

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One

I had never been to 'The Last Stop' pub before but I knew the exterior layout from research I had done before I decided it was suitable for a meeting place. The pub was worse inside than the exterior suggested, with its run-down appearance and its dated and faded decorating, but it had a large car park where I could position my car perfectly should I need to get away in a hurry. The dark dingy interior was perfect for this clandestine meeting, with tables tucked away in corners, and I chose one carefully that gave me a clear view of the door. The locals mainly ignored me and after checking out the unfamiliar woman who had ventured into their local went back to their subdued conversations.

The landlord was wary of me at first wondering if I was perhaps a prostitute who had decided to venture into pastures new, though heaven only knows why a prostitute would think they could make money from this shithole. A flash of my wedding ring that I then quickly concealed nervously planted an idea in his brain that I was there to meet a secret lover and his thought was half true, but at the same time further from the truth than he could ever imagine. I still wore my wedding ring, not out of any sentimentality but found that it dissuaded some from being too adventurous with their approaches, and for others, it was a huge turn-on at the thought I was married.

As I sat there nervously waiting I knew what I was doing was wrong, immoral and downright illegal but the craving was too strong to resist. Like an addictive drug, once tasted you are hooked for life, and although you may stop for a while the craving never really goes away, it just dies down for a while. Then like a demon inside it grows and swells as it takes control of your brain demanding that you satisfy your desires and slake your unquenchable thirst.

As soon as he entered the pub I knew it was him, not just from his description of a tall man with a cap and a beard, that could have been half the pub, but from the pair of Great Danes that trotted on either side of him. One had a coat of silver-white that seemed to shimmer in the flickering light and the other was jet black, so black that his coat almost seemed to shine. He scanned the room and as his eyes reached me he stopped and smiled as he recognised me, not only from my description but from the light that burned in my eyes that were flicking between his two pets.

He ignored me as he ordered a drink from the bar and then casually made his way over to my table in the corner before sitting down opposite, staying silent for a moment as he studied me.

"Your description doesn't do you justice."

I thought about his words as I recalled the ad I had placed on a very discrete notice board, '30 something woman in reasonable shape seeks canine companion for meet and more. Owner not to participate but the taking of discrete pictures open for discussion.'

I had got a few replies, most of which were either clearly not genuine or requesting pictures in advance, so probably were fake as well. Then I got a response that not only got my interest but caused my pulse to start racing.

'Genuine male with two fully intact trained Great Danes who work together as a pair. No owner involvement required but would want to make a discrete video of the encounter.'

I will tell you here and now, just reading that caused my pussy to flood as I thought of not one, but two dogs eager and willing to cover me, and I knew my fingers would not be enough as I started to pen my reply. Opening the bottom drawer of my desk I carefully removed 'Rex' the dog-shaped dildo I had purchased online after my husband had left me a few years before, knowing that it was going to get a good workout that evening. Placing the suction end on my leather chair I removed the last

few items of clothing I had on and sank down gratefully onto it as I wrote back to him, trying to not sound too eager at his offer.

An exchange of emails led to discrete chats that progressed to video calls though neither one of us was prepared to show our faces. What he did show me were his two boys, and as he proudly gripped their dripping red cocks, waving them at the screen, I showed my appreciation by riding the dog dildo, giving him a close-up of me orgasming on it as he muttered words of encouragement. Slowly a level of trust had built, cumulating in this meeting, though I still had a few slight tinges of concern.

“Before we get started you said you wanted this,” said the man placing his passport on the table between us. I nodded and picking it up opened the picture page glancing between the picture and the man in front of me. “Sean Harlow,” I said reading out loud his name, before removing my phone from my bag and clicking a picture. Then I attached it and sent a text message to a friend as I had pre-arranged before I came here. As I waited, turning the passport over and over in my hands, I studied his face. I would have put him in his mid-fifties and from the way he carried himself when he had entered the pub, a confident man in good shape. His brown eyes shone and his short beard was more than flecked with grey, as was his hair that was cut in a short crop, though it didn’t make him look thuggish in any way. A sudden thought popped into my head that he was old enough to be my father, and considering what I was about to do I felt myself blushing. I was saved from embarrassing myself further by the ping from my phone showing the message was acknowledged. Handing his passport back to him I couldn’t help a wry smile as I read my friend’s words.

‘Can’t say I fancy him myself, but no accounting for taste. Let me know how it goes, here if you need me or want me C xxx.’

As far as Caroline was concerned this was a guy I had hooked up with on Tinder, much to her disappointment. As a confirmed lesbian Caroline was always hoping to get me back into bed and carry on from where my ex-husband had caught us locked in mutual pussy licking. We had continued our fling for a while after my separation and eventual divorce, but in the end, it came to a stuttering halt. Not for any other reason than I still craved cock which no amount of fingers or toys could replace, though have to admit her tongue did run it very close. We stayed in contact and stayed friends and when I wasn’t out with men. or picking up men, we would hook up with her spending the night trying to get into my knickers. On odd occasions, I would succumb as her fingers and tongue were a lot more enjoyable than spending an evening on my own.

I shared everything with Caroline as she became my closest confidant, well nearly everything, the one thing I never told her about was the dogs. What I did tell her about was my husband’s drunken rages when he would try to fuck me, be unable to get an erection and then beat me blaming me for it all.

It had started with looking at dog porn online and reading racy stories about women with dogs that I found more and more alluring. I had even purchased ‘Rex’ the massive dog dildo as I was unable to have a pet in the small flat I now lived in. I sought out and found the underground forums where my desires were commonplace and from there it was a simple step to using the adverts placed on notice boards to hook up with owners. At first, my main worry was about the nutters out there, but the passport and text allayed most of those. Slowly my fears became more about having my secret life revealed as I still had a respectable job as an office manager in a local immigration law firm, so pictures were very much banned.

The first time was four years ago with an old man who claimed he wanted involvement but that amounted to little more than him wanking himself as his scruffy mongrel took my dog virginity in a lock-up garage. Despite it not being the biggest dog and the old mattress on a concrete floor not

being the most romantic setting I was hooked. We carried on for another six months on a regular basis with his dog making up for what he lacked in size with pure enthusiasm and energy. Sadly, one day while looking forward to our weekly meeting, I read on the group notice board that he had passed away suddenly. The thought did cross my mind about asking the family if I could still borrow his dog but knew it was little more than a joke.

From there on it was a barren wasteland as many of the promising contacts turned out to be false or a waste of time, but on the odd occasion, I would get lucky, although sometimes having to travel a distance the end result was well worth it. Over the past three years, I had a variety of dogs and their owners despite always putting no owner involvement. The only reason I put that was it deterred the fakes, but once I got to know the owner I would often allow them to join in, although it was always after their dog had fucked me to heaven and back. With some of the larger dogs, I would be open for a while afterwards so this would sometimes mean anal or oral, neither of which worried me as I enjoyed both.

“So you know my name, what should I call you?” Sean said dragging me back to reality.

I thought for a moment then with a smile I said, “Mary... you can call me Mary as in Mary Poppins.”

His eyes sparkled with amusement as he studied me, repeating the name under his breath I had given him.

“Well, Mary Poppins. how are we feeling?”

My head was spinning with lust as I switched my gaze between the two magnificent beasts that were both regarding me with growing interest. I suspected that some of their interest would have been caused by catching my scent which I knew must be very strong. I could feel the dampness between my thighs as I shifted in the seat and tried to find my voice, but just a squeak came out. Taking a sip of the glass of water I replied in a quiet voice.

“Eager... very eager.”

He smiled and nodded and then leant forward and whispered in a low tone, “The boys haven’t covered a bitch in a year so they are equally eager,” then leaning back in his chair laughed loudly as he ruffled their heads with either hand, “aren’t you boys?”

