

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Day I

Five minutes late was not how Rachel wanted to start the day. The temp service for which she worked had called her last minute, offering her a three day opportunity at a small office across town if she could get there by 9:00 am sharp. A quick shower, a dusting of make-up and she was out the door, but still missed it by five minutes. She hoped the boss did not tell her to leave right off and call for another girl.

Rachel smoothed her simple dress with her hands and pushed open the door to the small office. Right inside was a receptionist desk and a handful of cubicle desks, two of which were occupied. A small open doorway led to little kitchen area and there were two actual offices in the back of the room, with windows that looked out on the office, but with closed blinds.

An attractive, older woman got up from one of the cubicles and walked over.

"Hi. Are you Rachel? From the temp service?" She asked.

"Yes!" Rachel replied. "I am so sorry I am late. They only called me forty-five minutes ago! I rushed right over. I am usually on time..."

"It's okay!" Smiled the woman. "It was a last minute request. I am Nancy. I'm the office manager here."

Rachel relaxed and shook Nancy's hand. Nancy was wearing a charcoal colored dress, and looked like the firm-but-fair type. Rachel guessed she was about forty or so, to Rachel's twenty-five, and Nancy was slightly taller, but more slender. Rachel hoped her own simple office dress met with Nancy's approval. She needed this job. At least for the three days, but any temp job could turn into a permanent position, and she was desperate for a full time job.

"Let's go introduce you to Mr. Sims. He owns the place." Nancy suggested. "Then we will get you settled in."

"Yes, ma'am."

Nancy led her through the office, stopping to introduce her to the other person sitting at a cubicle, a man Rachel guessed to be in his thirties.

"This is Bobby." Nancy said. "He is our main sales rep. The other cubicles are mostly filled during off hours and weekends. During the day it is usually just us and Mr. Sims."

"Hi Rachel! Nice to meet you." Bobby had the casual-confident manner of a salesman. A proper salesman, not the snake-oil kind. Rachel returned the smile.

"Nice to meet you too!" She said.

Nancy proceeded back to the left hand office and knocked, opening the door when Mr. Sims called her in. Mr. Sims looked like he was probably a little older than Nancy as he stood and came around the desk. One hand firmly gripped the collar of beautiful speckled hunting dog. Rachel guessed it was a pointer or something similar. My, he was big! Mr. Sims held him back as the dog raised up on his hind legs, tail wagging, to greet the visitors.

"Down, Scout! Settle down boy!" Mr. Sims said to the energetic dog.

"Don," said Nancy, "This is Rachel, from the service."

"Nice to meet you, Sir." Rachel offered her hand. Don held Scout back with his left hand and shook Rachel's with his right.

"A little late aren't you?" He grumped.

"Oh stop it!" Nancy chastised. "You know you just called the service this morning. The poor girl rushed right over."

Mr. Sims smiled. "Yes, I know. I am teasing the girl. Rachel, Nancy will get you started. Basically you will be filing, and prepping callsheets for our night staff. We don't get many calls, but you will answer them and transfer them to Nancy, Bobby or myself. After the three days, if it seems like you are a good fit, you may be offered the job permanently. If not, we will have the service send someone else. Any questions?"

"Oh. Um, no sir! I will do my best" stammered Rachel.

"Good. Nance, get her started will you? Thanks."

And with that, he sat back down and looked back at the papers on his desk, scratching Scout's head and apparently dismissing the two women.

Nancy spent the next hour showing Rachel where everything was, describing what went into the callsheet packets, how to find and print the appropriate forms in the computer and the other usual office training. Rachel picked it up quickly, and soon Nancy was back at her desk while Rachel sat at reception, filling folders with print outs and running to the copier/printer for documents. Bobby came by a couple of times to make small talk, and though Rachel expected him to make a pass, he was very nice and she found that she felt fairly comfortable with the folks in the office. Except maybe Mr. Sims. He only came out of his office once, to speak to Nancy. He had asked about how Rachel was doing. She overheard that much. But he did not speak to her directly. Rachel was gratified when Nancy gave her a positive report.

The next few hours passed quickly, with Rachel quickly finding a routine and getting quite comfortable in her role. But that was about to change. At one o'clock Mr. Sims came through the front door, having taken Scout outside for a walk and crooked his finger at Rachel.

"I need you in my office, Rachel, come with me, please." He said.

