

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I should be honest up front. My family is wealthy. I don't like to think of us as super-duper rich, but I've never had to worry about a thing in my life, so maybe we are. It's nice, but sometimes it can make things awkward, especially when trying to make new friends. Take the house, for example. It was my first year in university, and my parents insisted that, instead of living in the communal dorms like a normal student, I take over the family "cottage" that sat nestled in the hills overlooking the town. I put "cottage" in quotes because it was actually a house. Despite my separation from campus, I had managed to make a friend, Miriam, and had been to her family's house, which actually looked like a cottage compared to my new home.

Ostensibly, my parents put me in the cottage because, although not famous, my family name was known in certain circles, and they were concerned that other students or staff might try to take advantage of that fact. I'm not stupid, though. My isolation was to keep me away from the common riffraff, especially boys. After university, the plan was obviously to marry me off to the son of another wealthy family. I had seen it happen to family friends, male and female, and the thought of it happening to me made my skin crawl.

Luckily, my parents placed no restrictions on my female friendships, which was why Miriam was riding in the passenger seat of the sedan as we pulled into the car stable on the south side of the house. As she climbed out of the car, the large steel gate at the front of the property creaked, and she watched it close.

"Come on," I said, embarrassed. Her family home had bars on the windows and doors to keep people out. Mine had a half-ton steel gate in front and a seven-foot high brick wall all the way around its two acres, and if I hadn't had a car, I would've thought they were meant to keep me in.

She turned and looked at me with her dark brown eyes, but I refused to meet them. This had been a bad idea. More than anything, I wanted Miriam to see me as just another girl, but bringing her to the cottage had shattered that illusion in an instant. I turned and walked down the pathway that led from the side of the house to the rear entrance. I used the front entrance as little as I could because there was no real good place to put one's shoes in the front foyer. There was also a silver-and-crystal chandelier that I wanted to avoid. The gate had been enough for now.

As we approached the back door, I felt Miriam's eyes on me, and I turned my head briefly enough to catch her quickly looking away. Had she been checking me out? I almost tripped over my own feet. Was that what this was all about to her? I hoped not. I'd hate to disappoint her. I didn't feel like I was her type.

Looking at my reflection in the French doors, I saw a skinny blonde girl dressed in an internationally preppy style. A light blue blazer covered a white cotton blouse, and a brown tweed skirt rested its hem just above my knees. For October, it was unseasonably warm, and the blazer had been a bit much. I had opted for white tennis shoes, even though they didn't really match my outfit as well as I'd have liked, because I had left the house only to pick up Miriam. And, speak of the devil, I caught her checking out my butt again in the reflection. But what was there to check out? I mean, I'm not flat on either side, but I'm not particularly well endowed either. Oddly, I'd never felt self-conscious about my body until now.

Maybe that was because Miriam is rather well built. She's no cartoon, but as I got the door open and turned around to kick my shoes off in the entryway, I found myself stealing a quick envious glance at her and hoping she wouldn't notice. Her skin was the color of hot cocoa, and her black hair, unlike mine which was straight and stopped just above my shoulders, fell down to her shoulder blades and had been knit into dreadlocks and decorated with cowrie shells that clicked together in rhythm as she moved. She had a single gold ring in one nostril and a few that climbed up each ear. She wore a

surplus army jacket three sizes too big and open in the front, under which was an aqua tank top that popped against her darker skin. Her black jeans were ripped at the knees, though I couldn't tell whether this was by design. Her tank was tucked into her jeans, and revealed more meat than I had, but also more muscle. Miriam also had faded black army boots, that she struggled with only when the laces became tangled. She bent over briefly, and I inadvertently caught a glimpse of her cleavage. I didn't feel excited by the view, but I didn't feel nothing, either. Weird, I thought, and turned away before she saw me looking.

"You can put your bag by the door," I said heading further into the house and hanging a right into the kitchen. "We'll take it upstairs later when I give you a tour. Want something to drink?"

"Uh... sure," she said, setting her bag down and following me.

I was already rooting around in the refrigerator by the time she entered. She sat on one of the stools at the kitchen's center island. "Don't get too comfortable," I said. "We're going outside."

"We are?" she said, uncertainty—and, oh my god, was that irritation?—in her voice.

"I mean," I stammered. "We can. Go outside, that is. If you want."

Miriam laughed, and I blushed. I was already confused, and now it felt like she was making fun of me. "Whatever, girl," she said. "It's fine. It's your home."

"What do you want to drink?" I said, trying to change the subject. "I've got water, juice, wine (rosé and white), and beer."

Miriam laughed again. "Your parents let you drink?"

"Not as such," I said. "I just don't think they care either way."

"Mine don't let us," she said, "so I don't really know anything about it. I'll have what you're having, I guess."

I pulled two beers from the fridge and turned around. Miriam's face didn't have the mocking look I expected, so I relaxed a bit. "Let's go," I said.

"You look like you need to relax before we start studying," she said.

Yeah. That was the reason she was here. I was so preoccupied I had almost forgotten. "That's the idea," I said.

I led Miriam through the rear section of the house and out the northeast door, and I heard her gasp. Right. Of course. I waved her onward and led her down the narrow path to the pool area. The large flat paving stones were cool and smooth against my bare feet and felt amazing in the late October heat.

The pool area, surrounded by a short picket fence meant to keep animals out, was mostly open to the elements, and a half-dozen long chairs lay around the long edges of the rectangular pool. At the northeast corner, farthest from the house, was a hot tub, partially enclosed by a wooden gazebo, the walls of which had obviously been built so that anything happening in the hot tub was hidden from the house. I had long ago convinced myself that whatever shenanigans my parents had gotten up to had been a long time ago, and that the tub had been cleaned many times over since then. Because that was what had happened. It had to.

“Jesus,” Miriam said.

“I know,” I said.

She laughed again.

“Why do you keep laughing?” I asked, wincing as I realized how much I probably sounded like an unfeeling robot.