I swear the two dogs knew exactly what he was talking about as they looked at him, and then me, with their tongues hanging out and their tails banging the floor like a pair of drummers in perfect synchronisation. The speed of the thumping on the floor perfectly matched the beating of my heart which I was sure would burst at any moment.

“Well if you are ready then there is no time like the present, shall we go?”

He stood, and as I followed suit, for a moment my legs buckled and felt weak with anticipation at what was about to happen very soon. Following him to his van he put the pair of Danes into the back and held open the door to the passenger seat.

“Unless of course, you would prefer to travel in the back with Ronnie and Reggie and get the party started early.”

His offer actually tempted me greatly and the thought of speeding through the streets while being humped in the back of a van made my already wet pussy start to get even wetter.

"I will drop you back here to collect your car later after we have finished the business. As agreed they will fuck you in turn while I film. You understand that once they start I will not be able to stop them until they have had their fill."

I couldn't help myself as I put my hand under my skirt and started to rub myself as he spoke, the thought of the Danes taking turns with me was driving me wild.

He ignored me totally, keeping his eyes on the road as he went on, "You can wear a mask as agreed and you will have to trust me that I will give you a copy of the video to do what you want with it. I will be keeping my copy for my personal use only and have no intention of posting it or sharing it."

To be honest, I couldn't care less about the video, what I wanted was the two times 12 inches of angry red cock pounding me senseless one after the other. The thoughts running through my head were now so vivid I had to slip a finger inside and couldn't help the little moan that escaped my lips. I had already decided in my head that he was suitable 'joining in' material and still touching myself brazenly I panted, "You can have me as well if you want as long as it's afterwards."

On hearing my words he turned his head slightly and could see what I was doing, causing him to whistle in appreciation.

"You really are craving it, aren't you? Perhaps you should have travelled in the back after all. As far as joining in, we will see as since I lost my wife a year ago I haven't touched another woman but the boys still need to satisfy their needs. Not long to wait." As I reflected on his words he turned into an unmade country lane that was just wide enough to take the van, before he turned again through an open gate. "We are here now."

I looked up and could see we had arrived at what looked like an old static caravan that was tucked away behind a clump of trees making it hardly visible from the country lane we had just bounced along, let alone from the main road.

"I like to call this my studio. I don't live here but do all my filming here and it's very discrete so you can let rip with any emotions you have."

As I got out of the car I could see that outside of the caravan there was like a clearing, not cultivated enough to be a garden but tidy enough not to be a glade. It was still afternoon and the sun was low but hadn't fully set so there was plenty of light.

"Is there enough light for you to film me outside?" I found myself saying in a croaky voice.

"Sure, if that's your thing," then he paused before continuing, "why not, the boys will fuck you anywhere."

He opened the back of the van and the two Great Danes leapt out, their senses heightened as they had caught full nostrils of my arousal from the front seat as we had driven to this spot. The pair started nudging their noses under my skirt, one from the front and the other behind as they sniffed closer to the source. As they sniffed I had already pulled my top over my head and unfastened my bra to let my 36B breasts hang free and thrown the two garments back into the seat of the van. These were joined by the wrap-around skirt leaving me in just a brief pair of soaked cotton panties. As I leant into the van to find the mask in the small bag I had bought with me and I felt a sharp tug followed by a ripping sound as one of the dogs hooked his teeth into my panties and tore them away. In my position of half-leaning into the van, it had caused me to naturally stick my ass out, which was when one of the heavy dogs stuck his head between my thighs causing them to open. The moan of pleasure I let out was loud in my own ears as the long pink tongue rasped across my pussy and

slobbered at my juices. I managed to pull the half-mask over the top of my head concealing my eyes and nose but leaving my mouth free before dropping to all fours beside the van.

I assumed Sean had started filming though I didn't really care that much as there was only one thing on my mind now, to get fucked. I arched myself up to whichever dog was licking me to allow him full access to my cunt moaning loudly as the grass tickled my breasts that were being rubbed against the ground. I could feel the two dogs behind me pushing each other out of the way as they fought to gain access to me, making me feel even more wanted. Glancing under my arm I could see their two cocks were almost fully emerged from their furry sheaths and swinging wildly spraying watery pre-cum across my naked body and the ground. I wished at that moment dogs could talk, or at least understand, as I wanted one to take me while I sucked the other, but knew there was no point in saying it out loud.

Then, almost as if they agreed between them the order, one of them backed away while the other rose up and placed himself on my back. I wouldn't consider myself a lightweight at 140lb on my 5' 6" curvy frame as I always prefer to think of it, but the dog on my back was at least my weight or more. I felt my arms sag a little as I braced back against its thrusts and even though it was supporting much of its weight on its hind legs it was still an effort not to collapse onto the floor. The dog was thrusting wildly and I feared that as had happened on other occasions with different dogs, it would lose interest if it could not find its goal.

I felt Sean's presence and could see his shoes which I noticed in a weird moment of clarity were very highly polished. That thought vanished as I felt his hand brush my ass cheeks and grasping the dog's waving member placed it at my entrance. The dog sensing that it had found its target thrust forward with a mighty shove that would have sent me sprawling had I not been braced. What it did instead was to drive most of its long thick red cock deep into my body causing me to pierce the late afternoon air with a wail of pure lust.

Like with humans every dog is different in some way, whether it be length or girth but there is one thing they share in common, they all fuck like the end of the world is coming. Reggie or Ronnie, I had no idea which was which, was no exception and with each thrust, he drove his cock in deeper until I could feel his knot banging on my pussy lips. Some dogs move about a lot when they fuck others will search for a position and then settle on that for a while, but with the dog currently on my back, its experience showed as it braced and fucked. Still at a breakneck speed and ferocity that I so loved but with a determination that seemed to scream that he was nailing his bitch.

The orgasm that rushed through me was incredible, like nothing I experienced with any human partner. There was no regard for me as a lover, I was there to be fucked, nothing more and nothing less. As I writhed in orgasm the release of fluids allowed him to finally ram his knot home almost causing me to lose consciousness as he started to swell to lock himself inside.

The knot feels like nothing else in this world and until you have experienced it you don't understand how it feels, once you have then you are hooked on that feeling forever. As it pulsed and throbbed deep inside me I felt the explosion of hot seed spraying deep inside my womb that sent me over the top again. The dog settled for a moment as I lay under it whimpering in a non-sensical way, drifting in and out of a nirvana-like state of semi-consciousness.

The sharp pain of his tugging bought me back to reality and I tried to relax as much as I could to allow him to pull free. With a mighty effort, he pulled himself free accompanied by a fair amount of fluids that spurted out and decorated the grass between my knees. The cool air caressed my pussy that felt as if was on fire as it tingled from the savage fucking it had just received. That coolness was cut off as the second dog replaced the first and started to thrust. seeking its turn at the new bitch

their master had bought them.

I have had multiple human partners since splitting with my husband and the sensation of being penetrated for a second time after a prolonged pounding is very unique, but this was another planet altogether. The Dane found its mark naturally and slammed home with such force that I thought the top of my head would surely come off and the contents spread across the field. As with men, all dog cocks are varied and even though the same breed, the two dogs cocks were different enough to allow me to differentiate. The first dog had felt huge inside and its girth had stretched me to my limits, the second dog seemed thinner, though perhaps that was because I was already open. What I did feel, was what it lacked in girth it more than made up for in length, though again that could have been due to its eagerness and ferocity. Within a couple of thrusts, I am sure it penetrated my cervix and its pounding jangled my already sensitive nerve endings to a point where I came almost immediately. The fucking was incessant and simply out of this world. It wasn't long before he forced his knot inside me and started to pulse and throb as he spurted his seed inside.