Rachel followed him to the back, and Nancy joined them as they went into Don's office. He took the leash off of Scout, who proceeded to pounce on a thick rope toy and start shaking it enthusiastically.

"So Rachel, here is what I need from you. Nancy, Bobby and I are going out to lunch. Now, if I leave Scout alone in here, he will probably trash my office so I want you to stay with him. Don't worry about the phones, they are transferred to a service during lunch."

Rachel looked at Scout, who had stuck his head behind the blinds of the office's outside window and was whining at passers-by.

"Uh, Mr. Sims, I don't know..."

"Nonsense." Mr. Sims cut her off. "Now listen up. He is just a ball of energy today, and acting like a nut, which is normal, but I have a client meeting this afternoon and I need him settled down. I can't have him disrupting the meeting. So I want you to do whatever it takes, understand? Get him calmed down. I am counting on you. Whatever it takes! Got it? Good. Let's go, Nancy,"

And with that Don walked out, joining Bobby and heading for the door. Nancy held back a moment, smiling at Rachel.

"Nancy! What I am supposed to do?" Rachel begged for some advice.

"Whatever it takes, dear." Nancy said, impersonating Don and laughing.

"I am being serious! I don't know how to calm this dog down. What am I going to do?"

"He is just another male, Rachel." Nancy soothed. She reached out and touched Rachel's cheek. "I am sure you know how to soothe the savage beast. You will think of something."

And with that Nancy stepped out of the office. "We will see you in an hour or so. Good luck!"

Nancy closed Don's office door, leaving Rachel with Scout, who sniffed at the door, then forced aside the blinds facing the inside of the office. Then he turned to Rachel, tail wagging.

"Well, what am I going to do with you, Scout?" Rachel asked, rubbing his head. At his name, he ran around the office, then found the heavy rope toy, grabbed it and kept flipping the other end at Rachel until she grabbed it for a tug of war. One powerful pull and Scout yanked the toy out of her hands. Rachel knelt on the carpet and took the toy again, this time ready for his strength and let him pull. Scout tugged and growled and shook the toy until Rachel's arms tired. She wrestled him to the floor and rubbed his belly, hoping that would calm him down, and while he loved it, every time she stopped, he bounced up and tried to play.

Rachel sat back on the floor, leaned against Mr. Sims blue couch and laid her head back on the cushion, eyes closed. What was she going to do to calm this crazy dog down? She needed this job so bad, and it was nice quiet office until this. But expecting her to deal with this energetic dog was just more than she knew how to deal with.

Suddenly, a cold, wet, smooth nose touched her between her spread legs. Rachel squeaked and looked down. That crazy dog had belly crawled until his head was under the hem of her dress and was trying to sniff her...her crotch!

"No! Scout! What is the matter with you?" She admonished him, trying to push him out from under her dress. She tried to close her legs, but he was settled between them. She pushed on his head, through her dress, but he just seemed to just consider this little contest more play and drove his nose forward more, pushing it against her panties. Rachel had to pull the dress up herself, to get it over his head and try to pull him away by his collar. But tail wagging he simply resisted her pull and he began to kick her roughly, through her panties. She knew her scent was certainly soaked into them, certainly enough for a dog's sensitive nose, and that probably had him curious.

Realizing she simply did not have the leverage to just drag him away from her crotch she tried to think of something else, quick. To her embarrassment, her pussy was beginning to react to Scout's attention, and as the outside of her panties were getting good and wet from Scout's tongue, she was contributing to the wetness on the inside herself. What was wrong with her!

Rachel decided to stand up, and pulled her feet towards her to get them under her. This had the

effect, however, of bringing her knees up and out, giving Scout slightly better access, and he made the most of it. Rachel's panties had shifted just enough that Scout's rough tongue was able to come into direct contact and ran the length of one of her labia. Tingling electricity ran through her and she moaned softly.

She could have sprang up. She should have sprang up. But once Scout had a taste of her, his licking became forceful and frantic, and Rachel hesitated, just a moment, to explore that sensation again. And again. And again...What is wrong with me? She thought. She should have stood up and stopped this. But Scout was calmer now, or so it seemed, intent on exploring her. She should have stood up. Instead, her hand slipped around her thigh to pinch her panties and pull them slightly to the side.

