

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter One

In our part of town Rhea was a legend. She owned the best, ok, the only, 24 hour cafe. The huge sign across the front of the building spoke volumes. EAT ME in pink neon, On the left, 'Breakfast and Dinner', on the right, 'Coffee for everyone'.

Inside the menu was simple, breakfast or pulled pork, coffee in big mugs with free refills, all day, all night, all welcome. But around the back was a small lean-to populated by girls who wanted, or needed, a job. A pizza delivery job. Rhea made the best Pizza, but it was only available delivered, even if you called in person, it got delivered, in the cafe it wasn't available, no exceptions.

My folks flatly refused to let me be a Pizza delivery girl, so I had to settle for being a waitress, evenings and weekends, as often as I was allowed. It wasn't just my folks that restricted my hours. Rhea did too. Her girls worked hard, in the cafe and at school.

Finally my eighteenth birthday arrived. The following evening I rushed to Rhea's to start my first shift delivering Pizza. Of course I knew the other girls, knew the stories about the customers, especially the important ones, those who tipped well, or not at all and of course those best avoided, for one reason or another.

Top of the avoid list for the girls was Jake Johnston, not because he was weird or 'handsy' or anything, the problem was his arthritis and his dog. Jake was ancient and moved only slowly, his dog was friendly, much too friendly, a lot of girls had dropped Jake's Pizza when the dog's nose jabbed them right in the pussy.

As the 'new' girl I didn't get a say in which deliveries I got, so those first ones were the no tippers, then to cap it all, I got handed a Pizza and told it was for Jake Johnston.

Now I should probably explain that I cycled everywhere, no choice, no money, but good exercise It might be worth adding that beneath my uniform polo shirt and pleated skirt, I was naked. Why? Because it was damn hot... !! No. Not me pervert. The weather... !!

So when I arrived at Jake's door I knew what to expect, at least if the gossip was true. It sure took him long enough too answer the door. He greeted me and turned slowly back around to go get his wallet. Meanwhile his dog was right there in front of me, his nose up under my skirt. It felt kind of nice, naughty too, then his tongue touched my pussy ... I gripped the Pizza box so hard the edges crumpled, then I closed my eyes, took a deep breath and edged my legs wider apart.

I didn't want to scream, so I lifted the Pizza box and bit down on the edge like I was going to eat it box an' all. That dog really knew what he was doing, just as well, because I had no idea, well, I did, but only if you count rumours and girl talk, nothing practical, not even second base.

When I finally opened my eyes old Jake was stood right there, watching, a grin on his face. I pushed the Pizza box towards him, took the money, but I couldn't move, not right away, the dog was still cleaning up after himself, after me too.

The old guy's eyes kinda twinkled as he spoke. "You gonna cum again?"

I just bobbed my head and spun away, Not sure I knew how to answer.

From that first night I made sure I was the one to deliver Jake's Pizza. He always watched and never complained about the teeth marks on the boxes...

Months later I was in the cafe when my parents called in, so I overheard Rhea when my dad asked her if she was happy with my delivery work. I will never ever forget the reply and not only because Rhea spoke with a straight face.

“Oh yes, she had it licked the very first night...”

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## **Chapter Two**

In the weeks that followed that first time I made sure I was the only one to deliver Jake’s Pizza so his question was answered, yes I did cum again, every single time, often too, as Jake almost seemed to live on Pizza... !!

Ok, so maybe I’m not the smartest cookie in the box, yes it did take me a while to realise that not every box I delivered actually contained Pizza...

It took longer to realise that there was some connection between Rhea and Jake, which was why there was a delivery for him every evening I was working. That didn’t hit me until after I overheard Rhea answering my Dad’s question. How did she know the dog licked my pussy? Obviously Jake told her, trusted her enough to reveal what happened, and Rhea must approve because she kept sending me with Jake’s delivery.

The thought didn’t bother me, actually the only thing that did worry me was not getting a regular licking, that dog’s tongue was amazing, as were the orgasms. Thinking about it, what made it so intense wasn’t just being licked by a dog, it was being watched, being exposed as I came, unable to move or hide, almost like being bound. THAT got me thinking, ok, fantasising alone in my bed at night. I rarely slept without a fantasy in my mind and fingers in my pussy.

So whilst my school friends were consumed with boys, I wasn’t, who needed a boy when a dog’s tongue was so good... ?? Ok, so I had no way to compare, still a virgin, still no second base, just the dog’s tongue licking my pussy, working inside too. No, no hymen, a result of trying to ride my bike in the woods, not on the tracks but cross country. It hurt, briefly, my Dad’s lecture and, “I told you so”, hurt for much longer.

Then school ended, my grades enough to manage a shot at University, if I could survive on the only scholarship available. My summer was going to be devoted to working, earning as much as possible. At least now I was eighteen my parents allowed me to work as many hours as I could get, as well as lifting all the restrictions on when and where I went, all they wanted was to know when to expect me back, and roughly where I was going to be. “Just in case.”

My first thought was to speak to Rhea and ask for more hours, not that I was expecting much, after all, I’m not the only one looking to make money and some of the other girls needed it more than me, at least I thought so.

Rhea was a legend in our part of town. As a boss we all knew we could go to her with a problem anytime, regardless of the problem, nothing was off limits, nothing said ever got repeated, but Rhea wasn’t one for chit-chat or letting anything or anyone slide. Staff or customer, it made no difference, step out of line and Rhea would tear you a new one, right then and there, audience be damned.

Our conversation didn’t go as I expected.

“Rhea, could we talk, later when I’m done and if you have time.”

“Took you long enough, half ten, my office.”

Pizza deliveries were 24 hour, but after nine thirty Rhea only allowed those girls with cars to deliver, after eleven thirty only permanent staff delivered. I was still cycling everywhere, so for the last hours I and the other cycle girls waitressed in the cafe or worked ‘in the back’, cleaning and scrubbing, or whatever else needed doing.

Rhea’s office was upstairs but separate from the other upstairs area which had a few rooms for the staff and a break room that also had lockers where we changed and kept personal stuff locked away. Not that we needed to lock our stuff, none of the staff would steal, but Rhea made the rules, nobody broke them without consequences.

At ten thirty I knocked on the office door. A single snapped command. “Enter”. I obeyed.

Now, you probably think I was nervous, but the truth is we all knew that the Rhea who we took our problems to wasn’t the Rhea who ran the best, ok, the only 24 hour cafe and Pizza service in town.

