

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Rapping loudly on the front door, Kyla waited for an answer. A tan, collared T-shirt was pulled tight over her 'curvier' figure. At the bottom, a small utility belt - with only a few essentials attached straddled the waist above her broad, shapely hips. Below this hung a professional, dark-coloured skirt. It was high enough to be sensible, but low enough to be attractive, showing off just a bit of white and black fur, not covered by her knee-high socks. She tapped her boots, a light tan colour, rugged and toe-capped, impatiently on the decking, before adjusting the cap that sat between her ears - so that the Feral Protection Service badge was facing dead-forwards.

She'd been called out to a report of loud animal noise coming from the back yard of the house, along with some yelling and screaming. The neighbors had already been concerned about similar occurrences, but had only recently reported the property.

As a Feral Protection Officer - Part of the Police Force, but trained to handle crimes relating to the 'unthinking', she had all the same powers, if not more. The suspect was legally required to answer the door, let her check the premises and conduct formal interviews. However, with the golden oak still shut firmly in her face, it was looking unlikely that she'd be able to do any of this.

With a sigh, rubbing the back of her neck with a fingerless-gloved paw, the Husky stepped back from the door. It had been a slow week, and she'd been intent on coming away from this call with something more than a note through the letterbox - either an arrest or a resolution. Maybe she could take a look over the fence? Survey the garden?

Hopping off of the porch, she slinked around the side of the house, letting the detective in her come out a little. It was quite a nice building, a change from the usual neighborhoods that were rife with dogfights, illegal breeding, and '*illegal breeding*'.

Coming to the back of the house, she was stopped by a sturdy wooden gate - the high kind, with no windows or slats. All around the garden was skirted by high, wooden fence boards. Good quality wood, nicely varnished. Paid for by illicit earnings? Stepping up on her tiptoes, Kyla tried to peer over the top, but she was just a little too short. Defeated by a six-foot fence. Her search for a hole to peek through came up fruitless - however she did find evidence of some holes that had been plugged. For nefarious reasons?

Taking one more glance behind her, she put her paws on the fence and pulled herself up. Her feet left the ground, her arms hooked around the top of the fence along with her breasts, now sitting atop it.. The garden was quite nice, really. Clean cut, green, grass. A nice wooden patio around the back door, with outdoors furniture laid out across it. A winding stone path cut through the lawn, to a large shed at the back of the garden. The windows of the shed were covered in mesh, and slightly darkened. Definitely worth looking at. And holding herself up like this was getting tiring.

With a huff and a heave, she raised a slightly (and deliciously) thick leg, hooked her boot over the fence and hauled herself over. She landed with a thump in a flowerbed, crushing Daffodils and Marigolds. She looked down at them, ears falling down, feeling a little guilty. Then, she straightened up and returned to 'investigation mode'. Giving the windows a sly squint, Kyla sneaked down the garden towards the shed. It really was quite big, taking up the whole end of the garden, from fence-to-fence. Made of black, varnished panels, its roof flat and felted.

Two big dogs stood at the end of the garden. One a big, stocky Rottweiler and the other a lean, and muscular Doberman, their coats midnight black and dark brown. They were big, stocky dogs, teeth bared and golden eyes shining fiercely.

Terrified, she ran as fast as she could, skidding over the grass as she ran back up towards the house. The dogs were fast, quickly catching up to her. Kyla saw an opportunity - a small hatch on the back door - the one the dogs must use. If she could get in and then push something against it, she would be safe until the owners got home.

Pushing herself as fast as she could go, snarling dogs hot on her heels, she jumped up the patio steps and dived at the door. Her paws pushed the flap open and she dragged herself into it, pushing with all her might as she came out into the kitchen. But then she stopped. She'd gotten halfway in and got stuck. Panic hit her and she frantically pushed and pulled, but she was firmly wedged in the dog flap. There was no way forward, or back.

Her heart pounded as she heard the dogs on the patio right behind her, their nails clicking on the wooden patio, as their footfalls slowed. They were so close to her, and there was no escape. Remembering her training, she lowered her tail to make it less of a target, and held as still as she could. Trying to control her shaking, she, very slowly tried to push a little bit more through the door, but her wide hips were too wide.

The pair of dogs cautiously circled her trapped rear half, teeth bared and muzzles dripping with saliva. It soon dawned on them, that whatever was going on, it wasn't a threat. Tail low, quivering, the Husky just knelt there before them. One stepped a little closer, his nose reaching out and touching her boot as he scanned her scent. There came an 'eep' from the other side of the door, and the leg tried to slowly slide forward.

