

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Maxijohndoe

Rose exchanged the usual morning greetings with her colleagues as she headed to her workstation. Rose wasn't her real name, but it had been easier to Anglicise her name rather than trying to teach English speakers her Chinese name.

Rose worked as a lab technician to make enough money to see her through the many years of study and training it would take to be a pathologist, as the small amounts of money her parents could send her didn't go far. Rose switched on her computer and examined today's testing schedule.

Top of the list was an urgent DNA profiling request from the Medical Examiner's Office. Rose retrieved the bagged samples from the freezer and realized it was a rape kit. The attached paperwork had few details on the victim - Caucasian female 24 years of age - and the kit contained several plastic jars of fluid and a cheek swab to allow the poor woman's DNA to be separated from her attacker's.

Rose prepped multiple samples. When the DNA strands had been separated and cloned, they went into the Sequencer. Once these tests had taken days, but with technological advances, a standard 13-point test sufficient to match a sample to a specific individual now took only a couple of hours.

Rose had worked through several Beast Cancer screenings and a Paternity test by the time the results came back. What Rose saw puzzled her: while the sample of the woman's DNA was as expected, the other samples were of an undetermined origin. Rose didn't understand this: the liquid in the jars had looked like semen. Heck, it even smelt like semen. Rose knocked on her boss's door for advice and advised running the results through the known contaminants database in case some agent was being used to mask the results. Rose loaded the data and went to lunch.

Most of the other technicians were women, and as Rose sat in the corner working on a crossword - they helped her with her English - she idly listened to these women chat about their families, husbands, and boyfriends. Rose had tried several relationships since arriving in this country, but her grueling work and study schedule left little time for a man.

Rose returned to her workstation and spotted the flashing icon indicating that the database search had finished. The samples matched a known substance that came from *Canis Lupus Familiaris*. Rose knew the words were Latin but didn't know what they referred to. As her boss passed by, Rose asked her, "What is a *Canis*?"

"Dog, I think, yep... Definitely a dog."

Thankfully the boss didn't inquire why Rose had asked that question. To Rose's horror, the mystery was now straightforward: the samples contained the DNA of three different dogs. How could such a thing happen? Suddenly the phone buzzed, almost scaring Rose out of her wits. The reception was transferring through a call from the Medical Examiner's Office. Rose mechanically answered the phone.

"We are just calling about those samples we sent you. The woman involved has made a statement that samples are the result of consensual intercourse. There is no need to complete a report on this matter, just re-bag any remaining materials and return them to this office."

Rose spent the rest of the day in a kind of shock. Even as she sat at her night lecture, her mind was elsewhere. Had a woman willingly had sex with three dogs? The whole idea seemed so alien that Rose struggled to process it. In her daze, she almost missed her bus.

Rose lived in a small one-bedroom studio apartment in a complex that catered to female students attending the University. Although Rose rarely spoke to other women living there, she knew that most were nursing students. As Rose checked for mail, she heard a familiar sound, claws on concrete. It was the caretaker's Rottweiler King doing his rounds. King was part of the security used to keep unwanted visitors out. If King knew you, he was a friendly dog and happily wagged his tail as Rose patted his head.

Almost against her will Rose craned her neck and glanced between King's hind legs. King possessed a large and full scrotum and furry sheath. What the hell was she doing? What if someone saw her looking at a dog's junk? Rose scampered up the stairs to the safety of her apartment.

After a small meal, Rose switched on her PC. She needed to work on a paper due the following Monday, which was already Friday night. But instead, Rose began to type words into Google. Her initial shock and disgust had given way to a burning curiosity. To her surprise, 'women sex with dogs' brought up hundreds of pages of links, and she opened one at random.

Rose sat coated in sweat as she ferociously fingered her cunt. A clip of a young woman being fucked by a huge dog looped over and over on the screen. Rose sometimes masturbated but never to anything so dirty. Even the mental image of her disapproving parents looking on had only fueled the fire engulfing Rose's loins. At first, she fantasized about Bruce. Bruce was her first boyfriend, a tall, strong man with the biggest penis of the three men Rose had slept with. In her mind, Bruce covered her petite body with his strong one, gently yet firmly driving that massive cock into her. Then suddenly, Bruce had morphed into the dog fucking the woman on the screen. Rose came so hard she slipped off the chair and landed arse first on the floor.

What had she just done? Rose sat back down and reached for her notes. However, under the clip she had just watched were the words people who liked this clip also like—. One clip was titled 'Outdoor Doggy Gangbang'. Surely just one more couldn't hurt.

The first light of dawn found Rose slumped, exhausted yet utterly satisfied in her chair. She shut down the PC and staggered to the kitchen for a much-needed glass of water. As she drank, she looked across at the apartments opposite. Suddenly a light appeared as a door opened. Rose briefly saw a woman she recognized as a final-year nursing student. The woman's robe hung open, giving Rose a glimpse of a plump body and large breasts. Then to Rose's amazement, King trotted out through the door! The woman seemed to say something to him, then closed the door.

Rose was stunned. Maybe it was her increasingly fevered imagination, but Rose had occasionally seen other women seeing their lovers off, except those lovers were humans. Again Rose felt an almost unbearable curiosity.