I lost count of the orgasms and in turn lost track of the time but at one point I opened my eyes and could see the sun just starting to set over the distant hills. The sheer beauty of the vista coupled with the throbbing pulsing knot inside me made me want to weep with joy.

The second dog pulled free with much less effort than his companion allowing me to collapse face down on the ground mumbling words of thanks to everybody and everything I could think of.

"They haven't finished yet," I heard Sean's disembodied voice say, and his words were accompanied by the nudging of a heavy head against my thighs and ass cheeks. Rolling onto my back I opened my legs to allow the silver-white dog full access to my pussy which was alive with every nerve ending on fire. The dog lapped at me with its coarse tongue and within seconds I was arching up off the grass to meet his licks, offering myself like a brazen whore. The black dog had moved next to my head and stood perfectly still as it waited for me to take action. It took a moment for it to dawn on me that this beast was trained to perfection and I knew what it wanted, what I wanted. Opening my mouth I lifted my head and sucked on the angry red tip and was rewarded with a mouthful of his still flowing dog cum, tinged with traces of my own juices.

One of the things Caroline had given me was a love for female love juice. Before being with her I had never imagined tasting another woman or myself for that matter. After feasting on her pussy on more than one occasion I started tasting myself and would often fuck myself to climax with a dildo and then lick the toy clean, relishing every drop.

The taste of myself on the dog's cock made it even more desirable and I sucked deeply before moving my head and licking the full length of its shaft seeking every drop of myself that I could find. The biggest challenge I found myself having was as the other dog licked I had to stop sucking until the climax had passed before I could continue my task for fear of hurting the animal's sensitive gland.

A soft whistle pierced the noise of the licking and sucking and both dogs lifted their heads before trotting to sit by their master's side.

"It's getting dark so we have to stop filming," Sean said softly as he regarded my naked form sprawled spreadeagled on the grass without any modesty. "Best you get washed up and dressed, then I can take you back to your car. There is hot water in the caravan."

After I had made myself a little more respectable I climbed into the passenger seat of the van and allowed the euphoria of what I had just experienced to wash over me.

"You would be more than welcome again you know," Sean said as he drove along the now dark streets, the two dogs quiet in the back, "Maybe next time we could have dinner, my house is at the end of that lane and I am a reasonable cook."

I had to stifle a giggle. Was this man who had just watched me being fucked by both of his dogs asking me on a date? Could this be for real?

"My wife was into dog sex," Sean said quietly.

"What happened?"

"A tragic accident. She was out jogging and a joy-rider lost control of a car he had just stolen. He mounted the pavement. Killing her instantly."

He said nothing more and we continued in silence for a few minutes before I spoke.

"I would love to meet with your boys again, if you want we could make it a regular thing as I often get the craving for dog cock which is never easy to satisfy." I smiled as I went on, "and the chance of a free meal as well sounds good to me. I do have one question though."

His look of concern made me laugh which was a small error as the dog cum that was still inside me slid out. Luckily I had brought a sanitary pad in anticipation of such an event.

"Which one is which?" I said nodding over my shoulder to the two sleeping dogs.

He laughed a beautiful laugh that made me realise that was the first time I had seen him happy since we first met. "Reggie White and Ronnie Black." Then he looked at me and winked as he said "and they have a very special party trick that maybe next time you might like to explore."

Before I could ask what he meant and what this special trick was we had arrived at the pub car park and he pulled up next to my car.

"I will send you my address, shall we say 6 o'clock next Saturday?" and when I nodded eagerly his face lit up in a smile, "and bring an overnight bag if you want, and stay the night."

With that, he pulled away leaving me with my car keys in my hand and an ever-increasing damp patch between my legs.

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## **Chapter Two**

As I pulled up outside Sean's house I was still racked with uncertainty, which as always translated to me incessantly chewing my bottom lip. Three questions had been in my brain all week, the first that was gnawing at me was "what do you take to a date when you know that both of his dogs are going to fuck you at least once?"

In the end, I went to the local supermarket and picked out a bottle of good red wine and rationalised it with the thought that even if he didn't like it then I would. As I wandered around the supermarket picking up bits and pieces it occurred to me that I should also take the two boys a gift each so moved into the pets aisle, and it was there I bumped into Jenny from the office.

Jenny was one of the solicitors who had been at the firm forever and had never made partner, something she would complain about bitterly if you gave her half the chance. She was competent



enough, but like the way she dressed, she was dowdy and frumpy and cut an awful figure in front of clients. Consequently, she was pushed into the background to do the mundane and boring things that needed to be done with efficiency in our firm. This resulted in her being paid well as an employee but destined never to rise above that, a source of bitter resentment.

"Hi Mary, fancy seeing you here I didn't know you had a pet," then as she spotted me looking at dog toys went on, "What breed of dog do you have?"

My brain wanted to scream 'technically they had me', but I bit my tongue and mumbled something about buying something for a friend's dog as a gift but wasn't sure of the breed.

"Well my Marty loves these," she said holding out a chew toy that also had some form of health benefits, "and he is a 6-year-old boxer still in excellent shape."

I suddenly had this vision of Jenny on her hands and knees being banged senseless by her boxer dog as she moaned out words of encouragement, her pinched mouth uttering words that in reality she probably didn't even know existed. Making my excuse about being late I took the chew toy health thing and then grabbed another muttering I had better buy a spare and quickly left.

Grabbing the plastic bag containing my gifts and my small overnight bag, as I had already decided I was going to take up Sean's offer of staying the night, I marched up the path with a boldness I didn't feel inside and rang the bell.

From within the house, I heard barking and the scrabble of claws on a hard floor as Reggie and Ronnie rushed in unison to challenge the stranger who was daring to invade their territory. The noise of the dogs had an instant effect on me as I felt my mouth go dry, which was in direct contrast to my pussy which started to flood in anticipation of the evening ahead.

That was when the second question came to the fore, "what do you wear to a date where the main purpose is for you to be fucked senseless by a pair of Great Danes?" I had gone down the train of thought of wearing something elegant but discounted that as it was bound to get ruined by the dogs. Then I had wondered about 'obvious slut' like the first time, but something inside of me wanted to acknowledge the fact that Sean was inviting me into his home for more than just a fuck. In the end, I decided on smart but casual and wore a light summer print dress that could be pulled over my head in an instant, and remembering the torn knickers from the dog's eagerness went commando underneath.

As the dogs clawed at the door I could feel my juices starting to dribble down my inner thighs, and my resolve of being sociable with Sean before getting down with his dogs was fading like the light of the day. I heard his voice from inside as he followed the dogs to the door at a slower pace.

"Calm down you pair it's just your new bitch eager for round two."

His words just increased the craving inside and I glanced down wondering if the concrete slab path would be too hard on my knees if I got on all fours to let his boys take me right there.

Sean opened the door a fraction and Reggie and Ronnie pushed past him and went to pounce on me in welcome and joy that their bitch had returned. The thought of being hit by the combined weight of over 300lb of eager dog made me freeze, as my brain frantically tried to work out what the hell to do.

"Halt."

The barked command from Sean wasn't that loud or even that strident but it commanded not only attention but instant obedience.

"Sit."

The second command almost had me joining the two dogs who had frozen at his first order and were now sitting on their haunches quivering like two rockets ready to be unleashed.

"You must forgive the boys," laughed Sean softly, "they can tend to get overexcited and forget their own strength and power."

