protest to call up the double staircase to her husband. "Steven! Honey, come down here and meet the neighbour!"

All of the floors in the home were marble, including the staircases. I assumed it was because of this little monster that I was trying to shake off my leg... "Um... Mrs...." I started. "Oh, call me Rhonda" she said.

"Uh, Rhonda, your dog... he's.. he's ..." I motioned with my eyes to my leg. "Oh, he's greeting you. He loves new guests!" and didn't make a motion at all to stop him. As I stood in the foyer being leg humped by a horny dog, I saw her husband come down with a large yellow lab at his side.

"Steven, this is Chelsea, she's from next door," he looked at the humping dog who now seemed finished and trotted off to another room. Thank God, I thought.

"Hi Chelsea, wow what a welcome gift! We must thank you!" he said. "It's from my mom, and it's no trouble at all," I said, sort of shifting the heavy basket forward for him to take. He didn't take the hint.

Suddenly, I felt something warm, like hot air on my inner thigh and a wet nose shoving its way up my skirt to my pantiless, freshly fucked crotch. It was their Labrador and he was licking at me, making actual contact with my outer pussy lips. I was mortified, and these people clearly knew what was going on in front of their open door, this dog was obviously licking my pussy.

I couldn't make a sound, and when I opened my mouth to begin, his long warm tongue made contact with my clit. The only sound that came out was a soft "uhh". I wanted to run but couldn't, I was frozen in place.

My legs involuntarily spread to let that long tongue into my inner pink lips and cunt hole. This was wrong on so many levels. I must have looked like I was hit in the head with the stupid stick because I just stood, mouth open and let this dog lick my snatch.

"Ah, looks like George has met a new friend, Rhonda, looks like she likes him as well!" I was embarrassed but enjoying this tongue way too much to protest.

Finally, Steven took the basket and said, "Honey, let's take Chelsea into the living room, maybe open up this wine?" She nodded and led me by the elbow to the living room, I sort of waddled because this giant dog was still between my legs, not intending to stop licking the treasure he'd found under my skirt.

They sat me on a white leather sofa, which sat on an area rug in their living room. I sat with my butt close to the edge to allow this beast to continue his oral "greeting" of my pussy. At this point, they each sat on either side of me, took a leg in each hand and laid them over their own. I was in a semi-split, a dog snout deep in my cunt fully exposed.

Steven openly looked at my pink petals and marvelled, "He's just so eager, it is a great cunt, honey but look, he's in deep. It's as if there's a treat up there!" She looked closely as well, I started moaning and breathing hard, as his tongue truly was at least 4 inches deep into my vagina, eating

the cum that I'd taken just a half hour before.

The ecstasy I took the night before must not have worn off, I reasoned, getting flush, nipples hard and feeling like I'd never been eaten out like this before. No man's tongue (or woman for that matter) had ever made me feel this good! And these staring strangers, just holding my legs spread was making me even hotter.

George worked my clit like it was the most delicious meat he'd ever had before, tongue fucking me, and finally, when his tongue started at my asshole I couldn't take it. I started tugging my nipples, lifted my shirt and started coming closer and closer to a hard orgasm.

Rhonda and Steven simultaneously took my hands away, started to play with a tit apiece. Rubbing and kneading, pinching my nipples. "They are getting along so well," Rhonda breathed, as if I were playing spades with her son or something.

I couldn't hold back when he started again on my clit and this rush of feeling swept over me. I moaned and squealed as I came, it was like no other orgasm I'd ever had. I was panting and my pussy was spasming, just as this beautiful feeling was about to end and my pussy juice flowed from my hole, George stuffed that hot tongue deep inside me, making the spasms last for at least 10 seconds more. I was in heaven!

As my breathing subsided and the dog started to try to mount me, I snapped to my senses. I sat up bolted to a standing position, pulled down my shirt, said something that made no sense like "I gotta .. it was nice meeting... my mom's calling..." and sprinted for the door.

That night in bed, I couldn't sleep - took out my vibrator and thought, to my dismay, about George. I was getting off stone sober to the thought of a dog! What was I thinking??

About a week had gone by, once in a while I'd see Rhonda or Steven walking George and that little leg humper while I was out for a jog or driving to or from the house. It was hard to avoid them, and if in the car, I'd try hard not to make eye contact, but if I absolutely had to, would give a quick wave and speed off.

