

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part I

Silvia sat in the bay window seat with her hands clasped tightly about her knees looking at the rain beating against the glass and running down the glass in sheets that overlapped each other in a vertical unrelenting river.

It had rained hard for some time. Now as the darkness descended the girl wondered where her father and brother were. One thing was certain they would be making no attempt to drive back across sodden paddocks where the chances of becoming bogged were high. No they would stay out there while it was storming like it was.

She cursed the old dam windmill that pumped water for the cattle. It had broken its chain again and even though the storm was approaching fast her father and brother felt the need to secure the dam thing until they could make proper repairs. It was probably just as well for now the wind had began to rise and drive the rain even harder against the window.

The occasional flash of lightning and crash of thunder were becoming more intense and the big gum trees with their shallow roots were swaying in the swirling wind.

Faintly a howl of a wild dog told Silvia that even the hardy feral pack were uncomfortable with this night. The lights flickered and went to a dull brown then picked up before giving up the ghost completely. Suddenly everything in the house was quiet. TV, refrigerator, computers were silenced and the fearful blackness descended as the clouds above thickened bringing on an early night, a black night.

Again the dog howled and was answered by another further to the east. They were distinctly uneasy and the sounds of the howling send shivers down Silvia's spine. Slowly she unclasped her hands from her knees and straightened her legs then stood up. She had to get the emergency lighting going and her for site in placing them all around the house in strategic positions as the storm approached now paid dividends.

A huge sheet of lightning lit up the sky and highlighted the sugar-loaf ridge at the back of the house. It also highlighted the shape of the big black feral dog that was most likely the source of the howling. Silvia had the briefest of glimpses of the animal standing it sharp relief on the top of the small hill, and saw its head lift in response to the sheet of lightning. The sudden burst of artificial daylight provoked another howl from the frightened animal. However this time it was cut short by the deafening thunder-clap that rolled in across the plains after the lightning.

Again Silvia shivered, She hated storms and the real and imagined damage they caused. One by one she lit the lanterns as she moved around the house. At least the dull glow of the lamps made her feel more at ease but the continued screeching of the wind and the mournful howls of the dog on the hill some two hundred metres from the house made her nerves tingle.

To the cacophony of noise outside Silvia heard a sudden bang. She stopped lighting the lamps and listened carefully. Another heavy thud told her it was the barn door swinging in the savage wind. She shrugged and place the box of long matches down and went to the peg near the back door where her R.M Williams oilskin coat hung and slithered into it. Swinging the door open she stepped out into the driving wind and rain.

Out here the noise was louder. However, the calls of the feral dogs, at least now she figured, seemed a lot closer than she had reckoned they were. She paused as the chain of howling began again. No

she thought to herself, there wasn't three, there were four maybe five and they were all close except for the big black dog she had seen on silhouetted against the skyline. The barn door banged again and Silvia set out at a jog through the muddy ground with long deliberate strides toward the offending barn door.

The lightning flashed once more showing everything in sharp relief. As the burst of light faded she saw a shadow move close to the barn. She stopped and became motionless. She was afraid she had to admit that. There was something about this night that was not normal at all. Silvia straining her eyes in the darkness to make out what it was that she had seen ghosting across the front of the barn. Then the howling recommenced closer, very close, in a rolling response to the crashing thunder that made the girls tiny form vibrate with fear.

Silvia, eyes wide made for the wildly swinging barn door. In the almost total blackness she didn't see first one then another dog slide between the gap when the door opened enough in the wind. Close by a long tortured creek made her pause once more. A few branches landed near her, which wasn't surprising in the ever-increasing wind.

Looking in the direction of the noise Silvia suddenly realised that she knew that sound. It was the big lemon scented gum tree. Its huge branches had fallen before and the rendering sound was an eminent warning that another branch was under stress. Silvia looked in all directions in a panic she decided that the only place to go was into the barn. As far as she could recollect none of the trees branches overhung the building, they were close, but not dangerously close.

As the tortured sound of a dying limb of several tons increased Silvia covered the last few metres into the barn, forgetting about the strange moving shadow, just in time to hear the cannon crack of the huge limb parting company with the mother tree, followed by a dull crashing thud was accompanied by another sound, a yelping screech.

Heart racing and trembling the shaken girl lent against a supporting post that was used, not only to support the ridge beam of the barn, but served as a convenient depository for bridals and saddle blankets that hung from long metal spikes.

Her legs felt weak and her face clammy from both fear and the driving rain. For several minutes she used the post for support as her thumping heart slowed down to its normal rhythm. As it did the sounds and smells of the barn grew clearer. The nickering of frightened horses was only to be expected. The smells of Lucerne and chaff as well as grains filled the air as the dust, accumulated over years, was shaken loose by the rattling thunderclaps and the wind. They were the usual barn sounds and smells Silvia had grown used to over the years. But there was something else, another smell, a familiar smell that she should recognise but with her nerves all a jangle she just wasn't sure what it was.

"Bugger," she thought when she remembered the back up generator in the shed that connected to the barn. After a careful few minutes of negotiating around the barn to the annex she managed to get the small Honda generator firing away and the two lights it served sprang to life.

"Jesus Christ," Silvia cursed uncharacteristically when she saw the dogs. At first she saw two animals cowering near the stable straw. Then she saw two more animals, one of which seemed hurt. It was a medium-sized dog smaller than the others and of no particular breed. Gathering her senses she looked closer at the hurt animal. Its row of teats were clearly defined her tail drooped and her shoulder had a long bleeding cut that had mated her hair.

Immediately Silvia's caring nature for animals kicked in. Reaching out a hand and hunkering down

to the bitches level she called gently.

"Here girl come here you poor darling, come on come to Silvia," She pursed her lips and made soothing clicks to encourage the wounded animal toward her with little result. The free spirit of feral life made the bitch and the other dogs wary of people.

Uncomfortable in here stiff oil skin coat Silvia stood again and quickly removed it. Throwing it onto a bale of hay nearby. Then more mobile she commenced her cajoling of the wounded animal. Finally the wary bitch came to Silvia. A quick look told the girl who the cut was superficial and didn't need attention now. As the timid bitch became playful sensing no danger from the girl it began rubbing against Silvia. Silvia patted the bitch who immediately jumped onto the girls lap. Silvia quickly noticed that the little bitch was in season.