Handing him the gift bag I followed him into the house, still slightly in shock at the way the dogs had reacted to his simple command, but when I glanced at some of the pictures adorning the walls things started to dawn on me. In one, a man in the full dress uniform of a regimental sergeant major stood proudly in front of the Queen who was pinning a medal to his already decorated chest. It took me a second glance to realise that this highly decorated man was Sean, as in the picture he was clean-shaven and a little younger. The military background explained the shiny shoes I remembered from my first fucking outside of the caravan and the rank explained the timbre of command. My study of the pictures was interrupted by a cold wet nose poking under my dress, and finding the source of the sweet scent he sought took a long lick. I couldn't help the long moan that escaped my lips as the craving rushed through my body making me even more aroused than I already was.

"Why don't you fill your craving while I attend to dinner," Sean said waving his hand to the lounge just off the hallway.

Stepping into the room the two dogs were starting to vie with each other for attention pushing their heads under my dress, nudging me this way and that in an attempt to bring me down to their level. Spotting an oversized leather footstool that sat in isolation in front of an unlit open fire, almost like it had been placed there deliberately, I pulled the dress over my head and discarded it casually over a couch, sprawling myself over the stool with my naked ass in the air. As soon as my breasts pressed against the cool leather Ronnie was up and on my back, thrusting wildly as he sought to find my willing pussy. The footstool was of sufficient size to allow Ronnie to place his forelegs on either side of my body which meant most of his weight was self-supported. This in turn allowed me the freedom of movement to reach between my own legs and feel with my fingertips until I managed to catch his thrusting member. I deftly guided it to my entrance and after a quick tentative thrust to check he had found my hole he started to drive forward forcing himself deeper into my soaking cunt.

A loud guttural moan erupted from my mouth as he slammed forward with the animal ferocity that accompanies dog sex, pounding me into submission and propelling me into heaven. I felt my orgasm start to rise like a building tidal wave, and as it burst my eyes flew wide open and I found myself staring into Sean's enraptured face.

Sean had moved silently into a chair opposite and in his hand was a glass of some form of amber nectar from which he took an occasional sip as he regarded my performance with interest. As the orgasm peak subsided, I found myself starting to pant as Ronnie moved into the trying to knot phase, making his thrusts more savage and penetrating each time.

"You make a wonderful bitch Mary, just take a deep breath."

Without thought, I inhaled deeply and as I exhaled and relaxed, Ronnie slammed his knot home causing the remainder of my breath to puff out in a loud huff. I came again as he started to swell and lock inside, his cock pulsing and throbbing, massaging my g-spot which sent waves of pleasure flooding through me. As I convulsed in ecstasy his hot seed pumped jet after jet deep inside me

coating my womb with his sticky cum.

Opening my eyes again I could see that Reggie had moved in front of me and was standing totally still like a statue, waiting for the next command from its master. His cock was hanging down, dripping slowly onto the floor and as I watched Sean's hand reached out and gripped the base of the cock, twisting it sideways so it was in front of my mouth. As he held it there I opened my mouth and started to suck letting my mouth act as a pussy on the glans, being careful all the time not to let my teeth touch.

I felt Ronnie turn and still locked inside of me continued to coat my inner walls with his seed as we were joined ass to ass. The only movement from this tableau was me moving my head back and forward as I sucked Reggie's cock as fast as my aching neck and jaw muscles would allow. The pre-cum was copious and I had to keep swallowing but suddenly there was a low growl, almost a yelp as Reggie exploded in my mouth.

I had been fucked by a few dogs over the years and had sucked a few to get them interested or after the act but this was the first time a dog had fully ejaculated into my mouth. The amount of cum was tremendous and within a couple of spurts, I coughed and had to move my head, though this didn't stop Reggie, and jets of his cum hit my face, covering my cheeks and chin as well as streaking in my hair. So powerful were his spurts that some hit my breasts streaking them with cum as well.

"You will learn to swallow it all eventually," laughed Sean, "It took my Sarah a few times before she got used to it."

That was the first time that he had mentioned what I assumed was his wife and as that thought permeated my brain I felt Ronnie pull free, satisfied that he had filled his bitch.

"If you still have room after your appetiser, dinner is ready, come as you are."

I staggered to my feet and followed his retreating back feeling the seed slide down my thighs and my face. As I walked from the lounge to the kitchen I saw a picture of Sean with his arm around a woman, both smartly dressed and holding a glass of champagne, but what struck me was how happy both of them were.

Sean had noticed me looking at the picture, "That was me and my Sarah at my 60th birthday party," He paused for a moment, "Hers would have been next month."

A couple of thoughts hit me, firstly he was much older than I had thought but would never have guessed and the other, that he was still very much in love with his wife.

The table was what I would call a typical country kitchen table, large and highly polished oak with enough space to seat many more than just the two of us. This meant that one end was bare of decoration whilst the other had place settings for two. Showing me to my chair I smiled as I saw a towel had been folded over to catch what was still leaking from me and over the back was a soft blanket. Draping the blanket around my shoulders I sat down and Sean served a plate of the most divine-smelling stew I had ever smelt in my life. The stew tasted every bit as good as it smelt and looked, and I hadn't realised how hungry I was as I devoured half the plate without speaking.

"They say sex makes you hungry and excellent sex makes you starving" Sean laughed.

"Sorry I am being such poor company," I replied as I paused from my eating.

"Far from it young lady, in fact, you are excellent company, it is nice to have a degree of normality in

the house.”

‘Normality’ I thought to myself, how could normality be having a naked woman sitting at a table covered and full of dog seed.

As if he had read my thoughts he continued, “Sarah and I enjoyed the boys, and others before them, to the full. We have always had a dog of one type or the other and it was company for her when I was away. That company covered all aspects, which included keeping her sexually satisfied. After I retired from the army ten years ago we bought this place, which allowed us to be much more open with our activities and I would spend many an evening watching Sarah satisfy her cravings.”

After I had finished a second helping of the wonderful stew he regarded me with a thoughtful look in his eyes as he said, “I have to ask, is your name really Mary Poppins?”

I tried not to laugh as I responded, “Yes my father had a great sense of humour and it was his wish in the last letter my mother ever received from him. I never knew my father as he died a few days before I was born, killed in action in Desert Storm in 1991.”

Sean just stared at me like he had seen a ghost, and then his face split into a broad grin before he started to laugh like a donkey. Between snorts of laughter and utterances of “you little fucker” and “you weren’t lying” he said, “You are Harry Poppins daughter aren’t you.”

I could feel my blood run cold as he mentioned my father’s name, this was getting way weird, not that the situation wasn’t weird enough already.

Seeing my face Sean stopped laughing and said quietly, “I served with your Dad, we were a pair of full screws back then and he always used to say he was going to call his daughter Mary if only he could convince his wife to go along with the joke.”

“Screws?”

“Army term for corporals,” Sean laughed as he stood to clear the plates away, “We were billeted together, I was with him when the roadside mine meant for a tank got his unit. He was a great guy and he would have loved you.”

“Not sure my father would have approved of me fucking one of his friend’s dogs, but let’s not go there as that would get really strange.”

Standing up I shrugged the blanket from my shoulders, “What I am sure of is that my father would have wanted his daughter to make sure that his friend’s needs were taken care of and that she said thank you properly for an excellent meal.”

Moving over to where Sean was standing I knelt before him and unzipped his flies before fishing out his semi-hard cock and sucking it into my warm mouth.