She felt his nose trailing up her sock, a paw coming down on her calf, stopping her painfully slow creeping away. Kyla could feel her blood pressure rise, racing around her body as the dog investigated up her leg. Although still terrified, her cheeks burned up with embarrassment, ears drooping. She knew what was going on.

A woman was not supposed to work with ferals while in heat. The pheromones tended to make them a little... Energetic? Who was she kidding. It made them horny. Horny, because they could smell a 'bitch in heat'. She was always able to (usually) keep her needs in check so, of course, she'd decided to come in to work, in heat, and use the mandatory days off for her holiday. *Damn it.*

It could work in her favour though. Hopefully, the dogs wouldn't attack her, at least for a while, if they thought she was a breeding female. Propping herself up on one paw, she reached back to her belt to her radio. She could call for help, and she felt her belt and then traced her finger back down to her radio. It hit wood. The radio was on the other side.

The Husky sighed, rolling her eyes, and then yelped in shock. Leaning in under her skirt, the Rottweiler jammed his nose right into her panties, pushing them up tight against her sex. His broad, flat nose traced over the thin cotton, searching out for a very familiar scent, being presented in an unusual manner. She could feel him pressing into her panties, unyielding as he boldly rubbed her womanhood with his face. Kyla tried to close her thighs, but the dog's head was already in the way, pushed right up into her crotch. The Husky's ears flicked back, and she wanted to do nothing more than push his intrusive head away. Mostly, anyway - but that was getting far beyond her comfort zone.

But with solid wood in her way, there was no way to deter the dog - not without risking injury. Trying to stay collected, she exhaled loudly, doing her best to keep a straight face as the dog brutishly rubbed his nose all over her privates, cursing the wetness her cunt was instinctively releasing. She scowled as she reminded herself of that time that, she was considering and ultimately deciding not to take 'Heat Control' tablets. Now, here she was, dripping all over a dog's nose.

Suddenly, the dog found his nose caught on the edge of a her undies. He shook his head, giving a snort, unintentionally pulling them over to one side. Kyla's cunt flashed free, a glistening pink flower surrounded by a tuft of short, white and black fur. A gleam of recognition in his dark eyes, he pressed his nose right up into it, taking in the scent that was now so much stronger, filling his senses as the wet clung to his nose, spreading from her, through it, to him. His jaw dropped open, a wide, dark-pink tongue lolling out of it, dripping hungrily with saliva. In one motion, it made contact with the bottom of her naked cunny, soaking the fur with his lust. It dragged up, sliding through her slit, splaying its petals apart ever-so slightly, the rough surface contacting every millimeter of her sensitive pussy. It reached the top, rasping over her heat-swollen clit. A shrill, female shriek rang out from behind the door.

Kyla bashed her thigh against the dog's head, but had nowhere near enough strength, in this position, to make a difference. He just gave her a rapid succession of wet licks, even at speed managing to roll neatly up through her lips, each giving her clit that final little wiggle. It was as if she'd been electrified, fists balled, eyes squeezed shut and thighs clenching as she gave out what was half a cry of anger and half a heated bark. A tingling, burning heat was spreading out from his touch, working its way inside, hijacking the nerves that ran through her loins.

Foreplay wasn't a long chapter in this dogs book. Already this female had made him madly aroused, giving him the hunt, the chase and then presenting herself to him. From a thick sheath set between his burly back legs, a hot, red poker-tip began to emerge. It swelled in tandem with the heavy sack hanging behind it, each ball like an iron walnut, dangling under their own weight. In no time at all, eight inches of cock, so thick it'd be hard to get a thumb and forefinger around, stood to attention, twitching up and down in rhythm with his heartbeat.

Kyla felt a moment of relief as the dog took his head away from her pussy, hearing his heavy paws moving away and padding around the deck, and tried to shimmy her panties back in place. This led to her squeezing herself a little bit backwards, until the her ribs were level with the door. Maybe if she could fold herself right, she'd have a chance of wriggling out.

Then the dog was immediately back on her. His giant paws landed on her back, nails catching her skirt and hiking it up over her shirt. They groped up to her hips, before wrapping tightly around her midriff. By then, his back legs were stepping on her calves, almost crushing them with the dogs weight. He hugged her close, taking the pressure off, but this brought no relief. Because this was when she felt the tip of his cock slide over her mound, leaving a trail of thick precum to soak into the parts still covered by her twisted panties.