The office had the usual stuff, desk and file cabinets, but on one side was a sitting area, a few comfortable armchairs and a low table. That is where Rhea moved to and beckoned me to sit.

“You know the drill, out with it.” Rhea didn’t believe in what she called “pussy footing around”, anyone seeking her help had to be totally upfront and absolutely honest.

“I’ve managed to get the grades and a scholarship for University, but the scholarship isn’t going to be enough on it’s own, so I need to earn as much this summer as I can, but I know there are other girls who need money so I guess you can’t give me a full time job.” That was the easy part. “So I know I’ll have to find another job, but ... Well, I don’t want to stop delivering Jake’s Pizza...”

Rhea didn’t react to my words. I’m not sure what I expected, other than believing I could tell her anything, trust her enough to say anything, I’d just never needed to before, so her lack of reaction was ... Comforting, kind of.

“You got yourself addicted to that damn dog’s tongue, huh?”

I’d never spoken out loud about it, never. So my reply was the first time I openly admitted it, even to myself, I think. As I spoke I could feel my blush spreading over my body. “Yes, I am. He makes me cum SO hard.”

Rhea smiled. “And having Jake watch you makes it better.” It wasn’t a question. So I just nodded in reply.

Rhea picked up a card from the low table and held it out to me. “You’re expected at ten tomorrow morning, don’t be late, don’t commit to anything until you have slept on it, come see me if you want.” Rhea paused and our eyes locked, it felt like she could see inside me, read my soul. “Don’t worry about Jake’s dog, it’ll work out.”

Rhea held my eyes a little longer, then seemed to release me. “Now get your ass downstairs and go see Carol, she’ll show you how to work the till.”

“Thanks, for everything...” I was still blushing as I left, but the tingling I’d felt was now moving to my nipples and pussy, I had finally admitted it to another person. I was addicted to dog tongue. I came being watched as I got licked, and I wanted it never to stop... !!

The remaining time was a struggle as I tried to suppress the feelings I had so I could concentrate on what Carol was teaching me, the till wasn't hard to use, the card machine was easy, but it seemed that Carol wasn't just teaching me what I needed to know for the cafe, but for any till, anywhere. A useful skill, but right then it was hard to concentrate, my pussy was juicy and yearned for the touch of a dog tongue.

Hard or not, Rhea was expecting me to give it my full attention, so I did, enough that I got a "good girl" from Carol when it was time to go. I scooted up to the break room to change and grab my stuff, eager to get home and into my bed so I could cum. But as I scooted back downstairs one of the cooks called out. "One delivery, Rhea said you'd do it on your way home."

Shit... !! "Ok." I took the box and headed out to get my bike before looking at the delivery ticket. Jake. I could have kissed Rhea right then... !! Pizza box secured I raced out and cycled hard, eager to get to Jake's place. My outfit was perfect, A crop top and short pleated skirt, nothing else but running shoes and a smile. More revealing than my Pizza uniform, Jake was in for a real treat tonight. I was ready, very very ready, pussy already oozing, leaking out to make my seat sticky. Nipples hard, rubbing against my crop top as I cycled hard, legs pumping, pussy oozing. I needed to cum, needed to be licked, licked by a dog and watched by an old man as I came, biting the Pizza box as usual to gag my scream of orgasm. I could see it all as I rode, picture how it must look, but it wasn't enough, my imagination was good, but the real thing was much much better.

As usual Jake took ages to answer my knock, his arthritis as bad as ever, but at least he had the money with him, had done so for ages, it saved him going back for it and meant he could watch everything start to finish. I just stood in the doorway as always, the dog already had his nose under my skirt, but this time it wasn't enough, this time I wanted it all, so I reached down and hiked my skirt up, tucking it into the waistband so nothing was hidden from Jake's view. For the first time he could actually see his dog's tongue sliding into my pussy. As I raised my arms my fingers grabbed the bottom of my crop top and pulled it up high so my breasts were exposed as well, then I raised my arms higher, reached out and grabbed the doorframe, my usual position, but now totally bared for Jake's enjoyment. Except this time I'd handed the Pizza box to Jake, so I had nothing to bite down on...

I forced my eyes to stay open, watching Jake watching me, smiling as his dog's tongue fucked me. He even lifted the box up as I was about to cum, held it out so I could bite it to muffle my scream.

It felt intimate, biting down on a box held by my audience, almost like I was leashed, bound, it made me cum harder, longer.

Finally I opened my mouth, Jake lowered the box, still watching as I panted and his dog licked me clean, neither of us wanted it to be over.

"Cum again, anytime. The view is mighty improved " His parting words as he closed the door.

I had to cycle home standing on the peddles, my pussy too sensitive to suffer the constant rubbing of the saddle if I sat.

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### **Chapter Three**

I woke this morning with my sticky fingers still pressed against my pussy. Last night was hot... !! My mind replaying the scene of my being totally exposed to Jake as his dog licked me. I decided that was how it should be in future, fully exposed, if I was going to live with my addiction to dog tongue I

should own it. Be proud of it.

A much needed shower, I resisted the urge to play, just dried and dressed before heading downstairs to breakfast. My appointment allowed me a lazy start to my day, parents already gone to work, so I scribbled a note whilst scoffing orange juice and cereal. Rhea hadn't given any clue as to what the interview was, how I should dress, in fact nothing but the address. No way was I going to dress up, this summer was the hottest I could remember, no, not just sexual heat, the weather too, pervert... !! Ok, so I thought the same, so we are both perverts.

Anyways, I chose what had become my usual outfit, crop top and a short pleated skirt, locked the door and set off cycling to the address Rhea had given me.

Delivering Pizza meant I knew the town well, some parts better than others of course, there are parts where we seldom deliver, those areas I don't know well, but enough so I don't need a map to find my way. The address was on the east of town, south of the main highway, a signpost and letterbox marked the turn into a private road that ended in a sprawling house, like someone had built extra rooms first, then joined them to the rest as an afterthought.

To the left of what looked like the front of the main house was a sign that said 'Office' above a battered looking timber door. I leant my bike against the wall next to the door and was going to knock when I spotted the note. "Don't knock, either kick it hard, or ring the bell" An arrow pointed to the left where a rope hung. I pulled on the rope and jumped when it rang a real bell, a real LOUD bell... !!

The thing was still echoing when a girl popped her head around the far corner of the building, "Hey... !! Round back." I just grinned and headed towards her, at least these folk were not stuffy, I doubted they'd care how I was dressed, the girl looked to be wearing a similar outfit, though as I got close I could see she wasn't sweaty from cycling in the hot sun.