It was driving my mind wild every time my thoughts would stray to the way George's tongue had made me feel, how the humiliation of being opened up to these strangers had turned me on. I'd never felt that way before. Normally I was the one in control, with one guy or another, I could be a real cock tease and loved the power my pussy had over men.

So the way that I was opened up, so vulnerable to this new couple and their damned dog was making me crazy. I found myself imagining the vibrator or whoever's tongue happened to find my clit on any given night was the dog's long agile tongue. It was never enough, I would end up pushing the guy's head away and either leaving them high and dry, or riding them a few times to try to get that gspot cum that I needed. Always kicked them out of bed either directly after or in the morning.

Why couldn't I get this dog off of my mind? I was thinking about him as I pulled into our garage the following Saturday, my pussy getting wet, knowing I'd run upstairs to my awaiting vibrator for a quick cum. I walked into the kitchen through the garage and yelled out, "Mom! Did you or Lydia make anything to eat?" as I rummaged mindlessly through the refrigerator.

I heard her response come from the backyard. "No, Chelsea, you know Lydia has Saturdays off and we're having dinner with the Peterson's tonight!" she hollered back. I froze. Wait. I knew I'd heard

her wrong. Couldn't be. No f**king way.

I ran out to the backyard, where my mom was sunning by the waterfall we had installed for our pool. That must have been it, the noise made me hear her wrong. I shaded my eyes from the sun with my hand and walked over to her. "What did you say we're doing for dinner?" I asked, trying to keep a light tone in my voice to hide the panic.

"I said, the Peterson's invited us over to thank us for the house warming gift. They are really nice people. They actually seem fond of you, Chels. You must have put on your good girl hat when you went over there," she said not looking up from the magazine she was reading. I hated it when she said "good girl hat" it was so annoying.

I immediately racked my brain for a reason I couldn't go. "It's Saturday night, Mother, I'm not having dinner with some older couple next door. It's not on my list of social events for this weekend!"

"Sorry, you are going. You are the only one that knows them already and I'm surely not going alone. Final." She said.

"WhatEVER Mom, it's not like you have a life!" I muttered as I stormed back into the house and ran up to my room.

I closed the door to my room and sat on the bed. "What the hell am I going to do? What if they tell her or Jesus, what if that damned dog starts licking my pussy again and I can't stop him?!!" I thought in a panic.

I showered, put on a pair of panties sprayed with perfume and a pair of jeans that I hoped would disguise the scent of my pussy juice. I reasoned with myself that if he couldn't smell me, I would have no problem!

We went over to the Peterson's, my mom again bringing wine. She is so pretentious. We rang the doorbell and Steven answered, dressed casually and let us know he would be grilling salmon and that Rhonda was waiting out back.

He led us to the yard, and as soon as I walked out the door, there he was. George came sniffing at my mom's hand as she walked out, I followed behind her. "Hi, boy, what's your name?" she cooed, offering her hand for a sniff and a pat on his large head. "His name's George, he and Chelsea got on great when she came with that wonderful gift you sent over," Rhonda said, as she got up from her patio seat and came over to give my mom a quick hug and air kiss.

I stared daggers at Rhonda as she made eye contact with me while hugging my mom. She led my mom over to the table where there were already 3 glasses of wine and offered her one. Immediately George began sniffing and snuffing at my crotch, as if he knew I was praying that he wouldn't. I pushed his massive head away 2 then 3 times before walking steadily over to the table where I could sit down.

He sat directly beside me, head promptly in my lap. Rhonda giggled and said in a loud whisper to my mother, "See, they made fast friends!"...

Throughout dinner, I kept having to push George's big head away from my crotch, and several times the evil thoughts came crashing back that I wished I could allow him to just have at me! My mom and the Peterson's were getting along well... too well for my taste.

After the salmon and 2 bottles of wine between the 3 of them (I couldn't drink in front of my mother of course, because I was 18 not 21), my mom started asking them if they'd seen any of the restaurants or played any golf at the country club where we lived. Rhonda said that Steven had hit a few rounds with some lawyer friends of his, but she would soon be spending time at the equestrian center, because they owned part of a horse. I wondered how the hell could someone own PART of a horse, and giggled to myself when I thought of who got which part.