“You, Dee,” she said, calling me by the short version of my name, Daniella, she had been using since the first day we met. “You’re all wound up and shit about your house. You embarrassed?”

“A little,” I said, sitting on a long chair and putting my beer on my knee. “Wouldn’t you be?”

“Hell no!” she said, still laughing, still smiling. And then she frowned and looked at her bottle.

I offered my hand, and she handed her bottle back to me. In a trick I’d learned in boarding school, I braced both bottles against each other at the caps and popped both of them off simultaneously. As I handed hers back to her, she grinned.

“What?” I said.

“I just figured,” she said. “You know...” I shrugged. “You know,” she tried again. “The way you look ... and how, um, awkward you can be around the other art kids. I figured you were super preppy. Just don’t see a lot of girls do shit like that. It’s, like, you’re a different person almost. Isn’t what I expected, is all.”

“Good,” I said, trying unsuccessfully not to blush.

For a while after that, we were quiet. There was a lot to unpack from that conversation, and I think we both just took some time to think and relax. She was right—about my awkwardness, at least. I really wasn’t comfortable around the other students in the art program. Probably because they were all meant to be there. I was just taking art history as a general education requirement. My parents, Mother in particular, would never brook any dallying in the arts. But that wasn’t the only reason I felt like an outsider. The cliché would be to say that these were the people my parents warned me about, but they had never done that. They hadn’t bothered, probably out of the presumption that they needn’t have. These were the people my family referred to in the lowest possible terms, and every time I was around them, I could hear in my head the words spoken around the dinner table. And yet, I envied the other students.

I was so lost in my own thoughts that I almost jumped when Miriam set down her beer, stood, and went to sit next to the pool. Rolling up her pant legs, she stuck her bare feet in the water and sighed. I went to join her, and when I stuck my feet in the pool, I knew her sigh had been one of relief.

“This is nice,” she said softly and laid herself down on the pool deck.

“Yeah,” I said.

“You’re nice,” she said.

“Ye—what?!”

Miriam laughed, her belly shaking and her feet splashing. “You’re too easy,” she said.

This time, for whatever reason, I didn't feel like she was making fun of me. Bending down, I splashed her with a little water from the pool. She yelped and kicked her feet, which only ended up splashing us both. I laughed in delight. I was finally beginning to let go. Maybe this wasn't going to be such a bad weekend after all.

And then I heard the squeak of the front gate open followed by the sound of Mother's SUV, the one she used to transport large antiques.

"Shit," I said, feeling my happiness fizzle out.

"What's wrong?" Miriam asked.

"Come on," I said, standing and straightening my clothes. "Hurry."

Miriam did as I asked, and I guess it was because she heard the urgency in my voice. We scurried back through the rear door of the house, and I had Miriam unpack the art history study materials from her bag and then take the rest upstairs. Maybe she dealt with a version of this bullshit at home, too, because she didn't waste time with questions. While she was upstairs, I spread the books and notes out on the dining room table and did my best to make it look like we hadn't just been goofing off.

I saw a shadow on the other side of the front door's frosted glass, and I went to open it.

"Oh, thank you, dear," Mother said, stepping past me. She wore a beige pantsuit that was no doubt tailored specifically for sudden heat waves in late autumn. She always had a plan. And she had one today. "How is the house?" Not, How are you? Of course not.

"Fine," I said, following her to the kitchen, where she poured herself a glass of rosé. "What are you doing here?"

"Why, I come bearing gifts, of course," she said, as if said gifts were for me and not her somehow.

"Really," I said, following her again toward the front door.

She turned. If she had had hair like mine, it would have spun out to the sides, but hers was cut short, all business. Of course. "Dear, you really are such a grouch," she said. "Here I am, giving to my only daughter, and what do I get in return?"

"Sorry, Mother," I said, only sort of sorry.

"Hi, Mrs. Hamilton!" Miriam leaned on the upstairs bannister and waved down into the foyer. Mother's inviting smile remained, but I felt the room turn cold. Now I really was sorry.

My friend skipped down the stairs in her bare feet, and I saw Mother's eyes go to the hemp bracelets she wore on her ankles. Miriam must have seen my expression, because she slowed to a more cautious pace. Mother extended a hand, and Miriam took it gently and curtsied slightly. Mother's eyes softened instantly. This was the respect she deserved. "And who might you be?" she said not completely threateningly.

"Miriam, ma'am," the girl said, keeping her eyes on Mother. "I'm in your daughter's art history class, and she was kind enough to invite me up here to study."

"Well," Mother said, "at least she's making friends. She can be terribly moody."

"Nonsense," Miriam said. "Your daughter is a delight. I can see where she gets it."

"I'm also standing right here," I said.

"Of course you are, dear," Mother said, barely turning her head in my direction. "Well, Miss Miriam, it has been a pleasure." And then she checked her watch. "Down to business," she continued, more to me this time. "I have to meet up with your father in two hours. We have an investor's meeting, and then we have to meet up with the, ugh, Callaways for a week on their yacht. An entire week, can you believe? What a nightmare. Anyway, come."

She started out the door, and Miriam and I followed. I tried to make eye contact with Miriam, but she had her gaze fixed on Mother, as if she were a cobra that might strike at any moment. She had good instincts. In the driveway in front of the house was the black SUV, and in the back were two large dark shapes, obscured by fogged glass. Mother went to the rear and opened the door, and down jumped two large dogs: a Rottweiler and a Shepherd.

"Mother, what—" I started, but was not allowed to finish.

"For your protection, dear. They're guard dogs, not pets," Mother said. Of course. "Now listen: they have been trained by experts and have come at no small expense, so treat them well." She pulled from the SUV two large flat cardboard boxes. "These are their houses. They'll sleep in these, outside in the car park. They are only to come in the house in emergencies, and they know this. Here," she said, handing me a folded piece of paper, "is a list of their commands. And here," she added, handing me a whistle on a lanyard, "is an emergency whistle. If you need help, or if they are doing something they shouldn't and aren't following commands, blow this. It will bring them to attention. Keep it with you at all times."