With that thin cotton barrier removed, Scout's tongue instantly found that tasty wet spot between her lips. Instantly that beautiful tongue snaked its way between her swollen labia to explore her depths. Her wetness, her scent, her taste, her sex, opening for his rough tongue, willing him deeper inside her. His licking was frantic, as if he was afraid she would suddenly deny him. She knew she should. Scout's tongue was a wave of sensation, stimulating her lips, then the walls of her pussy then massaging her clitoris before plunging into her again. So fast. So fast.

Rachel found the determination to rise, wobbly legs raising her up off the ground. Feeling his girl begin to deny him, Scout reacted, chasing Rachel's pussy as she rose, rising himself to match her height and pushing her off balance onto the couch. Her orgasm building, Rachel had no intention of stopping him now, instead she scooted her bottom to the edge of the couch cushion. She then raised her legs straight up, hooking her thumbs under the waist of her soaked panties and pulling them up and off her legs. Scout took advantage of this angle to stroke her from her asshole to her clitoris with rapid vigor and Rachel just hugged her arms around her legs, pulling her knees to her chest and letting Scout continue to ravish her with his tongue. She spread her legs wide, placing her heels on the edge of the couch as well and reached her hands down to her vibrating pussy, humming with energy, and pulled her lips apart and back, pushing her engorged clitoris out, to be flicked by Scout's textured tongue, strumming her little button like an exposed nerve and making her shiver all over. Her orgasm was near, but the build up seemed to have plateaued even as an aching need formed deep inside her.

Rachel looked at Scout, past his face, down his flank and to his furry sheath, swaying between his legs. A small tip of red protruded from him, and his hips moved slightly, his back half already starting to fuck even as the idea first struck her. At once Rachel's mind screamed 'No!' even as her frustrated cunt moaned 'Yes!' A thousand times in her life Rachel's good sense had won out over any wanton pleading from her nethers, but this time good sense was doomed. Animalistic need was in play. Primal lust. Want. 'I want it' she thought, and the very inappropriate naughtiness of the whole situation, being pleased by a dog, hoping he would fuck her, in the workplace, on her very first day, almost pushed her over the edge to bliss. Almost.

Sitting up, Rachel stroked Scout's head as he continued lap at her pussy, though her movement clearly caused him to fill with anticipation. She slid her hand down his soft flank, then under to grasp his cock. He sort of froze at the touch, at first, but as she gently stroked him through his fur he began panting, and he was clearly excited. Rachel tried to think about how to move forward. She knew the basics of sex of course, she was no novice there, but little about animals. She knew other women did it. Had even seen a story or two about it online. But could she do it? She decided she could not. Her passion was high at the moment, she wanted to cum very badly, but she could not do that. She hoped the excitement so far would maybe calm Scout down, but if not she would just have to disappoint Mr. Sims.

She leaned over to where her panties had landed on the couch. Scout took that moment to bound on

to the couch beside her, climbing on top of her, pinning her beneath him. She was still on her side, his front paws on the couch at her chest and her back. And thrusting furiously at her, but only managing to poke her rump through her dress. Rachel pushed him back and managed to sit up, both hands straining against his powerful chest. Apparently Scout thought this was part of the game and he jumped to the floor, up to the couch again on her other side and bowled her over onto the cushions again, trying again to hump her shapely bottom. He backed off enough to sniff her sex again, jumped back to the floor, paced back and forth and pounced on the couch again as Rachel tried to sit up. Pinning her on her side again. Dammit! If anything, now he was more worked up than ever! Anxiety filled her as she tried to decide what to do. She didn't know what to do.

'Whatever it takes, dear'...Nancy's words floated back to her. 'You know how to soothe the savage beast.' At the thought of the savage beast wanting to savage her right now her clit throbbed. She had seen the tip of it. Felt it in her hand. She knew others did it. Gave in to the primal lust she was feeling right now to be filled, fucked, used by this lovely creature. To satiate him and be satiated.

Rachel pivoted, tucking her knees beneath her and raising up off the couch into, My God...doggie style! Her hands gripped the arm of the couch as Scout found himself now with his front legs on either side her hips and his back legs walked him forward, searching with his thrusting cock. But all it found was fabric, because Rachel's dress had fallen back into place when she had rolled over. Now that thin material created a barrier. His weight was on her, his paws gripped her, and his cock poked her, but the connection could not be made.