"I'm Sara, he's around back, c'mon, I'll show you then we can get you a cold drink, you look like you could use one." I thought she was reaching to shake my hand, but instead she gripped mine and held it, pulling me along with her as she scooted back around the building, through a gate in the solid looking fence and on to a wide sloping lawn. Standing on the grass close to a wide porch was a young man and two beautiful dogs, both of whom were sitting in front of him, watching him with rapt attention. Me too. I noticed his left hand move, just a little, the dogs did too, and obeyed the command, racing away across the lawn until a short sharp whistle froze them in their tracks, both now lay down, heads scanning around, ears picked, obedience personified.

Me... ?? I felt like I needed to obey too, just wasn't sure what command to obey, what command I wanted to hear ... Sara must have sensed my reaction because her hand squeezed mine and she hustled us closer the where the man still stood.

As we got close, he spoke, but without turning to look at us. "A moment or two whilst I run these two enough to keep them happy, then we can talk." He didn't wait for an answer, just kept watching the two dogs. Sara and I watched and listened as he proceeded to run the dogs around using just a series of whistles to command them, they didn't just race around the edge either, he had them tracing imaginary patterns all over the lawn, sometimes splitting them up, other times having them run together. It was an amazing display of obedience, of training and control. It also made me wet.

Just as I was sure I was about to feel my own juices trickling down my inner thighs, he called the dogs to him, turned to Sara and I, smiled, and ushered us both up onto the veranda and across to a glass topped table with three chairs. He invited me to sit opposite him, the two dogs sat to my left,

between us. He bid Sara fetch us something to drink. She shot off to obey, whilst I sat carefully, aware that my short skirt and lack of knickers was probably going to give him a good look at my wet pussy through the glass table top. Oh well, I had decided to own it. I sat, resisted any urge to arrange my skirt, then let my legs part, not blatantly, just comfortably.

Give the guy his due, his eyes stayed on my face, at least at first. When he did check me out he did it openly, took his sweet time about it. When his eyes lingered between my thighs I couldn't stop myself, I edged my legs a little wider, just enough to be obvious, then tried to keep a straight face. "Is it hard?"

Sara had returned, placing a jug of iced juice on the table, passing out glasses like she was dealing cards. She sat down to my right, smiling.

My question brought his eyes back up to my face, at least for a moment. He raised an eyebrow.

"The job vacancy I'm here for, is it hard?" I wanted to look innocent but had to settle for just keeping a straight face.

"Touché." He grinned, a look that hinted at 'evil little boy', it suited him. With a last long look at my bare pussy, he reluctantly lifted his eyes back up to mine. "Ok, enough enjoying the view. Let's get to business."

The change in him wasn't obvious, but I could feel it, he really was in business mode, all of a sudden I could feel his focus, like it was a spotlight and I was caught in it's beam.

"Rhea told me about you a while ago. No, not your name, not even your description, in fact nothing to identify you at all. What she did tell me was enough to gain my interest, in fact I made her an offer, or rather I told her the offer I'd make to her hypothetical girl, you. So I'm going to tell you a little about what could happen, then I'm going to let Sara take over, she can tell you first hand what you would be agreeing to."

I looked at Sara. She just smiled, nodded, and reached out to take my hand. I know she meant to reassure me, but her touch just made me hot, wet.

"You've heard the expression, 'Sex sells'? Well, my family, all of my family, are some of those doing the selling, we all specialise so as not to compete directly with each other. In my case, I enjoy young ladies and dogs, so those are what I focus on, I like them beautiful, well trained, obedient."

"The girls or the dogs.?"

"Both." He smiled. "And I said young ladies, not girls. Others in my family would welcome a young girl, especially a little slut, I demand more, my young ladies are sexy, very sexy, sexual, but with class, not common sluts. If you ever feel that's what you need or want, I'll point you at the relevant relative, but I'll have nothing more to do with you."

As he made his point, his voice had taken on an edge, hard, unforgiving, but not cruel or mean. He paused, then continued, his voice back as before, calm and relaxed.

"Rhea told me about your money problem, what I'm going to offer you is a solution, a way to devote all your energies to your classes and in return I will demand just enough of your time to give you a chance to let off steam, get your addiction fix and then get back to your studies."

He paused, took another blatant look at my pussy, then lifted his eyes back to my face and continued.

"I'll let you and Sara talk, take as long as you like, the boys will keep you company." As he stood he gave a command, a word I didn't recognise or understand. But his dogs did, even before he turned to walk away, Sara and I each had a dog's nose between our thighs, I moaned as 'my' dog's tongue licked my soaking wet pussy. My moan was echoed by Sara, her hand squeezing mine as we both settled back in our chairs, legs spreading wider, both content to let the dogs do as they had been commanded whilst we talked.

Yes, we actually managed to talk. Mostly because the dogs were not trying to make us cum, the command was obviously to give us pleasure, keep us aroused, but not enough to cum.

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## **Chapter Four**

Maybe it seems unreal that I could be with a girl I didn't know, both of us being licked by dogs I didn't know, whilst sitting outside on the veranda of a strangers house. Maybe it illustrates just how addicted I was. Perhaps it just proves how relaxed and welcoming the atmosphere was.

Sara started by telling me a little about herself, details that don't need revealing here. Basically we were in similar situations except that Sara was a year ahead of me and therefore had a year's experience of the offer I was being made.

Sara paused then, just long enough to lift her legs up and hook them over the arms of the chair whilst scooting her ass forward to give 'her' dog better access. "Mmm, I like my ass licked almost as much as my pussy."

"Never tried it." But I did then, copying her moves, she was right, the feeling of the dog's tongue rasping across my rosebud was ... Yummy... !!

"Ok, so this is how it works." Sara continued. "I committed to being available three weekends a month, plus a few weekday evenings, but I get to choose which, so I can make sure they don't mess up my classes or study groups. Martin takes care of the details, so I just have to be ready to fuck."

Not what I expected, earning enough to get through university was important, but not enough important enough to become a prostitute. Sara must have seen my reaction.

"No, not like you think. Not at all." She actually giggled. "I'm not a hooker, you heard Martin, he'd freak if I turned a trick. I fuck dogs, not guys."

I felt myself relaxing, a lot, I must have tensed up more than I realised. "So how does it work? Whose dogs? Where?" Sara cut me off.

"Whoa girl... !! One question at a time."