Immediately she was thrashing away, yelling for him to leave her alone. It came crashing into her mind like a brick through a window; this dog was going to rape her. She tried her best to shake him off, but with over fifty five kilos kg of dog muscle pushing down on her rear, it was impossible to get him to even budge. All she could do was bring a paw up to her face, whimpering and whining as she felt his body shifting, his cock falling into line between the crease of her cunt lips, its shaft feeling endless as it drew back. The pointed tip came up, wiggling with the rest of the rigid length as it took aim at her naked, vulnerable cunt.

With a slow, powerful stroke, the Rottweiler brought his hips forward, the muscles in his back legs rippling with animal power. The head of his cock fell snugly into place, driving inside her tight hole. It was soaking wet, and greedily took him half-in on the first stroke. The smooth, satin walls gripped his cock tightly, clenched by the groaning Husky. No amount of tensing was going to stop this dog, though, and with a little push, his cock was buried to the hilt in Kyla's cunt, nothing the trapped woman could do about it, other than grip the doormat and cry out.

Her cunt was amplifying every inch of his throbbing invasion, letting her know just how right it was to be bred. It was just her brain being the spoilsport, constantly reminding her that the cock that had just plunged into her was that of a feral dog, taking advantage of her while she was trapped in the dog door.

“Help!” She called out “Please, help!” It had gotten too far, too fast. She hoped to God that there was someone in the house, or someone nearby who could help her.

Paws locked vice-like around her waist, the Rottweiler adjusted his stance, hindpaws pressing hard against the Husky’s calves, cock pushing side-to-side against the walls of her cunt, its big girth giving her a slight stretch as it rolled slowly around inside her. With a slick pull, Kyla felt the dog dick draw backwards, instant emptiness in her tight little cunt as it moved. Almost as quick as it had gone, the dog rammed it back into place, the woman below squealing as it reached her depths once more. Holding his bitch down, the Rottweiler began to pump her without restraint, suddenly going from a slow start to hips that almost blurred.

The heavy sack behind his sheathe swung down as he drove forwards, battering her pussy like two big, bristly wrecking-balls, slapping the dripping cunt spread around his fat shaft, catching her heat-swollen clit with the occasional hard thump. It was horribly similar to the feeling of a previous lover, spanking her ass and cunt, telling her she was a bad dog. Immediately she tried to ignore the semblance, but nothing could stop the feeling of his big furry balls smacking her soaking pussy, banging her clit on just the right places.

He was pushing into her all the way to the sheath, the bristles meeting the soft skin stretched around his shaft, ticking them right before that smack came, reverberating through the nerves on her mound, travelling up his hard cock like a tuning fork. Then he was drawing back, nocking his arrow again before slamming it forth again. Every second.

The Husky hung her head and grunted, her lower half bobbing up and down against the wood of the door, as the wood of the dog shot through her body. It was cold, and she could see her breath in front of her as she panted, her paws spread out on the floor, ears folded back against her head, her cap lost outside somewhere.

No one had ever taken her like this. Forced, fast and furious, paws holding her down, frantically ploughing her with his big, animal cock. He was strong and rough, using her for his own animal desire. It was hard to ignore the heat radiating from his poker, or that there was no condom or protection wrapped around his dog dick – and pregnancy from bestiality wasn’t unheard of.

The fact she could feel his knot starting to swell up didn’t help, the girth of his cockbase growing, tugging on her tight cunt lips, making a wet popping with each thrust. It lodged against her cunt, too big to slide in, prising her hole wider with each throb, like a car-jack, as it carried on swelling.

But the Rottweiler wasn’t taking no for an answer. She felt his hind paws heave forward, practically walking across her legs as he pressed forward with all his might. All that hard, dog muscle was too much for her soft cunny lips, and they forced apart, just about swallowing his big knot. Kyla’s tongue lolled out, eyes crossed as she felt him stretch her with his almost fist-sized thickness. It was so warm like someone had just pushed a hot-water bottle into her, and with a series of strong throbs, she felt the cork come free.

A wave of hot dog spunk hosed down her cunt, the crown of his cock only having millimeters to spare from being pushed right up against her cervix. It felt like a super-soaker was stuffed in there, Kyla able to feel the powerful squirts filling up her body. Her vulnerable, fertile body. She could feel

his balls, pushed tight up against her cunt, jumping like there were on strings, as they pumped all they could, the swollen sack shrinking and sagging as the dog's pent-up lust was transferred into her pussy.