"Oh dear girl you are going to be popular tonight aren't you?" Silvia patted the bitch and lifted her gently to the floor. She looked around slowly noticing that the other animals were all dogs and there were now six in the barn. "Bloody men!" Silvia swear when she saw the lust in the dogs eyes as they came closer stimulated by the bitches enticing odours.

The Black dog, of undetermined breed, but perhaps an influence of Doberman from his lithe angular looks, was clearly dominant and the other dogs had deferred to him as he dropped his head to the bitches tail concealed vagina.

"Now he's a pretty boy don't you think?" Silvia asked the bitch. The girl wasn't sure that the bitch thought the same as she clamped her tail even closer over her puffy sex. Silvia's female instincts told her she should chase the dogs away from a clearly reluctant bitch but farm life had taught her to be more practical than that. A feral bitch was fair game to the males of the pack who would eventually assert their pack rights and have her regardless of her reluctance.

The bitch snapped and growled at the sleek black dog as he pawed her rump. "Go girl you tell him to keeps his hands to himself," Silvia smiled to herself when she saw the dog step back to avoid the slashing teeth of the bitch but it was a short reprieve as the dog again closed on the bitch snarling his defiance at her puny attempt to avoid the lustful approach.

Keeping low to the ground the bitch slunk away but the dogs followed. The Barn didn't afford much room for escape or avoidance. The storm outside hadn't abated one bit and escaping the barn was not an option for this little girl. Silvia watched the ritual unfold in front of her. The bitch, almost crawling, moved away as one or the other of the dogs got too close. This went on for maybe fifteen minutes. This primal display of unfettered lust was making Silvia feel runny and the gussets of her panties felt dam but she dare not feel them to see exactly how runny she had become.

Preoccupied for just a few seconds Silvia didn't see exactly how the sleek black dog had enticed the bitch to stand, but stand she was, as the dog sidled over her and dropped his hind quarters to the bitches swollen vulva. The bitches sex was distended grossly and leaking watery red beads of fluid. Now ready to stand for the gorgeous dog the bitch flicked her matted tail aside as the sleek point of the dogs penis closed on her sex.

The sleek black stud knew this bitch well. She had recently had her first litter buy him. Right now the pups were safely sheltered in an old wombat burrow several miles away waiting on their mothers return, for now their bellies were full and they were contented. He gripped the bitches hind quarters tightly as he began to adjust his groin to her behind but he didn't feel comfortable and dropped off her back. And looked around defiantly at the crowding contenders for the bitches favours.

Satisfied that they would not crowd him unduly the black dog dropped his head to the bitches vulva

and licked the puffy protrusion tentatively. Satisfied she was in heat he again remounted the smaller, willing bitch and again wrapped his forepaws tightly around her hips. The bitch stood mouth open but showing little emotion at all. Almost immediately he dragged her roughly towards his instinctively swinging hips. The sleek black dog seemed to be totally fixated on what he was doing, neck extended in concentration. The bitch seemed to be almost bored with the business of being served. After all the last time this had happened she had ended up with a belly full of puppies. The dog's head lowered to the bitches shoulder as he felt his penis prod against her soft puffy sex.

Silvia watched enthralled with what she was witnessing. She had seen dogs copulating before and wondered how the bitch had felt. This and other bitches had the same acceptance expression on their faces.

In the confines of the barn Silvia was as close to the dogs in a mating fever as she had ever been. The smell of wet fur was powerful and rank in fact it stank offensively. The dogs missing out on the bitch seemed to have drawn closer to the girl, but Silvia ignored them. After all they were doing what she was and being a voyeuristic but probably in a different way.

The black dogs hips swung rhythmically and at first the jabs were short and probing. Unable to see exactly what was happening Silvia looked from the bitch to the dog and back but it was all business and matter of fact with them, neither made much of a sound even when it was clear to the watching girl who the two animals were joined. It all appeared very emotionless. Silvia wondered if sex was really as emotionless as the dogs seemed to be exhibiting.

One of the other dogs brushed against Silvia's knee with its wet muzzle and she pushed it away totally absorbed in the events in front of her.

The sleek black dogs rhythm became more erratic and forceful, the thrusting was longer and to all appearances deeper. Silvia's own crotch tightened. Again she shoved the light brown dog away as it licked her inner knee.

The Sleek black dog seemed to be climbing into the stoic bitch with each rough thrust. The dogs action was less fluent and more urgent now. Then a short sharp yip from the bitch. Silvia again pushed another dog away absent-mindedly. The thrusting dog stopped and lay against the bitch. Silvia's own breath came in short urgent pants as she watched. The bitch looked back at the dog inside her. Their faces barely inches apart, she seemed to be saying, "are you finished?"

The dogs answer was clear as he awkwardly dismounted and Silvia saw for the first time the dogs stretched penis tugging against the bitches vulva that was now even more distended and stretched by the swollen penis within her. Silvia lent forward and pushed the cream coloured dog away as he tried again to lick her knee.

"Go away you silly dog," she chided the persistent animal. Undeterred the persistent animal rubbed his wet nose defiantly against Silvia's knee making a snuffling sound as he sniffed the sitting girl. Immediately he was joined by the cream coloured dog that appeared to be part Labrador.

On the barn floor the proud bitch was still tied to the black dog both stood panting for a minute or two and Silvia wondered if the dog had finished with the bitch or was he still coming inside the bitch. She knew that the knot was probably preventing any cum from being discharged giving the black dog every chance of siring the bitched new pups.

The bitch looked at her suitor with the same disinterested nonchalance that surprised the girl who was a romantic at heart and thought that such a momentous event, be it human or any other animal, should provoke fireworks of delight, it hadn't. Indeed it had seemed so ritually mundane, though at

times vigorous and rough.

Suddenly the bitched seemingly tired of standing butt to butt with her mate flopped to the floor bringing the dog down with her. He gave an uncomfortable growl but for now lay tied with the female. Silvia looked at the bitch who lay there seemingly unemotional. The girl wondered if the bitch realised that she was probably at this moment about to grow another litter of puppies in her tummy, or did she even care.

A reddish coloured dog ventured forward and sniffed at the bitches stretch vulva. The black dog unhappy with the closeness of another male dog tugged hard to break free to face the interloper and warn him off. The bitch snapped at both her mate and the red interloper, hurt by the tugging of the locked penis knot on her tender stretched vulva.