I shut up and just listened, relaxing again, letting the dog's tongue sooth me. The long slow licks from tailbone to clit were almost hypnotic.

"Put simply, I go to peoples houses and fuck their dogs whilst they watch, sometimes they don't have a dog, or want variety so Martin provides the dog and me. Other times it's a club not a house, bigger audience, more money. The rest are when I do it for the camera, Martin also makes films."



"Don't you worry about being recognised?" I know I'd decided to own my addiction, but owning isn't the same as going public. What would be the point of getting a degree if the way I paid for it made me unemployable?

"I would say trust me, it's fine. But that's not enough, it certainly wasn't enough for me last year. Let's go inside, there is something you need to see."

Sara bent forward and cupped her hands to her dog's face, lowering her head as she did, low enough to kiss him on the nose. Except she didn't stop there, I watched as her tongue extended, her head tilting to the side, her moves graceful, practised, they were kissing, tongue kissing, girl and dog. "Mmm, I taste good, don't I boy?" Sara licked her lips, patted the dog and stood. "Ok, let's go. You coming?"

I very nearly was... !! It had been the hottest thing I'd ever witnessed. I followed her example, well, ok, just a little. I patted 'my' dog's head. "Thank you sweetie." Then stood and let Sara take my hand again, the dogs taking position at our sides as we walked towards the house.

Sara led me in through a large sliding glass door into what looked like a party room, big, lots of seating scattered around, a large area of open floor in the centre, a bar at one end and a large, actually huge screen at the other. The dogs followed us to a sofa facing the screen that Sara chose for us to sit on. She lifted a remote from a side table and a movie started on the screen. Titles and then a girl appeared, a dog at her side. What followed blew my mind and I would have soaked the sofa if 'my' dog hadn't continued from where he left off outside, licking my very wet pussy. Sara was still holding my hand, so I guess she could tell which parts of the film affected me most. Until that day I'd never really considered doing more with a dog than just getting licked, now I was watching a girl experience just about everything a dog could do to or with her, and she didn't hold back either, giving as much as she was getting.

When the movie finished Sara used the remote to turn off the screen. "You liked that." It wasn't a question.

"No, not liked, I want that, maybe I NEED that... !!"

Sara grinned, so you liked my performance.?"

I just stared at her, my mind trying to picture the girl on the screen, compare her to the girl sitting besides me. "That was you? How?"

"A good quality wig, some carefully applied makeup and stuff, nothing too drastic, but it proves the answer to your question. Nobody is going to recognise me from that film, nobody will recognise you, unless you have a tattoo or a birthmark and forget to cover it up." She paused. "Or unless you tell them, so, if you go ahead, be very careful who you tell, ok?"

There was something, an edge to her voice maybe. "Who?" I gripped her hand, trying to express my sympathy.

"An ex, a jerk, it's dealt with, but it could have been bad, bastard was going to blackmail me. Martin read him his fortune." Sara grinned. "Martin isn't a saint, but he does keep his word, and he does look after his girls. I have a chaperone on every job I do, you will too."

"I think it's time I left, I've got a lot to think about."

“And you want to go somewhere private to jill off.” Sara grinned, “I understand, just come back when you’ve thought it through, ok?”

“I will.” I gripped her hand, pulling a little so we drew together, I kissed her cheek. “Thanks, and please thank Martin too.”

I pulled back, then bent down, cupping ‘my’ dog’s head as Sara had earlier. I kissed the top of the dog’s head. “You too sweetie, your tongue is amazing... !!” I didn’t try to kiss him properly, not like Sara did outside, I wasn’t ready, no. I was ready, just the wrong dog.

Sara stayed with me as I walked back outside and around to where I’d left my bike. As I mounted, she leaned in and kissed my cheek, her words soft in my ear. “I fuck girls too...”

As I cycled back down the private road I had a lot to think about, dogs, Sara, Martin’s offer. My promise to talk to Rhea before I made a committment. All of those things churned around in my mind, I needed to focus, but first I needed to cum... !!

The more I thought about what I’d seen Sara doing in that movie, the more I realised just how much I wanted that too. Licking was wonderful, but now it wasn’t enough, but if I was going to fuck, I wanted my first time to be special, at least to be with a dog I already knew, had a connection with. More that that, I needed to own it.

I wasn’t concentrating on where I was going, so my subconscious made the decision for me. Jake had said “Cum back anytime.” So that’s just what I was doing.

As usual it took ages for Jake to answer my knock. “Hi Jake, no pizza box to bite on today, so do you mind if I come in and close the door? I don’t want my screams to attract attention.”

I was OWNING it... !!

Jake grinned. “Front room, more space, I’ll be right along.”

As I slipped past him I was already pulling my crop top over my head, his dog right behind me, his nose pressed to my ass beneath my skirt. By the time Jake had settled into an armchair I was naked and on my knees, my hands cupping his dogs head. “Gently, sweetie, I’m a virgin.” I kissed him, tongue kissed him, my first dog kiss ever. Jake groaned, I don’t think it was from his arthritis.

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## **Chapter Five**

My first dog kiss ever!

That statement alone is enough to condemn me in a lot of folks eyes. But it didn’t feel wrong at all, in fact it felt right, overdue even, after all this dog had been licking me to orgasm for ages now, several times a week in fact. Without my reciprocating in any way.

My time with Sara had changed that. I wasn’t just addicted to dog tongue, I was determined to take it all the way, to OWN IT. Having Jake watching my first time just added to it. Maybe I’m an exhibitionist too?

Of course right then I wasn’t thinking all this, I was consumed in the moment, eagerly working my tongue against the dog’s, exploring his mouth as he explored mine. The feel of his chest against my

tits added to the sensations but eventually I needed more. The dog did too. He was eager to taste me and happy to break our kissing so he could get his tongue between my thighs. It was the first time we'd done this with me on my hands and knees, usually I was standing, legs spread, arms racing up and out to grip the doorframe, my back open to the outside as I stood in Jake's front doorway.

Being on all fours didn't give me the access I wanted, so I lowered my ass to the floor and twisted, trying not to block Jake's view whilst giving his dog much better access to my pussy whilst I stroked my way along his body until my hand could grip his cock. With one arm supporting me I could lean in and kiss the dog's cock whilst he licked my pussy. My first taste of dog cock was ... Different, I had nothing to compare it too, well, except myself, I had tasted my fingers during and after masturbating many times, the dog tasted muskier. My kiss turned to licking which led to my taking his cock into my mouth. I'm not sure which of us was more wary, he stopped licking me as my lips engulfed him, but as soon as my tongue got busy and I began sucking, he resumed his attention, his tongue now delving inside me, I was wet as hell and would have been moaning if I wasn't gagged by a mouth full of dog cock. Not to mention his pre-cum that was oozing out and lubricating my mouth action.