“You don’t have to you know,”

I heard Sean muted protestations but his cock was already in my mouth and growing rapidly as I started to work my lips over the head and shaft. With my free hands, I undid the rest of the bottom half of his clothing and pulled them to his ankles allowing me free access to what was growing into a fine erection. He may have been 60 plus but there was the hard-on of a much younger man swelling in my mouth as he started to thrust in and out. I could sense he had decided to stop protesting and enjoy himself as I felt his hands grip my hair and start to jerk himself into my mouth, making me gag

slightly as he hit the back of my throat. The sound of my cough clearly excited him as his thrusts became more strident but then in a sudden movement, he pulled me to my feet, spun me around and pushed me across the table. I felt his feet tap the inside of my ankles before he kicked them apart teasing my open pussy with the head of his substantial cock. He wasn't about to make love to me, he was going to take me which made me shiver with anticipation at the thought of him realising a year of pent-up emotion on my pussy.

No words had been spoken, but he mumbled something indecipherable in a low voice and then with an anguished cry, he thrust in hard and started to fuck with almost the same ferocity that his two dogs did, his fingers digging into my hips, and my breasts rubbing over the polished table as he grunted in and out. Glancing up at our reflection in the polished glass surface of the hob splashback, I could see his eyes were tightly screwed shut as he fucked with hard methodical strokes, lifting me onto my toes with each savage thrust.

"This is what you like isn't it Sarah, to be fucked like a slut."

As he grunted out those words it dawned on me he was imagining that I was his departed wife he was fucking and I opened my mouth to speak, but realised I might break whatever spell had washed over him, so quickly shut it again. There may not have been the speed of a dog and certainly not the size but Sean was turning into a very enjoyable fuck as he continued his measured deep thrusts. As he drove in and out I felt his finger invade my ass, making me moan loudly as he fucked me in a unified motion between his finger and cock. I love most forms of sex, but over the past few years, I had really got into anal as I found it a reasonable substitute in slaking my craving for dog cock when that was unavailable. His single finger soon became two and as he twisted them inside my ass opened up, relaxing for what I knew was coming next.

"This is what you want isn't it?" Sean said, his eyes still closed as he withdrew his cock and pressed the coated head against my anal star. Not wanting to break the magic moment I just mumbled and pushed back onto his cock, impaling myself on the head. I felt it burn as he pushed deeper and then he started to fuck my ass at almost the same pace as he had fucked my pussy. With the tightness of my ass gripping his cock he didn't last long before he started to yell loudly as he thrust wildly, sending spurts of his pent-up seed deep into my bowels. When he had finished the movements he stood very still, still buried in my ass and looking up our eyes met in the reflection of the glass. What I saw nearly broke my heart as there were tears pouring down his face as he looked horrified at what he had just done.

"I'm sorry Mary," he said pulling out of me and reaching down for his trousers, now not prepared to meet my eye, "I had no right to treat you like you that, calling you by my wife's name, it was both rude and disrespectful of me."

"Sean."

"Yes Mary," his voice sounded like that of a small child who is about to be punished by his parents for some wrongdoing.

"Don't be sorry, I loved it and you can call me anything you like. Now you promised me a party trick and I have been wondering about it all week."

He smiled that wonderful smile that came from within as he said, "Well, first we need to watch an instructional video and see the boys special trick in action then you can get involved if you want."

I laughed internally, 'instructional video?', were the dogs going to repair a washing machine or build an IKEA cabinet, but I was intrigued and followed him back into the lounge eager to get the answer

to the third question that I had been toying with all week. Ronnie and Reggie were lying in their baskets and when they spotted me naked both of them perked up and sniffed the air loudly. Catching the aroma of my freshly fucked pussy and ass they uncurled themselves and started to stand and move towards me, but a curt command from Sean returned them to their baskets. They were eyeing me with the same amount of interest that I was eyeing them when the screen flickered into life, and I instantly recognised the scene as being the very room we were sitting in. This was going to be a very interesting instructional video indeed I thought to myself as I settled in next to Sean and watched the screen.

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Chapter Three

It was strange watching a room where you were sitting appear on-screen, especially when there was someone on screen who wasn't actually in the room. It struck me it was like watching a ghost, which I suppose she technically was, assuming of course this was Sarah, Sean's deceased wife. A quick glance at Sean's face with the sad wistful look plastered across it seemed to confirm my thoughts but the final confirmation came from the disembodied voice on the screen saying, "Are you ready for them Sarah?"

Bearing in mind she was in her late fifties, she was an attractive woman in damn good shape and I just hope I can keep my figure in the way she had. Like me she was curvy and her breasts were full, and although there was some drooping that comes with age, they weren't saggy in any way shape or form. Her silver-grey hair was cut short into almost a boyish crop but there was no doubt she was all woman, as evidenced by the shaved pussy that she was displaying to the camera, holding her lips apart with her fingers in a wanton display of lust.

"I am always ready for them love," she said in a lovely voice that had the soft lilt of someone from the lowlands of Scotland.

'Them' turned out to be Reggie & Ronnie who bounded onto the screen and started to lick and nudge at her naked body. Sarah responded to them in the same way as I would by touching their cocks whenever they came close, with either her hand or on some occasions her mouth. Then Sean came into the scene, totally naked with his wonderful cock, semi-hard, and swaying from side to side as he walked. As he got close to the boys Sarah took his cock into her mouth and started to suck on him as she opened her legs to allow Reggie full access to her open pussy.

"You are one eager slut," said Sean on-screen with a note of pride and affection in his voice.

As I watched, Sean gently moved Reggie until he was lying on his back with his legs up in the air. What was noticeable was his angry red cock being held upright in Sean's firm grip as Sarah straddled the dog. With a loud sigh of contentment, she impaled herself on it, then leant forward so she was above Reggie who was in what must have been an unnatural position for him. As she muttered words of encouragement to reassure Reggie, I watched as Sean moved Ronnie into a position behind Sarah and then patted her ass as he uttered, "mount."

As it dawned on me what was about to happen, I couldn't help moaning the word 'fuck' under my breath and, without any conscious thought, opened my legs and started to stroke my pussy.

Ronnie was on Sarah's back, and with Sean's guiding hand the tip of his cock was placed at Sarah's anal star. Still holding it in place, Sean allowed Ronnie to thrust a few times, but he was finding entry difficult as Sarah's pussy was already full of Reggie's cock, so making her tight. I could feel myself holding my breath, wondering if it was going to happen or not, when the deep moan that

loudly echoed from the screen told me that the two dogs were double penetrating her.

My fingers were going mad over my clit, rubbing and tweaking it as I sat watching the hottest scene I had ever seen in my life.

Sean leant over next to me and casually tweaked my nipple as he said softly, "Do you want to try that Mary?"

I couldn't find the words, just nodding dumbly as on-screen Reggie was pounding Sarah's ass. Just as I thought things couldn't get any hotter Sean reappeared on screen and held his now very hard cock to his wife's lips. She opened her eyes, and on seeing Sean's cock I could see them light up as she forced her mouth over his member, almost choking herself in her eagerness to swallow it. The tableau was breath-taking, well it was to me, here was this lucky sexy woman with a cock in every hole and two of them were dog cocks.

Finding my voice, I croaked, "Yes... yes... yes. Thousand times yes, I want to try that...NOW."

Sean laughed at my eagerness, "Well you have to build up to it, you seem OK with anal, but it's different taking a dog there as they have no control, so you have to be able to relax or it could be very painful."

My mind was spinning with desire as I spun off the couch and knelt on the floor, bracing myself over the seat. Like a pair of rockets, the two dogs were out of their baskets in a frantic race to see who would cover their bitch first. Reggie won by a whisker, and almost a foul, as he nudged his partner out of the way so assuring his victory on reaching the prize. He was up and on my back, thrusting madly, almost before I had time to draw breath.

"Cup your pussy," I heard Sean bark, and following his command I clamped my hand over my open hole just in time before Reggie could penetrate me, glancing off the back of my hand instead. A few thrusts of his slippery cock soon found my freshly fucked anal star and, using a mixture of Sean's cum and his own watery pre-cum, Reggie penetrated me anally for the first time.