The noise outside grew even louder and the temperature inside the barn seemed to be dropping noticeably. Silvia felt the chill and made to rise from the oilskin covered bale hoping to ward off the cold by replacing her coat.

The mood in the barn suddenly changed the moment Silvia moved. The brown dog growled deeply and rolled his top lip back baring his teeth threateningly. The warning to the girl was clear. Instantly she stopped moving as a chill ran along her spine colder than the air around her. It was that instant feeling of fear you get when you know you are in mortal danger.

"Ok, ok I won't move," she almost whispered to the animal trying to feel brave. The dog satisfied the human had understood his warning returned to licking her knee with a lot more vigour. Only then did Silvia realise that the bitch had probably left a smear of her scent on her knees, perhaps her dress when she had jumped onto her lap.

The girl gave an embarrassed giggle when she realised the significance of the dogs attention and what had stimulated his interest.

"No fella there's nothing there for you, I'm a girl not a bitch," She blushed red at the thought that flashed through her mind. The dog now both dogs began to lick along the sitting girls opposing thighs. Silvia knew if she tried to get up again she might provoke the dog or dogs but if she did nothing there enthusiastic tongues would work higher. Even now she realised that they were getting confusing scents of the bitch and her own wetness that had soaked the gussets of her panties.

"Go....Shooooo naughty dog," Silvia's voice rose a little as the fear of being bitten by the dogs increased. She had been warned when she moved so now she was reluctant to even lift her hand. The brown dogs tongue licked the inside of her knee. Silvia shivered, if she had not been so afraid she may have giggled at the wet tickling tongue. Now the reddish coloured dog moved closer and began to muzzle the girls outside thigh as the other dogs boldness grew, his head pushed her skirt a little higher.

"No dog bad dog... don't do that!" Silvia had almost become totally focused on the determined dogs assaulting her and didn't see the black dog slide wetly from the bitch until the dog had stood and moved away a little. The sleek animal moved awkwardly, his grossly glistening penis dangling swollen and pale between his legs the knot preventing it from retracting into his sheath. Moments later he was laying on his side ministering to his swollen penis cleaning it with his tongue vicariously and noisily, perhaps with some enjoyment.

The cream dog slinking toward the bitch, who still lay on the floor licking herself, saw an opportunity of serving the bitch. Silvia looked at the black dog expecting him to object to the cream approaching the bitch but he didn't he was looking toward the dogs licking her thigh. His penis had

now begun to retract into his sheath as he continued to lick vigorously. Lazily the black dog stood up and stretched languidly.

The other two dogs were edging closer to the bitch who now seemed to become a little flirty with all three dogs. Silvia who had felt sorry for the bitch in the first instance being taken reluctantly by the black dog now looked at her with disgust. "You little slut," she almost spat her disappointment at the bitch who let the cream dog mount her as she stood quietly.

"Look over there!" Silvia spoke directly to the two dogs liking further and further up her soft white thigh. Silvia trembled as the brown dog pushed his wet nose into her groin. To her own surprise Silvia realised that she had opened her self to the exploring tongue. "Oh god what am I doing letting this animal lick me," she admonished herself and immediately questioned if she or the little bitch was the biggest slut.

Biting her bottom lip to force herself to concentrate and resist the increasingly intense feeling spreading through her abdomen. Slowly she began to force her thighs together but as her soft inner thighs closed together trapping the brown dogs head. He responded with a growl of protest.

Silvia stopped closing her thigh and looked down at the dog's head buried between her soft white thighs. "Oh dam it," she panted and slowly parted her legs once more. Now the black dog had joined the other two dogs and all three of the studs were trying to get to the wet patch that gave off a beckoning smell that was so enticing to randy studs. Silvia dropped both hands behind her and lent back letting the dogs have their way. It was no big deal she rationalised with herself and beside it felt so nice.

With her hands supporting her inclined upper body slowly Silvia lifted her behind to the swamping tongues that seemed to be in constant, delicious motion. She groaned and groaned again as she pushed her crotch into the snout of the dog between her legs. It felt so overpoweringly delicious and Silvia began to squirm with the intense pleasure.

One of the dogs, she didn't know which one because now her eyes were closed tightly focusing on the pleasure, had pushed her skirt higher and was licking the front of her panties and her exposed belly beyond. Silvia was aware that her underwear was dripping with dog slobber and her own runny secretions. However, she didn't care one bit and submerged herself in the carnal pleasures of the dogs slurping tongues.

Her body was on fire with this new and foreign feeling. It was how she imagined how sex would feel. It wasn't the clinical matter of factness of the bitch and the dog sex she had witnessed earlier, it was a nerve tingling, body melting lust that made her feel like she was melting. Beads of perspiration trickled between her breasts. In spite of the coldness that had come with the storm she was melting. Slowly, unthinkingly her weak, shaking fingers fumbled with the buttons on her blouse seeking the collar on her breasts. Finally with her blouse open and her bra clasps undone her breast fell free and cool in the night air.

Instantly the black dogs tongue worked along the exposed skin licking the salty beads from Silvia's flushed body. The girl groaned at the pure uninhibited rapture pleased by the many tongues as she lay back supported by her trembling arms, body taught, head back, hair tumbling behind her close to the stack of bales behind her. She was only vaguely aware that the wind had dropped and the thunder and lightning were travelling quickly to the east. In the wake of the savage storm the rain seemed to increase.

Time stood still and the girl on the coat covered bale indulged in the absolute pleasure wrought by

the hot wet tongues. This could go on for ever she thought as her body tingled with previously unknown delights as now and then a tongue slid under the close-fitting band of her sloppy panties to touch that secret place beneath.

Emboldened by the sweet taste under the snug fitting clothing the dogs, licking Silvia's crotch, redoubled their efforts. Every time one or the other of them managed to slide his tongue under her panties the girl wriggled and sighed heavily.

Her hand slid to her waist in a thoughtless gesture of sliding her panties down to give the dogs unfettered access to the spot of pleasure that gave her that delightful feeling. Then her rational mind took charge and she realised what she was doing withdrawing her hand quickly. For a moment she opened her eyes and saw that the bitch was now being humped by another dog. Was that the third or fourth dog to hump the bitch she wondered. Time had raced by she knew that and she wasn't sure how long she had been in the barn herself, or even care. Silvia closed her eyes and let her thoughts run wild her hand again began to make a well-worn move toward her saliva covered underwear.

