

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Dianna was right on time for once. That should have been my first clue that something was not right.

I dashed out to her car waiting in the carport, and we headed down the road. For the first ten minutes of the drive the tension in the car was thick, with both of us trying to pretend we were paying serious attention to the music on the stereo. Finally I broke the silence.

"Thanks for asking me to go with you."

Dianna smiled, and her hand patted my knee. "I'm really, really glad you could come today, Daisy. It means a lot to me, especially after what happened before."

I patted her hand with mine. "I wasn't sure if we were ever going to move past that, and I was really relieved when you called. I'm glad we can move on! After all, we've known each other a really long time. I'd hate for the friendship to fall apart because of one argument." Dianna smiled again, her eyes never leaving the winding road. After a minute she spoke up.

"Yeah. That would be a shame."

Another break in the conversation for many minutes. "So you got a new dog?" I asked. Dianna nodded her head, her eyes still on the road. "I hope I get to meet her the next time I come out to your place."

Another 20 minutes of driving brought us out to the outskirts of town, and eventually we turned down a long dirt drive. At the end of the drive was a sign reading 'Jensen Farms - Breeders of fine canines' Behind the sign the compound sprawled over what looked to be a few acres. Dianna and I pulled up to a small building with the word "Welcome" on the door.

I began to reach for the door handle but Dianna stopped me. "I want to give you something. I made it myself" She said, handing me a small leather bag.

"Oh what did you do?" I asked, taking the bag. "You shouldn't have given me anything!" I pulled from the bag a leather choker studded with sparkly green and blue gems. "Dianna, it's so pretty!" I gushed. She smiled, gesturing that I should turn around so to let her fasten it in the back. The back attached with a buckle rather than a clasp, which seemed odd. I pulled down the visor, admiring the look of it in the mirror.

"It's just a token so you'll always know how I feel about you." She smiled. "Let's go in, shall we?"

The building was empty. I rang the bell on the counter and finally someone entered from the back. It was THE Farmer Jensen himself, all 6+ feet tall and built like a brick house of him. "can I help you ladies?" he asked, wiping his hands on a rag tucked into his jeans.

"I'm Dianna Gardner. You and I spoke on the phone several times?"

Jensen's face brightened. "Oh, right! You've got a bitch in heat and you're thinkin' of breedin' her, right?" Dianna nodded yes. "You've come to just the right place. Now, remind me about your bitch. What breed is she?"

Dianna began rooting around in her bag as she answered. "She's a mutt really."

"How old?" he asked.

"I guess she'd be considered in her thirties." Dianna commented, adding "in dog years, of course."

She pulled a long leather strap from the enormous bag, along with a small charm or something, and placed them on the counter.

“Has she ever been mated before?”

“No sir, she has not. And she really needs it!” Dianna and the farmer both laughed at her joke.

“Do you have a specific breed you’re looking to mate her with?” he continued the questionnaire.

“No, I was hoping I could check out the whole kennel, see if there’s someone I think would be a good match. Could we do that?”

“Absolutely! Give me a few minutes to get things sorted out in the kennels and I’ll come back to take you out to meet the boys. I know you’ve got a little sorting out to do in here too.” Dianna nodded yes. As Jensen dashed out the door he popped his head back in and asked “Oh, I forgot to ask you: what is your bitch’s name?”

“Daisy.” She replied, and then Jensen was gone.

“You named the dog after me?” I asked after he’d left. “I didn’t know that!”

Dianna had the leather strap and the charm again, as well as a shallow silver bowl, all pulled from her enormous shoulder bag. She placed the strap and pendant into the bowl, along with some bits of shrubbery and assorted scraps of things. Over them she poured some dark purple liquid. “I didn’t name my dog after you.” She stated simply. This confused me, as did all the activity with the bowl on the counter. She sat on the floor, legs folded up before her and the silver bowl of odd things in the center of her lap. Next she began to chant something in what I recognized to be her hokey Wiccan religion, and I could only imagine she was blessing the farm before she picked a mate for her bitch.

“What do you mean? Is it just some coincidence the dog came with my name?” Dianna shook her head no, continuing the chant slowly until her eyes flashed and she locked those flashing eyes with mine. I felt a tug somewhere in my mind, and next a powerful jerk. Dianna stopped the chant, keeping my eyes locked tight into hers, and she spoke.

“The dog isn’t named after you. She doesn’t have your name. She *is* you.” My mind was held tightly in a vice, and that vice was hers. She renewed the chant for another several rounds, keeping my gaze locked in hers until her eyes flashed again. Next she returned to her feet, grabbing the contents of the silver bowl, and crossed to me. I felt the urge to run but such options were no longer open to me. I stood helpless in her mind’s tight grip as she fastened the leather strap, which turned out to be a leash, to the leather collar she’d gifted to me. Next she held up the charm, which was a small red dog tag, and proudly showed me the name it sported: “Daisy.” She attached it to the dog collar and smiled.

With a downward jerk on the leash Dianna commanded “Down!” and I dropped down to all fours without a moment’s argument. Just then Jensen appeared in the doorway. “We’re all set out here – how about you?” he asked.

“We’re all set as well.” She replied. “Let’s go meet the boys!”

Behind the office building was a large kennel of cages, each holding one or two dogs. They were a variety of breeds, sizes, temperaments but each wanted to meet us, pawing at their cages as we walked between the rows of kennels. If Jensen was surprised or confused by my following Dianna on my hands and knees he said nothing of it. Instead he asked “any breed you’re most interested in?”

“Actually,” she replied “I’d like to have my bitch mated with several of your prized breeders. I’ve brought funds enough to mate her 8 times. Could we do that?” Dollar signs appeared in Jensen’s eyes and he agreed immediately. Dianna turned to look at me, commanding me to “Stay!”, and she and Jensen walked up and down the various rows of cages for 20 minutes selecting eight suitable mates for her bitch.

I stayed.

Inside my mind I was straining to do anything, take back control of ANYTHING, but somehow Dianna had stripped me completely of anything other than an undying need to obey. I could see and hear and feel everything as normal, but otherwise I seemed trapped inside my own compliance. I was 100% obedient and could make myself nothing else.