Rose woke after sleeping for most of the day. Saturday was trash day, so she pulled on the daggy clothes she wore around the apartment, bagged her trash, and took it down to the bins. The woman Rose had seen last night was also dumping her trash. Rose didn't realize her stare as she looked at this woman with her plump figure, large breasts, and dirty blonde hair. However, the object of her contemplation certainly noticed it.

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Amanda dumped her trash in the bin. As she wiped her hands on her dress, she became increasingly aware that a woman was staring at her. Amanda decided to stare back. She was a woman of many appetites, and what she saw, she liked. The gawker was a petite Asian woman. Amanda admired her pale golden tan skin, shoulder-length raven hair, and dark hazel eyes. No doubt, hidden underneath

that oversized T-shirt and track pants was a lean, firm body. As the woman stood there staring, Amanda decided to break the ice.

“Hi, I’m Amanda,” she said.

The woman came out of her trance and replied that her name was Rose. Amanda decided to try her luck and asked Rose if she’d like to try a coffee from her new machine. The woman agreed and followed her back to her apartment. The apartment was a bit of a mess, but Rose sat quietly as Amanda banged around in the kitchen.

Amanda watched as Rose sipped on her coffee. Rose commented that it was good, but Amanda didn’t care. They chatted for some time, and Amanda learned that Rose was from Zhangzhou in Southern China. Like Rose, Amanda had traveled a long way from family to study, so they had one thing in common.

Suddenly, Rose asked, “Do you have sex with dogs?”

It took a lot to surprise Amanda, but that floored her. Rose’s face immediately flushed as she saw Amanda’s surprise. Amanda wondered if she had not been as careful as she had thought or if this was the kind of question women asked each other in Zhangzhou over coffee.

“Why would you ask that?”

“Just... Professional curiosity.”

Seeing this woman’s obvious embarrassment, Amanda decided to make her move. “May I ask YOU a professional question?” Rose nodded. “Do YOU have sex with women?” Rose stammered over her answer. Amanda’s libido was going into overdrive, so she moved in for the kill. “For God’s sake, woman, stand up and take off those stupid clothes!”

Rose jumped like a startled rabbit and quickly removed her T-shirt and pants. Then, not knowing what to do, she stood there in her plain white cotton bra and panties, hands covering her groin like a chastened schoolgirl. Amanda ogled her body, and Rose’s naivety and embarrassment caused Amanda’s cunt to juice up. Quickly she herded Rose into the bedroom.

Rose had accepted Amanda’s offer of coffee as it seemed the polite thing to do. Rose didn’t really like coffee, but the chance to see inside this woman’s apartment was something she couldn’t resist. The idea that Amanda may have fucked King was an image she couldn’t get out of her head. However, rather than entering some canine sex den, Rose found herself in a cluttered apartment. As Amanda rattled around in her messy kitchen, Rose looked around the unit. Amongst the piles of dirty clothes and stacks of books and papers that covered the floor, Rose noticed two plastic bowls: one contained water and the other what looked like bits of biscuit.

Amanda plunked a coffee in front of her, and Rose sipped. The coffee was terrible. As they spoke about family and study, Rose realized that the bowls gave her an innocent line of questioning. Rose would ask if Amanda owned a dog and try to gauge her reactions. She asked, “Do you have sex with dogs?”

Rose was shocked by her question even before it had finished leaving her mouth. Later she would decide that it was an example of a Freudian slip. Amanda reacted as Rose had just slapped her, “Why would you ask that?”

Rose tried to explain that her interest was professional. Then suddenly, Amanda had asked if she had

had sex with women. Floundering with embarrassment and totally out of her depth Rose obeyed this woman's demand to strip, and now she found herself on Amanda's bed.

She watched Amanda pull her dress over her head. Rose had small A Cup breasts, and the site of Amanda's huge mounds close up amazed her. A lacy black bra barely contained them, and as Amanda freed them from their cage, they fell into her rib cage. Amanda crawled toward her and kissed her passionately as she undid Rose's bra. Amanda seemed to like her small breasts and brown nipples as she immediately placed one in her mouth. Amanda's tongue flicked and teased, her teeth nipped, and Rose's nipples were so hard they hurt. Amanda's tongue slowly licked down Rose's chest to her belly. After circling her navel, Amanda's tongue made it to the border of Rose's panties. Hooking her thumbs into the elastic, Amanda stripped them in one swift move.

Amanda looked at the mat of Rose's pubes. It was a real untamed jungle down there. But nothing would keep Amanda away from this woman's cunt. Amanda started by running her experienced fingers along Rose's slit. Then she eased in two fingers up to the knuckles. Rose was tight but oozing wetness. As Amanda pushed her face between Rose's legs, she couldn't resist the temptation to poke her tongue into Rose's cute brown asshole and laughed as Rose's arse jerked up from the bed. Then Amanda threw herself on that beauty cunt, ravaging it, feeding off its nectar.

Rose pinched her painful nipples as she looked down at the woman attacking her sex with such passion. Rose liked her boyfriend's going down on her, and though they begged to have their cocks sucked, they viewed attending to her needs as an unwanted chore. Occasionally, Amanda's blonde head looked up from her work, and she stared at Rose with light blue eyes.