With a surprising suddenness the dogs stopped licking her in unison. When she reopened her eyes she saw them all standing facing the barn door and the broken beam of a vehicle headlight swing slowly across the opening where the door had been trapped open by the falling tree. Silvia turned to watch the headlight and absent-mindedly wondered who it could be. Her vagueness was soon shaken as she realised it could only be her Father and brother returning after the worst of the storm had passed. Then the beam of light was gone as the truck swung to point at the house.

"SHIT!" She exclaimed as she sprang up from the bale and fumbled with her blouse only to find her bra about her waist. She threw it aside and again began to button her blouse up with trembling fingers.

"Silvie! Silvie! Are you there girl?" she heard her dad call and realised that he was coming closer to the barn as he called.

"Of course he was coming to the barn," she grumbled to herself, the light was on in here and the house was in total darkness. Besides the fallen limb would have caught their attention as soon as they drove into the house paddock.

The dogs! I have to get them out, she thought but as she looked around for them they were gone, only the sleek black form of the pack leader stood looking back at her as he slid out of the open door into the wet darkness. Moments later, her dad and brother appeared in the very same space that the black dog had been in just moments before. They looked worried. Silvia wondered if they had seen the dogs.

"Are you OK, girl?" her dad had a big frown on his face as Silvia tried her best to straighten her wet rumpled skirt down over her hips.

"Yah!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "I'm fine, I came out to check on the horses and shut the barn door that was swinging, and that damn tree branch fell."

"Did you get hit?" Silvia's brother asked.

"No... no! I was in here when it fell, I heard it creaking so I stayed back with the horses she lied, I'm a bit shaky is all." Silvia was convincing enough as she made her story fit the facts.

"Go on up to the house and stay there while we get the big generator started. There are trees across

the power lines everywhere so we won't get the power back on tonight. When the genny is started, we'll lop a few branches off this bloody tree so we can close the barn, then we'll be up for a cup of tea. Haven't even had dinner yet, I'm starved," Silvia's dad was a take charge sort of bloke and he had dropped into that roll quickly seeing the things that had to be done instantly. "Off you go, get the kettle on and make some toast that will do, it's too late for a proper meal."

After the men had been fed Silvia went to her room and lay on the bed. She would have a shower and change she thought but for the moment she needed to relax and unwind. It was still raining pretty hard and she was tired. The drumming rain on the homesteads iron roof was soothing and she let her body relax. Her encounter in the barn had left her emotionally and physically drained.

Hours must have passed and a noise just outside Silvia's window awoke her and she rolled onto her back ears straining. Could it be she dreamed the noise? Seconds ticked by there it was again she sat up with all her attention focused on the window. It was a kind of scratching noise on the window glass. The girl squinted but could see nothing then the sound began again. Carefully, her heart racing, Silvia rose from her bed and went to the window pulling the lace curtains back a few inches.

Her tired eyes slowly adjusted to the darkness and she saw the big paws of a dog scrabbling against the window then she saw the sleek head above the paws. It was the black dog. Her already rapidly beating heart began to beat even louder. She could feel her chest move with each thump. Turning slowly Silvia went to her bedroom door and opened it. The persistent sound of her father's snoring told her that he was asleep, so was her brother, who wasn't so much snoring as breathing heavily as he did. She returned to the window.

Confused but excited at seeing the black dog she wondered why he was making such a fuss scratching on her window. One thing was certain, if he continued he was going to wake her father and feral dogs were not one of his favourite animals, he had lost too many sheep to the pack for him to have any love of them. Silvia would hate to think that the gorgeous black dog would become a victim of her dad's shotgun.

"Stop it, go away," she hissed at the animal.

He didn't budge but at full stretch he leaned against the window and continued to scratch perhaps with growing enthusiasm. Silvia went to her bedside table and grabbed her small torch and came back to the window shining the narrow white beam at the dog.

His lolling red tongue that Silvia had got to know so well was leaving wet sticky Silvia on the window glass. She shivered as she remembered that very same tongue on her breasts. She could even feel the sloppy roughness at that moment, and her nipples tugged at her chest in response to the memory. Slowly and with great effort of will Silvia ran the beam of light down the dog's neck and chest then along his underbelly.

Silvia gasped when she saw the dog's penis tip protruding from its furry sheath with his dark testicle sack swinging provocatively just behind the sheath. She shut her eyes tightly to try to prevent the thoughts that were cascading through her now wide awake brain. The dog persisted with his scratching.

Silvia opened her eyes again and bit down hard on her bottom lip and swung the beam along the veranda. All of the dogs that had been in the barn were now outside her window. "Oh shit!" she said as she flipped the latch back on the window, and with just the hint of hesitation began to lift the sash slowly. Sure only that it was to stop the dogs from making so much noise.

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## Part II

Now both the dog and girl weren't thinking in a rational way they were both driven by their own inner desires. The dog looked at the shiny pink buttocks before him, it was so round and smooth so different but yet so familiar. Silvia felt her own body grow hot, with the flush of blood, in a total body blush. Her mind was in a different place now. Knowing that this was wrong, so wrong yet her need for fulfilment superseded all of her earlier preconceptions of morality. A tiny tear rolled down her cheek as she felt the wet muzzle of the gorgeous dogs snout sniff at her wet vulva. Her groin ached with a need she had never felt before.

The black dog drew back and hesitated, then walked to Silvia's side and rubbed the crown of his head against her hip. She shivered and felt her groin crunch down hard sending a quiver through her entire body. The dog felt the human-bitch respond, and knew she would accept him.

In an almost dream like move Silvia let go of the farm implements thick cold draw bar and dropped her head into her cupped hands her elbows slightly forward supporting her upper body. Her behind was higher now as the dog moved from her behind to her shoulder then back again. Another sniff under her flanks made Silvia shiver. The aroused dog began to move nervously about human bitch and finally made a move toward the crouching girl.