"What's the joke, Chelsea?", my mom asked, clearly getting tipsy. "You wouldn't get it, Mother," I snapped.

"So, Rhonda, at the Club there is a great little bar called the Regency. We should finish up the night there! I know on Saturdays they have live music and you two could do some dancing?" my mom suggested.

Steven and Rhonda both chimed in saying what a great idea that would be and as soon as they cleaned up the dinner dishes they should head over. That's when my mom dropped the most surprising and aggravating bomb EVER. "Oh, Chelsea can take care of that, can't you Chels?"

"Uh, Mom, I kinda have plans..." I started.

"Nonsense. Chelsea will finish cleaning and walk the dogs, lock up and when you two get back you can just hit the sack!" now she was just pissing me off.

Steven looked at me, winked across the table and said, "That's a great idea. The leashes are hanging in the garage, just run the dishes through the dishwasher, anything that doesn't fit can go on the sideboard. Just be careful when you walk the dogs, you know George sometimes walks YOU instead of the other way around!" He and Rhonda shared a chuckle and I gave my mom the most deadly look I could, and she didn't even notice.

They left and I cleared the outside table, the entire time that hound was at my ass. I ran inside and shut the sliding glass door between us. "You are NOT coming in here, DOG!" I said through the glass.

After finishing with the dishes, I looked around at their place, the art on the walls, their entertainment system. I saw their huge tv, and I knew I had an hour or so before my cell phone would ring with a friend calling ready to go out to the club for the night so I plopped on their couch. I turned on the TV and flipped around the channels.

George whimpered at the door the entire time, irritating me. Mostly because my mind was fighting with itself whether or not to let him in and give him what he and I both wanted. Finally, my willpower depleted, looking out at him, licking the window with that big tongue I knew so well already, I got up. I let him in, unbuttoning my jeans.

"I'm going to hell for this for sure. I am such a slut I'll take anything that walks! Jesus..." I thought, scolding myself. He was already nose deep in my crotch before I could even get both legs out of my jeans so I left one on.

I stood at first, let him lick and taste the unfamiliar perfumed pussy before him. His tongue was so hot, breath so warm on my skin. I remembered why I wanted to open up my legs for this huge mutt.

I sat again on the couch, this time on the side so I could throw a leg over the arm of the couch to give George full access. I wanted to cum like I came before. I needed that tongue in deep.

He wasted no time, I lifted my tank top to start playing with my tits, pulling the nipples as his wet tongue went to work. First licking softly up and down, I spread my legs wider to let my pussy unfold, the lips swelling with lusty heat. His tongue started at my clit as if he knew this would get his prize, a nice flow of nectar from my hole below.

His licks became harder, more precise and persistent, he was all over my clit. I actually reached down and held his head, moaning and saying his name. "Good boy, right there, George!" I encouraged.

He got my juices flowing, my pussy felt so hot it could light a match... his nose detected his prize and his tongue honed directly in on it. "Oh God yes, George yes!" I said a little loudly as his tongue found my hole. It licked at first and then snaked its way into my canal.

I shuddered and my nipples got harder than ever. His tongue was 2 then 3 inches inside of me, getting his reward. "Deeper, George!!" I said as I tilted my hips toward his snout, forcing him to get that extra inch inside of me.

His tongue was driving me insane, the deep tongue fucking and loving on my clit alternately to get more of my sweet slippery juice to flow. This dog was getting me off for the second time and this time, I had no doubt that I was going to let him make me cum.

He licked at my ass for a bit and decided since he didn't let my juice drip that it wasn't the hole he wanted but for that brief second, my back arched and a chill ran through my body. He continued his tongue bath and finally, I was close to orgasm.

I squeezed my pussy down on his tongue to force more lubrication, his tongue delighted in scooping it out, I was moaning, breathing heavily and ready to cum. He came back up to my clit and I lost it. I held that big head, my head shaking back and forth in ecstasy, and shuddered on that dog's tongue. I came so hard, I almost blacked out.

It was a good thing I didn't because once again the beast tried to fucking mount me! "OFF DAMN IT NO!" I yelled at him, shoving him down. I somehow got my pants on, made him follow me to the yard, all the while jumping on my back and escaped by once again shutting him outside. He jumped on the glass door whimpering and I saw that huge red dog cock. "OH MY GOD WHAT THE HELL IS THAT??" before realising that if I hadn't successfully fought him off, I may have been ripped apart by a coke bottle sized dong!