We didn't cum together, but we did both cum, the dog eagerly licking me deeper as I choked on his cock, maybe he was addicted to my pussy? That would be fair. Then I felt his cock swelling in my hand, my lips stretched wide as he jerked his hips, fucking my mouth as he came. I was expecting him to pump a few gobs like I'd heard the girls at school describe the boys doing. Dogs are not boys, they cum differently, for starters it takes them longer, long enough that I could swallow enough to keep from drowning whilst doing my best to take as much cock in my mouth as possible, my throat didn't help at first, my gas reflex kept telling me to throw up when all I wanted to do was swallow. So I did, and that made it all better, as long as I kept swallowing repeatedly I found I could take his cock deeper, my throat felt weird as the dog's cock nudged into it, but the sensations went straight to my pussy and I was determined to make the dog feel as good as I did when he had licked me to all those orgasms.

Jake hadn't spoken since I started kissing his dog, but I was vaguely aware of his moaning and occasionally grunting in the background. It wasn't until his dog had spent his cum in my throat and we'd licked each other clean that he did speak. His dog had retired to curl up at his master's feet, leaving me naked in the middle of the room.

I didn't feel exposed, just well satisfied with myself for 'owning it', so I knelt up, knees wide apart, sitting on my heels facing Jake as he spoke again.

"I said it looked like you enjoyed that."

Maybe the grin on my face gave me away. "Not so much enjoyed as needed. I felt guilty for taking for so long without paying him back."

Jake nodded, watching me as I lifted a finger to my cheek to wipe away an errant gob of dog cum. He smiled as I licked my finger clean. "Feel like you've levelled the score... ??"

"No. Not at all, that was just so he would know I meant business." I think I actually blushed a little. "He is my first, I want him to be my first, at everything..."

Jake had been looking at me, now he seemed to look into me. "Never met a girl like you in my day, heard stories, but never met one..." His eyes seemed to lose focus, as if seeing times past. We both sat quiet for a while. Then he was back, looking at me again. "You remind me a lot of my niece when she was around your age."

I was about to ask who his niece was, but right then his dog was there in my face, tongue rasping

across my lips, so we kissed again, my arms wrapped around him, tits pressed to his chest, my nipples liked the way his hairs prickled.

When he finally backed up my arms around him pulled me forwards so I was again on all fours. He must have decided I was his because he wasted no time in moving behind me and mounting, although I had to reach down so as to guide his cock to my eager pussy. It didn't give Jake the best view, but it was too late now, I was losing my virginity to his dog.

I tried hard to keep my eyes open, to watch Jake as he sat there watching his dog breeding me. Mostly I was enjoying the sensations of being filled and stretched by the first cock ever to enter my pussy. The first stroke had been slow, jerky, as the dog shuffled his back feet and got positioned, but as he filled me his front legs wrapped tighter around my hips and his paws curled, claws digging in. Then he started to piston. Oh FUCK... !! I should have known, should have been ready, but somehow I'd never really appreciated exactly how fast a dog fucks his bitch. It was mechanical, or just maniacal, the speed, the force, insane. I was addicted all over again, I just relaxed and let him take me, no need to rush, we were not going to be discovered, nor was this going to be a one time thing.

Relaxing gave the dog command, let him do as he pleased with me. It gave me time to take it all in. No, not his cock. Ok. Well yes his cock, but everything else too. The feel of his body working away against mine, the safe feeling I got from being wrapped in his front legs. The warm sticky of his drool dripping down onto my back.

I looked up again, my head had been sagging, looked up at Jake who was watching us, our eyes met, then mine widened as his dog began driving his knot into my pussy, stretching me, pounding me, I groaned, cried out, he was in. Jake knew, his head nodded once, approvingly. I was officially full of dog cock. I could already feel him cumming, it was hot, hotter than my overheated pussy. Hot enough it seemed enough to brand my insides, marking me as his bitch, breeding me.

It was Jake who pronounced sentence. "You're a dog girl now."

I just smiled and nodded, accepting the compliment, somehow Jake seemed to know, to have enough experience to judge.

Being tied blew my mind.

The feeling of being joined to a dog, unable to get free, that was enough to tip me over the edge into another orgasm. It was just so intimate, so intense, it was easy to understand how I would crave it without regular repeats.

When he finally pulled away our cum gushed out to splatter on the wood floor. The dog just walked away, headed to his master where he curled up again, but I only had to crawl forwards to beat him to his cock. I was going to suck and lick it clean, not him.

I won.

My prize was his cum. He settled down to sleep at his master's feet, leaving me well fucking and still dripping, so I crawled back and lowered my head, tongue out, I licked at the pool of cum. Hot it was nectar, warm was ok too, but cold was yucky. I sighed, stood, and headed to the kitchen to find a cloth or something.

"Bring back a towel to sit on."

I obeyed, brought a kitchen roll too, tore off a bunch of sheets to mop up the mess. Jake motioned me to a chair but I just spread out the towel and knelt on it.

“Happy now?” Jake’s voice warm as his smile.

“Yes.”

“Finished?”

“Oh no, just waiting for him to recover.”

“It takes us a while, man and dog, randy bastards most of us, but mother nature don’t hurry for anyone.”

We talked then, an old man, riddled with arthritis and a young woman naked and still oozing dog cum. I told Jake about my visit with Sara, what happened, what was offered, even what Rhea had said about talking to her before making a decision.

“Knowing my niece, she has a better offer, but wanted you to have choices.”

Ok, so maybe I’m dumb. “Your niece... ??”

“Rhea.”

“Oh fuck...” A lot of things suddenly make perfect sense. “I’m an idiot.”

“No, just young.” He grinned. “And sexy as hell, I might add.”

It was my turn to grin. “You may, it’s your house, your dog.”

“But not my rules.” Jake was serious where he had been relaxed. “You can come here anytime, cum as often as you like.” He stressed the ‘cum’ part. “But it’s your decision, your rules, understood?”

I nodded. “Yes, but why? I mean why say what’s obvious?”

“Because often it is not like this, a lot of girls in your position don’t or can’t make their own rules, they have to bide others.”

He paused.

“You and Sara could make your own rules, but Martin would insist you obey his rules. Maybe even stop Sara seeing you unless you both obey him.”