The sleek black dog's head dropped completely across the girl's shoulder. It exuded a comfortable feeling of contentment in the nervous girl. The black dog leaning over the girl was pressing his shoulders against her side pushing down on her shoulders with his neck. He felt warm and soft, yet strong and assertive, and his heart was beating rapidly. The smooth fur of the animal's neck was soft and sensual, his panting breath was hot against her neck her neck. Silvia's knees felt weak with expectation, excitement and foreboding.

The weight lifted from her back, Silvia drew a sharp breath, the dogs left leg slid across her back sharply, scratching her with his dew claw in the process, she winced and yelped. The leg cleared her shoulder and dropped down across her left side. The other leg dropped down her right side. He clasped the girl's ribs and his rear end sidled to the left to get behind her. The dog's body arched as he dropped his groin over her rump drawing his two forelegs back under her tummy gripping firmly into the hips clinging even tighter to the girl.

The dog now fully aroused, his penis protruding an inch or two from his sheath, red and spraying a fine seminal spray. His hip was already beginning to make short thrusting movements even before he got behind the girl.

Silvia was shaking and if it hadn't been for the firm grip of the dogs gripping forelegs she may have fallen. Her breath was coming in short, sharp gasps, almost hyperventilating. Then the slippery wet penis brushed across her right hip as it bumped back and forth with each rapid thrust of his hips. Now Silvia had forgotten her moral disgust at what she was doing and was quickly being drawn into the carnal moment about to consume her.

The dog's grip tightened demandingly as he pulled back on the girls trapped hips. The dog prodded with rhythmic searching thrusts, each one drawing closer to her vulva as his penis sprayed her pubic hair with preparatory pre-come.

Black dog felt the trembling body beneath him. He had taken many maiden bitches who didn't know what to expect before and this human bitch was reacting in the same way. She was nervous and excited at the same time, and he knew it. She didn't struggle under him as some maiden bitches do, she was compliant, and she was an ideal bitch.

He felt his protruding, though not extended, penis nudge against the human bitches smooth behind. It felt good, much wider and smoother than a bitch, but this wasn't the warm wetness he sought. Continuing his thrusting exploration as he sidled further to the left. Now his searching penis felt the bristly hairs that he had seen in a tight matted patch below the girl's swollen, puffy groove. The stud felt her tumescent mound give against his probing, sensitive penis. More searching probes and he felt a warm wetness under his probing penis. He was so near, the girl whimpered and wriggled with each bump of the penis now between the enfolding puffy flesh of her labia but still below the human-bitches portal.

Silvia flinched and whimpered as the rigid penis tip bumped against her clitoris. Time after time the probing penis hit the same sensitive nub. Time after time Silvia grunted and flinched. Then, inexplicably the jabbing penis slid upward in the slippery pathway to the girl's special place. Silvia drew a deep breath as his penis slid into the sloppy wetness of her receptive vagina.

It was a sharp push, as the dog lifted himself over the girls rump a little more he felt her giving vagina open before his searching prods. It was moist and unresisting, as his powerful hips pushed forward allowing his baculum bone, hardened penis to extend to its full length from deep within his groin pressing past Silvia's barrier.

"Hmph!" Silvia lifted her head and gave a surprised sigh.

It was a sharp tearing pain that didn't linger as the relatively thin and slippery smooth penis was forced into her with one determined push of the black dogs hips. At the same time, the searching prods of the dogs hips became a rapid jack hammering thrusts, not long or deep but short and friction seeking. His hind legs were stomping and scratching on her calves climbing as he sought to get further into her. The penis tightened gradually, filling with blood around the extended hard bone that stiffened it. Now within the close confines of the tender vaginal walls, it was fast swelling and forming to her inner shape.

Silvia gasped at the growing tightness inside her. The fiction grew and became uncomfortable as the close friction began to hurt her. It was a strange feeling of pleasant discomfort that spread with a growing warmth inside her. At the most sensitive outer margins of her vagina the penis seemed to be swelling even more. Silvia, in an almost swooning state of sexual delirium, remembered the lump at the root of the penis as the black dog had broken free of the bitch in the barn. Now, that very lump was growing inside her, tighter and tighter.

So many feelings were swamping the young woman, as deep within her the dogs penis stopped its rapid thrusting His hind legs stopped their climbing. His grip on her hips eased marginally. Silvia could only guess, rightly, that the dog was oozing his seed into her belly.

The warm feeling spread even more as the dogs penis twitched several times. It felt uncomfortably good, and Silvia's groin made an involuntary clutching as it bore down on the flesh within her. She wished that the sweet uncomfortable fullness could go on and on but the twitching penis stopped its spasming. The dogs right front leg lifted and slid over her back followed awkwardly by the right hind leg. For a moment, they were linked by the stretching penis, then Silvia's clasping groin relaxed and the two parted with an obscene squelch, followed by a flood of thin semen from the serviced girl.

The dog gave the girl a cursory lick of appreciation as he moved to a spot under the plough nearby. Silvia was breathless, her mind spinning with thoughts of disgust, pleasure and a strange emptiness.

Head down, Silvia's breathing and heart beat slowly returned to normal. All the while she remained where the dog had left her. Silvia felt the cold night air now. Especially the chill around her wet

bare, and exposed behind.

Recovered, the girl looked around at the ghostly shapes of the farm implements that cluttered the lean too, although, in an orderly manner. Among those static fixtures were the occasional movements of a number of other dogs. Silvia wasn't sure of the number, the darkness hid them, but there were at least six dogs, maybe more, of varying size although most were lanky, slab sided animals fit and hard from their lifestyle.

Some were smaller breeds that were more easily identifiable, as one particular breed or another due to recent defection from suburbia for the freedom of the wild. Two of the animals looked like dingo, or dingo crosses. All this she had seen before in the barn and on the veranda. Here in the oppressive darkness, it was impossible to identify any of them with certainty.

The black dog was no more than a few feet away, under the draw arm of the ten disk plough. Apart from the dogs outline the girl couldn't see any detail at all. A strange compulsion possessed her, and she sidled across to the spot where the black dog was laying, lapping at his penis or so it appeared. Tentatively, Silvia patted the dogs back. She felt his heart beating rapidly still. A small tremor like wheeze buzzed through his body. He stopped his clean up to bringing his muzzle up to Silvia's arm, and gently licked her. Emboldened by his acceptance, she ran her hand down the sleek black dogs chest and along his belly patting gently as she went.