As she finished speaking, the Rottweiler had approached Miriam and bumped her hip with his big, anvil-like head. She staggered a bit, but scratched him on the head. "Hey, watch it," she said.

I checked the command list. "Mother," I said. "This is all in German."

"You don't need to be fluent to memorize the words on a piece of paper," she said. "Now, I have to go. Spend some time building those dog houses. They'll need somewhere to sleep tonight. Oh, and before I forget," she said, ducking back into the back of the SUV and dragging out not one but two giant bags of dog food. "This is special food. You can order it online when these two bags are empty. Use the blue card to pay for it so we can lump it in with our business expenses."

"Right," I said. "Of course."

"Excellent," she said. "Well that's all for me. You girls take care of those dogs."

As she drove off, Miriam, the dogs, and I stood there watching the gate close.

"Wow," Miriam said, after a minute.

"I know," I said. I don't know why, but I was on the verge of tears. It wasn't the first time Mother had displayed just how little she cared about me, nor was it the first time she'd done it to me in front of a friend, but it stung this time.

In silence, we moved the food indoors and dragged the doghouse sets over to the car park. According to the instructions, construction was simple, but in practice, the design was elaborate. About a half hour into construction, we had one mostly built, and Miriam wiped her brow.

"I'm gonna go to change into some shorts," she said. "It's too hot."

I nodded. Having long ago stripped off my blazer, I was still feeling hot, but I wondered how much was due to still being angry at Mother. I stopped working for a moment, and that's when it hit me all at once. Kneeling there in the car park, hot, sweaty, and humiliated, I just started crying not quietly but in body heaving sobs. And I had become so consumed that when Miriam touched my shoulder I nearly shrieked. One of the dogs, the Rottweiler moved a little closer, but when he (oh, yes, it was very obviously a he, as was the Shepherd) saw this wasn't a problem he could fix, he sat back down.

"What's wrong?" Miriam said. I looked at her, and she said, "Right. Is she always like that?"

"Not usually that bad," I said, tears still flowing but sobs subsiding as she put an arm around me. "Only when I try to make friends."

"What the fuck," she said. "Doesn't she want you to have friends?"

"I don't know anymore," I said.

"Well, what does she want?"

It was there in that hot miserable car park that I filled her in on what I figured my parents had in store for me after graduation. It was the first time I'd told anyone anything so personal, and I shook with fear and relief as I did it. And when I was done, I buried my face in her shoulder and let her hold me. Eventually, I gathered myself together and raised my head. I expected her to look awkward or uncomfortable, but she just smiled back at me.

"I bet this seems stupid," I said. "Rich people problems."

Her fingers brushed a few disheveled locks of blonde hair away from my face and said, "It's not always that simple. That's just life, Dee."

I could've kissed her for that. Should've. But I noticed the dogs just staring at us. Weren't they supposed to be patrolling or something?

Miriam noticed too, and said, "Big help you guys are."

I laughed in relief, and wiped my eyes. It took a while to get myself back into working shape, but eventually we got the second doghouse built, and scooted it over next to the first.

"Hope you guys are happy," I said, and then turned to Miriam. "I don't know about you, but I could go for a swim."

Miriam hadn't brought a swim suit, but I was pretty sure we had something in her size. Mother, as I said, always had a plan, and that included keeping a few extra items of clothing around for potential guests. So, I led Miriam back inside and upstairs to one of the guest bedrooms. We had been digging around in the dressers for a few minutes before I realized I didn't know her size.

"What's—" I started, but felt awkward again. "What's your size?"

"Eight," she said. "Sometimes ten."

I shook my head. "I mean..." For some reason I felt weird about saying it, so I cupped my own breasts over my blouse and jiggled a little to drive home the point. And then I realized that I would've been better off just using my words.

Miriam broke into a fit of giggling that she couldn't stop no matter how hard she tried. At first, I turned red, but the longer her giggling went on, the more infectious it became, and I soon found myself laughing along with her. It had been a ridiculous thing to do, but it felt kind of good to not take myself so seriously for once.

"32C," said eventually, when she could breathe again.

I dug through another drawer. Skirts. Another drawer. Ties. Really, Mother? Finally, I found a drawer full of swimwear. Personally, I was hoping for something more modest, but the first thing I dug out was a bright yellow two-piece. It wasn't exactly a bikini, but it would show off a lot more skin than I thought she (or I) might be comfortable with. I set it on the carpet and kept digging, but Miriam picked it up and held its pieces against her body.

"This'll do," she said.

"Are you sure?" I said. "I could find something less... less."

She snorted and grinned. "Ain't nobody around," she said. "Besides, what do I got to be shy about?"

"Point taken," I said, my eyes focused on the floor.

There was a bathroom attached to the guest bedroom, so while she went in and got changed, I went down the hall to my own room and the similarly attached bathroom to change into my own suit, red with small white polka dots. I chose it partly because it was similar to Miriam's and I didn't want her to feel like I was more dressed than she was. Mostly, though, I chose it because it was my favorite suit. It fit well, which was unusual. My bottom size was somewhere between a four and six (I mentioned I was a little skinny, right?), and my breasts were 28, but somewhere between an A and B. Finding bras that fit me comfortably was difficult enough, but going shopping for swimwear was like finding Carmen Sandiego.

When I came out of the bathroom, Miriam was waiting for me by the door to my bedroom. I stopped abruptly—too abruptly, actually, because the corners of her lips turned up. "Fits perfect," she said, and turned and a slow circle. It really did.

Once again, I led the way through the house. As I stepped outside, I nearly leapt out of my skin. The dogs were sitting at attention on the grass, just off the small patio. Their stare made me deeply uncomfortable, and then I realized: the whistle. Quickly, I stepped back inside, shut the door, ran upstairs, grabbed the whistle from where I'd left it on the bed, and returned.

"That's just creepy," Miriam said. "How'd they even know we were coming out this way?"