As they appeared at the end of the cage row Jensen pointed Dianna down to the south, after which she headed back to me. Jensen headed the other direction. Dianna and I walked back up the cage row to the end, she leading me by my leash, and then down the direction Jensen had pointed. Eventually we came to an area with a fenced pen and two camping chairs. Inside the pen a contraption was secured into the ground, a leather strap attached to the end. Dianna took a seat in a camping chair, telling me “Sit.”, and I sat beside her chair. And waited.

Jensen arrived, taking my leash from Dianna and leading me into the pen. With all the strength I could muster I desperately tried to scream to him for help. Nothing made it outside my mind. Inside the pen he fastened my leash to a molly bolt anchored to the ground, and fastened the wide leather strap on the contraption around my neck. The t-shaped metal pipes holding the strap crossed at my shoulder and the top of the contraption had a place where I could rest my chin. Once I was secured Jensen looked into my face for the first time since I’d arrived. He smiled down and patted the top of my head, scratching behind my ears.

He followed up this moment of kindness by producing a long knife and running it down the back of my clothing, from shirt and bra to jeans and panties. He unceremoniously removed them all, tossing them into the trash bin to the side. Moving to my rear he kicked my knees further apart and I felt something cold sprayed all over my ass and vagina from a spray bottle. The wind carried the smell to me; it was musky and strong. Finally Jensen left me in the pen, strapped securely, sprayed with a concoction and naked as the day is long.

Jensen returned to the camping chairs where Dianna sat. “I think we’re just about ready to give this a try. The spray is a concentrated pheromone like what bitches produce when they’re in heat. It’s gonna trigger the mating instincts in the boys” He said. “Now, needless to say I’ve never done anything like this so I have no way of knowing for 100% sure what they’ll do. But I’m pretty sure this will work just like we talked. You ready? This is your last chance to back out if you’re not sure.”

Dianna looked him in the eye and broke into a huge smile. “Not a chance.” She replied, adding “let’s get the show on the road!”

The farmer smiled in response and rubbed his hands together in eager anticipation. “I’ll go get the first Romeo!” he yelled. As he disappeared into the barn-like-building beside the mating pen Dianna entered my area, grabbing the spray bottle from the gate. She sprayed my rear and vagina a few more times, then moved to my face and sprayed me liberally there, concentrating much on my mouth. As our eyes met she stared for a moment, finally leaning in and chirping sincerely:

“Have fun.”

Several minutes passed where I could only stare ahead of me, restricted as I was by the device

holding me in place, and wait. I would hear noises but nothing new would happen. Finally I heard the gate of the pen open and close. I could hear some kind of panting behind me, followed quickly by the feel of a wet nose on my rear which caused me to jump! The nose sniffed around my ass and the backs of my thighs, eventually thrusting between my legs and rubbing my pussy. My eyes bulged from the feeling but I could not escape it. Nor could I get away from the rough tongue that next began to lap at my snatch, licking up the ample juices that had been building up there.

My body's arousal was humiliating but undeniable. I wished that I could do something to control it, but I felt my nipples becoming rock-hard and my pussy was dripping with excitement. I knew it had to be all part of Dianna's sick religious voodoo crap.

*click* I heard the sound of a camera beginning to fire from where Dianna sat.

The tongue disappeared, but the relief was short lived. A pair of paws landed on my ass, working their way up past my waist and to my lower back. As they worked their way up my body I began to feel something nudging at my pussy lips, and within a matter of seconds I found myself filled with a hard dog cock. And a rush of damned dirty desire.

"go git 'er, Dannyboy!" Jensen yelled from the sidelines as the rutting began. I remembered Dannyboy. He was a sweet-faced pit-bull from the first row of cages. I couldn't resist imagining myself being fucked by the dog and the image sent me crashing into my first orgasm. I couldn't bear how instantly my body had succumbed to this torture!

Dannyboy's cock had been stiff but slim as he slid into me. However after only a few minutes of his happy humping I felt his cock swell inside me, locking him inside me as he continued his assault. I knew from an article I'd read that I'd be trapped with him inside me until he came, so the only relief I could hope for would be to be filled with a load of dog cum.

After another 10 minutes of earnest pounding I felt the first dog cream shooting into my cunt and I joined him in a tremendous orgasm. I couldn't resist crying out in pleasure and heard Dianna's laughter cascading over me. Soon Jensen appeared in the pen, taking Dannyboy back to his cage. Dianna appeared too, crouching before me to look me in the face.

"Guess what, Daisy? You just got fucked by a real, live dog AND? You *loved* it! Now how high and mighty are you? Still think my religion is a bunch of "crazy bullshit"? Still think I'm wasting my time with all this fantasy trash? Looks like one of us might be an "ignorant, ridiculous bitch" after all. But turns out it's not me. No, there's only one bitch here." As Dianna snarled at me I could only stand there, a trickle of dog cum sliding down between my legs. "Oh, but it looks like you've got a new date. I don't want to keep him waiting - he's cute! I sure hope you like black guys..." I could not remember the last time Dianna looked this gleeful.

The pen closed behind me somewhere and after a minute I felt the sniffing of a new cold nose around my privates. Soon a black lab appeared before me, sniffing all over my body, down to my mouth. I heard Jensen remind Dianna that this dog's name was Butch. "Give 'er hell, Butch!" Dianna cried.

Butch sniffed my mouth, looking interested but also confused. After a few minutes he pulled his front paws off the ground, shoving his cock into my mouth. Butch fucked my mouth like a pussy, and after some minutes his cock filled my mouth entirely with it's swollen knot. Instinctively I tried to run my tongue around his rod, but his assault on my mouth was so fast I could only hold on for dear life, until finally he filled my throat and mouth with a steady stream of hot dog cum. The taste was more tangy than the one taste of human cum I'd experienced, and I found, to my horror, that I preferred this flavor.

"Don't worry, I'll bring Butch around again after an hour or so to do her in the other end." Jensen was pulling the perplexed dog out of the pen back to his cage. "You want to be sure she gets a little black lab in the mix, after all." Dianna thanked him, but I only thought that I was going to have to fuck one more time because the damned dog mistook my face for a cunt!

My next partner was a collie named Max. Max was an energetic fucker, clawing my back some in his attempt to stay inside me. After Max was a golden retriever named Petey, who growled throughout our entire fucking. I noted that the sound of his snarls only added to my excitement and I came with him three times instead of only two.