Rose's body couldn't withstand such an assault for long, and soon she shook and quivered as her orgasm struck. Amanda seemed satisfied by her handiwork and slowly pulled down her panties. Rose saw a smooth cunt topped by a small patch of neatly trimmed blonde hair. Rose had thought all pubes were black. Amanda scooted up till she was cupping Rose's breasts.

She leaned forward and whispered to Rose, "That's right, I fuck dogs. And before this night is over, so will you!"

Before Rose could answer, Amanda ground her cunt on Rose's face.

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When Amanda suddenly pushed her cunt onto her face, Rose tried hard to imitate what Amanda had done to her. Her efforts paid off, and Amanda came hard, leaving Rose with a sore nose and a mouth coated with Amanda's juices.

Amanda leaned down and dragged a box from under the bed that contained a bewildering array of sex toys that ranged from the exciting to the terrifying. Amanda wanted to try one: a pair of flexible red-plastic dildos joined at the base. Amanda rubbed both ends with lube, pushed one end into her cunt, and wriggled until her and Rose's legs were on top. She then forced the other end into Rose.

Two women heaved and grunted as each pushed hard against the other. Rose came first, and the jerking and spasming of her cunt pressed against Amanda's had set her off.

Amanda then declared that it was getting late and she was getting hungry, so she'd whip up some dinner for the both of them. Amanda rolled off the bed, leaving the dildo still stuck in Rose, pulled on her robe, and headed out to the kitchen. After a minute or so, Rose pulled the now slimy dildo from her, got up, and went to find her clothes.

Amanda put a pot on the stove and emptied a couple of tins of soup. When Rose wandered in and started picking up her clothes, Amanda told her not to bother putting on her panties or track pants. Rose asked why and Amanda told her she'd see why later. As the soup is heated, Amanda puts on some toast. Then she served up, and both women began to eat.

Amanda needed to keep Rose in the apartment till it was late enough to begin the next stage she had planned. So she opened a bottle of wine and poured two glasses. Then, because she knew Rose had an insatiable curiosity, she recounted the story of her first time with King.

Rose found herself sitting bare-arsed at the table. Amanda brought over some soup. Normally Rose wouldn't eat something from a can, but she was starving. Amanda had poured the wine. Rose usually didn't drink, but then Amanda said she would tell about the first time she had sex with King. So Rose sat there riveted, listening to every word as Amanda told her story.

Amanda said, "I had gone to a nightclub for a good time, and to pull man or woman. I didn't care. I began dancing with this really hot chick. She was as keen on it as I was, so we headed to the lady's and grabbed the first available cubicle.

"As soon as the door closed, it was all hands and tongues. I pulled down her pants and ate the living fuck out of her. She came, so we swapped places. She had just removed my panties when suddenly there was loud bashing on the door and this woman shouting, 'I know you're in there, you two-timing bitch.' So this chick just walks off, taking my fucking panties with her.

"I was pretty pissed off. I can tell you, so I caught a cab home. On the way, I rubbed myself off in the back seat. I was looking for the keys to my door when King came up to say hello. Cheeky mongrel shoved his head up under my dress and began licking. Trust me when I say that a dog's tongue beats a human tongue any day of the week. I realized that anyone who passed by would see King licking me, so I opened the door, and King walked in like he owned the damn place". A bit more licking and I was down on all fours. King knows his way around a woman!"

Rose was puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you have this place full of horny women and this big dog with his big cock. I'm sure I wasn't King's first human, and I doubt I'll be his last either," Amanda said

They talked some more, and Rose noticed that Amanda kept looking at the time. Rose was pretty buzzed from the wine and began to wonder if she should go.

Amanda got up and went to the door. "Should be late enough to be safe," she said. Amanda opened the front door and called in a low voice, "King. Here boy, here boy. Got a nice treat for you."

Amanda opened the door wider, and King trotted in. He gave Amanda's cunt a good, hard sniff, but then he spotted Rose and was over in a flash. He began trying to push his face between Rose's tightly closed legs. Amanda laughed and said, "Typical male. Walks past a perfectly good cunt just to check out the new girl. Open your legs and let him lick you."

Rose opened her legs slightly, and King pushed between them. Rose first felt a cold nose, and then the most incredibly hot and rasping tongue lashed her sex. Instantly her legs sprang as far apart as possible, giving this dog the fullest possible access. Amanda watched as King's tongue began to work its magic on Rose. Already she was slumping forward, pulling herself open, instinctively giving herself to King.

"You keep enjoying that tongue. I'm just going to grab some things to help with the next part,"

Amanda said and left.

Amanda rounded up a pair of socks, a couple of vibrators, lube, and the pillow off her bed. Suddenly Rose cried out in the other room, “Yào xiǎoxīn, nǐ nòng téng wǒle!”

Amanda had no idea what Rose said, so she hurried back, only to be halted in her tracks by the hottest sight she'd ever seen.