I thanked my lucky stars, put the leashes on the kitchen table to make the Peterson's think I walked their beast and made a mad dash for my house. I came home later that night, my mom was drunk on the couch.

"Hey, Chels. Have fun?" she slurred.

"Yeah, how was the bar?" I asked, grabbing water from the fridge and heading toward the stairs.

"Great, we had a great time.... hey, you didn't bring one of your fuck buddies over to the Peterson's while we were gone did you?" She asked pointedly.

I hesitated, "No, why do you ask? What did they say?" I made my way to the stairs.

"Oh nothing," she giggled drunkenly, "They just told me that they have their house wired with nanny cams to keep the housekeepers honest and I thought you wouldn't want to get caught with your pants down! HA HA!"

I stopped dead in my tracks. Holy shit. “No Mother, I didn’t have a fuck buddy over Jesus Christ what the hell do you think?!” and ran upstairs.

I shut my door, leaned against it and thought I was going to hyperventilate.....

SHIT!

I didn’t know what to do with myself for the next couple of days. Every time the phone rang or the doorbell chimed, I jumped, praying that it wasn’t the Peterson’s. I was in my own private hell in my head, knowing they were watching me willingly give my pussy up to their dog and loving every second of it.

I couldn’t get my mind clear, I was obsessed. Finally I mustered up some courage and convinced myself I would go next door and tell Rhonda and Steven that they would give me any tape or hard drive with video of me on it, and this would end. Demanding something from a lawyer, now I really HAD gone mad!

Fooling myself was one thing, and when Steven answered the door with a grin, taking in my outfit – a short Juicy Couture halter dress and a pair of Christian Louboutin peep toe platform heels – he just stepped aside, wordlessly offering me into their house.

Before I could say a word, and I fully intended to go full force attitude on the guy, he yelled upstairs, “George, your friend is here!” again as if George were their son or something. He acted as if I was here to date his kid!

“No, Steve... I came to tell you that... that I want-“I started.

“Oh, I know what you want. We both know what you want, now don’t we, Chelsea?” he said, grinning as George, all hundred-something pounds of him came clumsily galloping toward me.

Immediately his nose went deep up the dress and into my pantiless crotch. Who the hell did I think I was fooling? I came prepared for more of what it was I wanted. I needed. I wasn’t fooling anyone, least of all George, who found my wet pussy lips and began evoking moans the minute he made his way to my swollen clit.

“See, you don’t have to have secret rendezvous with George, now do you? You can come on over and get that dog tongue when you like... And looks to me that you REALLY like it!” he said with a chuckle. He led the way into the living room and I lamely followed, with George between my legs.

Steven went to grab himself a drink from the wet bar and I lifted my dress, sat down and lewdly spread for his dog. I was enjoying this beast for the third time, and it was like the first. He had an insatiable appetite for my pussy juice, and like a pro, could get me to cream constantly. His tongue pleased my clit, my g-spot, even the softer licks from hole to clit were amazing.

I was moaning and had untied my halter, freeing my smallish tits so that I could twist and pull my nipples. Steven sat right next to me, lifting my leg over his lap and getting a good close look at my cunt as his dog’s tongue pleasures me bringing me closer to orgasm.

He got bolder, and when I leaned my head back, moaning and on the brink, I felt Steven’s mouth on my nipple, sucking, flicking his tongue on it and heard his zipper. I looked down to see an average sized cock in his other hand jacking himself off, sucking my nipple and watching — staring at the dog licking my cunt.

I couldn't hold back, I shuddered, held Steven's head with one hand, George's with the other, screamed and came hard on the dog's snaking tongue. I was coming down as George finished scooping my hot juice from my hole.

There was no turning back now, I was obviously addicted to this dog and what he could do to me. Steven got up, George didn't try to mount which surprised me but kept licking softly at my pussy, keeping me ready... Steven came back with a dishcloth and cleaned up my dripping pussy, licking and sucking on my nipples while he jacked off. I began to feel the need to be fucked, and badly.

"Chelsea, looks like we both need to finish up what we've got started here..." Steven said, not looking in my eyes but at the pussy so close to his face. After he'd thoroughly cleaned me up, I knew I would offer my pussy up to him, his 6 or 7" cock, I would ride it like I always do so I could grind and get that g-spot cum I was looking for.