Rachel shook her head. Any illusion of simply being 'taken' by this dog was gone. If it was going to happen, she would not have the luxury of being passive. She would have to act to make it so. Enable it by her own hands. 'Last chance, Rachel', she thought. She could roll off this couch and stand up. This didn't have to happen if she didn't want it. Rachel reached back, and pulled her dress up over her hips.

Like a bullet, Scout leapt at the opportunity. Feeling soft flesh instead of fabric, his cock sprayed small jets of fluid on her pussy as he probed. A couple of off center thrusts was all it took before he discovered her wet and very ready opening. Rachel gasped as Scout drove his slender, feverishly warm probe past her engorged labia and into her vagina, pistoning in and out with alarming speed. She felt his testicles slapping against her clitoris as he fucked her like a machine.

Gripping the arm of the couch with her fists, Rachel pressed her face into the couch cushion and let out a stuttering moan, in rhythm with the pounding her pussy was taking from Scout. She squeezed her vaginal muscles around his warm cock, gripping him inside her very core. His shaft filled her, the length of her, from her aching entrance to her cervix, and was definitely expanding inside her. His thrusting was unlike a man's. A man slides in and out. Somehow, Scout seemed to only be trying to move further in! His front paws gripped her hips and back legs scrambled for purchase, climbing her thighs as he fought to drive himself ever-deeper inside her. To deposit his sperm as close to her center as he could. And Rachel loved it!

Now, as his heated cock, which was a much higher temperature than her flesh that engulfed it, stretched her pussy, something else just outside her tender opening pressing against her entrance. With each short, but forceful thrust this hard, round, object opened her just a little wider. So much warm, slick, fluid lubricated their connection that her hungry cunt slowly opened just enough that Scout was able to force his knot past her tortured ring of muscle to lodge inside her.

Rachel moaned into the cushion and shot a hand under her belly to her throbbing pussy. Her hips grinded in wanton fashion as her vaginal muscles clenched and unclenched, trying to suck more of his cock inside her. Her fingers rubbed furiously at her clitoris, so wet that her swollen button

bobbed and slid between her fingers, driving her to ecstasy. Scout's cock spasmed, and Rachel could feel each jet of his cum as it passed through her clenched opening, and like a beating heart his huge knot powered it down the length of his shaft to spray her insides, super-heated fluid filling her belly.

One orgasm or a string of small explosions, Rachel could not say, but her every muscle contracted in concert with Scout's spurting cock. Finally, after the quake of her ecstasy calmed down into aftershocks of carnal bliss, Scout turned around, with his cock firmly trapped inside her and continued to pump her full of his sperm. Rachel rested her cheek on the arm of the chair and floated along. How much could he be putting inside her? How long would they be stuck like this? Rachel turned her head to look at the wall clock. Thank god! It would be quite a while before Mr. Sims and the others returned. She flexed her vaginal muscles again, a Kegel squeeze on Scout's cock, examining him with her insides, feeling him constantly pulse inside her. Her fingers slid down to her clit again. There was time for one more...

Mr. Sims leaned back in the chair, watching Rachel on the computer monitor. Smiling, he turned to Nancy and Bobby, sitting behind him in the office beside his own.

"I think this girl might be a keeper." He said

"Good old Scout," laughed Bobby. "I swear, if a girl has it in her, Scout will find it, eh?"

"That's why we call him Scout!" Don said. "But we have seen this before. Let's wait for the real test. If she comes back tomorrow."

"She will be back," Nancy opined. "I got a feeling, this one will be back for more."

Don smiled at them. "Let's hope so. She has real talent. Tomorrow I will bring Tank instead of Scout. If she can handle that, and being 'caught' by Nancy, we will know we found our new girl."

"Okay, now let's go get some lunch." Don suggested. Then added, "And Nance, call the upholstery cleaners. When Scout pulls out of that girl, there is going to be a real mess. Why did she have to do it on the couch?"

"Rookie!" said Bobby.

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## **Day II**

Rachel sat in her little car, eyes closed, with her hands gripping the steering wheel. Close to a melt down, she was paralyzed, unable to make herself get out and walk inside. Not paying any attention to her surroundings, she jumped when Nancy knocked on her window.

"You better get in there, girl." She chided. "Don't want to be late...again."