"You were nice, big boy," she said out loud and immediately felt very silly.

He reached up and licked her face several times with his warm wet tongue in response. Her hand traced across his almost hairless belly, it was warm and soft, she felt the dogs flank against the back of her hand tremble.

Silvia's palm brushed against something warm and wet. Black dog whined, growled then snapped as the girl's hand lingered against the tender dangling penis that was still hanging free prevented from contracting back into his body by the knot.

"Oh! Sorry," Silvia apologised softly, again feeling a bit lame, as she rapidly pulled her hand back away from the dog. "Don't be like that," she implored as she boldly patted his chest again.

He settled back slowly and ignored the slinking shadow that passed around him and Silvia. Moments later a wet mussel pressed into her wet puffy groin. Silvia's feelings toward the black dog were entirely human and tender. He had just had sex with her, and she was his. She wasn't sure why she felt that way, but she did. Silvia felt her chest swell with a crazy feeling of affection toward this gorgeous black beast. However, contrary to all of her natural instincts that demanded loyalty to her mate, another dog was licking her on her most private place. She responded by making an effort to push the other dog away from her.

Undeterred the dog behind her quickly returned, almost angry Silvia made to stand. Without realising it she had the upper part of her body well under the machine above her. Her rising head thumped painfully against the steel arm of the ten disk plough. For a moment she was stunned. The only way out was to back out. As she did, the dog behind her took her movement as a subservient move of a willing bitch.

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Part III

The dog immediately tried to mount Silvia. Determined not to surrender herself to another mating she wriggled her hips violently, the dog followed her moving hips for a bit then dropped off, growling. The girl stopped. A growling dog was an angry animal sending a warning to whoever he was growling at, she knew that quite well. When she had stopped evading him, he came closer to give her vulva and hips a cursory lick. Emboldened another of the animals had joined the first dog and began to lick her behind as well. Silvia swung away again and managed to crawl out from under the heavy draw bar of the plough. Another dog ghosted in toward the girl showing his interest.

"Do something you bugger," she demanded of the black dog who hadn't moved to intervene. She knew that he was aware of the other dog trying to take her and serve her to mix their seed with his, how could he not be? Knowing this seemed not to matter and he showed no interest or resentment.

Silvia's had expected the dog to jump up and see the interloper off. To covert and protect her, but he was disinterested. He was satiated and satisfied now that he had emptied his seed inside her. He had been first and he knew that he would most likely be the father of her pups. It was how things worked in his world. He would fight another dog to be first to serve a bitch, but he wasn't going to fight another pack member who wanted to serve the same bitch after him.

The first animal was now feeling the pressure of competition to claim the human bitch. He saw himself as next best male to the pack leader. To show this he was determined to mount the furless bitch.

Silvia felt the dog's paw on her back as he sidled around her when suddenly all hell broke loose. She was a prize worth having he knew that. In the world of the feral pack the strongest dog would have her and Silvia knew that. However, she felt a strange attachment to the black dog and she wasn't going to be taken easily. Again with a wriggle of her hips and a fast move forward coupled with an effort to gain her feet Silvia again shook the randy dog from her. A ripping sound told her blouse had been torn by the sharp claws of the dog's front paw that also grazed her tender back.

Hurt and angry she lashed out at the dog. His hackles rose and he arched his back in anger. To the other dogs this was a challenge and the air around the girl and dogs became suddenly electric. In the animal world superiority was sorted out by aggression, that aggression was about to boil over into an all-out dog fight. Growls, chilling growls, nasty, mean threatening growls, teeth flashed and lips rolled back.

As the dogs postured, snapped out at whatever moved, snarling viciously Silvia slowly edged toward the wall of the barn away from the ensuing fight for fear of becoming a victim herself. Now the din of the dog fight was rising and dogs were rolling and jumping in anger and defence. Then, suddenly, the entire yard was bathed in the yellow glow. The yard light created a patchwork of crazy patterned shadows across the yard. The section on the far side of the barn was still in deep shadow, but now it was easier to make out shapes.

A booming voice called. "What the bloody hell is going on out here? Brian, are you there?" It was the girl's Father roused from his fitful sleep by the disturbance of the dogfight.

"Yes dad right behind you." It was Silvia's brother stumbling from the house, pulling his jeans up over his pyjama bottoms.

Is that those bloody dogs of ours? I thought they were locked in the kennels."

"They are, dad, I'm sure they are but I'll check." Running boots disappeared in the direction of the kennels. Moments later, Brian called from the kennels on the other side of the house. "There hear dad, all of them a bit excited, but they're here alright" his breathless voice confirmed that the dogs

hadn't got out.

"It's the bloody feral dogs, then," a boom followed quickly by a second boom of a shotgun. The rattle of the pellets on the barns Iron clad walls confirmed that Silvia's dad was determined to shoot something, anything. He had just fired in the direction of the barking, snarling twisting furry of fur and teeth. A dog yelped and Immediately the fighting dogs fury faded and they were scattered in all directions.

Silvia wasted no time in scuttling behind the machines toward the back of the barn, around the corner out of sight of her father and brother. Unseen the black dog and one other had followed her. The girl saw her father and brother at the far end of the barn now both with shotguns intent on their prey. She looked to the house, then back at her father and brother. A quick calculation told her that she could make the house unseen in a few seconds. The dogs followed close behind.

As Silvia jumped onto the veranda, trying to avoid being seen by her dad and brother, quickly she slipped through the open window into her bedroom. Almost in the same movement she tugged the window down. A quick change into her nightdress she was quickly out of the front door onto the veranda.

"What's happening dad she cried out,"

"It's ok girl you go back to bed now." Silvia satisfied that she had made her presence known went to her room and lay down but couldn't sleep. Her mind was buzzing with thoughts. Some were disturbing thoughts, embarrassing thoughts, but most of all a feeling of regret kept blocking everything else. That was the thing that worried her most, having regrets even feeling dirty and soiled by what she had done with the black dog. She had found excitement beyond belief. Feelings she didn't know she could feel both from and towards an animal.

Her mind drifted for a while, then began to focus on the excitement of being possessed. Of having another living thing inside her, flesh, invading flesh, wet, slippery and hard flesh sliding into her. Expanding, filling, jerking, spurting, flooding her with its life seed.