The thought stopped me dead. I’d listened to the offer, but only thought about the sex, ok, the money too, but mostly the sex. Rules hadn’t seemed important until now.

I didn’t hear the door, so I wasn’t ready when Rhea walked into the room.

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## **Chapter Six**

Kneeling on the floor, naked, dripping dog cum. Not exactly the state to be in when your boss enters the room. Rhea just smiled, standing there as the dog stuck his nose up under her skirt. I watched as

she spread her legs a little wider to allow the dog better access, she seemed to move without conscious thought, as if from long accustomed habit.

It was Jake who spoke first. "If reincarnation's an option, I want to be that damn dog... !!"

"Says the man who bred this pussy hound." Rhea's laugh was cut short by a gasp, I guessed the dog's tongue had found a good spot, well, a G spot anyway. He sure knew how to find mine.

"So you listened to Martin's offer then.?"

"Yes, I did. But now I'm having second thoughts."

Rhea nodded. "Good."

Jake interrupted. "I bred him, you trained him."

Rhea grinned at him, then turned her attention to me. "I have a proposition for you, if you're done?"

After what Jake had said I was interested to find out what Rhea had in mind, but I wasn't finished, I wanted to be a total dog girl, which meant Jake had one last virginity to take. "No, not yet."

Rhea dropped her glance and I knew she was looking at the floor beneath me. "I guess you need his cum in your bowels first, huh?"

"Yes."

"You prepared, or just hot, wet and ready.?"

I hadn't thought to 'prepare' but the question made me hesitate.

"Ok, I'll show you, come on, let's get your drippy pussy into the bathroom." She held out a hand.

I stood and stepped quickly towards her, reaching out to take her hand, letting her guide me away down the hall passage to what turned out to be a wet room with a shower and lots of room. Rhea let go of my hand, swatted my butt and... "Go get the water going, I need to undress and grab some stuff.

I obeyed, obedience to my boss was ingrained by then. I know that right then she wasn't my boss, but my body didn't care, it was obeying even as my mind processed her instructions.

My first enema. I just obeyed and listened as Rhea explained what she was doing and why. How I could do it myself, how often and what to use, a whole load of information and instructions. No need to explain, it's a very simple concept. Rhea had me take the contents of a large bag three times. The last time I was so clean the water I had held in ran out clear. Then just add lube.

The whole thing should have been fairly yucky and unsexy, that is until you add that I was doing it so I could be ready to take a dog cock up my ass and I was being guided by my naked boss, who I should add had a smokin' hot body. Rhea didn't dress to show her figure, but my did she have one... !! Not beautiful, that's for fiction and Hollywood, Rhea was athletic, toned, but not thin or skinny, the woman had curves I could only dream of. Actually I have since dreamed of her curves, mostly my tongue tracing those curves.

Back in Jake's front room he and his dog were seemingly spoilt for choice, Jake's eyes kept bouncing from Rhea's body to mine and back, I swear if we'd stood too far apart he'd have given himself

whiplash. His dog didn't care to pick, so was eagerly trying to lick us both, alternating with his sloppy tongue from one pussy to another.

Time to put my ass where my mouth was, so to speak. I moved back to where my towel was still spread out, getting down on hands and knees was all it took for Jake's dog to abandon licking Rhea's pussy. He barely paused to lick me before mounting. As Rhea had suggested, I was leaning forward, head on the floor facing to the side to watch Jake, one hand cupping my pussy to prevent access. The dog wasn't messing around, he was ready to breed and I was the only accessible bitch. I felt his cock bump against my fingers, so I twisted my hand and used my fingers to guide him, rolling my hips to make it easier.

A few more bumps, then I felt him, the pressure against my eager and well lubed asshole. The whole thing turned me on even more, his weight on my back, his fur hot against my naked skin, his forelegs wrapping me tight, holding me tight, claws digging in, marking me as his bitch, his dog girl. And then,,,

I heard the scream before I realised it was me screaming. He drove that big hard cock right into my ass, filling and stretching so fast my body didn't have time to tense or shrink or anything else. He was buried deep before I could decide if it hurt from being so stretched or so deep. Then he started jack hammering my butt and I lost my mind.

Did it hurt? Yes. Did I care? No. In fact Hell No... !! It hurt so good. An expression I'd never understood until that moment.

I'd just about got used to his rapid pounding when his knot started to grow. He was already deep inside me, hammering away like he wanted to fuck me into the floor. I could imagine his cock telling my pussy it was now owned, the pain just added punctuation. Finally his knot locked us together, so big it stopped him from moving much, especially as I clenched my ass muscles just like Rhea taught me. The vice grip seemed to squeeze sensation from my ass straight through to my pussy, my clit most of all.

More screams, this time only the pain of intense orgasm. The kind that blot out the world, the people watching, everything except the huge dog cock in my no longer virgin ass. No wonder Rhea had abs, my stomach muscles ached already from constantly clenching and relaxing in sympathy with my ass. Even the prickling hairs of his sheath felt awesome.

There was a still pain. Rhea told me it would take regular practise for the dog to ream my ass out to fit his cock comfortably, that and daily exercises with make me more elastic and still tight when not impaled. Even that wouldn't entirely stop the pain of being knotted, but I liked the pain, it was the price I paid for all the orgasms I enjoyed, and I enjoyed a lot of them. The doozy was triggered by the first heat of his cum deep in my bowels, well, that and Rhea's fingers dancing around my clit.

Just one glance at Jake was enough to know he was in his personal heaven. Watching two naked bitches right in front of him. No way was he aware of the arthritis right then. I bet you could bounce a baseball bat off his head and he'd hardly notice. The old guy was oblivious to everything but his dog, his niece and me. Mostly me I think, seeing as how he was getting to watch me lose my anal virginity to his dog.

We were tied for ages that first time, mostly because I loved how his cock felt in my bowels, the full feeling, being owned. It was also easier for me to clench my ass and keep his knot trapped inside me, with time and exercise I could do the same with my pussy, but right then my ass could clench and hold just fine. I had followed Rhea's instructions and trapped the dog's front legs with my arms

so he couldn't turn around, being butt to butt didn't appeal to me as much as having him mounted on my back, ok, so I had to bear some of his weight and yes he drooled onto my back and shoulders, but so what?