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As Amanda watched, Rose's butt lifted slowly from the chair as if King's tongue controlled her. She moved as if sleepwalking in the middle of the room. She dropped down on all fours: butt high, head low, as if offering herself to this dog was the most natural thing a woman could do. King gave one last lick and climbed onto Rose's back. Then, as King's hips began to move, Rose swiveled her butt in an unconscious attempt to align her cunt with that probing cock. It was so graceful it was almost like ballet.

Finally, woman and dog were aligned, and King drove himself forward. Rose gave such a deep guttural moan that Amanda was surprised a woman could make such a sound. Amanda noted the scratches on Rose's side where King had clawed as he got a grip on Rose's slim hips. She had planned to help Rose handle King, but it seemed every woman must learn some lessons on her own.

God, Rose seemed just so small under this huge dog. Her butt and thighs were hidden entirely behind King's thrusting hips. King covered her whole back, and his muzzle was level with Rose's face. Her small, firm breasts and hard brown nipples could be seen.

Amanda needed to attend to her dripping cunt, so she grabbed one of the vibrators. Damn it, flat batteries! Rose continued to moan. The pitch changed in time with King's thrusts and was getting louder and louder. Amanda became concerned that the neighbors would hear.

“Rose, for God's sake, girl. Try to keep the noise down. Rose. ROSE!”

Rose appeared incapable of listening, and Amanda was forced to kneel and cover her mouth with her hand. Rose was somewhere else, and her body moved of its own accord as it pushed back to meet every hard thrust. King's humping began to gather speed, and then he suddenly lost rhythm as he began to climax. Rose screamed into Amanda's hand, and her whole body shook as though she was having a fit.

Finally, a look of intelligence returned to Rose's eyes. Rose had become intoxicated by the sheer maleness of this dog. She wanted to feel his strength, drink in his power, and glory in his protection. But most of all, she needed his cock!

When King entered her, his size and the power of his thrusts made it hard to breathe. All Rose could feel was heat and pressure and her muscles rolling like waves on a stormy sea. Vaguely she was aware of King's hot breath beside her face and his harsh panting in her ear. Slowly, her world contracted downwards to a point where all that mattered was the heat in her cunt and the friction of that massive cock as it plowed its way backward and forwards.

Then it felt like something huge was being forced into her, like she was giving birth but in reverse. She was complete, stretched almost beyond her limits, and her muscles began to tense up like they contained a million steel springs. Then it felt like a fire raced through her loins, a sensation so pleasurable yet painful that Rose felt like she should scream.

Rose found herself on the floor after an orgasm so intense it left her weak and almost nauseous. She was aware of pressure and heat inside her cunt and a great weight on her back. Looking up, she realized that Amanda was kneeling in front of her.

“Thought I had lost you there for a moment, Rose,” she said.

Rose understood. King had mated her, and he was lying panting on her back. Her cunt was complete, not just with hot throbbing cock, but with warm fluid. Every time King’s cock pulsed, she felt just a little fuller. King began to grow restless.

Amanda grabbed him by the collar and commanded, “King, stay!”

King scrambled off Rose’s back, and for the first time, she felt the scratches. She tried to move, but King’s cock seemed to be stuck in her, and all she achieved was to increase the pace of his throbbing. She could feel fingers probing around her cunt lips; a soft palm was pressed against her abdomen just below the navel. Amanda reappeared in front of Rose and sat down cross-legged in front of her.

Amanda had moved quickly when King started to get off Rose. The first time King had mated Amanda, he had wrenched his knot out while turning. Even though Amanda had access to certain creams at the hospital, sitting for days afterward had been somewhat painful. Once King settled down with his butt pressed against Rose’s, Amanda was free to explore their tie. Carefully, she slipped a hand in and felt how far Rose’s cunt was bulging outwards due to King’s knot. Then she felt Rose’s belly and was amazed that she could feel the bump of his knot and the throb of his cock deep inside her.

She needed to explain a couple of things to Rose. “Looks like you two will be stuck together for a while. I could have kept King’s knot out if you hadn’t moaned like you were being disemboweled. However, as you were in such a hurry, you now have something the size of a tennis ball trapped in that tight cunt of yours,” she said.

Rose asked how long it could take before King could pull out. Amanda replied, “Once, he had me tied for almost half an hour. But don’t worry, Rose. I won’t let you become bored!”

Amanda shuffled her large butt forward and firmly pressed Rose’s face into her waiting cunt. Rose felt her muscles tensing again as she approached yet another orgasm. Amanda had offered Rose her cunt, and Rose had made her cum twice. As she licked and nibbled, she slowly rocked her body, tugging against King’s knot. It seemed to be lodged in just the right place, and she had enjoyed climax after climax.

King began to whine as Rose’s body shuddered yet again. To Amanda, it seemed as though Rose’s hungry cunt was draining the life out of this poor Rottweiler. When King’s asshole flexed, Rose’s butt squeezed as though it was trying to suck his cum as far into her body as possible. Finally, King gave a hard pull and his huge cock popped from Rose. Amanda moved quickly and ogled as cum poured from her stretched hole, coating her dark pubes and dripping to the floor. Unwilling to allow such waste, Amanda promptly placed her mouth over Rose’s cunt and began to suck. Rose’s arms could no longer support her, and her face dropped to the floor. But her butt remained high as Amanda fed.