Jump-started into action, Rachel nodded, grabbed her bag and stepped out. Nancy click-clacked ahead of her towards the office, and Rachel hurried to catch up. I shouldn't be here, she thought. She should have stayed at home. She should have turned around half way here. She should have stayed in her car. She should have worn panties. Oh my god, what is wrong with me?

Rachel's heart was beating fast as she remembered her day here yesterday. She looked at the office at the back of the room, Mr. Sims' office. Scout's office. She throbbed, and squeezed her legs together as she stood at attention, waiting for instructions from Nancy.

"Well, Rachel, it's like this," Nancy said. "Like yesterday, mind the front, answer any calls, and file the sales logs from the overnight team."

"Yes, Ma'am!" Rachel replied. "Oh, is Scout going to be here today?" What is wrong with me?

Nancy smiled at the girl. "Did you make a friend?"

"I just...you know, he's cute boy. I haven't spent much time around dogs," Rachel said.

"Well, you seemed like a natural. Mr. Sims will be here shortly," replied Nancy. "Now, get me some coffee dear. Two sugars. I'll be in my office."

Nancy walked to her desk and Rachel ran to the kitchen and started a pot. After delivering Nancy's coffee, she returned to her desk and fell into her work. Like yesterday, the phone was mostly quiet and she made quick work of the last night's paperwork. She had just put lusty thoughts of yesterday's adventure out of her mind when the door flew open and in bolted two large dogs, dragging Mr. Sims.

"Scout! Tank! Stop pulling and settle down!" Sims snapped. He muscled the dogs still and unhooked their leashes. Scout immediately ran to Rachel, tail wagging, while the other dog ran through the office, taking count of who was there before returning to the front to investigate the new person.

The new dog was black and tan, with a barrel chest and a wide smile of a face. Rachel rubbed his ears in greeting.

"Who is this fella?" she asked.

"This," replied Mr. Sims, "Is Tank. A little shorter, a little thicker, he is the muscle and Scout is the brains"

"He's a Rottweiler?" asked Rachel, kneeling down and petting Tank's sides.

"Yeah. Well, a mix. He and Scout share a mother." Mr. Sims explained. "So he is a little less massive than a Rottweiler.

"Listen, I have some work to do," he said, getting back to business. "I'll leave Tank out here with you, or they will just annoy me in my office. You don't mind?"

"No, I don't mind, Mr. Sims." Rachel replied.

Sims took Scout back to his office, while Rachel put water down for Tank and returned to her desk. Dan hadn't come in today, and with both Nancy and Mr. Sims in the back, she was alone with Tank. The big dog was resting his chin on her chair, getting a head rub. Rachel bit her lip as a tingle of electricity started somewhere deep between her legs and fluttered up her spine. The memory from yesterday, of Scout, his weight on her back, his furry belly on her skin, came unbidden to her mind.

What's wrong with me? She thought again. Her foot started tapping as she tilted her head to try to see Tank's...manhood? Boyhood? Doghood? Was he bigger than Scout? Could she even tell by looking?

She snapped back to herself to find Tank staring at her. Apparently her body had been responding to her lustful thoughts and now Tank was curious about this new scent. He placed his chin back, but this time between her legs, on her dress. He snuffed. He snuffed again. Liking what he found he



pushed his nose hard into her lap, sniffing rapidly.

Now Rachel panicked and tried to push the big dog away from her crotch, but that was just part of the game for Tank, and he showed his muscle. Her chair began to roll backwards as he pushed at her. Rachel spun the chair around, breaking the contact and as Tank, who seemed to love that, ran around her she grabbed the edge of the desk and pulled her chair to it. Tank, however would not be denied, and the desk was large and contemporary and to dog easily fit underneath, where he centered himself between Rachel's legs and tried again.

Rachel gripped the desk trying to prevent rolling back again, and seeing she wasn't strong enough, she instinctively reached out with her legs and hooked her toes under the far edge to hold herself in place. Unfortunately this had the effect of spreading her knees and Tank launched his face between her thighs, her scent driving him harder as she became more wet down there, and her resolve was crumbling. She could feel his breath on her lips, even though fabric still prevent contact. His tongue, however, was wet and warm and rough on the inside of her thighs, and she wanted so badly to feel it on her more sensitive places.