I couldn't stifle the yell that erupted from my throat as even having been recently fucked the invasion was still substantial and brought tears to my eyes.

"Breathe... just breathe deeply and relax," Sean said over and over and, following his guide, I started to take big gulps of air, finding that each time my ass relaxed a little more. As I relaxed Reggie's thrusts became easier to bear, but at the same time became more frantic as his passage was less hampered. I could tell he was trying to knot in my ass and blind panic set in then, with relief, I felt Sean's hand stopping Reggie from completing his goal. It didn't stop Reggie cumming and I felt the hot seed pumping into my ass and the pure physicality of the moment set me off and I orgasmed, flooding like I had almost wet myself.

As he wasn't knotted Reggie pulled away with ease, leaving a trail of cum across my ass cheeks and the remainder of his seed pouring out of my open, ravaged ass.

Sean had moved from the couch and lay on his back, holding his hard cock upright and I knew what was expected, and what was about to happen. Squatting over him I lowered myself down, feeling him penetrate me deeply and setting off tremors from already sensitive nerve endings. Reggie had retired to his basket and Ronnie, who had largely been a spectator until this point, stepped forward as I pressed my breasts against Sean's hairy chest and waited.

Looking down into his kindly brown eyes I could smell his fresh breath with the faint aroma of

whisky and without real thought, I kissed him hard, not with lust but with passion. To my joy, Sean returned the kiss with a tenderness that was in direct contrast to the jabbing from Ronnie who was seeking my anal star. As Ronnie found what he was seeking and pushed, I exhaled sharply into Sean's mouth and he broke our kiss, murmuring words of encouragement as Ronnie forced his cock in deeper.

I had done double penetration before in a wild night of sex with brothers who I had got chatting to in a bar, and when I couldn't make my mind up which one I fancied the most, ended up in a hotel. That was a night of controlled passion with the pair working together to bring me to the heights of ecstasy, but this was entirely different, Ronnie was using my ass the way he used my pussy, with ferocity and animalistic fervour. Sean remained still though I could tell by his moans that Ronnie's action was also stimulating his cock trapped inside me.

My tightness didn't allow Ronnie to knot with me but didn't stop him spurting his cum deep into my ass before pulling away, spraying everything with jets of his hot cum. As soon as the pressure inside was released, Sean began to thrust upwards as I ground down onto his cock, and in a simultaneous peak of pleasure we came together, our fluids meeting and mixing in a cocktail of delight.

My body ached and my pussy and ass were a mass of nerve endings that seemed to jump from throbbing with pleasure to pulsing in sharp jabs of pain. I vaguely heard Sean talking as I drifted in and out of consciousness, resting my head on his warm hairy chest I could feel my eyes closing. The last thing I heard was his soft voice in my ear as he picked me up in his strong arms.

"That should satisfy your cravings for today at least." Then as he planted a soft kiss on my forehead, I heard him whisper, "You are so like my Sarah it breaks my heart."

The next morning, I woke in the huge soft bed that Sean had deposited me in the night before and found him already awake with his arm draped around me. Cuddling into his warm furry body I felt safer than I had in many years and realised I could get used to this on a full-time basis.

"Well," said Sean with that twinkle in his eye that I had grown to love, "if you want, after last night's performance maybe it is time to consider you helping me re-join the group that I had to leave after Sarah passed."

"What group is that?" I said knowing it would no doubt be fun and snuggling down in the bed started to suck his cock as he talked. The aches and pains of last night's exertions faded away as I felt him grow and swell as I worked my magic.

"The group is very select and very discrete. To become members, you must have at least one active dog but more importantly, you also have to be able to host group events. Without Sarah, much to the regret of many of the members, I had to stop hosting events though I do keep in contact."

Breaking from my sucking I said, "sounds like fun, I'm in." then I returned to letting his now very hard cock slide in and out of my mouth.

"Let me explain how the hosting works, though I suspect you will still be very interested as it will almost certainly help slake your cravings." I certainly was interested and held my breath wondering what the special hosting thing could be.

"As host, you must provide a willing female who will be locked in position and be available for three hours for anyone who chooses to have sex with."

I nearly came at his words and renewed my sucking with even more enthusiasm as he laughed, "feels like that really did get your interest," and then with a grunt, he held my head as he jerked up into my mouth feeding me his cum which I swallowed with relish. Licking my lips, I admired his lean body that was in fantastic shape for his age as he stood naked by the bed.

Licking my lips to taste the last of his seed I said curiously, "If they choose?"

"Yes, the dogs will all fuck you, but sometimes the members won't, depending on their tastes. Well to be honest a lot of the men will, it's some of the females who might not as some don't swing that way."

My head was spinning, what was on offer was a three-hour gang bang with multiple dogs and a few people thrown in, frankly, it sounded to me like a perfect evening. I am sure Sean could tell the way my mind was working by the look in my eyes and the fact that I could feel myself starting to pant as I often did when the craving for sex started to build inside me. The fact he could read my mind was confirmed when his face split into a big grin as he said, "OK, you go and service the dogs while I make breakfast and then I will see about getting things organised."

It was four weeks later when the big day finally came around, I was going to meet the group that Sean had talked about. We were going to meet down at the static caravan that was where I had first been taken by Ronnie and Reggie, but this time we were inside in a much more comfortable environment.

The last four weeks had been amazing and I had grown very fond of Sean and not just because of his two dogs. I would spend the weekends with him enjoying a rampant sex session when I arrived on a Friday, followed by a weekend of sex whenever either of the two boys or Sean wanted it, and I never said no. On Monday morning I would dress for the first time since I had torn my clothes off on Friday and drive to work, my body aching but also glowing from the wonderful memories running through it. Sometimes, midweek, the craving would get so great that I would drive to Sean's after work and, still dressed in my work attire, hoist my skirt round my waist and kneel in the kitchen while Ronnie and Reggie fucked me to heaven and back. Sean would just smile his smile and carry on fixing dinner while I was being humped around the floor although I always made sure that I had an opportunity to suck his cock for my appetizer to dinner as I would call it. After a wonderful dinner, with no wine, I would drive back home to my cold little flat ready for work the next morning.

We even managed to repeat the video of the pair double penetrating me, though if I am honest, it was hotter watching the video back than anything else, as it seemed unnatural for the dog under me, and I was worried I might hurt him. I was also scared that sooner or later one of the dogs would succeed in their attempts to knot in my ass and I wasn't quite sure I could take something of that size in there. When I talked to Sean about it he nodded with understanding and agreed I should only do what I was comfortable with.

It wasn't just the sex, it was also Sean's company and the location that I was falling in love with. We would walk for hours over the hills and through the woods with Sean showing me parts of wildlife I would never have even known were there unless he had shown me. The boys were amazing, as even when we got close to the nest of a bird to see the small chicks or even on one occasion near fox cubs playing, they would sit at his command although straining to revert to their natural instincts. They would sniff and poke at me with their heads while we walked, but with a curt word from Sean, they would cease their attentions to their bitch knowing that when we returned home, they would be satisfied.

I wanted to give up the flat I was renting and move into the cottage with Sean and the boys but didn't want to push it. Sean had suggested it a few times, pointing out that if I still insisted on working then he could drive me to the local station, where I could travel in by train, and then he would collect me in the evenings. I was so tempted and had started looking at the train times and working out the practicalities but was also scared that I would be pushing Sean too much.