After four dogs Dianna and Jensen were kind enough to give me a short break. Dianna released me from the neck strap. She noticed that I was looking hungrily at a nearby swimming pool, so desperately thirsty had all this dog-fucking made me. She grabbed a dog dish from the corner, filling it with water from the hose and dropped it before me. I lapped up half the bowl in barely a minute, and as I stood there on all fours my tongue slipped from my mouth, hanging off to the side as I breathed fast, deep breaths; almost panting. Dianna noticed the behavior curiously...

Less than 20 minutes later a new canine cock was forcing itself into me, encouraged by the cheers from our audience. My shoulders pushed hard against the t-bar on the device holding my neck to keep me from falling over under his assault. As he found a comfortable rhythm he began to drool and it ran down my shoulder and arm, cold in the light summer breeze. He whined as his deposit joined the other three deep inside me, and I shuddered in reaction.

"What breed was that?" Dianna asked.

Jensen replied matter-of-factly "That's Tiger. He's a Malamute. Great blood lines in that boy." Jensen was crossing to the pen and turned back with a chuckle. "Not that I guess that matters so much here." He laughed. "Next up is the husky called Tando." Dianna looked over at another row of cages, seeing a huge dog there transfixed by the sights and sounds of the mating pen. She wondered how she had missed such a great choice!

Jensen escorted Tando into the pen, grinning at how immediately he made his way to my rear and shot his dick into me. Tando and I were grunting in unison before he'd even returned to his chair. As he sat Dianna asked "What's that?" pointing to the big dog she'd seen.

"That? That's Tank! He's a mastiff. Handsome, yeah?" In the background I let out a cry of excitement as Tando's cock expanded inside me, locking us together. I wished I could control those reactions!

"How come we didn't see him before?" Dianna asked. "I'd love to see him mounting my bitch!"

Jensen did a double-take. "Really? He's a big boy, you know. When he's expanded his member is a good piece larger than an average man's. I just figured the breeds of his size were too big."

Dianna snapped around to him. "You mean there are other breeds big like him?"

"Oh sure! My kennel actually has one of the largest collections of super-large dog breeds on the entire coast! Hell, I've got a Irish wolfhound, a Newfy, and I just recently got me one big-ass St. Bernard!" Dianna was sad to hear she'd already spent more than half of her money without even realizing there were these dogs possible.

Jensen looked at the disappointed expression on her face. He turned back to Tando and I, rutting and sweating in the dirt. A thought came to him. "Are you saying that you'd want to mate your friend there with one of those monsters?"

"I'd have mated her with ONLY those monsters if I'd known about them." She replied, adding "and she's not my friend. Not anymore. She's my bitch."

Jensen smiled. "Well then I've got a proposition for you. To thank you for the show today I'll throw in all my super-large breeds free of charge on one condition."

Dianna sat up in her seat! "Name it!" she said.

"I wanna turn on my cameras and film the rest of this. I've already got them set up, because we done some "how to do mating" videos we taped and sold, so I'd just need to flip 'em on." The idea of filming this was something Dianna couldn't believe she'd not thought of!

"Absolutely!" she grinned. "In fact, could I get copies?"

The two shook hands, having made an excellent bargain, while Tando howled into the shockwave of cum he fired into me. "How many super-large breeds do you have?" Dianna asked, enjoying the view. "Was it four or five?"

Jensen smiled, enjoying the show too.

I knew of the eight dogs originally arranged for, so as the pen door opened and closed behind me yet again and a new nose began rooting around my pubic hairs I readied myself, saying "just two left." Hans the German Shepard pounded his balls against my thighs, sharp staccato whines coming with each thrust. So far he was the largest dog I'd fucked, though I could only judge by the fullness in my pussy.

Half-way into our dance I caught myself pushing back against his barrage, looking to feel him as deep as possible. I hoped that no one else had seen it and I stopped myself, but less than five minutes later I caught myself doing it again. As soon as I stopped guarding against it my response was to encourage the penetration. The longer the day waned the harder it was to focus my brain on anything, and so by the time Hans added his swimmers to the six other loads already collected inside me I was slamming my pussy back wantonly. My tongue had also fallen out of my mouth once again, hanging lazily as I panted. I slurped it back in when I realized.

Before the final new dog was brought out Jensen fetched back Butch, the Labrador who had filled up my mouth rather than my cunt. Jensen aimed him at the right hole and in no time his cock expanded, locking me to him. Apparently having already mated once that day he was primed, as he completed in no time. Only one left.

The finale, as far as I knew, was a black Doberman they called Killer. His weight across my back as he entered me was impressive, his body being a much denser package. He was also much worse of a drooler than Tiger the malamute and so soon my entire back was covered in clear slime. As with Hans, I soon began to return the rutting, pushing against the t-bar on the constraint pole. I couldn't even stop myself anymore, so fuzzy was my mind with the constant orgasms. I could hear the cheers and rooting on of Jensen and Dianna as each new dog reached their pinnacle, but I couldn't focus enough to make out the individual words. Or at least I didn't. At last my muscle-bound partner fired his many jets of spunk into me and I was finished. Eight dogs, eight deposits of sperm. But at last I would be allowed to go now, and I was already planning to bring charges on everyone involved!

Jensen removed Killer from the pen. Suddenly Dianna crouched by me, smoothing her hand down my head and across my slimy back like petting a dog, and she smiled at me. "I've got some fabulous news, Daisy." She grinned, scratching behind my ear. "Jensen and I have changed the arrangement a little, and as a result you don't have to stop yet. We've got even *more* dogs for you to meet!"

I panted where I stood, winded from the many rutting sessions, but I managed to get out the words "How- many—?" Dianna filled the water bowl again, placing it below my head, and began to release the strap on the restraining collar. As I plunged my face to the bowl, lapping water up with my tongue desperately, she could not resist a laugh and answered.

"Twelve." I choked on the water, staring back up to her to look for any evidence that she was joking. Unfortunately I already knew her laugh was not kidding, but just amusement at the number.

"Twelve TOTAL?" I asked. She shook her head, and an impossibly huge smile appeared on her face.

"Twelve new, of a much larger breed scale. Twenty total."