Rachel glanced over her shoulder at the two office doors where Mr. Sims and Nancy were. All quiet. Steeling her nerve, she grabbed the hem of her dress and with a little hop of her bottom, she scooted herself closer to the edge of the chair and pulled her dress up below her tummy, spreading her knees a little wider and pressing her ribs against the front of the desk.

Tank, scenting victory, lunged, his tongue lapping quickly as he tasted her. Her arousal grew as blood flowed to her pussy, lips swelling, clitoris growing, as her wetness mingled with his wonderful tongue. He alternated between long, joyful licks that started between the crack of her bottom and finished with flick of aching clit to penetrating licks, probing deep inside her.

Rachel's sat there, eyes closed, lost in the pleasure between her legs and felt her orgasm building. She imagined Tank in Scout's place, on her back, his barrel chest resting on her back, breeding her, like Scout had. It was so close now.

She jumped as the front door chime rang and pushed back, slamming her legs together and standing straight even as Tank ran around the desk to see the newcomer's. A man and woman, Rachel guessed they were in their mid thirties, approached.

"Hi Tank!" Said the woman. "How are you, big boy?"

"We are the Langs," the man said, by way of introduction. "We are here to see Mr. Sims."

Rachel looked at the clock. Ten thirty. But Mr. Sims had not mentioned a meeting. She better check with him.

"I'm Rachel, let me buzz him please." She said, grabbing the phone.

"Is that the Langs?" Mr. Sims asked as soon as he picked up. "Send them back Rachel, thank you."

Rachel led the couple to the back and opened the door, and the Langs passed through, greeting Mr. Sims. Nancy came in from her office and greeted them as well.

"Rachel, we will be a while," he said. "No interruptions please. And keep Tank with you. Thanks."

Rachel walked back to her desk, Tank following right behind her, ready to resume his inspection. "No, sir," Rachel chided the big friendly dog. "That was a scare."

She decided to remain standing, and busied herself around the office and kitchen, just tidying up and generally avoiding sitting down around Tank, though she stopped periodically to play with him. Each time she did, though, thoughts of him taking her flashed through her and she had to force them down.

"Just no." she muttered, repeatedly, as she worked. "I can't. That was dumb. Yesterday was dumb."

"It only happened because I was alone with him." She reasoned. "It was crazy, but that was it. But we are not alone, and nothing is going to happen!" She stamped her foot in feigned determination at Tank.

An hour later, Mr. Sims, Nancy, and the Langs emerged from the office.

"We are going to lunch, Rachel." Nancy said. "We are taking Scout with us, but Tank is doing fine here so you two stay and have fun. We are closed for lunch so you can take him back to the office. There are some chew toys back there for him to play with."

"We will be an hour or two" Mr. Sims added, holding the door for the Langs. "Bye, Rach."

And with that, Rachel found herself alone with Tank.

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Rachel stared after the group, watching them through the glass door until they had loaded into Mr. Sims black SUV and pulled away. She resisted looking down at Tank. She was at war with herself. Her brain knew what she should do. Or really, shouldn't do. She had always listened to her brain. Always made the smart choice. Did the responsible thing. The safe thing. Always.

Until yesterday. Yesterday she gave in to an impulse. An impulse from sexual side. An urge. Something she had never even conceived of before suddenly happened, and she done the most unexpected thing. She acted on it. And that act had dominated her thoughts ever since.

She looked down. A wide smiley dog grin beamed back at her. What is wrong with me?

"Let's go see what toys are back there? Eh, Tank?" she said, almost stammering. As if he knew what she had meant, the big dog trotted off towards the back office. Butterflies in her belly, Rachel followed.

In the office, Rachel turned to lock the door, but the knob had no lock. She looked around the room and found a large basket full of various dog toys. Bending over to pick one, she felt a cold nose on her bottom.

"No, let's play with one of your toys" she said.

She bent again, and felt the nose again, even as she grabbed a rope toy. She offered it to Tank, who just stared at her.

"Not that one. Okay, let's pick another." She bent again and grabbed another toy, Tanks nose poking her thighs again until she rose. Again, he ignored the offered toy.

"That's not the toy you want either?" she asked. "I think I know what toy you want."

Turning back to the basket, Rachel exhaled, and this time, instead of bending at the waist, she lowered herself down in a squat and leaned as if looking close at the toys. For some reason she felt

the need to pretend she wasn't offering herself to this dog.