Sean coughed breaking me from my daydream and I looked around the caravan which seemed different from the first time I had taken a brief glance inside a few weeks ago. The interior was very open plan, with couches pushed back against the walls that had backs and arms made up of cushions so could easily double as beds. There were also low footstools dotted around similar in design to the one in the living room where Ronnie and Reggie would take me on a regular basis. There were padded chairs arranged in rows in front of a raised dais at the end of the room, but the thing that struck me that was new was what looked like a sawn-down version of the vaulting horse you used as a child in the hall come gym. It was padded on the top and would be long enough to support the main part of the torso so leaving the head and legs free at either end. There were two small platforms halfway along and a sudden picture of a dog supporting itself on its forelegs popped into my head. On each corner was a leather harness that would be fastened around my knees and wrist so locking me in position. I was already picturing myself locked in position and being mounted and the thought was turning me on more and more.

"So do you like the breeding bench?" Sean said, "My Sarah did a lot of the design herself."

As I watched Sean place a footstool at the front end of the breeding bench and picturing myself laid across it, I could see that my head would be at the right height to suck or lick whoever was on the stool.

I felt a little self-conscious as I stood there naked as Sean was still fully clothed, but as he had explained, some would want to get down to the action before everyone arrived, particularly the dogs if they had been starved of relief to ensure they were interested in a new bitch. I could feel my juices trickling down my thighs and was sure that every dog for miles around must be able to smell me. My tummy was churning and my pussy was craving the new dog cocks that were going to use me.

"Just relax and be yourself," Sean said quietly as I heard a car pull up and a dog barking as it was freed from its confines.

"What if they don't like me?" I hissed back, genuinely nervous at the thought of somehow disappointing Sean and what were to be my new friends. They had all seemed really nice people when we had chatted online but there is a difference between chatting and meeting people in the flesh, and the moment of truth was upon me as the door flew open and the first couple who were about Sean's age stepped in.

"This is Adrian and Donna, we have been friends for over thirty years," Sean said waving his hand "and this is Charlie," he continued as a large yellow Labrador pushed past the couple and started to sniff at my naked form.

Donna stared at me in amazement muttering, "Oh my god you are so right Sean she is a dead spit."

I was trying to work out what she meant, but at the same time, my attention was being dragged away as Charlie could smell a new bitch and was trying to force his head and tongue between my thighs to taste me. Donna flicked through her smartphone and held up an image taken of a picture of four people standing laughing at the camera. Despite the fact, that it was taken quite a few years ago, as shown by the date Christmas 1990 on the bottom of the picture, it was easy to make out

Sean, Adrian and Donna. The fourth person had me open my eyes in shock, as it was like looking at the same face I had seen in the mirror this morning. If it wasn't for the fact that I would have been no more than a lump in my mother's womb at the time it was taken I would have sworn it was me.

I would have asked a million more questions were it not for the fact that Charlie had grown a little impatient and pushed me backwards, causing me to stumble and sit on one of the stools to avoid falling over it. With my legs apart he took the opportunity to bury his head between my thighs and start to lick with gusto, causing me to moan loudly and open my legs wider to give him full access.

"Looks like the three hours need to start now," laughed Adrian as he pulled a somewhat frustrated Charlie away from me by his collar.

"Come on love, time to get you in position," Sean said quietly as he helped me to my feet with a hand under my elbow, and moved me towards the bench. As I lay there and he fastened the straps around my wrists and ankles I could see the room had started to fill up and could hear the excited yelps and panting of the dogs. My heart was beating so fast as I tried to count the number but kept getting lost as more people arrived, greeting each other with kisses and hugs. I wasn't sure, but I was guessing that the final number was going to run into double figures.

"Good evening ladies & gentlemen, and of course the stars of the show are our lovely dogs." The humans in the audience became quieter as Sean spoke, but if anything, the dogs became more agitated as they sensed their moment was approaching. "This lovely young lady here is Mary and she has willingly, and dare I say eagerly, agreed to be our sex slave for the next three hours. As always, I will be keeping score and just to remind you that the record stands at eight dogs, six men, and three women set by the lovely Angela in 2016. Looking around the room it could well be that record will be broken today but just as a reminder only full orgasm will be counted in the score."

The juices were pouring out of me filling the room with the heady aroma of my arousal and the dogs were getting the scent and becoming very agitated.

"I think we need to get things started as the dogs are as eager as the bitch so Angela, as our last initiate, the honour falls to you and your boy to start the proceedings."

A petite red-headed woman of around 50 got onto the stage accompanied by a large giant of a man, with a thick beard flecked with grey, and most importantly a beautiful sleek Dalmatian who was already fully aroused. His angry red cock was hanging down and twitching as he dripped pre-cum onto the floor, straining against the tight grip the man had on his collar.

"Hi I'm Angela," she said, half to me and half to the audience, and it dawned on me that they were all going to introduce themselves. "This is Steve and the boy straining at the leash is Duke." Then she giggled as she whispered in a slightly lower tone, "and don't worry, like you I was panicking about trying to remember everybody's names, no one expects you to, just enjoy yourself."

With that, Steve released Duke, who sniffed briefly before he mounted me and started to jab, seeking my pussy. Steve went to guide him in, but his help was not required as Duke slammed home filling me with dog cock. He wasn't as big as either Reggie or Ronnie but he was so quick, I am sure if it wasn't for the generous quantity of fluids pouring from us both I would have caught fire from the friction. Within minutes Duke had driven his knot inside, and as his knot started to swell the first of many orgasms burst inside me making me yell loudly. Just as it started to subside, the hot jets of seed from Duke sprayed my insides, sending me back over the top into ecstasy.

As Duke pulled out leaving a trail of cum across the floor, I heard Sean say clearly, "One, now your turn Charlie."

“Hi I’m Adrian and this is Donna and you have already met Charlie.”

The yellow Labrador was on my back so fast he was like a blur and he found his mark on his first attempt. Such was the power of his penetration, had the bench not been there to support me he would have sent me flying. As Charlie started to fuck me with the speed and ferocity that I also love from dogs, I could see that Angela and Steve had retired to one of the couches and stripped off. As she started to suck on Steve’s cock, Charlie was licking her pussy from behind and her muffled moans joined mine in the room.

Charlie’s knot was bigger than Duke’s, so when it popped in it drew a loud moan from my lips, followed by a deeper groan as I orgasmed. The gripping caused Charlie to start pumping his jets of cum deep inside, joining Duke’s seed in coating my cervix.

“Mike and Debbie,” said a couple almost in unison, then they paused and laughed before Debbie went on to say, “and this is Rocky.” I glanced at Rocky and could see he was a chocolate brown Labrador, but was a much heavier dog than Charlie, and again I was thankful for the bench as he deposited his weight on my back. He jabbed a few times and then I felt Debbie’s fingers brushing against my pussy, sending shock waves through me as she grasped Rocky’s cock and guided it into me. Being a bigger dog, his cock was correspondingly bigger and I felt him open me as he slammed home. His pace wasn’t quite as quick as the previous two but still at a pace faster than any human could match as he drove me to yet another orgasm.

I had noticed out of the corner of my eye that Adrian and Donna had also stripped off and she was draped over a footstool, sucking on Charlie’s cock as Adrian fucked her from behind. From the angle, I would have guessed he was in her ass, but it was difficult to maintain focus as the heavy form of Rocky pounded me to orgasm. As I felt Rocky spurt deep inside my eyes flew wide open, and it hit me that the rule seemed to be, that until the dog had fucked me the owners were restraining themselves from any form of sexual activity.

My insides felt empty as Rocky pulled away and Sean said clearly, “that’s three dogs so who’s next please?”