All good things must end, our tie was eventually broken by Rhea who lost patience with me, reaching under us she pinched my clit, hard, and kept doing so whilst her other hand began beating a rapid painful tattoo upon my ass cheek, the distraction and pain made me unclench and with a loud moan, mine, and a slurping sound, rapidly followed by a gush of doggy cum, his cock finally pulled free, leaving my asshole gaping, acutely aware of the sudden cool feeling inside as air reached my hot cum filled bowels.

Rhea released her grip on my clit, took one look at my face, rolled her eyes and sighed, "I'll go make coffee, the bitch won't be human for a while."

I was vaguely aware of Jake nodding, replying, but Rhea was right, I was still wrapped up in bitch world, body shuddering with the aftershocks of intense orgasms and ownership, I was a real dog girl, a bitch mounted and bred by her mate, A life changing moment, one I was unable to grasp right then, reality was a foreign country. My mind wrapped up in my body, the sensations, the aches and pains too, but they don't matter, not right then. I just lay there on my towel forearms flat on the floor, head resting on them, ass still high, thighs parted, the cooling pool of cum beneath me. Jake's eyes caressing my body as he sat quiet, watching, one arthritic hand resting on his dog's head, his dog, who now sat besides his master, watching me, his bitch.

My boss made me coffee, but the bitch served it in a bowl she placed on the floor between my hands, the aroma drew me back from where my mind had wandered, I leaned forwards and sniffed, lapped, coffee, nectar.

I swear it's easier to take a dog's cock and knot than it is to lap coffee from a bowl. I made a hell of a mess learning the trick. The coffee tasted so good I almost dunked my face into the bowl to just suck it up, but I didn't, no self respecting bitch would do that, so why should a dog girl? A proud dog girl. Me.

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## **Chapter Seven**

So there I was, kneeling on my now soggy, coffee stained towel, knees spread, ass on my heels, chin up, proud, attentive.

Jake was still in his armchair, one hand on his dog's head, arthritic fingers twitching, no longer able to caress. To his left Rhea was seated in the second armchair, still naked, a towel beneath her.

"You really need to practise eating and drinking from a bowl."

No shit Sherlock! My face and chest were splattered with now cold coffee, arms too. It wasn't easy to lap from a bowl, my first attempt had created a hell of a mess before I had finally managed to get more in my mouth than on me and everything around me.

Rhea grinned and continued. Her offer was very different from that which Richard had made, but it did have advantages that somehow appealed, enough that I felt my pussy juicing as I listened.

Then Jake spoke. He didn't offer an opinion as to which offer was best of even if he thought either a good idea, his point was very much aimed at how important it was to think things through, examine



not just the offers but their consequences, both possible and probable, he ended with a piece of advice I've tried to follow ever since, wisdom to live by, if you will.

"Never let your pussy lead you anywhere your mind hasn't already been."

Rhea glanced sideways, a loving smile beamed directly at Jake, then turning back to me she nodded, grinned, then...

"That's enough information for one evening, now, are you going to go home, or is that drippy pussy still hungry... ??

Do I really need to answer that for you, dear reader... ??

Rhea spread her towel out next to mine, then wrapped me in her arms and rolled onto her back. My first sixty-nine, my first taste of a pussy not my own. I shuddered as I felt her tongue lick me from clit to rosebud. She 'clicked' her tongue, "Mount" then resumed licking me even before Jake's dog obeyed and straddled my back. Rhea guided his cock to my asshole then her hands cupped my ass cheeks, fingers spreading me wide open for maximum penetration, not to mention trapping me hard against her mouth.

I rolled my hips to ease the plundering of my ass, a move that presented my clit to Rhea's teeth. I screamed as she nibbled whilst sucking hard. It was hard to concentrate on licking Rhea's juicy pussy whilst being simultaneously fucked and sucked, it was after all, my first time. Yes, my boss was taking my girl-girl virginity, just that thought was enough to trigger my first orgasm. The first of many, not all mine, I did my best to please my boss, swallowing every time she gushed, especially when that gush followed the withdrawal of the dog's cock. A cum cocktail, part girl, part dog, ambrosia... !!

Much later we three washed each other in the big bathroom. Rhea had sighed as we entered. "I love this room, but I hate that we had it done because he'll soon be confined to a wheelchair." Rhea sighed again, then hooked two fingers up inside my drippy pussy and pulled me under the now hot water, the dog followed us, standing mostly still as we washed him then each other. Of course he waited until we had finished and had started drying off before he shook, a long luxurious shake that sprayed water everywhere, though mostly aimed at us, it seemed. The big bastard almost grinned, then nudged us between our legs until we dried him, towelling him off whilst he stood grinning, lording it over his bitches.

That night as I cycled home my pussy wasn't too sore to sit on the saddle. I decided that my body was adjusting to regular sex, just as well, because I wanted a whole lot more.

\*

The next morning I set off to see Sara as promised. My mind made up, it was time to talk to Sara, Martin too.

\*

That damn bell caught me again... !! The sound reverberated between the buildings and made me jump, I was still cursing when Sara rounded the corner, one look and the bitch started giggling, only stopped when I kissed her. That sure caught her by surprise, me too actually, I'd not exactly planned how today would go, but that kiss sealed the decision I'd made, I knew what I wanted, now all I had to do was get it.

We held hands as Sara led me around back and across the lawn to the glass table where Martin awaited us, his two dogs lay to the side, both watching us as we approached. Martin gestured and I took the seat opposite him again, Sara to my right. A word from Martin and the dogs scooted into position, this time I didn't even think, just hooked my legs over the arms of the chair and hitched my skirt even higher, opening myself to the dog's tongue and of course to Martin's gaze if he cared to look through the glass table top. He did.

"It seems you've made a decision..." Martin smiled at me, his eyes flicking between mine and his dog's tongue rasping my pussy open.

I watched his eyes as I replied. "I have, and although your offer is tempting, I've had a better one..." I stopped talking as his eyes chilled, then warmed.

"I'm disappointed, I thought Sara did a better job, but obviously not."

"Oh no. Sara did an excellent job, in fact so good I want to make a request, please?"

Martin nodded, but his attitude was one of dismissal, whilst Sara was squeezing my hand, eyes laser focussed on me.

"Sara told me you make films, would you like to film me?"

Martin studied me, his eyes watching my drippy pussy opening to admit his dog's tongue. "Yes, yes I think I would like that." His smile was back, but it slipped as I spoke again.

"There are conditions, hopefully none you can't cope with." He motioned me to continue. "First Sara has to agree, because I want to be filmed with her and with your boys, both of them. Nobody else, well except the cameraman."