I shrugged, trying to ignore my misgivings. "Mother said they're trained well," I said, hoping that answered the question. I opened the door and stepped out, and Miriam followed, shutting the door behind her. We still had a few more hours of daylight left, and I really wanted to spend it at the pool, so again I shoved my worries aside and started down the path to the pool. As we went, the dogs flanked us and kept pace, the Shepherd a little ahead, the Rottweiler a little behind. When we got to the pool, I unlatched the gate, ushered Miriam through, and latched it behind us. I didn't doubt that these dogs could clear the fence if properly motivated, but they seemed content to leave us be. In fact, when I made a shooing motion to them, they trotted off like normal dogs. I shrugged. Weird.

For an hour or two, I can't be sure, Miriam and I splashed, floated, and swam, talking about university, our families, and even quizzing each other on the art history material we were supposed to be studying in the first place. As it turned out, despite our different upbringings, we both had a lot

of the same worries, top among them not having control over our lives. She was worried that she'd end up stuck in a boring college town with no prospects, and I was worried that my family would basically sell me out to the highest bidder like a prized mare. We also shared interest in art and had similar tastes in music and movies. One thing that set Miriam apart, however, was her confidence and forwardness.

"You're pretty," she said as we rested our arms on the pool deck. "You know that, right?"

"Sure," I said, not really believing it. I mean, I knew I could be seen as desirable. Boys in high school had made that abundantly clear. But to high-school boys a loaf of bread was desirable, so I hadn't put much stake in their opinion. Now, I may have mentioned this earlier, but I'm no dummy. When Miriam said I was pretty, I knew what she meant, but I didn't really know what to make of it. Still, something in my tummy stirred, and I started to feel warm.

"I mean it," she said.

"I know you do," I said. That sounded cold. I didn't mean it to sound like that. "But, um, how?" I added. "Like, what do you mean, exactly?"

She hadn't stopped smiling at me, and I was wondering if there was any possible way I could upset her. Not that I wanted to.

"Just like..." she seemed to me looking for the words. "Like the way you carry yourself. You know who you are. It's like you got it all figured out."

What? Was she kidding? "You're joking," I said.

She chuckled a little. "I mean, no," she said. "No one's got it all figured out. Except maybe your mom—that woman makes me afraid."

"Join the club," I said.

"I just mean, you carry yourself well," she said. "And forget today, right? Today's been kind of a shit show for you. But you're normally not as awkward as you think you are."

"Well, thanks," I said. "So that's what's pretty to you? Feigned confidence?"

She grinned a little. "Sure," she said. "That and a cute little butt."

I felt a pinch on my butt, yelped, and let go of the wall. For a second, I sank, but when I emerged, sputtering, she was right there, just inches from my face, laughing and holding onto the wall, trying not to sink. I started laughing, too, but mostly because I was nervous. This girl, this amazing, beautiful girl with perfect skin and a smile that shone like the sun, was hitting on me. I had no idea what to do. Was it possible that I could be into girls? Oh, Mother would kill me.

"And I do love that smile," she said, and then kissed me. I melted.

It would be a good death.

I must have blacked out for a second, because she pulled away far too soon. She looked at me inquisitively. "Yes?" she asked. "No?"

"Yes? No?" I parroted back.

“Dinner?” she said, with a chuckle.

“Right,” I said. Food was the furthest thing from my mind. “Yes?”

“Cool,” she said, pulling herself from the water. The sun was starting to go down, and the air was getting a little chilly, but only enough to make her skin prickle.

I followed her out and we spent a minute toweling off. She was looking at me, I knew, but for reasons I can't explain, I tried to keep my eyes off of her. Instead, I looked around for the dogs. The Rottweiler was standing maybe a hundred meters away toward the south side of the house. The Shepherd was standing near the door closest to us at the northeast corner. They were both staring at us.

“I wish they wouldn't do that,” I said.

“Do what?” Miriam said.

I pointed to the Shepherd, but he had found something to sniff. The Rottweiler, too, had busied himself studying a spot on the grass. “Huh,” I said. “Never mind.”

Once again, the dogs escorted us as we went between the house and the pool, and I got the feeling that Miriam wasn't the only one watching my butt. I gripped the whistle with a tremendous sense of unease, but I wasn't about to say anything about it because I thought I'd sound paranoid. When we reached the house, however, I locked the door and looked out the glass panes. The dogs sat for a moment, their eyes on us, and then went about their business.

Rather than cook, we decided to order pizza. There was one place in town that would send a driver all the way up to the house, so while Miriam went to change out of her swimwear, I called the shop. When I was done, I went to my room and changed into some sweatpants and a loose-ish flannel shirt. It would be time to study, and I concentrated better when I was comfortable.

When I returned downstairs, I saw that Miriam felt the same way, though what she found comfortable was baggy flannel pants and a t-shirt that was almost big enough to be a tunic. The sun was just going down, and I realized I should probably feed the dogs. I excused myself and fetched the two big bowls that had come with the doghouses. I filled them up in the kitchen, grabbed the whistle, and left through the rear door.

The dogs materialized immediately. I had gotten about halfway to the car park when I got a weird feeling. I looked down, but the dogs were just staring expectantly up at their food bowls. Right, I thought. Of course they're staring at me.

I set the bowls down next to each of their houses and said, “Are you boys hungry?” They wagged their tails in response, and I relaxed a little. Maybe my misgivings were due to the fact that I was rarely comfortable around new people, and these dogs were certainly new and unexpected. But, then, they were dogs. Mother said they were well trained, and I had a whistle and a list of commands, which I reminded myself to take with me when the pizza guy arrived. What could possibly go wrong?

I looked down at their tags for their names. Max was the Shepherd, which made sense, I guess. But the Rottweiler was called Arthur. Kind of a weird name for a guard dog, but whatever.

When the dogs began to eat and I saw to it that they had water, I headed back inside, waiting until I had disappeared around the side of the house to turn my back on them. I walked quickly, but it

didn't matter. Despite my misgivings, they hadn't pursued. Still, I locked the door and gave a second glance back through the glass. Nothing. I really was getting paranoid.