Behind her, Amanda heard King lapping water from his bowl. Once Rose’s reservoir of cum ran dry, Amanda realized that, after watching Rose, she needed to be fucked by King like never before. She reached back and gave her ample butt a hard encouraging slap.

“King, King. Here, boy. This bitch needs your cock now. King. KING?”



All Amanda heard was the sound of loud snoring. King was flaked out on the floor. Nothing Amanda could do, not even a hand stroking his sheaf, could wake him up. Rose had worn this poor dog out. She noticed Rose was also sound asleep, curled up peacefully on the floor. It appeared that playtime was over.

She shouted in frustration, "FUCK IT!"

Amanda positioned a pillow under Rose's head and covered her with the spare blanket. Amanda gave her a Goodnight kiss.

"I hope your 'professional curiosity' has been satisfied. Sleep tight, you crazy sexy little thing," she whispered.

Amanda went off to her bed. After all, there was always tomorrow.

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Thankfully, Amanda had set her alarm, or she never would've woken in time to push King out the door before he was missed. Rose stirred from the commotion and stumbled to the bathroom. When she emerged, she looked so tired that Amanda helped her to the bed. They both cuddled up and slept for a few more hours together.

When she woke again, Rose flew into a panic over time. As she raced about pulling on her clothes, she explained that she had a paper due tomorrow that she had barely worked on, and with that, Rose vanished out the door and seemingly from Amanda's life.

At first, Amanda hoped there would be a knock, and Rose would stand there. Then she considered going to Rose's apartment but thought that would seem too pushy. So she hoped that she would just accidentally run into Rose once again.

Everything was conspiring against her. The hospital was short-staffed, so Amanda was working extra shifts on top of her study commitments. Twice she had invited King into mate, and twice he had pulled out before his knot could tie. Amanda was angry and frustrated and lonely, and horny.

She knew what she needed. She needed her tiny Chinese sex fiend to watch her as King plowed her cunt, held King still as he locked himself deep inside her belly, and offered up that wonderfully hairy cunt of hers to Amanda's probing tongue.

She needed Rose.

Then after three cruel weeks, Amanda and Rose had another chance meeting. Amanda played it cool, making the usual small talk. "How are you? How is work going?" Then she asked if Rose was going to the University Faculty Ball. Rose commented that she had no date to go with. Amanda laughed. "Neither do I. How about we girls go together and just have some fun?"

For an agonizing moment, Rose considered her offer. "Sure, why not? Sounds great."

Amanda was so happy she nearly wet herself. "See you Saturday night," she said.

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Rose had worked into the early morning, cobbling together a paper she could submit. As it printed out, she managed to grab an hour's sleep before she needed to get ready for work.

The next evening, she thought about the events of the past weekend. While she enjoyed Amanda's and King's attentions, dark fears clouded her mind. She worried that Amanda would come banging loudly on her door demanding sex or King would misbehave with her in public.

When neither occurred, Rose's anxieties sank to a more general level. Most people saw women who had sex with dogs as abnormal perverts. Rose imagined witnessing the horror in her parent's eyes or the disgusted shock on the faces of her work colleagues if they ever found out. She also wondered if any man would want to marry a dog fucker. Would they view her as a total slut, or would they perhaps fear unfavorable comparisons?

Work and study kept her busy, though. Rose's surprise, her rush-job paper returned with a Credit, and another paper scored a High Distinction. Rose decided to celebrate.

Even though she had deleted the bookmark and cleared her browser history, Rose still remembered the URL. Soon she was paging through the galleries and stumbled on precisely what she needed. The clip was old, the quality wasn't great, the language was German, but the subject was PERFECT!

As the clip downloaded, Rose got herself ready. She covered the chair with a towel, stripped off her clothes, and dumped them on the floor. Then she made sure the curtains were drawn and switched off the lights. Using the illumination from the monitor, she positioned herself on the chair and put on her headphones. Then she hit play.

As the clip started, Rose worked her breasts with one hand and fingered herself with the other. On the screen, a plump blond woman had been securely tied up and was lying on a couch in a small room. Rose selected this clip because this chubby blonde woman looked much like Amanda. This woman had been tied in such a way that her legs were spread-eagled, exposing her bald cunt, and she had been positioned, so her butt hung over the end of the couch.

The blond woman struggled to free herself, then froze as a brunette woman led a huge slate-grey Mastiff into the room. The blond woman pleaded as the brunette opened a jar. She poured cream all over the blond woman's large breasts, and the Mastiff immediately began to lap it.

The camera showed these massive breasts being mauled by that great tongue. The dog stopped, and the brunette felt the blond woman's nipples and made some comments. Then she walked to the end of the couch and poured cream all over the blond woman's cunt.

As the dog lapped, all the blond woman could do was moan and say, "Nein, nein."

Even once the cream was gone, the dog kept licking. Then the brunette decided it was time, and she helped the Mastiff get his front paws onto the couch, straddling the blond woman's chest. The dog's hindquarters humped lazily in the air, and maybe an inch of red cock protruded from the sheath. The brunette pushed behind the dog until his hips matched the blond woman's thighs. The dog began to hump with more purpose, and once he found his mark, he began to hammer the blond woman with frantic speed.