Her body trembled again as she felt the invading flesh, warm and exciting, becomes one with her. Instantly, as she drifted into the carnal reverie of thought she knew that given an opportunity she would let the black dog take her again and again. Silvia knew that she belonged to that lovely beast, his pack if needs be.

Then she had no regrets. Sorrow that she didn't let the other dog do the same as the black dog had. She knew she was the black dog's bitch and that inevitably meant that she was the packs bitch. Yes, she wanted to be with the dogs again and by making that admission to herself, she had washed away all regrets and embarrassment.

Outside and under the house the black dog was having similar thoughts about the human bitch. Dawn was just spreading its weak rays of sunlight across the land as the two men went to their Toyota and adding a chainsaw and an extra winch to the already extensive array of fencing tools that were already there. With a wave to the still sleepy Silvia and an expectation to be back before noon tomorrow they were soon heading off to mend the inevitable damage created by last night's storm.

Silvia stood and waved until the truck was out of sight. She was about to turn when she heard a scraping noise under feet, under the veranda. She wrinkled her brow and went to the edge of the veranda and dropping to her knees, she dropped her head over the edge and peered into the darkness. Two eyes glowed back at her, then another two appeared alongside the first. As she peered at the shapes under the veranda her eyes began to adjust to the light, helped by the growing

dawn as the first of the sunlight spread across the yard.

Silvia gasped, it was the black dog. She shivered with excitement. "My god your still here," she gasped as the dog tentatively crawled closer, then emerged from the protection of the veranda floor.

The girls' excitement grew as she stood and made her way to the three steps that led into the soggy yard. She paused only long enough to throw her long dressing gown onto the floor, followed by her fluffy slippers. The bare soil of the yard had turned into a slick layer of mud and her slippers and gown were new.

The black dog and another dog a brownish cream animal, taller and larger than the gorgeous black animal and probably a heavier animal. He was battle scared with some recent abrasions along his neck. Silvia guessed he had been the dog who was trying to mount her when the fight broke out. Both dogs approached her, as she knelt to greet them, their tails wagging with their own excitement.

The girl embraced both dogs with a hug getting long wet doggy kisses in return. Their doggy breath was potent and it was all Silvia could do not to turn away in disgust. From experience she knew all dogs had rather strong breath, but the nature of feral dogs scavenged food, often decayed carrion, it was no surprise that these dogs breath smelt pretty potent.

Quickly she stood and headed toward the barn. She knew that today she would finish what had been started last evening she was going to service any and all the dogs that wanted her. Her groin ached and she couldn't reach the barn quick enough. The dogs, smelling Silvia's excitement, were aroused with expectation of mating this human bitch.

Half way to the barn Silvia paused and removed her night-dress and stood, feeling the cool breeze on her warm flesh, then naked and white in the early light she continued into the barn free of all her inhibitions

The black dog followed this strange human bitch that he had mated last evening. She was lithe and smooth, almost totally fur-less. He thought it was strange the way she moved her upright stance as she moved looked so wrong. Her bottom swayed as she moved giving him brief glimpses of a small fur patch between her legs. Apart from that small patch of wispy blondness she had no hair apart from the huge pile of flowing blondness on her head.

He couldn't understand his attraction to this ugly human bitch, but he did. She had a quality that drew him to her and he couldn't get the memory of the way she had felt under him. He was more than wary of all humans in general, they were just as plain ugly and cruel. They were all covered in a variety of cloth. That he understood as most dogs were covered in different coloured fur. But this human was naked and it showed him that though so different from his own kind she was similar in many ways.

Silvia felt totally liberated and almost floated as she entered the barn. She had often wanted to see what it was like to go buff while she worked but had never been quite game to do it for fear of being seen. Last night was a tipping point for her. She had stepped over a chasm of convention in the dark barn in the middle of that awful storm so being naked, or even seen being naked, was now of little consequence. She hadn't realised that she had this rebellious streak in her and it felt so good.

With the two infatuated and lecherous dogs following her like they would a bitch in heat, sniffing and licking her when the slightest opportunity arrived. Silvia pushed them away good-naturedly smiling and laughing.

Silvia fed the horses and let each one out into its day yard. The task finished, she went to the post

where the horse blankets and saddles were stored. She collected two blankets and spread them in the centre of the open space between the horse stalls. Then she returned to the post and collected a saddle, but wasn't sure why she did it and took it back to the head of the horse blanket covered floor.

All the while she laughed and giggled as the two dogs grew friskier and began climbing onto her as she bent over to make sure the blankets were evenly spread. As Silvia knelt on the blankets she was accosted by the two expectant studs. From the corner of her eye the girl saw the bitch return. She slunk timidly into the barn and looked around fearfully, or so it seemed.

Where she had been Silvia didn't know, but she was muddy and tired looking as came close and lay down just off the blanket. Her eyes were big and she looked wretched. Her tail swung back and forth across the floor. The hair on the underside of her tail was matted with her own discharge. This bitch had been well used by the dogs, Silvia was sure of that. Her swollen vulva was easily seen as she lay prone near Silvia. It was dark distended and dripping. To the girl it looked sore and abused her hind legs were also matted, stained with her discharge as the tail was. Moments after the bitch had entered the barn another dog appeared, then several more entered the barn.

Silvia knelt on the floor with her legs apart. Immediately one dog was licking her lower belly and working toward the sparsely covered thatch of hair that barely concealed the engorged inner folds of her labia. Protruding flesh that was opened like a petal projecting from her puffy vulva shines with her own wetness. The lighter coloured dog was behind Silvia licking vicariously at her exposed behind. The girl was biting her lip, the muscles in her neck were taught and standing out as she tensed with her own expectations. As the black dog's tongue found her tender folds her entire body blushed red, she felt hot and clammy.

Silvia reached down and rested her palm on the black dog's head. His ears wiggled then stopped as he continued to lap at Silvia with long, hot slurping strokes. Silvia trembled as she leant forward so she could caress the sleek black coat of her gorgeous mate. She felt his quivering body through his fur. Silvia groaned and clenched her groin as the sloppy tongue pressed into her. Her tummy tightened and there was a dull ache deep inside her crotch. The ache was growing heavier and stronger as the sleek black stud massaged her with his delightful tongue.