Tank responded perfectly, lowering himself down on his belly and craning his head up. He found her aching sex, spread wide the way only the squatting position can spread a woman. His tongue found her again, and she had to steady herself by placing a hand on the wall as she throbbed. His tongue explored her, slipping deep inside her canal. Rachel moaned.

Her knees shaking, Rachel rose and walked over to the couch, pulling her dress up around her hips, she sat on the very edge of the couch, pulling her left foot up and planting it on the cushion while she hung her right leg over the arm, and stroked herself with her finger, finding her lips wet and lubricated. She used her fingers to open herself a little wider for him and he went to work with his tongue again. Rachel was in heaven.

She saw Tank start to hunch his back section slightly as he licked, and she knew that he was ready for his turn. To deny him any further would just be cruel. Perhaps she meant herself. She reached down and stroked his head slowly for a moment and humped against his muzzle for a moment like a harlot. Reaching over her head, she pushed against the back of the couch, scooting off the edge and lowering herself onto the floor.

Tank pranced excitedly as Rachel placed herself on all fours in front of the couch. She reached back and patted her bottom, encouraging Tank back there. Moving behind her, he licked her again, enjoying this new angle. Rachel patted herself again.

"Up boy!" she pleaded. "Up Tank. Please? Please, Up Tank. Oh, Tank, c'mon boy. Please, up?"

Her pussy ached, phantom feelings of Scout taking her yesterday pulsed inside her as she begged this big dog to take her. To make her his. To breed her, his doggie need to mate with her driving him to use her as a place for his sperm. Oh, please!

Suddenly, as if answering her lusty prayer, Tank tried to mount her. Excitement thrilled her. Anticipation froze her. But like a batter that is uncomfortable at the plate, he stepped out of the box. He circled, and licked her face again. Then returned to her backside.

"Please, Tank?" she moaned. She wiggled her bottom. She patted her cheek. "Oh, please Tank. Up!"

This time Tank was ready. As she felt his paws on the small of her back, she found herself raising her bottom a little higher, even as she lowered her head toward the floor, and her feet turned outward, making her just that much more open to him. Her dress slid down her torso as her body was rocked back and forth by his thrusts, even though they had not yet made contact.

Tiny jets of fluid fired from the tip of his penis as it poked a short distance out of his sheath. They were just a small sensation of warmth on her smooth lips, which had parted slightly in her anticipation and she knew her entrance was open for him. Waiting for him. Rachel quivered as he walked himself forward, searching for her. As that warm red tip finally touched her flesh, Tank's paws slipped down around her hips as he thrusts became forceful, knowing he was close to making the connection and penetrating her.

Rachel quivered and gasped as on one lucky thrust, he found her and powered his cock out of his sheath and into hers. In a handful of rapid thrusts he was buried inside her. His grip on her increased as his speed increased, holding her in place while he bred his girl. His girl? Yes, I am his girl.

A long moan escaped her, broken into staccato as he thrust into her, like a jackhammer. Her

breasts swung beneath her, her nipples burning against the fabric of her dress. She panted as she felt his burning hot dog cock swelling inside her. The whole length of him grew from a narrow, probing tool into a thickly veined, super warm cock, pressing against the walls of her vagina with more and more pressure and heat. The base of his member was growing as well, and she could feel his growing knot passing through stretching muscle of her opening, widening her with each thrust in and out. Biting her lip, she concentrated on opening herself for him, to take him all inside of her. Finally, feeling the knot slip in again after a spine-tingling stretch, she clamped down, swallowing his huge cock inside of her, closing down behind the knot and sealing them together. Rachel sighed, lustily.

Tank kept thrusting for a few moments, his swollen cock switching into ejaculation mode, and muscles inside of him started to pump his sperm down the length of his shaft to spray against her insides. As he quit moving, and her body stilled, Rachel could feel each pulse of his warm cock as he spurted deep in her belly. Tank's temperature was so much higher, it was like someone had slid a water bottle into her body, filled it under pressure with hot liquid to expand and press against her in all directions, then started emptying the contents in powerful jets.

Rachel felt his heavy weight on her as he panted against her back from his exertions. She felt like her whole body was just a place for these powerful male animals to come. She was impaled on his warmth, she enveloped him, and she throbbed with each spasm of his cock that filled her more full of semen.