The brunette merely watched this ferocious mating. Soon the dog shuddered to a halt, and Rose knew that he was filling the blond woman with cum. The brunette moved forward and climbed onto the couch, squatting above the blond woman's face. She grabbed the dog's head and began to lick his panting tongue. The dog responded, and soon his tongue was deep in the brunette's mouth. As she Frenched the dog, the brunette drenched the blond woman's face with urine.

Once the brunette was done, she got off the couch and moved back to the dog's ears. The camera showed the huge cock protruding from the blond woman. Even though the knot was outside, the

cock still seemed well stuck inside her. The brunette placed one hand behind another in front of the knot and began tugging. She tugged harder and harder, and the blond woman moaned and groaned. Then the brunette gave one last strong tug, and what appeared to be a red throbbing baseball bat dragged itself out of that cunt.

The blond woman screamed, and at that moment, Rose's orgasm hit so hard she had to bite her lip to stifle her scream as her body arched and lifted her butt from the chair. Then she collapsed back down, trembling.

Meanwhile, on the screen, the dog and the brunette were busy lapping up the liquid pouring from the blond woman's gaping hole. Then, as the dog licked its cock the brunette crawled onto the blonde woman, kissing her flesh, sucking her tits, before licking her piss-soaked face. The camera showed both women kissing passionately while smiling at the viewer.

*God, that felt great,* Rose thought in post-orgasmic bliss.

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The next day Rose ran into Amanda again. After some small talk, Amanda had asked her to go with her to the Faculty Ball. Rose made her decision and said 'yes.'

The cab dropped the two women at the front of the hall. Both wore dark overcoats, and Amanda wondered what Rose had under there as all she could glimpse were a pair of silver high heels and what appeared to be red fishnet stockings. Amanda was dying to know!

They walked up the stairs and stopped at the cloakroom. Amanda removed her coat to show a slinky black dress that did little to hide her ample curves. Rose pulled her jacket, and Amanda unconsciously held her breath. Rose was wearing a cardinal red body-hugging one-piece silk gown with golden embroidery that ended in a short skirt split high on both sides. The combined effect of that gown, stockings, and shoes was staggering.

"Rose, you look like an Empress," Amanda gushed.

Rose smiled and explained that the gown was called a cheongsam. Her mother had given it to her as a leaving gift. The red color was intended to bring her good fortune and joy. Red was also the traditional color of the Chinese wedding dress. The embroidered gold dragons represented protection, a new beginning, and the hope of financial prosperity.

Rose explained that Amanda was acutely aware of spreading dampness emanating from her crotch. She was so pleased she had worn black panties.

Rose was pleased with the effect her outfit had on Amanda. Even more impressive was the effect it had on nearby men. Rose was a gracefully moving red beacon of lust. Amanda became protective, and that both amused and pleased Rose. Amanda plied her with rum and coke, and Rose happily drank them. Rose wanted to dance, so Amanda led her onto the dance floor. As the two women moved closely together, men kept trying to cut in. Some were after Amanda, but most were after Rose. Amanda managed to shoo them all away. When Rose went to the ladies, Amanda had stood guard. Rose fully expected her to bark and growl to warn off approaching women.

Rose was having the best night of her life!

Amanda was becoming increasingly horny and frustrated as the night wore on. Rose seemed oblivious to the effect she was having on people. Men and women approached Rose, only for Amanda

to head them off. Typically Amanda was up for a gangbang, but tonight all she wanted was to have Rose for herself. It had taken all Amanda's resolve not to push her way into the toilet cubicle and down on Rose as she peed. Finally, Rose suggested that they grab a cab and head home.

As he stared at them in the rear-view mirror, Amanda could see the cab driver's eyes. Amanda adjusted her large breasts. Secretly she hoped he had a painful hard-on trapped in his trousers. Amanda and Rose piled out of the cab, and Amanda didn't bother to ask as she herded Rose to the door of her apartment. She opened the door and pushed a giggling Rose inside. At the last second, King appeared from nowhere and squeezed himself through the door.

Amanda went and poured two stiff drinks. King was pawing at Rose's thigh, begging for sex. Amanda handed Rose a glass, asking, "Do you know how many men came sniffing for your cunt tonight?"

Rose gave King a pat on the head. He resorted to his sad, doggy face. Rose laughed and kissed him on the nose. *Poor King had to be in blue ball hell*, she thought.

Now that she had Rose, Amanda seemed to be at a loss for what to do with her. Looking at Rose and King, they seemed to make the perfect couple: him constantly begging for sex, her not giving it to him. Then a thought crossed Amanda's mind. What had Rose said about the color red and weddings?

First, she needed some supplies.

Rose stood before Amanda with a drink in her hand while King buried his nose in her crotch. In Amanda's mind, this would be the perfect Las Vegas wedding. Amanda addressed the couple, "Do you Rose take this Rottweiler to be your lawfully wedded dog-husband, to have and to hold, and to let him service you in every way possible?"

"I do," Rose said solemnly.

Addressing King, Amanda said, "And do you, King, take this woman as your lawfully wedded bitch-wife, to have and to hold between your strong paws, and to fuck at every possible opportunity? I will take three sniffs as a 'yes.'"