I found Miriam in the living room. She had the art history texts piled next to the coffee table, and had put our class notes on top. For a few minutes, we got down to business, and then the intercom beeped. I hopped up and ran to the door. Pressing the button, I said, "Hello!"

"Pizza," the delivery guy said, sounding moderately stoned.

"Ok," I said, pressing the button to open the gate. "Drive up to the front door, but stay in the car. We have new dogs."

"Uh... ok," he said. "Sure thing."

I grabbed the list of commands and the whistle and opened the front door. Sure enough, the dogs had flanked the car, and the pizza guy, who I recognized as being a younger guy from my former high school, sat firmly in the driver's seat looking sufficiently intimidated.

I looked at the list. "Max. Arthur," I said. They turned their heads toward me. "Komm hier."

They instantly left the car and came to my side. Damn, it really worked. I was impressed. Granted, that was an easy command; I could've said the same thing in English.

The pizza guy popped his door open a crack. "Can I come out now?"

"Setzen," I said. The dogs sat. Ok, good. Now came the part where I hoped I didn't screw up the pronunciation. "Bleib," I said, drawing out the word as I would in English as I stepped away from them and toward the car. I turned to the pizza guy and said, "Yeah, it's ok." They stayed with not even a muscle twitch as the guy got out of the car.

"Hey," he said.

"Hey," I said.

"You speak German?" he asked.

I snorted. "No way," I said, holding up the paper with the commands. "How'd you know what language it was?"

He sniffed. "My great-grandma spoke it," he said.

"Neat," I said.

"Yeah," he said. "But she died when I was ten."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"It's ok," he said.

My eyes went to the cubicle soft case of pizzas in the back seat of his Honda, and when he saw me looking, he jerked as if someone had surprised him. "You ok?" I asked as he tried to open the rear passenger door.

"Yeah," he said, finally yanking the door open. "It just sticks sometimes." He pulled our pizza out of

the case and handed it to me.

I handed him the cash, and said, "Keep the change."

"Thanks," he said. His eyes went to the dogs again, and I followed his gaze. They weren't watching him. They were watching me. "See you around, I guess."

"Yeah," I said. "See you."

With that, he got back in the car and drove away. On the way back inside, I felt the dogs watching me. When I was back inside, Miriam was waiting by the door.

"Those dogs are seriously weird," she said.

"I know," I said. "But they're obedient, at least."

Dinner was unceremonious. We ate in the living room and grilled each other on the study materials. We got a lot done, which was a surprise to me, because the longer we went on, the more difficult I found it to concentrate. I could remember dates and names, artists and movements, but in Miriam's company I also remembered the kiss. Soon, it's all I could recall.

Eventually, I had to stop, feigning fatigue. It's wasn't even that late, only nine o'clock, so I asked her if she wanted to watch a movie.

"Sure," she said. "What'd you have in mind?"

I didn't know, and it didn't matter. I just needed something to get my mind off the kiss. I didn't know what to do about it. Had she expected me to reciprocate? Was it a friendly kiss? She had commented on my butt, though, which I felt her watching as we climbed the stairs again.

The TV was in my room, and I had a bookshelf stuffed with DVDs. Miriam went to it and spent a couple minutes browsing the *****ion. It was an art-house movie about a girl who was from an ultra-religious family and was just about to go to college. I had seen it about a hundred times before. Most of the time, I would kind of ignore the first part where her brother seduces her. It got a bit racy at times, but had clearly been dialed back from the director's original intention in order to make it to the film festivals. The second half was where I had always found myself sitting a little straighter and worrying that other people might sense me sweating. Tonight, instead of sweating, I agreed and relaxed, sitting on the bed with my back against the headboard. It was nice to know another girl thought the way I did about this movie.

The movie started, and Miriam lay on her stomach with her head at the foot of the bed so she was closer to the screen. As I said, I usually didn't pay much attention to the beginning of the film. It wasn't that incestuous themes bothered me. They were simply symbolic of ... something. (I made a mental note to look it up.) It's just that I had always found the brother's girlfriend much more intriguing. She kind of reminded me of Miriam, now that I thought about it. Miriam.

And that's why I found myself paying attention to the first half this time. Miriam was here. On my bed. Turns out, the brother-sister relationship wasn't as bad as I remember—still not as interesting as the second half, but not bad. And then came the revelation with all those Polaroids: the lost love, the girl at church camp. It was heartbreaking. I tried not to cry, and did a pretty good job, but I sniffled and Miriam turned her head.

She must have seen my face because she rolled over and sat up. "What's the matter?" she asked.

“Nothing,” I lied.

She took my hands and I pulled them away. “Dee! What’s going on with you?” I looked at her eyes and felt hot tears running down my face.

“I like you,” I said.

“Uh, ok?”

“You know what I mean,” I sobbed into my hands.

“Oh,” she said. “Oh, shit. I had no idea it would be so hard on you. And, well, I thought you knew.”

I peeked through my fingers like a child. “Knew?”

“About me,” she said.

“I did,” I said. “Suspected.”

She took my hands and held them in hers. “And you brought me up here for the weekend as a friend?”

I nodded.

“Because you didn’t know about your own feelings.”

I nodded again, and she scooted a bit closer and wiped the tears from my cheeks. For a moment, there was only the sound of the movie in the background, a rising musical score and the sounds of lovemaking. I glanced at the TV. The first half of the movie was racier than I remember. The sounds of moaning filled the room, and the absurdity of the situation hit me, and I started to laugh, first with bittersweet chuckles, but then with wracking belly laughs as Miriam joined me.

When she kissed me, I melted again and felt passion burst inside me like a balloon. It spread through my body, and rather than just letting her kiss me, I put my arms around her and kissed back. Her soft lips grappled with mine, and I felt my heart racing. Against my hands, her back curved and arched, and I pulled her to me. She finally put her arms around me, admittedly much lower than I’d expected, and instead of having doubts, I let her strong arms pull me even closer, so I was straddling her thigh and she was straddling mine. Our bodies came together, my breath left me, and I pulled my lips from hers for a moment.