My heart had stopped. I was supposed to be finished, and now I wasn't even half done! And as full as my slit had been with my previous fuckers I was going to experience even larger cocks filling me and locking me in! I wanted to argue, to run, but Dianna's spell would allow neither of those things. Instead I stood obediently as she fastened the strap back around my neck, readying me for another dalliance.

Jensen escorted a new partner into the pen. This was a dog Dianna hadn't even seen, as would so many of the next rounds be. His name was Beau and Jensen said he was a Beauceron. He was definitely larger than Killer or any of his predecessors had been, and as he took in the scent of my sopping wet pussy his eyes became wide, almost manic.

"He gets a little crazy when we mate him." Jensen mentioned as Beau's dick plowed into me, deeper than any others so far this day. I groaned out in pain, unless it had been pleasure. I wasn't sure anymore. "If it weren't for the quality of his breeding line I might stop mating him because he really hammers his bitches."

Dianna chuckled in satisfaction. "Good." She replied.

True to his reputation, Beau assaulted my tired twat with crazy energy. To my humiliation it only raised my level of arousal. He'd only been fucking me for a few minutes, having not even locked us together yet, and already I'd cum once and felt another boiling up.

"Can I ask you a question?" Jensen leaned over to Dianna.

"Sure." She responded, taking a picture as my face went tight with the next orgasm.

"Just what did this bitch do to make you so mad anyway?"

Dianna said nothing for several minutes. Jensen had decided she wouldn't be answering at all when she finally said "I've known Daisy since we were four. She's responsible, she's smart, she's in control... I'm more of a free spirit, so in time we grew apart some, which makes sense I suppose. But somewhere along the line she started looking down on me. She started making jokes about the "crazy" way I live my life or my chosen religion of Wicca. Finally a couple of months ago we had a fight about some decisions I was making. She told me that I was a petulant child, that my Wicca religion was stupid cult crap, that the way I lived my life was absurd and that I was, and I quote, an "ignorant, ridiculous bitch." At that point I decided I'd had enough and my "friend" needed a lesson of her own." In the pen Beau had begun to unload into me. I gritted my teeth, desperate to stay quiet, but at last a loud, passionate "Oh my God!" burst from my mouth. "I think she's learning a lot today, don't you?"

"Yes I do." replied Jensen, smiling at my lack of control and my wanton lust.



After Beau I was mated to Sven, a Swiss Mountain Dog who hummed as he humped. It took no time at all for me to begin to hum as well, matching his note until we both yelped through our final orgasms. Next came Curly, a very tall standard poodle. He circled me several times before mounting, and though at first glance he hadn't seemed so very large I soon found that his expanded cock told quite a different story. The first few thrusts after he locked into me didn't seem to move at all, but he was persistent and soon my insides stretched to allow us our pounding. I found myself relieved when I was able to expand to fit him, both for the relief of pressure and the increased pleasure.

While Jensen put Curly back in his pen and fetched the next lucky contestant Dianna joined me once again. "I have good news and bad news" she chirped, in an impossibly happy mood. "The good news is that you're over half-way. The bad news is you're already past half way." She laughed at her own joke. I barely replied, so thick was the fog in my mind at that point. Yet again my tongue lolled out of my mouth as my breathing came in quick pants. Dianna slid her hand over my snatch and found it both sloppy and hot. She looked at her watch and whispered in my ear gleefully "You've been fucking studs for the last three hours. Can you believe it?" I could.

The last of this batch was Teddy, a sleek weimaraner. He began slow and mellow and I found the slower pace frustrating, shoving back on him to inspire more enthusiasm. Eventually Teddy sped up, rocketing in and out of me to a tremendous load of cum at the end. My reaction sounded so much like his animal grunts and whines that Dianna was unsure which came from whom. This just further encouraged the thought she'd been having.

As she unfastened my strap for another break she brought me a new bowl of water. She asked "are you hungry? You haven't had anything to eat in hours." I was hungry, and nodded my head as I lapped up water. "Gosh, what could we feed you?" she looked around. "Oh, look here! Some food, and something to put it in. How lucky!" Dianna plopped a bowl full of an entire can of Alpo dog food in front of me and stood back to watch my reaction. I sneered at the food, refusing at first, but the smell of meat and the loud gurgling of my empty stomach made the more convincing argument. After a few minutes I forced my face down into the pile of ground meat. As the first few bites slid down my throat my reservations slipped into the background, and eventually I scarfed down the entire can hungrily. With less than half the can left Dianna called my name and I looked up in response. She snapped several shots of me, my face covered in dog food and more in the bowl, before I went back to my eating. Without noticing it my ass swayed back and forth, wagging the tail I didn't have. "This is very interesting," Dianna thought to herself, wiping tears of laughter from her cheeks.

There was one last thing Dianna wanted to do before the next batch of dogs filled me with their good breeding lines. She had seen a large mantle mirror leaning against a wall in the barn when she fetched the food and bowl. Jensen explained that they'd saved it from a house being demolished but hadn't hung it yet, and he was happy to let her use it. Dianna propped the mirror against the pen fence, angled to allow me to see both my face and each dog as they humped me. "it just seems like you should be able to see who is taking you back there." She explained.

Jensen introduced me to Ahloot, his huge Burmese Mountain Dog, before returning to his seat. Ahloot filled me once but kept rutting and Jensen and Dianna were happy to let him go as long as he wanted to. "The additional 8 minutes of dog fucking was a bonus." Jensen smiled. Ahloot was followed by Roger the rottweiler. His cock filled my slit quickly, expanding to a new girth that stopped my breath for a moment. As my insides stretched yet again Roger leaned low over my back, his head visible right beside my head in the reflection in the mirror.

To my surprise I found being able to see me being fucked was fascinating. No, it was more than that. It was intoxicating. My head spun as I watched Roger firing in and out of me. I saw that again my jaw had gone slack and my tongue hung loose. Where as before I had always sucked it back in when

realizing how I looked I stared at my face, panting and happy, and left it hanging there. As I began to whine with excitement heading to the climax with Roger I had a flash of familiarity - I looked exactly like the mutt we'd had when I was seven.