“Hi I’m Jane and this is Max,” said a woman behind me and, looking back over my shoulder, could see a smiling face and a large dog with folds of skin making his face look wrinkled, straining to be released. “He is a Shar-Pei and the person in front of you is John.” Turning my head back to the front I found myself facing a very hard uncircumcised cock that he was gripping by the root with one hand. With his free hand, he took a handful of my hair and rammed his cock into my mouth, nearly choking me. Before I could catch my breath, Max was up and on me and without a blink, in me. The pair had obviously worked together before, as Max drove me onto John’s cock, he would relax and let me breathe, before pushing it back down my throat.

I had learnt how to deep-throat before I left school, much to the delight of a few of my classmates, and to the utter shock of one of the teachers when I swallowed his eight inches not long after leaving. I had gone back for the traditional school prom and decided that I would swallow as many loads as I could that night, making every effort to go through not just my class, but half of the year as well. Mr Jones had caught me blowing one lad, and when I offered to blow him, at first he refused but when I pointed out I was now an ex-pupil he reconsidered, and was soon shooting his load down my throat.

The only problem I was having with John was that he was insisting on setting the pace, and in the end, I just relaxed and concentrated on breathing when I could, until finally as if in unison they filled me from both ends.

I was in heaven, though getting exhausted and if I am honest, a little sore. Through my orgasmic haze, I heard the voices,

“Andy and Christine and this lovely German Shepherd is called Knight,” was soon followed by, “Fred and Josie and our lovely Pit Bull here is called Milo.”

I forget the names of the next two couples but in a haze, I recalled that they were both Dobermans and fucked with a silent intensity like the second was trying to outdo the first. Once the second of the pair had deposited his load I lay there, panting like I had run a marathon. My body was bathed in sweat and my lower half was covered in a mixture of scratches and seed. My face and hair were matted with the seed from two male owners who had used my mouth while their dogs used my pussy. The men weren't as fussy about shooting into my mouth, seeming to prefer to splatter my face and hair as they jerked the final strokes onto my face as their boys were knotted inside filling me. There was a growing puddle of seed and juices between my thighs that was increasing from the steady drop from my swollen pussy.

“Well done love,” said Sean, as he offered me a straw to suck in some refreshingly cool water, “You have equalled the record so do you want to stop now?”

I think he was shocked by the ferocity of my response, albeit my voice was hoarse, “No, no thousand times no, please I beg you, don't let them stop.”

“Who's next?” Sean said.

I heard a woman's soft voice say, “I am Josie and this is my partner Charlotte and this is the only male we allow in our lives. Hugo.”

I twisted my head and could see a large Irish Wolfhound with his head buried between the legs of a woman lying on her back with her legs wide apart.

“Charlotte you slut,” Josie laughed, “Mary will do the licking and you can see who has the best tongue, while Hugo fills the other end.”

A pretty little blonde, who was probably half Josie's age, giggled and pushed Hugo's head away before she scooted in front of me, and sitting on the stool, lifted herself so her pussy was inches from my mouth. I could see her red nails pulling her lips apart to reveal her already wet and puffy lips as she whispered hoarsely, “Hope you are as good as Hugo, as he's a magnificent licker.”

I moaned in agreement as Hugo was putting his talented tongue to work on my ravaged pussy sending waves of pleasure through me. As I strained my head forward, Charlotte giggled again and moved back a little so I was just out of her reach. “Bitch,” I muttered under my breath, though at that point Hugo had decided that licking was over and breeding was in order. The force of him mounting and slamming into me physically moved the bench forward a few inches and pressed my eager mouth into Charlotte's open pussy.

As Hugo drove into me, I heard Josie say, “You will find both Hugo and Charlotte eager as I have denied them both each other for a week in preparation for today's event.”

I could tell that much was true with Hugo, as the ferocity with which he rammed himself into my pussy was sending me wild. I tried to finesse my licking of Charlotte, but between Hugo's frantic fucking and her death grip on my hair pulling me in, I could do little more than lick and lap at whatever part of her flesh was presented to me. Then I felt Hugo push his knot deep into me and slow his movements to almost a stop as his knot swelled and started to throb. This allowed me to

grip Charlotte's engorged clit between my teeth, and increasing the pressure I began to tug and then release it before repeating the actions. To my delight, Charlotte was a squirter, and as she writhed in the chair jetting her fluids into my mouth, Hugo was pumping a week's worth of seed deep inside me. The orgasm that ripped through me was huge and I could feel myself on the edge of consciousness as Charlotte moved out of my vision and Hugo lay panting and drooling onto my neck. Eventually, he subsided enough to pull himself free and I could see Charlotte devouring his cock with relish and gusto as he stood stock-still on the edge of the stage.

Sean leant over, giving me more water as he mopped my brow, "More?" he said quietly, and when he heard the muffled and muted moan from my lips, he looked at me questioningly. I nodded my head as I couldn't find the words that were screaming through my brain as the craving to be fucked roared like a forest fire out of control.

Standing, Sean said loudly to the room, "Mary is eager to carry on, so please bring your boys up and let's really get this bitch bred, and gents don't be shy."

"In which case," laughed a man unbuckling his trousers, "I am Pete, my wife is Karen and our boy is Mason. What are you like with anal?" Before I could reply, he took his semi-hard cock and fisted it a few times before dragging it through my folds, coating the end with copious amounts of fluids. Then I could feel him pressing against my anal star with increasing pressure until finally he popped inside and held himself there, giving me time to adjust.

"Wow, you are tight, it's a good job I decided to get you ready before Mason takes his turn."

I came, at his words, without any preamble, an orgasm trembled through me at the thought of his Rottie Mason fucking my ass, though he was doing a damn good job as he drove in and out. I wasn't sure who it was, but when I opened my eyes there was a cock presented to my face, and opening my mouth, I swallowed it whole. Pete's thrusts sent me onto the cock causing me to gag and cough but neither of the men was going to stop. With a loud grunt, Pete unloaded into my ass and at the same time, the guy with his cock in my mouth started to cum. I don't know what it is with a lot of guys but for some reason, they seem to think it better if they shoot all over your face rather than allowing you to enjoy the taste of what you have just worked so hard for. This guy was no exception as he splattered my cheeks, hair and even some in my eyes.

As Pete pulled out of my ass leaving it open and lubed his place was taken by Mason, whose weight caused me to expel the air from my lungs with a loud whoosh. He jabbed without aim and I thought for a moment he might find my pussy instead of my ass but Karen moved her hand to cup me, so stopping that from happening. As Mason continued his thrusts, Karen massaged my pussy, curling her finger so the tip tickled my clit sending waves of pleasure through me. With her other hand, she tweaked and pulled at my hard nipples which heightened my sensations. Then with a loud yelp, Mason found my anal opening and with Pete's seed easing its passage slammed all nine inches of cock home.

The world went crazy for me at that point, as just from the anal fucking, I felt my orgasm over and over, some at least from Karen's hand which she had kept in position. Now that Mason was firmly embedded in my ass she started to give my clit the same treatment as she had been giving my nipples, causing me to thrash and buck against my restraints. I was certain that Mason was going to knot in my ass, and although I knew it would hurt, by that time I didn't really care as the need to remain on that plateau of pleasure was the only thing in my mind. As I felt Mason unload into my bowels, I could feel my head spinning and for a moment I lost consciousness, which only semi-returned as Mason pulled free of my ass leaving me feeling open and raw.

As I lay there panting trying to draw air into my tortured lungs, Sean squatted down until he was looking me in the eyes. As I felt the seed slowly ooze from my pussy and ass into a conjoined puddle between my legs, I felt his fingers gently pull the matted strands of hair away from my face.

“Mary, I love you and will you do me the honour of becoming my wife?”

I could only croak my acceptance, which was met with loud cheers and whoops of delight from the crowd.