"Where's Rhonda?" I asked, taking Steven's cock into my own small hand, letting him rid himself of his khakis.

"Having some work done, now shhh... get on all fours," he said. Of course, I thought to myself, she gets work done every month from the looks of her...

"Why don't you sit on the couch, I'll get on top..." I said, spreading my pussy lips and stroking my clit.

He led me to the ground at that point and I needed no words. He was going to fuck me from behind. He got something out of the drawer in the end table and I fingered myself to get ready for his cock.

When he started lubing up my asshole, I froze and before I could ask what the hell he was doing, he was lubing his dick and saying, "I don't take George's bitches holes, Chelsea, we don't share. I'm going to fuck your sweet little ass."

I wasn't expecting this and would never let a guy tell me what hole he was using but for some reason, I understood and when I felt his cock at my puckered back door pushing in, I didn't object.

I tried to relax, and as the head popped in, we both groaned in lust. He began inching it in slowly letting me get used to the intruding shaft in my almost virginal ass. He slowly sank in balls deep to start slow thrusts, all the way out and all the way back in. I was stroking my clit and he was moaning saying, "Ah, tight little ass! You're a fucking dog bitch aren't you? You like this big dick in your ass baby?"

I found myself saying "Yes, yes, please fuck my ass", thrusting back harder eventually taking him in to the hilt at a fast pace, stretching and opening me up for his cock.

He was so close, his balls slapping against my fingers on my clit, he finally took a good hard thrust into my tight hole, and "I'm fucking cummming!!! Yeah you little bitch take that cum!!".... Unnnngghh..... and I was filled with his hot load.

He got up with no ceremony, threw me the dishcloth and started to get up. We both jumped when we heard her voice.

"You fucking SLUT! YOU DOG BITCH FUCKING WHORE!!!" I looked up to see Rhonda standing there looking at me like I was the lowest living thing on Earth.

"Rhonda, I thought... I mean we..." I stammered.

"GET OUT!! Get out of my house you bitch! You're George's bitch, not Steven's! I can't fucking WAIT to show the video of you to all the fucking neighbours, GET OUT NOW!" she screamed.

I ran out, tying my halter in their driveway and making a beeline for the house.

I thought I had problems before... Now I was sure of it!

I got home and had to catch my brain up to the sheer rush of adrenaline that drove me to run in platforms all the way home... I thought Rhonda would have wanted to join us, not flip her shit like that! I mean, seriously, she literally had my legs spread in front of her and her husband and played with my tits while his hard dick was inches away from me!

Not able to comprehend this new turn of events, and completely baffled, I went upstairs to shower and clean up from my ass fucking. When I got out, I threw a towel around my body and walked downstairs to grab something to eat.

I hung around the backyard, eating a turkey and sprout sandwich, walking around the pool in my towel, letting the sun dry my hair and thinking. I finally decided to tan for a while, laid the towel down on the lounge and laid face down. I thought I would catch a quick nap but my mind was racing.

Thoughts of that big Lab and his amazing tongue were shadowed by thoughts of the tape and of Rhonda's rage. What could I do to get back on her good side? It's not like my mom was going to allow me to have a dog in her house, and I for sure wouldn't risk asking someone else if they would let me borrow their dog. I realised what I was thinking and how fucked up it was and for no one's sake but my own, blushed from head to toe.

Suddenly realising how wet I had gotten just thinking about that dog and his amazing tongue, I turned over onto my back and let the sun splash over my tits, warming my pussy even more. I wasn't afraid of my mom seeing me, it was not out of the ordinary for me to tan like this. She usually just ignored it... I didn't hear her come through her patio door onto her balcony.

"Chelsea you really should use sun block, you're going to catch Cancer!" she yelled down at me.

"JESUS, Mom, you scared the SHIT out of me!" I was a little jumpy from the Rhonda encounter. "And you don't CATCH Cancer, seriously can you BE any older?"

"Oh, whatever, Chels. You know what I meant. And I'm NOT old!" she said, walking into her room and closing the patio door behind her.

She really wasn't that old, but she blew my mind sometimes with how utterly out of touch with the real world she was sometimes. Like how did she even get to be a doctor anyway? So out of touch...