Angus the Irish Wolfhound also took interest in my mouth, stuffing his enormous cock there for the first few thrusts. I was relieved when he realized the error of his ways and sniffed around, finally finding my hungry snatch and plugging it full. I would have been unable to see around angus' form if he'd stayed and shot his seed down into my stomach, and this view was all I could think of now. The wolfhound, impossibly tall, towered over my ass as his cock expanded inside me. I gasped and groaned at the expansion and grunted my way through our mutual shoving into each other. He seemed to go on and on forever, but where I had been desperate to finish each fuck in the beginning, just to have it over with, I now rode the wave of pleasure as he took his sweet time. Why fight it? I was here to receive his gift and until he saw fit to share I would just enjoy the ride.

Finally Tank the mastiff was lead into the pen. I saw his massive form reflected in the mirror and my loins skipped a beat. As his paws pulled him up my body, his massive member jerking itself forward into me, I gasped with each inch. I felt the skin of my cunt lips tear slightly, but instead of hating the pain I enjoyed the fullness of his cock. His ruts were slower but each was a punch in the pussy, so strong were his muscles. I matched his tempo, shoving back with each dig, and was rewarded by his grabbing the skin at the back of my neck to hold me tight to him. Each movement sent another orgasm crashing though me. I'd lost count and felt sure this was the biggest, final partner.

Once Tank was lead away, my pussy dripping with his thick goo, Dianna appeared by me again. "good girl! Good Daisy! What a good Daisy you are, yes you ARE!" she praised, and my tired ass involuntarily rocked back and forth in a tailless wag. She unfastened the collar and I prepared to be freed. "Only four more to go, girl." She patted my head, "sorry about that. I wish you could do this forever too! What a good girl you are." She praised. I understood enough of what she was saying to get that I wasn't finished, and the twin feelings of fear about what could still be to come and eagerness to have it fought in my breast. I wolfed down another half-bowl of Alpo and more water and Dianna returned me to the restraint. For a brief moment I had an urge to lovingly lick her face but fought it back down!

My uncle had once had a Great Dane. I was twelve at the time and I had always been impressed that his dog could look me in the eye when we stood together. This reference point of the size of a Great Dane was abandoned for a new one as Pud's front paws draped over my shoulders and his head hung down beside mine, his body being every bit as long as mine as we happily humped. He nuzzled my head affectionately as he panted through the thrusts and I returned the loving nuzzle. As his cock shrunk down to that of a human's I wanted to call out a farewell. What came out sounded almost like a bark, and so I fell silent.

The great Pyrenees after him was named Bear and he was the size of a small bear from the zoo; I imagined that a bear's cock would be as phenomenal as his was, forcing internal organs out of the way with each crash. I was unable to tell if I had dozens of orgasms in response to his fucking, or if I just had one impossibly long one.

Amazingly each dog dwarfed the one before it, including Packard, the Newfoundland that followed Bear. I boggled at the sight of his massive form surrounding me while his two-by-four of a cock smashed through me, smashing my mind with each hammering. With each punch words fell out of my mind as a waste, along with numbers and locations and other book learning I needed no more. My orgasm thundered through memories of my human life, ripping them to shreds.

As huge as so many of the super-large dogs has seemed, when Jensen released Baron the St. Bernard

in the mating pen Dianna wondered if this could finally be too much for her bitch. He stood beside my body and dwarfed me completely. His huge tongue forced my legs further apart to allow it to slurp up the juices trickling out of my snatch. As he mounted me I became almost impossible to see, so covered in his form was I. Despite his size he thrust into me quickly, wrenching loose the last of my human mind as I came and came and came, each wave of wanton pleasure and animal abandon better than the last. His cum shot into me so forcefully I feared it might pour out of my mouth.

And then I was finished. Finished in every way.

Baron was escorted to the kennels and Dianna released the strap and sat down on the dirt beside me. I lapped up water, then looked up at her adoringly, panting. My eyes were empty of thought, filled instead with only love for her. She snapped a shot of her new bitch, which was now completely hers, and completely a bitch. I lunged forward, licking her face affectionately and barking.

Jensen returned as Dianna freed my leash from the ground and led me out of the pen, trotting obediently beside her. "How'd she do?" he asked.

"An amazing bonus I guess I hadn't figured on." Dianna replied. "Her brain seems to have caved in on itself with all the sex and torture and mental abuse and all. We treated her like a dog and her mind, so thrashed by all this anyway, couldn't fight the message. There's nothing human left in there- she's truly my obedient little bitch now." Initially Jensen thought she was joking. However as he looked into my vacant eyes he immediately recognized the expression, having seen it on the face of each of his studs, and knew it to be true. To hammer the point home I lumped up, my hands pawing his chest enthusiastically.

"Holy... Can you bring her back?" he asked, petting my head and slapping my rump as he did to all his dogs.

"I'm sure I can. The question I'm asking myself now is: do I want to?"

Jensen whistled a low note. "Well," he finally replied as we began to walk to her car, "if you decide to keep her like this I can make you a good deal on a mating contract." He and Dianna chuckled. "Oh, and to make sure the breeding takes just make her sit as much as possible for the next 24 hours. Given the amount of sperm sloshing around inside her I'd be amazed if something didn't seed in there."

As Jensen watched Dianna let me into the back seat of her car and tell me to lie down he shook his head in disbelief. "Tell me something: is it even possible for a human woman to be impregnated by a dog?"

Dianna replied "normally probably not. I don't really know. But I've added some fertility and other spells to make sure *she* can. She'll just have puppies - no terrible half-breed things. But if any human can have puppies she'll do it.

"I'd love one of them puppies if she gets it done." Jensen replied. Dianna agreed, having not really thought about what to do if her plan worked.

By the time Dianna and her bitch returned to town she'd made her decision about what to do with me. She stopped at my house, using the keys in my purse to let herself in and change the message on my machine. Callers would be told that I had to go out of town for 2 weeks. She also called my boss, leaving the same message of a sudden need to leave town due to an unexpected emergency. Next we stopped at the feed and seed store so she could buy a crate and some dog food with my money.

When we pulled on to the long drive up to her small plot of land she thanked the stars that her closest neighbors were about a mile away. She would not need to explain the naked woman romping around in her yard to anyone. To her immense satisfaction I spent the next two weeks living the life of Dianna's obedient, loving, happy bitch.