“Everything okay?” Miriam asked, taking a hand from the small of my back and running her finger tips over my cheek. I was no expert in love, but I could sense the yearning in Miriam’s body, held at bay by what I hoped was respect.

“Better than okay,” I said. “I just needed to catch my breath.”

“This is your first time making out with a girl.”

“With anyone.”

“Should we slow down?” Miriam asked. I felt a swelling of joy at being proven right. It was respect. I wasn’t just another girl to her, and that fact only made me want her more.

“No,” I said, kissing her neck and eliciting a soft sigh.

“Are you certain?” she said, her tone slightly more serious. She needn’t have asked, though. I knew what she meant. If we continued, neither of us would be able to stop.

“Yes,” I hissed into her ear, and ran my lips down her jaw until I felt her body tense ever so slightly. I kissed the spot, and she moaned and returned her hand to the small of my back.

As our lips met again, I felt her hands press gently but firmly, pulling me closer, but also lowering my hips onto her thigh. Even through her pants and my own, the heat of her body radiated between my legs, and I felt a loose, warm sensation flood my body. I’d felt it before, of course, but this was different, more intense, more complete. I dragged my crotch against her thigh and gasped for breath. Miriam released the pressure on my hips and I slid back down. The kindling had been lit, and all that was left was to give the flame of passion a chance to catch.

Her hands slid further down over my butt, and pulled me up her thigh again. The fire went wild. I no longer needed the encouragement, but I let her keep grinding me against her because I loved the way her fingers dug into my butt. Soon, though, it was hard to think about anything other than the growing heat between my legs, and I felt my body take over.

Her tongue entwined with mine, and our heavy breathing almost drowned out the movie. I decided it was my turn, and moved my hands down over Miriam’s hips to her round butt. There was plenty to grab onto, and I pulled her onto my thigh. Instantly, I felt the heat of her against me, and I knew this was right. She had been waiting, of course, and needed no encouragement. What I didn’t expect was how much her grinding would affect me. I felt dizzy.

I was so focused on the sensation of her butt in my hands, that I didn’t notice her hands moving up until her fingers were against the skin under my shirt. I must have jerked in surprise, because she paused for a second and pulled her lips from mine. But I couldn’t help it. I wanted more. I kissed her again, and pressed her hips hard against my thigh, and she groaned in pleasure.

Her hands continued up my back, past my shoulder blades, igniting little fires on their way. And when I thought she was going to stop, she kept on going, ever upward, hooking her fingers through the neck of my shirt. I hadn’t buttoned it up all the way, and when I raised my arms somewhat grudgingly from her butt, the whole thing slipped right off. I had my bra on, so I didn’t feel too naked, and she didn’t seem to mind—just soaked me up with her eyes. And when she looked to me, she just raised her arms straight above her head expectantly with a mischievous grin.

I couldn’t help giggling, and soon neither could she. We tried once to stop, but when I snorted trying to hold it back, we broke down again. When at last our laughter subsided, she raised up her arms again. Looking her in the eyes, I ran my hands up her hips and hesitated a moment before continuing. And when I did, the softness of her skin ran under my fingers like silk. It was perfect. Up my hands went, not up her back, as she had done with me, but along her sides. I reached the place where my fingers should have run against her bra, but found only smooth skin. Still looking me in the eye, her eyes gleamed. I swallowed, and continued up until the shirt was pulled up over her head, but not off.

“Hey!” she giggled, the shirt blinding her.

The truth is, I didn’t want her to see my reaction. What if her boobs had been ugly? They weren’t, of course. They were perfect. I reached out and took one in each hand, and she froze.

“Well, feel free to, uh, feel freely,” she said. “I’ll just be here, blind.”

I did just that. I’d never touched another girl’s breasts before, and now I was wondering why I had

waited so long. I ran my fingers over every inch, and watched in delight as Miriam's responded. First was her breath catching in her throat, to release in a sigh. And then, as I explored her hardened nipples, her grinding against my thigh began anew. Finally, I reached up and pulled the t-shirt off her head and, before she could react, kissed her again. I felt her hands on my back, and before I knew what she was doing, she had my bra off. Now, skin against skin, we stoked the fire once again.

I must have been love drunk, because in my zealously I lost my balance. With a shared shriek of pleasant surprise, we fell to the bed. Our legs were still entwined, and I felt Miriam's hands firmly on my butt again, pressing me against her and sending a wave of pleasure rolling through my body. Her hands smoothed up my back, but when they returned, her fingers slid underneath not just my loose sweatpants, but my panties, as well, with her thumbs hooked on the outside.

"Dee, are you—" she started.

"Fuck it," I said, and arched my butt up, giving her all the room she needed.

Miriam, slid her body down under mine and I felt my pants and panties slip down to my knees, ankles, and then heard the slight rustle as they fell of the bed and onto the floor. My mind was spinning. Was this really happening? Was I really naked in bed with another girl? It felt right, but was it? Hot breath on my breast, and then a sucking wetness at my nipple was enough to snap me out of it. It was so, so right. I shuddered in pleasure, and heard a groan of pleasure in the back of my throat.

"Oh, god, Miriam," I whispered. "I—"

But she took my other nipple between her lips, flicking her tongue against the tip, and the rest of the words came out as alphabet soup. The electric feeling of her kisses and nibbles only added to my desire, and I drove my own hands to her waist. She barely had time to lift up her hips before I had peeled off her sweatpants as if shucking corn.

I dove back on top of her, but she rolled of top of me with her thigh between mine. When she leaned forward, it was just her smooth skin against my aching sex, and I whimpered in delight.

"God, Dee, your pussy is soaking," she said, barely able to contain her excitement.