Behind her the brown, fawn dog's tongue was bathing her round soft behind, crossing and recrossing her butt, pressing, probing and licking. Silvia was at the very limits of her self-control. Beads of perspiration ran between the valley of her breasts and trickled down her belly in an ever-growing stream. She panted and groaned. Convulsive trembles rocked her, she clenches her groin on the invading tongue as she slowly eased forward onto all fours over the prone black dog who was taking her beyond her limits of rational endurance.

The black dog whimpered, scooting forward to stay in contact with Silvia's rising vagina. He continued licking the lust possessed girl. As she leaned forward, her raising groin was presenting the Brown-cream dog with her moist open flower. The dog didn't miss the opportunity as Silvia's vulva, the passageway to her most private being, was there for the taking. The black dog licked even more vigorously as Silvia leaked her secretion onto his ravenous tongue.

As the Brown-Cream dog's tongue left her puckered butt Silvia gave a huge sigh and her body convulsed. She felt her entire body tremble and jerk. A feeling, like a THWACK, Thwack, thwack of hard physical contractions gripping her every muscle and nerve. The feeling starting in her groin raced along her spine, At the same time trembling shocks shot up into her belly making her writhe uncontrollably. The girl's back arched, her head lifted as every fibre of her being felt the delicious climactic release. Silvia let out a huge shuddering sigh. Her body vibrated randomly, then moments

later she felt a strange calmness wash over her. Her muscles relaxed and a weakness spread through her, replacing the intense muscle tightening thumps of moments before. It was then she felt the dog, who had been licking her Butt moments before she had lost it mount her back, his paws scrape down her chest and lock back into her groin

By the time the black dog extricated himself from under her belly the Brown-cream dog was shuffling in behind her. Her round, smooth behind wider and plumper than a bitch was a big target. In his desire to find the bitch's vagina his hind legs stomped on the trailing legs.

Silvia whimpered with the double hurt of her grazed ribs caused by the clutching dew claws that were sharp and long. The dog in his attempt to mount her was also stomping her with his claws of his busy hind legs and they were digging into her calf. Not wanting to be hurt unduly by the rutting stud she splayed her lower legs outward hoping that the animal would be able to avoid hurting her.

Silvia was still weak, both emotionally and physically, from her subsiding orgasm and wasn't going to resist nor could she resist her new canine lover. She had come to the bar with a burning wetness in her loins and a fixed determination to mate with both dogs. She was subjugating herself to the desires and formalities of pack word now. What they were she didn't know, but she was not in a position here naked on her knees, reeling from a delicious orgasm, to do anything more than accept whatever dog took her.

There was no doubt that she would prefer the black dog to be the one about to take her, but she wasn't going to resist the big dog demanding to be her second mate. Bracing herself, the girl felt every movement of the Brown-cream dog as he drew himself on to her back, pulling her hips firmly with his forelegs firmly and with authority.

His clutching fore-paws, his swinging hips, and his warm furry chest all seemed to be engulfing her. Silvia felt the first blunt jab of his protruding penis as he jabbed into her sleek soft buttock. Silvia looked around the barn. There were more dogs here now and the little bitch was looking at her with a disdainful look.

"Don't look at me like that," Silvia snapped unduly, she knew that the bitch couldn't understand her, but she felt uncomfortable being watched by another female as she was about to be screwed. Worse still the girl knew that it was certain that the bitch had been mated by this very same dog sometime in the last day. Silvia turned away, she could no longer look at the accusing eyes of the bitch.

As her eyes turned from the bitch Silvia saw the black dog standing by her head and watched intently. Silvia looked into the dog's brown eyes and braced for another dog fight. However, the Black dog didn't move, although a muscle was rapidly twitching in his shoulder. Silvia whimpered. A tear rolled down her cheek, she dearly wanted the black dog to mate her again and a tear rolled down her face. The Black dog licked her cheek affectionately.

Silvia wanted to wriggle from under the brown dog, but things had progressed beyond that now as the probing penis was sliding in the groove above her anus. A wet trickle was covering her bum, as the short jabs of the penis was delivering a lubricating spray of pre-come to whatever it contacted. The feeling of hot hard and wet penis across her naked skin felt nice and any thought of resisting had gone.

The prodding continued down the dividing grooves of her ass cheeks. A sharp poke into her anus mad Silvia shrieked and turn her behind away from a demeaning assault, then she felt the slippery hotness against her flooded vagina. Silvia groaned and shut her eyes as the dog gave a powerful shove to extend his hot penis into her engorged vagina. The short pause to seat himself was the calm

before the storm as the dogs hips became frantic thrusting machine.

Silvia groaned and her breasts swung in time with each brutal thrust She felt the searing hotness of the dogs penis as it ravished her with unrelenting brutality. The swelling shaft began to fire his warm watery seed into the girl who was now rolling her hips against the dogs groin as the friction of the swollen penis rubbed her inner depths. His tight bulge, swollen and stretching her tender, sensitive vaginal entrance as the dog tried to climb even further and deeper into Silvia's clutching vagina.

Just as Silvia thought that she couldn't bare the chafing tightness that had stretched her unmercifully the dog stopped his brutal thrusts unable to probe any deeper the slumped onto the girls back. Both their hearts were beating together and fast. The ravished girl felt the warm spread of the dog's seed as he continued to discharge into her belly.

The Black dog licked Silvia's face again as her tears continued to flow. She stayed joined to the Brown-fawn dog for several minutes as he continued to deliver even more runny seed into her very depths. Silvia felt the warm liquid that had oozed around the plugging penis running across her clit and into her fur covered pubic bone. Then, as several other dogs drew close with a growing curiosity the Brown dog pulled back sharply wrenching his swollen penis and knot from the girl with a flood of watery cum dribbling onto the horse blanket between her legs. The black dog licked Silvia again.

Silvia responded by turning 180 degrees and offering herself to the magnificent creature she found so lovingly attractive. In front of here were many of the dog pack. More than she had seen the night before and she understood why her father could hate them so. This many animals, on the hunt, could do a lot of economic damage. However, that was not now there intention and that was oh so clear.

As the fore-pours descended and wrapped around her waist Silvia realized that this day would be a long one and it turned out to be just that.

Later that evening, laying in bed scratched and sore, she knew that the pack would visit her again when the next storm arrived. Fortunately, she didn't have to wait all that long.

The End