Propped up on her hands, gasping and panting, Kyla only just realised that she'd been moaning, pushing her hips back and raising her tail. She couldn't ignore the dick, lodged deep in her cunt, still spilling seed into her body, sloshing around her ready womb. It was that God damned heat, and no matter how wrong it felt, she couldn't help herself feeling so aroused. She was enjoying being raped by a dog, getting wet over his dick and burning up as she felt his cum filling her body.

Biting her lip, she wanted nothing more than to reach back and rub her lit, so swollen, ready for release, but the door was blocking her, leaving her rear to be tended to by the dog alone. And all he wanted to do was nail her hole. She could feel him bulbing around, turning about, probably tying them. She could feel his dick twisting in her pussy, the fit so tight that his knot was barely able to turn, clenched tightly by her needy cunt.

Everything felt like it was growing more intense, as stimulation slowed. Her pussy ached for attention, but the dog was done, only waiting to be able to free himself and carry about his business, while she was left to his litter. Kyla's paw was twitching, fingers flexing, unable to reach back and give her pussy the rub it needed. Unable to release herself from this depraved, sexual prison. It seemed like eternity before the Rottweiler even moved again, shifting his cock gently, testing the waters.

Even that little stimulation was welcome, Kyla letting out a stepped moan as his cock pulled back, knot tugging on her soft flesh. Tension built as the force grew, until - with a sloppy splash, the cock was dragged out of her, cum immediately trickling out of her empty hole, running down through the lips of her cunt and dripping to the floor. The Rottweiler turned and looked at his dripping mate, her sweet pussy relaxing, his seed spilling from its glistening, puffy lips. Then, distracted by some birds, he padded away, leaving his bitch to drip.

The Husky had never felt so empty. His warm cock and snug, furry balls had been replaced by cold air, he aching twat left unoccupied. Needy. She clenched her walls, feeling his cum still filling her love-tunnel, her muscles making it gently squeeze out and run through her labia. The sensation was hot, kinky as fuck - filled up with that big, dominating Rottweilers puppy-batter. But that was nowhere near enough to sate her desires. Stuck in this door, it was turning from one torture to another. Rape. Denial.

It was driving her crazy. So, when the Dobermans paws locked around her waist, his big, dripping cock grazing past the side of her tails, Kyla's eyelids were fluttering and her tongue lolling out of her mouth. All she wanted to feel was that big hard dick rub itself on her cunt. Slide inside and give her another good pounding.

It was narrower than the Rottweilers cock, but still as thick as any good man's. A deep purple red, it dribbled heavily in anticipation, having waited for his turn on the bitch. Cum was spewing from its pointed tip, making even more of a mess of the Husky's fur as it dragged over her.

The Doberman pulled his hips back, cock straightening out like a lance, and plunged it forwards. The first strike missed, pressing up against fur. So did the second and third, making the woman on the other side of the door huff and puff with anticipation, as that cock got closer to fulfilling her. But on the fourth strike, the dog went high. The dibbling tip hit bare skin, getting lodged. A bit of a push found less resistance, slickening what felt like a tight hole. The lithe, muscular haunches of the Doberman drove forward.

It took her the whole of a second to realise the doggy dick she craved was all up in the wrong hole. The big dog heard a squeal from the from the other side of the door, rising in pitch the further he pushed into her ass. He ignored it, too busy savouring the tight hole that sucked firmly around his cock. Kyla dug her claws into the floor so hard they left gouges across the laminate, feeling every throb of that hard shaft, as it was forced deep into her tight ass.

She tried hopelessly to try and wiggle it out, but the big dog gave a rough shove forward, burying himself. Her eyes rolled up into her head, and quivering jaw hanging open. There was no barrier to hit and his massive prick felt like it just extended down through her forever. She could only imagine how it would look - her cheeks spread around his cock, tight pucker reamed open, quivering around the meat forced into it.

With some effort, he slid his cock back and hammered it forward, his precum the only thing lubing her up. It was tight. But that didn't stop him. He held her like a bitch and pushed her down, steadying his haunches for starting a motion. Kyla howled and barked, the painful, sensation of her ass being reamed confusing her mind and body. She wanted it out of her, but by God it made her so horny. Fucking heat.