Completely lost in the moment, Rachel reached for her pussy. Her hand slid up her tummy, and as she reached her belly button on the way backwards she found warm, slick liquid. Obviously, some of Tank's fluid had run from her pussy, down her belly, while he was still moving in and out. She trailed her fingertips through it, gathering its slipperiness reached farther back towards her clitoris. She found it wet and waiting, and shivered as she touched it.

Maybe there is nothing wrong with me?

Then the door opened and Nancy walked in.

Rachel was attacked by blind panic. She tried to rise, but Tank was dead weight and she could not lift him. She tried to pull herself off of him, but his knot held her firm, swollen much farther inside of her than her opening, as used as it was, could stretch. Nancy stood there, hands on her hips staring at her. At her down, on the floor, with her dress bunched under her tits and a dog,,A DOG...buried in her filthy pussy, cumming inside her.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

Unable to run, and unable to hide, Rachel did the only thing left.

She cried.

A wracking, convulsing cry. A can't-breathe, curl-up-in-the-fetal-position-if-you-didn't-have-a-dog-lodged-in-your-cunt sort of cry.

And to make it worse, with each wrenching sob every muscle in her body tensed and convulsed. Even the ones wrapped firmly around Tank's warm cock. She gripped him with her inner muscles, feeling every inch of her shame as she felt the full outline of his cock as it continued to pump sperm into her. She sobbed again.

"Now, now, that's enough of that." Nancy said, crossing the floor to where Rachel knelt.

"Please! Please! Don't tell!" Rachel pleaded. Her life was ruined. Of course she would tell. She caught her fucking a dog. "Please Nancy! Please Nancy! Don't tell!"

Nancy shushed her, softly.

"Stop crying dear." Nancy said. "Stop now. There is no need. I won't tell."

"I just want to go home." Rachel begged.

Nancy knelt beside her, and Rachel suddenly felt the older woman's hand, touching Rachel's pussy lips as her fingertips slipped inside her, feeling Tank's knot.

"Well, that's not going to happen for a while dear," Nancy explained.

"I don't know why...I just...I just...it just happened. Don't hate me. Please. I am sorry." She started to sob again.

"Now, no need for that girl. It's all going to be alright." Nancy reasoned. "Besides, I have been right where you are."

"What?" Rachel gasped.

"Truly. Now, let me help you a bit and I will explain."

Nancy pet Tank's head, then with a gentle nudge, convinced him to slide off Rachel's side and helped him lift his leg up and over her bottom, turning the dog around. Tank's penis remained locked inside of her but now he stood there, facing away from her, and she felt the fur from the back of his legs on her cheeks as they stood bottom to bottom. His cock continued to pulse and spasm, the warm sprays of sperm pumping inside her. In spite of everything, her desire remained, perhaps even heightened by Nancy's sudden presence.

As if sensing Rachel's thoughts, Nancy said, "Now dear, since we won't be able to have this conversation until you are less, focused, on your situation, I am going to need to go ahead and finish what you had started when I came in."

"What?" Rachel gasped.

"You need to orgasm dear." Nancy said, matter of factly. "You were masturbating when I came in. Now finish up."

"Oh, Nancy, I can't..." Rachel stammered.

"That's an order, dear."

That's an order...

Those three words sent electricity through Rachel. Why would they do that? No matter. She obeyed the command.

"Yes, ma'am" Rachel replied.

Reaching back between her legs, first she explored herself, the way Nancy had. She felt the narrow bit of warm flesh that emerged from Tank's sheath and disappeared inside her. Feeling inside her, she found his knot, still tying them firmly together. She drug her fingers down to her now aching

and throbbing button and began to make circles.

Her orgasm came quick, and powerful. Exploding from her abused genitals, muscle spasms wracked her body as she moaned and panted. Her muscled gripped and released Tank's wonderful cock, milking all of his warm come, sucking on him with her vagina. She found her head in Nancy's lap, as Nancy sat on the couch and stroked Rachel's hair.

Rachel quivered for several minutes as her orgasm subsided, and Nancy cooed at her.

"Have you really done this?" Rachel asked, looking up at Nancy.

"Dear, I have been right where you are, with that very same dog inside me." Nancy confided. "Tank is a little 'bigger' than Scout. Don't you think?"

Rachel's eyes snapped up at the smiling older woman. She knows about Scout?