King sniffed accordingly. "Then, I declare you dog and bitch, until the knot will let you part. Now let's move on to the honeymoon!"

Amanda locked King in the bathroom and helped Rose remove her fish nets: they would never survive King's scrabbling. Amanda was pleased to see that under a pair of red lace panties, Rose's pubes remained untamed. She pulled the panties down till they were caught around Rose's ankles. Then she flipped up the back of the cheongsam, so it lay on her back, exposing Rose's tight little butt.

Amanda took in the view. Dark raven hair, beautiful red gown, uncovered butt, hairy snatch, lean legs, panties draped around the ankles, silver high heels. Rose looked like the complete dog slut. Amanda bent down and showed Rose the ball gag. "Sorry, Rose, but when you cum you scream like a banshee," she said.

It was time to put some socks on the groom.

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Rose was drunk enough to enjoy Amanda's antics. The thought of a dog wedding filled her with a strange joy. Even when Amanda ball gagged her, she just kept smiling. She was about to get dog

fucked, and she knew nothing would stop her regardless of what people thought. She heard Amanda with King in the bathroom. The door opened, and King came running, skidding slightly with his socked paws. He gave a few desperate licks and then threw himself on her back.

After the last time, Rose thought she was ready for King, but the size of his cock and the force he drove into her body still winded her. Again, that incredible heat and fullness sensation was stretching and then contracting her cunt walls as the huge cock moved backward and forward. King seemed to be driving in deeper than ever, and she occasionally felt a dull pain like the head of King's cock was striking something deep inside her.

Then the sensation of the knot being driven home removed all thoughts of pain. Pins and needles began all across Rose's body: flowing like electricity to that point where King's knot rubbed on something inside her. Then, as King went still and his cock jerked and spasmed, Rose screamed into the ball gag as the electricity in her groin turned to lightning.

Panting for breath, Rose heard Amanda holding King. No need. There was no way Rose was letting her dog-husband's knot out of her cunt. Then the weight lifted from her back as King turned. Amanda appeared in front of Rose and removed her saturated black panties.

"I forgot to tell you, Rose, that you will have an open relationship with King. Tomorrow you are going to help King fuck me. But tonight, there is this," Amanda said, and with that, she pushed her cunt into Rose's face.

As King moved off to lick his shrinking cock Amanda moved in to clean up his handiwork. Rose's butt had never looked so beautiful or more appetizing. King's cum was oozing from her, so Amanda licked and sucked up every drop. Rose's legs began to quiver, then snapped shut on Amanda's head as Rose screamed into the ball gag.

Amanda removed the ball gag, and Rose warped her small arms around her neck and kissed her hard on the mouth. She explained that it was getting late and she had Uni work to do tomorrow. Amanda knew she also had work to do but was afraid to let Rose leave again. Rose smiled. "I'll come back tomorrow night for dinner."

With that, she pulled up her panties. Rose headed back to her apartment. King sat there looking at Amanda, wagging his tail. "Just married and already thinking of cheating," she said to him.

Amanda pushed King out the door, had a quick shower, fell into bed, and dreamt of Rose.

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Twice Amanda picked up the clock to check that it was still running. Time seemed to taunt her, slowing down as the afternoon headed for evening. *For God's sake, just make it dinner time already*, she thought! Finally, there was a knock, and Amanda rushed to the door. Rose stood there smiling in her baggy T-shirt and track pants. For the first time, Amanda realized that she loved this small Chinese woman.

Amanda ordered takeaway, and the women sat and chatted. They ate, and Rose began to strip as Amanda opened a bottle of wine. "Tell me if you like this?" Rose said.

Amanda almost dropped the wine glasses when she turned around. Rose was wearing the most beautiful red lace and satin lingerie. The bra pushed up, making the most of Rose's small breasts. A suspender belt held up red fishnet stockings with red satin straps. Rose's cunt was bare, the dark mass of pubes framed in red. Amanda's cunt immediately began to twitch, and moisture trickled

down her plump thighs.

Rose waited until Amanda's back was turned and quickly pulled off her T-shirt and pants. She had bought this underwear to wear one day when she had a serious boyfriend. Now she just wanted to shock and please Amanda. Amanda turned and looked as though she was going to have a coronary. Rose grabbed her wine glass before Amanda could drop it. Rose asked, "Well, do you like this?"

Amanda put down her wine glass and grabbed her. She began to shower her with kisses; on the lips, the ears, the nose, the neck. Rose relaxed and allowed this plump woman to shower her with passion. Then she whispered into Amanda's ear, "Tonight is for you. Anything you want."

Amanda dragged her to the bedroom. Amanda undressed with such a rush she accidentally tore her damp panties. She grabbed the pillows and quickly positioned them, so her plump butt was pushed up in a way that exposed her puckered light brown asshole.

"Rose, I want you to lick my asshole. Don't try to be gentle. Just stick your tongue in there," she said.

Rose knelt down and cautiously began to tongue Amanda's asshole. It didn't taste too bad, just a little bitter when she pushed her tongue deep into Amanda's sphincter. Rose was soon engrossed in exploring Amanda's dark depths. Amanda was savaging her cunt, causing wetness to flow down, adding to the mix of flavors. Amanda shuddered and groaned, and her asshole pulsed as it contracted, then bulged out obscenely as she came.