I'm such a slut, she thought, picturing her asshole stretched around the big cock, what it would look like pushing its way into her, *I'm a fucktoy for these dogs*. The burning sensation of her clit, itching in the same way an arm wants to put down a heavy weight - but can't. The dog was just a few inches too high to stimulate that little nub. She wished his dangling ballsack was just a bit lower, lusting for the feel of it spanking her bud. But a rapid, uncomfortable stretching feeling was reminding her that he was most definitely not in her pussy.

The Dobermans knot was starting to form, each throb pumping blood into it, widening her pucker around the fat shaft like a car going up on a jack. Each thrust was more laboured than the last as he tight asshole tried to keep him out, but each time he forced himself in, before pulling back with a pop. The dog grunted and groaned as he toyed with her insides, feeling his sure growth to a ridiculous size, until eventually that knot was way too big.

The size of her fist, it squashed between her cheeks, trying to gain entrance back into her body. The dog let out a whine, anxious to bury himself, pushing with all his might into the female below. The pressure on her pucker grew and grew, until with a sound like squeaking rubber, the knot prised her ass open just wide enough to fit inside. Finally lodging firmly in her asshole, it was an instant release.

Kyla felt the big dog let go, the drumbeat throbs of his cock reaching climax, spasming as they pushed his hot, sticky load out and into her body. Her crazy heat didn't care if she was even being fucked in the right hole, as long as she knew she was being filled up with precious puppy batter. It rewarded her for being a good bitch, a boost of hormones and endorphins flooding her system like a drug.

Her pussy had become so moist it was dripping like a tap, taking dog seed with it. Her insides felt like they'd been filled like a water balloon, wet and sloshing, both holes filled full of doggy cum. She banged herself backwards against the door, wild and feral, the need for release escalating beyond her control. For anything - anything to just let her free. To push her horny, swollen clit and let her needs gush out.

In all her euphoria, she didn't hear the paws moving down the stairs, onto the laminate and down the hall. She missed the sound of nails clicking on the floor. A Pitbull stepped out onto the hall, eyeing up the dog in the door. His nose twitched curiously, catching her sweaty, sex-filled pheromones. With saliva pouring from his maw, the dog sprang towards her, 60lbs of muscle

charging down the hall. Kyla didn't even register his charge until it was too late. She opened her muzzle to scream as the guard dog careened viciously towards her.

But the savage attack didn't come by his sharp, animal teeth. Instead, she had just a glimmer of a thick, purple cock, erect like a lance between his back legs. Front paws thudded into her shoulder, hind legs pressing into her cheeks, and eight inches of thick, meaty prick sinking deep into her muzzle. She choked and gagged as he grappled her body and forced his animal cock deep down into her mouth.

Two front paws on the back of her head, the horny animal started thrusting away into her face, sloppy gagging muffled by his hips as he stuffed the little bitches face full. Her eyes rolled back, partly out of lack of air, and partly out of the arousal she felt. Being used as a breeding machine from both ends, a slave to the will of horny animals. Each time the dog thrust too far, stayed in her mouth a little too long, she felt unconsciousness threatening on the edge of her vision. Then it would slide backwards, taking with it the darkness that loomed.

Pins and needles dotted her skin, sound and sight hazy as the big cock slid deep over her tongue. She lost awareness of almost everything, save for her oral battering and her cold, dripping rear. For sure it felt like she was going to pass out, but it didn't bother her in the slightest. The only sense still acute was her heat, the blood pumped into her nethers still warm and sharp, hovering on the verge of an orgasm denied.

Time seemed to move almost as quickly as the rampant dog, and before she knew it, a thick knot was pressing up to her lips. Her mouth quickly started to fill up, swamping her tongue and squelching out the sides of her mouth, between her teeth. A gulp of air made it past the plug of meat, and awareness ebbed back. Instinctively, she found herself swallowing, gulping down a mouthful of warm, watery cum. The bitter, animal taste made her shudder, both from disgust and arousal.

The Pitbull pulled his cock from her mouth, the big tool glistening with saliva and cum as it spat out the last few ropes, spunking over her face. A big dollop shot over her nose, and a small splash arced up her cheek, mixing with the mascara that had run from her gagging, face-fuck ordeal.

For a second, she wondered why the cum was dripping upward. She must have twisted in the door flap, for now she was on her back. She could feel dregs of cum still seeping out of her cunt, trailing down the sides of the knot still lodged in her asshole, and dripping down her tail. The itch for her cunt to be touched was furious, and she tried again to push her paw down through the flap, but still it would not fit.