She forced me to sit for the first 24 hours, just as Jensen suggested, but once that window was over she let me live the full dog life. Mornings spent romping in the yard or sleeping on the porch. Evenings we would take long walks through the woods behind her house. I slept every night on the floor at the foot of her bed. I shit in the yard and if she didn't watch me I would chomp down at least one dookie a day. Dianna took lots of pictures and as she printed them she was struck by the fact that I was clearly happier here, in this new life, than she'd ever seen me be in my human life.

Two weeks from the initial Saturday I woke on my couch. I was naked, save for the leather choker that Dianna had given me as a gift. The last clear memory I had was standing in the kennel office, talking with Dianna as she mixed some things in a bowl.

On the coffee table beside me lay a note, a piece of paper, a large album of pictures, a remote control with instructions to "press play" and a small box. The note instructed that I look at the paper first, then the album, the Remote Control and then the box. Having no idea what else to do I followed the directions and unfolded the paper. It turned out to be a print-out of the emails we wrote planning to meet at the kennel. I opened the album and found myself staring at an 8" by 10" color photo of me, naked and being humped by a pit bull.

I stared at the photo in disbelief. It had to be a fake, I knew, but it looked SO real! Page after page of this lovingly decorated scrapbook were filled with pictures of me engaged in sex with dogs, and each dog seemed to get larger and larger. Even more alarming, my facial expressions in the pictures seemed to morph from anger to resignation and even happiness at the end. In the final few pictures of me being assaulted by enormous dogs I was sporting a big, enthusiastic, almost blissed-out smile! In some pictures the dogs fucked my face, and somewhere in the middle was a page with many pictures of me scarfing down dog food!

The book also had pictures of me playing in what I recognized as Dianna's back yard. I was still naked, still on hands and knees and still impossibly happy. The first shot of me squatting down to shit in the grass was only slightly less humiliating than the one that followed, showing me eating that same turd from the lawn.

I felt myself in shock as I reached for the remote control and pressed the "play" button. My television leapt to life, showing a title page for a low-budget film called "Daisy Does Doggies!" The footage had been shot from several angles, and in each image you could see me clearly fucking dog after dog. The sounds I made; the panting, the ass wagging, the fantastic orgasms... The woman in this video may have been resistant at the beginning, but by the ending she was clearly in heaven and had no desire to stop. And unfortunately this woman was definitely me.

At last I opened the box. Inside were three used pregnancy tests, each with my name written on the handle, and each sporting a cheery little "+" symbol. The note in the box, very definitely in Dianna's handwriting, said simply "congrats!"

I was going to be a mother.

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## **EPILOGUE: Week Three**

Two weeks ago today I woke up with Dianna's little practical joke. I don't know how she did it, and she had me good and fooled for quite a while. But I just can't believe... the idea that I would allow... that I could ever... that those pictures and that videos were me. Not possible. Not possible.

I did some looking around on the internet and found some articles that seem to prove my new theory. Kind of. Sure, Dianna's not so good with computer stuff, and the quality was really top notch. (maybe not quality. Accuracy... Believability... damned believability...) Whatever, it just can't be real. I can't wrap my brain around what that would mean. So she had to have faked it all. The pictures, the DVD, the pregnancy tests.

But that still doesn't explain the dozen or so pregnancy tests sitting in my bathroom trash can, all purchased since that Saturday. Some with pluses, some with double-lines, one even had a god damned smiley face. But regardless of the brand or system, they all keep telling me the same thing: I'm pregnant.

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### **Week Four**

I keep having the same dream. Same nightmare. I dream that I have this huge belly, like something from a horror show. I have six titties running down my chest and stomach. I'm trying to work at my desk here at home and I can't concentrate with the feeling of things wriggling around inside me! I look down and I can see their heads. So many of them. So many heads... That's where I lunge up from my bed, covered in sweat and panting from the image. I've had it every night this week, and whenever I wake up I instinctively reach for my extra titties. When I find them not there I'm both relieved... and sad? I remembered when I was a little girl and my mother explained why our mutt had had so many puppies that all looked different. Each time a dog is mated, she can get pregnant.

Each time. Twenty Fathers. Twenty puppies.

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### **Week Five**

Three days ago I felt something flutter.

Not a movement, really, or a shift. Just something inside fluttered.

I pushed it out of my mind and decided it was nothing to worry about. Two days later I felt it again, even more clear, but I ignored it. Chalked it up to mexican food; a bad burrito. Nothing. But then this morning I stepped out of the shower and when I saw myself in the mirror I was shocked. My nipples and my areolas are huge. The circles are the size of saucers, and the nipples like marbles. And they're dark, so dark. I can't wear my white bra because my dark nipples show right through! Not only that, but below my boobs I can see it. A bump. A very distinctive bump.

A baby bump.

I want to ignore, to deny, but there's no use anymore. I am pregnant, just like the tests and the dreams have tried to tell me. And now I know it's not a normal pregnancy. It takes way longer than a few weeks to show with a human pregnancy, which blows away the tiny hope I'd had that Dianna's farmer friend Jensen had fucked me while I was out and impregnated me, just so Dianna could mess with my head. I'd been avoiding this, but I finally looked up "gestation period of a dog" on the web, and as each detail rolled by my stomach fell further and further.

Nesting, solitary behavior, more hungry than normal – check, check, check. This was exactly the description of my last couple of weeks. The dark, large nipples and areolas are right on schedule. The last thing I read panics me the most: “Normally the bitch won’t show until three weeks out, on or about the sixth week. However with extremely large litters she may show up to a week earlier.”

Once again I leaf through the damned scrapbook, and each of the fathers with whom I was mated. And the words “larger litters” echo through my hollow chest. Twenty fathers.

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## **Week Six**

I find myself standing on Dianna’s front porch. I’m still not sure this is a good idea, but I don’t know what else to do, and she’s the only person who already knows what happened to me. And she owes me. I knock on the door and wait, and finally she opens it, standing there looking more than a little surprised to see me. I shift for a moment, my trenchcoat staying closed before me. Before I can plan what to say my anger gets the better of me and I erupt.

“I’ve been calling you for days!” I yell at her. “what the hell is wrong with you that you—”

SLAM! Dianna shuts the door in my face! I’m shocked, but only for a moment and this time I pound on the door with my fist! When she opens it again I rip into her once more. “How DARE you???” I scream. “What kind of a—”

SLAM!