Rose's tongue deep in her butt felt terrific. Amanda's hands worked her cunt hard, rubbing her clit and forcing several fingers in deep. She groaned as she came and could feel her sphincter muscles twitch and spasm as she orgasmed.

Amanda got up and pushed Rose onto the bed, positioning her lean butt just as she had positioned her own. She rummaged through the box of toys she kept under the bed and pulled out a rawhide chew toy she had bought for King and a tube of lube. She handed Rose the chew toy and began to grease her index finger. "If you need to scream, Rose, honey, bite down on this," Amanda said.

Rose nodded, and Amanda got to work. Amanda gave Rose's brown pucker a good sniff and savored the musky scent emitted. She stabbed her tongue in deep and was rewarded again as Rose's butt shot up off the bed. She circled her tongue slowly, probing the folds of Rose's sphincter. Amanda withdrew her tongue and replaced it with her well-lubed finger, feeling Rose tense, then relaxed as it slid past the knuckle. Amanda mashed her face into Rose's cunt, teasing her clit, plunging her tongue in deep, even biting her lips with her teeth. All the while, she was working the inside of Rose's butt. Rose gave a muffled scream and her butt clamped down on Amanda's finger, trapping it until she finished her orgasm.

Rose spat out the chew toy. Her flushed, sweaty face smiled down at Amanda. Suddenly her eyes went wide, and she said, "MOVE, I have to POO!"

Amanda laughed as Rose rushed to the bathroom. She held her tainted finger under her nose and enjoyed Rose's stink. Then she went to the bathroom to wash her hands. Amanda spent the next couple of hours cuddling with Rose as she waited until it was late enough to invite King inside safely. Amanda went to the door while Rose pulled her track pants back on. If King wanted sex, he would only get it from Amanda.

Rose watched as Amanda's plump butt wobbled its way to the door. Amanda had shown her that even the butt could be used for pleasure, although next time, Rose would make sure that she went to the loo first. She enjoyed this plump woman's company. In some ways, Amanda was as possessive as

a man, yet she always ensured that Rose derived the maximum pleasure from their lovemaking. Amanda called from the door, and King came bounding in.

Rose grabbed King by the head and kissed his nose, saying, "Husband, tonight you are going to cheat with my best friend. It is OK as I have already cheated with her."

Rose watched Amanda position herself on the floor. King gave Rose's covered crotch a couple of sniffs but was drawn to Amanda's juicy cunt. She held herself open for him, letting him force his tongue in deep. Rose lifted each of King's paws and covered them with socks. King kept lapping, so Rose reached under him to gently stroke his sheath. King needed little encouragement. He scrambled onto Amanda's back, paws kneading her flesh as he struggled for purchase. King wiggled his hips against her plump butt as the tip of his cock searched for her cunt. He found what he was looking for and drove his hips forward.

Rose watched this mating with fascination. King was a big dog, but his narrow hindquarters looked small against Amanda's broad butt. Her buttocks stuck on either side and as King's hips slapped against them, they wobbled like jelly. Rose bent down to admire Amanda's large breasts as they swayed backward and forwards. Amanda began to emit low, harsh moans, and King was panting like crazy. Rose scurried forward to watch as King crashed to a halt and started unloading his balls, and Amanda's face screwed up as she came on King's cock.

Rose grabbed King's collar and held him still. "OK, Rose, let him go. He's locked in tight," Amanda said.

Rose released her grip on King and moved down so she could hold Amanda's buttocks apart. Amanda's cunt bulged out as King turned, allowing Rose to see how huge his knot was. King settled down, and Rose watched his asshole flex as he filled Amanda with his seed.

Amanda gave herself to King. She had fucked this mutt before, but this time Rose was standing there in her baggy track pants watching King fuck. That filled her with such lust she felt like she was burning with fever. Looking between her hanging breasts, she watched as Rose placed a hand on King's sheath: an instant later, he was on her back, demanding entrance to her damp cunt. Amanda felt the hot tip of his cock brush her lips, and then he drove it in to the hilt and began to pump her with fury. Amanda's whole body began to move with the dog's thrusts as he drove deeper inside her. She was so excited that he could get his knot in with a single hard thrust. Then, as the woman and dog were about to reach their climax, Rose decided to watch her face as she came. So she went like a firecracker.

Rose grabbed King and held him while Amanda's muscles adjusted to the presence of a knot. Once she felt she had a tight grip, she told Rose to let him go. She felt Rose's hands pulling on her butt. Amanda and King were now butt-to-butt, and Amanda settled down to enjoy him filling her with hot cum. Rose stood before her, smiling as she slowly pulled down her track pants.

She squatted in front of Amanda but kept her cunt just out of reach of that waiting mouth. Rose asked, "Tell me, Amanda, have you ever allowed someone to tie you up with rope?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Just... Professional curiosity."

"Oh God, NOT AGAIN!"

Rose grabbed the top of Amanda's head and pushed her hairy cunt into Amanda's face before she

could say anything else.

*The End*