I looked down and saw the snail's trail I'd left against her mocha skin, and then realized that she had been holding herself away from me. I suspected she did it not to spook me. "It's all your fault," I said, kissing her. "What about yours?"

She pulled away and knelt next to me. Gently, she took my hand. I felt myself shaking, and she must have, too, because she put her other hand on my tummy to calm me. She looked me in the eyes, and I nodded. She guided my hand between her legs. "My what?"

"Your..." I had heard the words a thousand times, but never used it before. I'd never been in a position where it seemed right. "Pussy."

She placed my hand against her smooth labia, and my middle finger lay along the part in the folds. It took only a moment to feel the hot wetness coming from her.

"Oh my god," I said.

Miriam started moving my hand against her pussy, and it didn't take me long to figure out what she liked. Soon enough, I was moving and exploring on my own. For a minute, all I could look at was my

hand caressing and teasing her hot mound. I could hardly believe I it, but was surprised how natural it felt. I curled my fingers and made gentle circles around her clit, and felt her press against my hand.

“Harder,” she pleaded.

“Harder?” I finally looked up to her face.

She smiled through her ecstasy. “You won’t break me,” she said.

I pressed harder, and she groaned in pleasure, biting her lower lip and making little circles with her hips. Her breathing became ragged, and I knew that she would come soon. Her hand, which had rested on my tummy to calm me, now turned south, sliding past my belly button, over my pubic bone, and then to its ultimate destination. Fireworks went off behind my eyes and I heard myself whimper again. Miriam’s fingers scratched the itch that I could never seem to reach, and arched my hips off the bed and against her hand.

As consumed by pleasure as I was, I was still curious, and now that my middle finger was thoroughly slippery, I decided now was the time. I slipped my finger into her, slowly at first. Immediately, her pussy gripped it.

“Oh shit!” Miriam breathed. “Yes!”

She was burning up inside, and soaking wet. I started moving my finger in and out, and as I did, felt my own ecstasy rise, pushing me closer toward orgasm. Miriam started to ride my finger, bucking up and down in the same rhythm her fingers used to run circles around my clit. I knew what I liked, and hoped she would like it, too. Curling my middle finger inside of her, I let it slide against her g-spot, and she cried out and began bucking even harder. She had a hard time keeping her attention on my pussy, but I didn’t mind.

Suddenly, she tensed, her pussy gripped my finger, and she clamped both of her hands over mine.

“Fuck!” Miriam groaned, shaking. “Fuck, Dee! I’m coming!”

My heart jumped. I had made another girl come, and as she shook, her juices soaked my hand. I looked up at her and thought how beautiful she was. How strange was it, though, that only a few hours earlier, the thought of making love to another girl in my bed would have been frightening and alien. Had we moved too fast? When Miriam let go of my hand, I eased my fingers from between her legs and regarded the slickness that coated them. In a moment of unguarded curiosity, I brought them to my lips and tasted her. Salty, sweet, tangy: it wasn’t too bad. I thought to myself, I could get used to this.

Miriam collapsed with her head on my thigh. She was still breathing hard, and with a warm feeling in my belly I thought, I did that. I was so used to being a prop in my family’s machinations, it had never really occurred to me that I could have that effect on someone.

“Hey,” Miriam said, and I realized she had been speaking to me.

“Huh?”

“You’re up in your head again,” she said.

“Sorry.”

She smiled at me. "It's fine, Dee," she said. "It's a lot to take in."

"Oh," I said, realizing the misunderstanding. "No, no. I'm dealing with this just fine."

A glimmer entered her eyes. "Are you now..." she said.

"Yeah," I said. "No problems whatsoever."

She kissed my thigh near my knee. "I'm glad," she said. "I was a little worried."

"Why?" I asked.

Miriam kissed my thigh again, higher up, closer to my hips. "Well, you know how it is," she said. "You meet a girl." Another kiss, higher up. "She takes you back to her place." Another kiss, this time just below my pelvis. "You kiss her." Her next kiss landed farther down, back down toward my knee, but on the inside of my thigh.

"Uh..." I breathed.

"You make out," she said, planting a wet warm kiss squarely on the inside of my thigh.

My body began to tingle, and my hands started to tremble. "Uh huh."

"And before you know it, she's making you cum," she said. This next kiss was so high up on the inside of my thigh that the breath from her nose washed across my pussy. "Know what I mean?"

My jaw was quaking so bad, I couldn't speak, so when she looked up at me from between my legs, I just shook my head.

When I felt her hot tongue against my labia, my toes curled and skin prickled. I squeaked, "Miri."

She didn't answer, though. Her tongue had already gone to work. And work it did. Never in my life had I felt anything like the pleasure her tongue was giving me now. It slid along my labia, dipping occasionally between the folds. Her lips sucked and nibbled gently at whatever they could grab hold of, and the electricity radiating up from my tummy began to fill my chest. My body took over, and I arched my hips off the bed. She stayed with me, and soon enough her tongue flicked my clit.

"Oh god, Miri!" I cried out as electric ripples of pleasure washed through me. I must have been afraid I'd fly off the bed, because I gripped the bedsheets with my hands.

Miriam's tongue kept lashing at my clit, sending me higher and higher. And then I felt her finger enter me. I bucked and whimpered and cursed and called out her name. Her second finger slid inside me, and I felt as if I would explode. And then I did. With a squeal and spasm of pleasure I came. "I'm coming! Oh god, Miri, I'm coming!" I squealed as if it weren't obvious.

She groaned in pleasure as my thighs clamped onto her head, and together we rode the wave of orgasm. When at last my body went slack and my legs allowed her head to move, she removed her fingers from me. I felt her move next to me and put an arm over my belly.

I turned my head to face her, and she kissed me. It wasn't the first time I'd ever tasted myself, but it was by far the best, and I savored it. After a while, we lay back and were still. I had no idea what Miriam was thinking, but as for me, I was just soaking it all up. A big part of me wanted to worry. My life would be different now. It would have to be. I wouldn't be able to keep this a secret forever, and when Mother found out, there would be hell to pay. But as it was, in the afterglow, I felt ready to

pay it a thousand times over. If I knew then what was to come, I might have thought differently. Or maybe not.