I take a few minutes to decide if this is just a mistake and should I leave. But standing there I’m still faced with the same question: who else can I turn to? The answer is still and again nobody. Only Dianna. At last I compose myself some and knock again. When she opens the door, smug now, I am quieter but no less angry. “I will try not to yell,” I fume, “but I expect you to stop slamming the door in my face. I have to say, it takes some kind of a bi—”

“Bitch???” Dianna cuts me off, thrusting a framed photo from behind her couch into my face. “Is that what you were going to say, Daisy? A bitch? Because I only see one bitch around here, and I think you JUST might know her!” Dianna forces me to stare hard at the large, color shot of me rutting back against the huge mastiff named Tank. This is a shot I’ve not seen before; something she kept in reserve, and in this one the look of absolutely wanton lust on my face is undeniable. I’m in complete ecstasy as this huge dog humps me hard. The image shocks me to quiet. “What the hell do you want, Daisy?” Dianna asks, pleased to see the effect of the picture.

After standing quietly, looking at Dianna’s wood porch, I finally mumble the words “I need your help”

“Excuse me? I didn’t hear you.” Dianna replies.

Clearing my throat I reply, louder, “I need your help.” At the same time I pull open my coat. There, peering out through the gap in the coat, is my baby bump, even more pronounced and obvious. The smile that smears itself across Dianna’s face sends me flashing back to a long submerged memory, and for just a second I’m back in the pen, my face covered in dog food and the meat and gravy flavor coating my mouth. I swallow hard, wondering once more if coming here had been such a good idea. As if in answer, Dianna backs up and opens the door to me, waving me inside with a generous but calculating smile.

“I don’t know what you did to me,” I start, still clinging to the impossible idea that this is all a hoax

she's perpatrated on me, "but it's out of control and I need you to stop it." Dianna approaches, laying her palm across my round belly. She's rewarded by a light movement from inside me and laughs out loud in response. My face flushes with shame. "Please, Dianna. Undo whatever you did." I plead.

"Sorry, sweetie, but it's way too late for that. You're gonna be a mama!"

I glare at her. "You and I both know that's not possible. It can't be possible I don't know how you're doing it, but you're doing all of this with your... your..."

Dianna whirls to face me, anger splashed across her features. "What, my crazy cult magic? Boy, you never learn, do you! I should just send you right back out that door..."

I step forward, scared. "Don't do that!" I implore to Dianna. "Look, I just don't know what to do here. I don't know what's gonna happen. Can you help me?"

"I can, but we do it my way." Dianna replies.

"What does that mean?" I ask, still worried. Dianna snaps her fingers, points forcefully to the floor and orders "Down!" Without a moments thought I drop down on all fours once again, standing obediently before my master. It takes only moments for a collar and leash to find their way around my neck, and I remain obediently still as Dianna dials the phone.

"Jensen? Yeah, it's Dianna. You have GOT to come over here and see this..."

The sun sets outside as I find myself laying on an old blanket on Dianna's kitchen floor. I lie on my side, my skirt and underwear discarded and one leg in the air. Before me kneels Jensen, the breeder that Dianna had worked with to provide so many eager mates for my damned humiliation. Trapped by the obedience that has once again gripped me I can only lie there as his hands finish their examination, squeezing and pushing on my belly, on my large, heavy titties, even sliding fingers up into my pussy and feeling around. Finally he's finished and he turns to Dianna, ignoring me like he would any other dumb pet.

"Yep, she's definitely pregnant." He smiles, wiping his hand off on the edge of the blanket. "And by the feel of things we're talking a big litter." The words send a cold panic down my spine. "I feel at least a half-dozen heads in there, which probably means we're lookin' for at least 8 or 9 pups." He and Dianna both look at me, still lying there on my side waiting for my next command. "Damned if this isn't one of the most amazing things I ever seen." He smiles, marveling at my total lack of control.

Dianna serves Jensen dinner on plates on the table, placing a full bowl of alpo on the floor beside me. "Eat." She commands, and I do as commanded, slurping up the meat and gravy on my hands and knees. As they eat, Dianna and Jensen discuss what is to come in my pregnancy and what to do to be prepared. Neither gives me any further attention.

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## **Week Seven**

I've been here in Dianna's house for a week. She's explained to me that when she gave me back my humanity weeks ago she left some commands that would let her return me to this obedient form any time she wanted. I'm still a human, not that she treats me like one. She treats me like a bitch, saying "since you can't seem to stop being a bitch you might as well live the part!" After Jensen left the first night she had me remove all of my clothing and I've remained naked ever since. My boobs and belly

have expanded even further, making it tough to crawl around as they sway below me.

Dianna has taken lots of pictures.

She's been keeping me on a steady diet of dog food and water, and she forces me to sleep on the floor by her bed. I'm not allowed to speak except in an answer to a direct question, but rarely does she ask me anything because "bitches don't answer questions."

I wish I'd never come to her. If only I'd had somewhere else to go.

But all of this degradation I could handle, if only to get this over with. It's the times I catch myself enjoying this new existence that really frighten me. For instance the other night I was sitting on the floor beside her, seated on the couch, and she happened to reach out and scratch my head. And I LOVED it. For a full five minutes I sat there enjoying the scritchies. When she stopped I looked at her face, and saw a look of sheer glee on her face. Only then did I notice that my damned ass was rocking back and forth like a wagging tail, and my damned tongue had slopped out of my mouth again.

Yesterday she came home from running errands in town and I couldn't help myself - I rushed to the door to meet her as soon as I heard the car. The desire to greet her at the door was overwhelming! When she came in she said to me "Daisy girl, I've got a surprise for you. Yes I do! Yes I do!" and, god help me, I followed her into the livingroom to see what it was. So eager! She pulled the surprise out of the bag, ripping it out of the packaging out of my view, but when she presented it to me I didn't understand what it was, at first. It looked kind of like a tail? But with a big ball on the end of it? Then my master- damn it! Then DIANNA told me to stand, which I did on all fours like the bitch she's made me, and she moved behind me.

I felt her pull my ass cheeks apart, and the next thing I knew she forced that tail, that assplug with a tail, into my tight hole. She'd lubricated it so as not to tear anything, and there I stood. She brought me to the mirror so I could see her improvement: I was naked, on hands and knees and with a goddamn tail jutting out of my ass. I couldn't take my eyes off of it as it stood there. Wagging enthusiastically.