I felt like an hour in the yard was long enough so I put the towel back on and went upstairs and threw on my yoga sweats and a pair of sneaks. I headed out the door yelling up to my mom, "Running to the Club House for some yoga!" and slammed the big front door.

I took off down our big circular driveway, out the gate and toward the street which led to the Club House. I had my earphones in and was jogging toward the Peterson's house. As I passed, I kind of looked up toward their house, hoping to see Rhonda ... I wanted to at least smile at her meekly like "Hey sorry I banged your husband. Let's put this all behind us?" But of course women like her don't just chill out in their front yard watering the rose bushes.

When I got to the Club House I headed to the gym. I grabbed a yoga mat and started stretching. I was just starting with some basics. I had put my iPhone down beside me, I liked no music when I was doing yoga.

Completely loosened up, all in a world of my own, concentrating on my breathing, I was startled when I heard, "Downward Dog, hmm? How fitting." It was Rhonda. She sat on a mat behind me stretching.

I turned around and sat facing her. She was smiling at me, but I was completely unsure of what was actually behind her smile. Was she sincere? Was she going to tell me off??? We sat in silence, my expression had to be priceless, I felt nothing but confusion, with the feeling of want behind that... want for her to like me, want for her to allow me to be used by her amazing dog... want for more of the amazing orgasms I could now only get from George. I was conflicted because I'd never been so out of control of my own feelings - I was quickly becoming the bitch that Steven and Rhonda had pegged me as.

We were both sitting in the Lotus position, and though it was only seconds, it felt like forever. I had these thoughts racing through my mind while my expression clearly turned to pleading and she smiled even bigger at the realisation that she had me... that this young woman who owned anyone and anything she ever wanted was hers. I was at her mercy.

"So, Chelsea..." she said, in a tone that was not at all hushed. She smiled sweetly at a tanned and buff older guy who walked past us to get to the weight room. Before he was out the door she made sure to say. "How's my favourite bitch?"

I was mortified and had no idea how to respond. She said it jokingly but the look on her face was plain. I was her bitch, her dog's bitch.... I was a literal bitch and I wanted and needed to submit to this woman to get what I really needed. "I'm really sorry, Rhonda, I mean, I didn't kno-"

"Shut up, Chelsea. I knew Steven was going to fucking go behind my back, but you, you little tramp... Everyone knows about you. You're a whore. Now I have seen some girls let George eat them out, but you? You fuck every guy in Orange County, you have a reputation. Wouldn't it be amazing if now you not only came to be known as a home-wrecker AND a dog-fucker?"

"But, I didn't fuck a dog!" I whispered, hoping she'd take the hint and keep her voice down. She didn't catch on...

"Oh, Chelsea. You're so sweet. It's so cute the way you deny who you are when it's clear as the silicone in my tits that you are in fact a dog-fucker. You know what you want, you've tried to push George away but you think about it don't you?? His big red cock, your whore pussy... you know it's what you think about when you have a loser humping away against your ass... tell me I'm wrong, Chelsea." She said, now lowering her icy gaze from my eyes to my betraying crotch, clearly getting wet and hot listening to her speak.

I shifted positions to try to hide the wet spot and started to protest but all I could hear was my voice saying softly, "No, you're right.... I do want George to fuck me."

"That's what I thought. Good thing Steven will be away the rest of the evening golfing and going to watch the game at the VanDerkemps house. You will come over and get exactly what you want. And it's not my husband's cock that makes your pussy so wet is it? Tell me Chelsea, when you come over later, what will you be after?" She was in complete control and knew it.

I felt so helpless and literally enraptured by this woman. Not even with my brain driving, I simply

said, and not in a whisper, "I want George to fuck me. I want you to watch him while I'm bent over. I want him to lick my clit and make me cum, please, Rhonda."

"So sweet. Tell me, who is George? This George you speak of?" she smiled cruelly.

"I want your dog's hard dick to stretch me open and fuck me. I want to feel him pound my pussy with his big red dog cock." How the hell was I saying this out loud? ANYONE could walk by and hear me.

I could hardly keep myself from rubbing my wet cunt through my yoga pants in anticipation. It was all I could do to stop myself from running directly to the Peterson's house and open my legs for that big dog's tongue and hard cock...

I realised then that she would have me on nanny cam and for some reason I couldn't at all grasp, I just didn't care!

The End