She hung there, head resting on the floor in a puddle of cum, legs splayed apart in the air, weighed down by a Doberman anchoring her ass to the patio as the dog rested, cock still twitching, dribbling cum into her stretched asshole. But her furious needs were not going to go unfulfilled.

Another cock, rock solid at the sight of her exposed, well-fucked rear, legs spread wide to reveal her tight-stuffed asshole and open, needy pussy, the sopping hole contracting as it whined for cock. A white and black spotted Great Dane trotted slowly up from the garden path. He'd watched, unnoticed as the bitch had fled, before submitting to the other two dogs needs.

120lbs in weight, and taller than Kyla when up on two legs, the Great Dane was a huge dog. And his whopping size corresponded perfectly to his junk. Eleven inches of doggy dick, thick as Kyla's wrist, sized up its sloppy target, pink and sloppy, between two shapely, quivering legs.

He seized the moment, bounding onto his bitch, front paws shaking the door as they landed. His cock hit her cunt, slapping hard between her parted, heat-swollen lips. The thick head drew back,

before huge haunches slammed it forward. Even her cum-soaked, sopping pussy struggled to engulf his massive dogmeat, stretching around his enormous girth, making it pause for only a moment, before another thrust pushed it into the deepest reaches of her hungry cunt.

From the other side of the door, Kyla screamed at the top of her lungs, cum dribbling from her mouth. She felt her womanhood filled, thick cock ravaging it once more. She heard and saw the door creak and shake, as the giant animal began to furiously pound her. His heavy ballsack was slapping her ass, her gushing cunt spread out around his massive cock. Her paws clutched the floor, claws scraping the floor as she was ravaged by the beast.

She screamed and screamed as the dog fucked her hard and fast, pushing her so hard that her lips spread wider, forced apart by his big, swollen cock. A pinpoint in her body was being rubbed, friction sending fire up through her cunt, into her soft, needy bud. She gasped and moaned, eyes wide and glistening. Something no man had done to her before - this beast was rubbing her clit from the inside, the sheer size of his cock rocking every fiber of her body. The sensation grew alongside that monster, his knot growing with each wet slap into her fuckhole. Bucking and squealing like the needy slut she had become, she'd no idea how big that cock was growing.

Until, the beast came a messy stop. His grapefruit-sized knot plugged her hole tight, sealing it with a squirt for her womanly juices. The husky bitch shrieked as the animal bred her, the torrent of cum spewing into her womb fueling her fire like wood in a furnace. A wracking shudder tore through her body, throwing her body into a fit of spasms. Psychedelic colours flashed through her eyes, her nose and ears filled with interference, and the only thing her numb body could feel was the wedge driven deep into her womanhood.

Her insides felt like they were filling to splitting point, gallons of puppy-batter being pumped into her little Husky body. She filled up until even the knot couldn't plug her, and cum came squirting out from the edges of her seal, frothy cum bubbles dribbling from her soggy, pink flower. As the last of his desire was forced into her, it all became too much to handle. Kyla passed out into a blissful state of sleep and sexual euphoria.

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It was some time before Kyla came back to her senses, hanging limp and groggy in the doggy door. Her heat was finally quenched. It seemed the dogs were gone - and so were their cocks. Her body still dripped with dog seed, every hole drenched in it. Trying not to think about the past few hours, instead she contemplated how to get out of her sticky situation.

Slowly, she squirmed lower in the door, testing how far she could move back. She was quite surprised with her progress. She managed to worm herself further and further, until her breasts squashed against the frame. Placing a paw on each one, she pushed them down flat as she could. With her feet, she dragged against the patio, pulling herself as hard as she could. It wasn't working.

It took some effort but, turning in the flap, she managed to find a better angle - on her paws and knees, as she had got stuck. Flattening her breasts again, she managed to squeeze herself back a little more. Bit by bit, she swayed and twisted, until with a great effort she fell free of the door, landing on her knees on the patio. She had a moment to recover, before unsteadily getting to her feet. With a sigh she turned.

And froze.

The large shed at the bottom of the garden had gotten open. Lounging across the grass with breeds of every dog imaginable, from Alsatians and Bulldogs to Corgis and Dachshunds. In the middle of

them all, a Great Dane looked up from grooming herself. Her eyes locked with his for a moment, before lowering to the pink tip growing from his sheath.

“No! No, don’t - *Please!*” She squealed and took a step back, flat against the door and paws raised, as every dog in the garden rose to their feet, bounding across the grass towards her...

*The End?*