I wish I could fight her! I wish I wanted to fight her more...

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## **Week Eight**

Two weeks now naked and on my hands and knees, wearing only a collar and my new tail. The tail betrays me regularly, wagging as she loads my dish with Alpo; wagging as she takes me for a walk in the woods behind her house. Wagging when she deigns to look my way. Against my own will I've begun to crave her attention; her approval. And when she gives it? That damn tail wags.

But that's not enough for her - oh no. The night after I received my tail she started something new. Now instead of sleeping at the side of her bed, she's moved my doggy bed into the living room right in front of the television. When she shuts down the house for the night she commands me to my bed, which I obey eagerly damn it all, and she starts the tv. She starts the movie. On a loop. Every night for the last week I've spent each night watching myself lose all humanity as I'm fucked by dog after dog. Now when I close my eyes I see myself shoving my pussy back hungrily around cock and cock and cock. At first I tried to sleep facing away, tried to drown the sound out. But it haunted me, and despite my best efforts I couldn't resist turning back to watch.

On the third night I climbed into my bed and Dianna turned on the tv and the movie. When she turned



to look at me her face broke into a satisfied smile, which at first I didn't understand. But then I felt it - my tail betraying me once again. I sat before her, eagerly awaiting the show while my plugged ass wagged enthusiastically. "Good girl." She purred, giving my head an adored pat. "I know, it's so much fun to watch, isn't it? You have a good night. Have a good time."

Now, after a full seven nights of this show on a never-ending repeat I know it by heart. I can close my eyes and tell you exactly which of my mates I'm receiving based only on the reactions I'm having. I know the difference just by sound between my orgasm with Tiger vs. Beau or especially my beloved Tank. It was both a hot and cold dagger to my heart when I realized one night that I looked forward to the arrival of Tank in the movie like a girl anticipates her favorite hunky idol. I had a big crush on the mastiff!

Today Jensen the farmer will come to check on my pregnancy. In the last week my belly and my titties have grown so large and pendulous that I have to keep my back very straight to keep them from touching the ground when I walk. On our jaunts through the woods the grass grazes my sensitive nipples, at least once forcing me to stop while an unexpected orgasm shot through me. My master stood and waiting for me to be finished. She's so very good to me.

And in my belly I feel things moving all the time.

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### **Three days later**

I'm confused, but I don't know if I would be if only my mind weren't so fuzzy. Today master came home from errands in town with farmer Jensen, and she had items from my house. Not many - a pair of jeans and a t-shirt which she told him were for "if Daisy ever has to go into town"; some papers she said were "statements" of some accounts that I owned; all the gifts she'd left me when I woke up almost 7 weeks ago. I heard her telling him that that she'd packed up my other things and sent them to a thrift store in Mexico, burned all other papers, broke a lease, sold a car, quit a job... These are words and ideas that I feel like I should recognize and they flashed familiar for a moment. But just as I felt like I was grasping what it all meant Farmer Jensen pulled out a fabulous toy and I was too enthralled with chasing after it to think anymore about what my master called "tying up loose ends"

This morning, before she left for town, master layed me down and took all the fur from my pussy. I had fur there, but now it's like the rest of me: smooth. She said something about how it's necessary, but she also laughed as I obediently raised my leg to give her a good view. I love to make my master happy. She has also been milking my heavy, full breasts for days now, taking their juice and putting them in the cold box. I don't understand what is happening anymore, but I know that as long as my master is here I don't need to understand. She'll understand for me.

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### **Three more days later**

Master keeps telling me it's ok, it's ok, but I don't feel right! I'm... afraid? Something is happening. In the last day or so I felt it coming on, and I instinctively found a place to be. A blanket on the back porch, near the wood box. Today it's different, and she pats my head and rubs my belly and uses the voice that always reassures, but I'm still afraid.

Farmer Jensen has just arrived and his hand disappears up inside me, feeling around. I want to snap at him, but master says no and I always obey my beloved master. So I let him fill me and I lie obediently. He says to my master "it's time - they're comin'." And she smiles. She puts something

shiny on some legs next to us and says to me “smile, bitch!”

Suddenly I’m feeling pain, but I know its ok. I know now this is what I’ve been dreading, been waiting for, been anticipating. After pain for I don’t know how long the first of my puppies emerges from my smooth pussy! I bite off the cord connecting him and chew through the slick sack surrounding him, eating the sack down quickly. Then I begin to lick his soft, furry body, adoring him already, but have only made it once over him when I feel the pain again. My master takes my puppy and finishes cleaning him as my next puppy arrives.

Over and over I repeat this process. Farmer Jensen stands beside another shiny thing on legs, smiling and calling out after each arrival. “Six! Seven! Eight - oh, this one looks just like Killer!” I have no idea how long it takes, as I am awash in the pain and elation of each birth, but at last I feel things change. The pain does not build up again as I swallow the sack from my latest baby, who is the spitting image of his father, Packard. Each of my nipples has been suckled on by as many puppies who can, but master and Farmer Jensen have also been feeding my puppies from bottles that contain the milk from the cold box. I lie back, my pussy aching and wide, with three puppies, each as different from each other as could be, clawing onto my chest to get to my titties.

I’m a mama of 10 sweet little puppies. I love them and lick them and cherish them, and I cherish my master for giving me my children.

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### **Six Months later**

I am happy. Life is good. I spend my days in the yard, playing with my toys and sniffing the yard smells and playing with Gretchen, my first puppy with Sven, Tippy, my second puppy with Ahloot and Panzer and Sherman, my first and second puppies with Tank. My other puppies, 15 in total, have all been given good homes. Two of them live with Farmer Jensen. At night we love our master and she loves us and feeds us. She sometimes gives my children a bath, but she never bathes me. Instead she has Farmer Jensen bath me. When he washes me he takes me to his farm, to a large tank he has there. He mounts my face and then he mounts my pussy, and then afterward he washes me clean. When he first bathed me I was confused and pulled away, but over time master has assured me this is what she wants, and I will do anything to please my master.

After all, she does so much to please me. In a few days we return to Farmer Jensen’s land so I can mate with his pack again. My favorite thing, and it always makes my master so happy too. And I’m so very, very happy. Thanks to my master I’m the happiest bitch in the whole world.