This time Martin didn't reply, he paused, obviously thinking, so I glanced at Sara, squeezed her hand and rolled my hips to give the dog even better access, he showed his appreciation by swiping his tongue repeatedly up the cleft and across my asshole, yummy... !!

Martin had come to a decision whilst I was close to cumming. "I can tell Sara is keen to join you, but I will ask her formally if you and I agree terms. First, there will be one other person in certain scenes, he will not touch either of you in any way." I nodded. "Four dogs not two, we'll work out a script and set a date. Scale fees only."

"No deal." I think I caught him by surprise. "Four dogs sounds perfect, but no script, we are here now, so why can't we just get started? Oh, and no fee, all I want is two copies, one of all the raw footage, one of the final edit." Now I know I caught him by surprise."

"Limits?"

"Ideally I want us to go until we are exhausted, all of us." I grinned at Sara. "I want to do everything you did on the video you showed me, not to copy it, but to do it all with you and with the dogs, more if you want, I know a few things I'd like to try that weren't on that video..." I think Sara came then, probably from the dog's tongue, but maybe from my words, at least I hoped so.

"Deal." Martin stood quickly, moving towards the house as he spoke. "You two just relax and enjoy, I'll be back when we are ready to go."

\*

If you know where to look, you can find our video for sale online. "Karnal Kennel Klimax" proved to be a big hit, so much so that Martin insisted I accept a fairly large cheque, but that was later and part of me thought his cheque was a way to temp me into making a sequel.

\*

Martin hadn't left when Sara and I started kissing, neither of us cared if he watched or went, right then all I cared about was the feel of Sara's lips upon mine, the heat of her body as we embraced, the touch of her knowing fingers, the feel of her wetness as my fingers found her centre. We made out like bandits whilst slowly stripping each other naked, both of us ignoring the two dogs who never stopped licking us somewhere, mostly between our thighs, but several times higher. The first time I felt a dog's tongue rasping across my nipple I almost soaked the whole sofa, delicious... !!

By the time Martin returns we were too far gone to pay attention, so he had to hustle us out of the room and all the way to the kennel block, worrying at us like a sheepdog heading cats. Well, we both had fingers in each others pussies, so it's not a bad description. The two dogs tried to help, but that help was mostly sticking their noses as deep between our butt cheeks as possible whilst trying to lick our asses hard enough to penetrate. Yummy... !!

The kennel block was basically four rows of kennels that formed a square, a concrete path bordered the inner square that looked almost like a bowls green, flat and well tended. We started in one of the open kennels, Sara and I side by side as the two dogs mounted us.

Martin wanted the film to have at least some kind of plot so he had a guy bust into the kennel and curse us both out for fucking when we should be working, before stomping out in disgust, still swearing about dog girl sluts and cock hungry bitches, stuff like that. Sara and I didn't even acknowledge him, we were too busy getting bred. Those dogs only seemed to have one speed and it was fast, deep too, but so damn fast... !! Years later I spent a long weekend with a very butch biker dyke who had a rep for breaking little femme chicks. One of her favourites was a large dildo bolted into one of those reciprocating saw things, the ones that get faster the more you pull the trigger. She couldn't believe how I just rolled my hips and begged for more ... Martin's dogs had taught me how to take a high speed fucking long before.

But that was just us getting warmed up, well lubed up too ... Dog cum works for that perfectly, especially as those boys did their best to fill us both up full and deep, I swear I could feel the heat in my womb, that would at least explain why I was leaking for days afterwards.

Being side by side with Sara added something I'd not even thought about, of course it drew us closer, but it also tempted us both to out do the other. I had hardly recovered from being knotted and cumming like gangbusters when Sara started crawling out of the kennel and out onto the grass square, of course I followed, but neither of us made the centre before the second pair of dogs caught up with us. Around about then the afternoon started to blur in my mind. In fact the only way I know exactly what happened is from watching the raw footage Martin gave me afterwards.

Sara took the arrival of two more eager pussy hounds in her stride and was soon sucking one whilst being mounted by the other. Not to be outdone, I managed to push one of the dogs over onto his side so I could crawl on top cowgirl style, which worked fine, it just caught me by surprise when the fourth dog jumped up and forced me forwards so he could drive his cock into my ass. My first DP and I could breath, moan, scream as I came, again and again. Besides me Sara was gagging every time she tried to scream her orgasm so I tried to help by pressing a couple of fingers into her ass ...

She seemed to like it...

Being double penetrated was driving me insane, fast, but then both dogs started to drive deep enough to knot and tie with me. One was ok, two felt like I was being ripped apart, the truth is it hurt like a bastard, but it hurt so good too. Yes, I know that sounds crazy but try it some time. I was still very new to dog sex but that didn't stop my orgasms from being less like little deaths and more like grande mall seizures.

We were tied for ages, me for longer because the knots in my pussy and ass worked to keep each trapped by the sheer fullness of being stuffed full of swollen dog cock. When the ties finally gave the dogs moved away and settled down to lick themselves, whilst Sara and I dragged ourselves into a sixty-nine to clean each other.

We had only just licked and sucked up the worst when Martin released another two dogs. Bastard... !! I couldn't complain, partly I lacked energy, mostly because the two new dogs set about licking us both out like they were auditioning for jobs as K9 hoovers.

Sprawled out naked on the grass, the hot sun on bare skin, I idly wondered what factor sun block dog cum was if enough was spread over my body, right then it felt like I was coated in it. Sara chose that moment to observe how hot I'd looked being DP'd but then added that I was a light-weight until I'd had three dogs make me air-tight. Bitch. She knew exactly what I'd do, she did help me though, so all was ok. Ok enough I didn't actually drown, but only because I was swallowing like crazy for what seemed like hours.

My throat was sore for a while afterwards, but I didn't tell Martin about feeling hoarse in case he went and fetched one... !!

I have no idea what time they stopped filming, I do know it was late. Somehow Sara and I ended up that night in one of the kennels with six dogs. I vaguely remember being awoken in the night by a wet tongue and a hard cock, but mostly I think we all slept, happily fucked out. Except dogs wake early and randy, just like Sara and I. So we were threatened with the cold water hose if we didn't pack it in and get our asses to the breakfast table. By then food sounded like a plan so we quit our play, kissed our lovers and scooted out, only to find Martin and the camera crew sitting around the glass topped table enjoying their breakfast, two loaded bowls placed nearby on the lawn. Sara and I just giggled and did what any self respecting pair of dog girls would do. We knelt and ate our breakfast.

*Unfortunately incomplete as the author has been inactive since 2019*