“So, what do you think?” Miriam asked, finally breaking the silence and my musing.

“About?” I said, rolling on my side to face her. I had missed something she said again. I had to stop doing that.

“Sleeping together,” she said flicking her fingertip gently against my nipple. I hissed as my body flared with desire.

“Are you worried I’m afraid of the dark?” I teased.

“Oh, no,” she said with a grin, brushing her fingertips tantalizingly down her side and hip, drawing my attention to her perfect mocha skin. “I know you’re not.”

She was right. And anyway, there are more important things to be afraid of.

The next morning was bliss. Waking up with my face buried in the crook of Miriam’s neck was a surprise, but neither unpleasant nor unwelcome. My arm draped over her waist, soaking up her warmth. Her hips pressed back into mine, making my belly tingle at the memory of what we had done the night before.

It all seemed like such a blur, and though I worried that we had moved too fast, the serenity of this moment told me otherwise. Out of curiosity, my hand stirred seeking answers, and was rewarded with warm smooth skin all the way up and all the way down. Miriam mumbled and shifted, pressing her hips more firmly against mine, but didn’t wake. My memories, however, did.

A kiss. A touch. Warm lips and a hot tongue. Electricity. I remembered it all, piece by piece. My fingers twitched as they recalled the sensation of her pussy clamping down around them. And then I felt a surge of slick warmth radiating from my belly as I remember seeing her looking me in the eyes as her lips and tongue brought me to orgasm.

As I was engrossed in these thoughts, my fingers found their way to the cleft between her legs. When I became aware of what I was doing, I stopped. Slowly, I raised my head and peeked at her face. She was still asleep. I’d always thought about what it would be like to wake up to some imaginary boyfriend fucking me, but I could never really picture it, maybe, in retrospect, because the idea of having a boyfriend was not terribly interesting to me. The idea persisted, though, and I now wondered if Miriam would appreciate or be repulsed by it.

I decided to go slowly.

Softly brushing my hand up her tummy to her breast, I cupped one in my hand. Miriam let out a soft sigh. I ran my fingers around her hardening nipple, and I could hear her breathe more heavily through her nose. I did the same to her other breast, and when her hips pushed back against me, I scooted slightly away, allowing her to roll onto her back. I figured if anything would wake her up, it would be this, but Miriam was a heavy sleeper.

Tentatively, I licked at her nipple once, twice, and then began running circles around it. I saw her lips part as if to say something, but only a pleased sigh came out. My hand traveled back down her tummy and hesitated just above her mound. When I did move my fingers over Miriam’s labia, her

breathing became deep and ragged. Her legs parted slightly, and I began to rub gently, just to see how long it would take for her to wake up. But she still didn't wake up, so I decided I would give in and return the favor she had given me last night.

Ever so slowly, I got up and crawled between her legs, kneeling there for a second before I leaned in. My mind span. The last time I'd seen another woman's sex up close was when I was being born, and I doubt anyone present was having nearly such a good time. I wetted my lips and started with a kiss. Her smell made something inside of me shiver with delight. I kissed every part of her pussy that I could reach with just my lips, and then I stuck out my tongue and tasted her. It knocked the wind out of me, it really did. Whatever lingering doubts or inhibitions I had were blown away. But I only got about three of four more licks in before I saw her raise her head.

"Hm?" Miriam slurred groggily. "What the—"

I licked again, as a question.

"Oh, yesss..." she moaned. "Please yes."

I felt her fingers in my hair, and knew I'd chosen wisely. Now, all caution and pretense gone, I started in on her. I didn't really know how to go down on a girl, but I figured I knew what I liked, so I'd start there. Constant soft tongue flicking and gentle sucking seemed to be a good start, but I felt her grip my head.

"Harder," she said, her voice strained. "I want it harder."

Harder it was. My tongue flicked and circled her clit in rapid fire while my lips threatened to nibble her labia completely off. She grunted and pressed my face into her.

"Yes!" she moaned. "Fuck. Yesssssss!"

Miriam raised her hips off the bed, grinding her pussy against my mouth, and my eyes almost rolled back in my head in ecstasy. I slid one finger and then two into her, and she bucked against them. When I started thrusting them in and out of her, she cried out and cursed.

My tongue was battering her clit so hard and fast I thought that either might have come flying out of us at any moment. But then she came. Her legs were much stronger than they looked, and when they clamped around my head, I thought my eyeballs were going to pop out. She hollered, bucked, whimpered, and then eventually went slack.

I pulled myself up until I was kneeling again so I could catch my breath. I even ignored the mix of my saliva and her juices dripping off my chin.

"Damn, Dee," she said, coming around at last. "You really know how to wake a girl up."

"Well, I couldn't just have you lying around all morning," I said. "We have work to do."

And we did do work.

We took a shower, made love, showered again, fed the dogs, and ate breakfast first, but we did do work. In fact, between the bouts of kissing, we were actually very productive. We were so productive that, after an early dinner, we decided we could take the entire evening off of studying and relax in

the pool.

We changed back into our bathing suits, and I grabbed a couple of beers from the fridge. It was getting cooler into the evening, but not uncomfortably so. Regardless, we each took a bathrobe, just in case. On the way out, I remembered the whistle and the command sheet, tucking them into the pockets of my robe.

As before, Max and Arthur escorted us to the pool. It still creeped me out a little, but I had to admit that their organization was impressive. And now that I knew their names, they didn't seem so threatening.

Miriam set the beers down on the deck next to the loungers and said, "That's really hard to get used to."

"Huh?" I said. She nodded toward Max and Arthur.

The dogs sat just on the other side of the flower garden that ringed the pool on the far side of the fence. Their stare was unnerving, but I realized I hadn't fed them.

"I'll be right back," I said. "I think they're hungry."

I tried to take a shortcut across the soft grass, but Max and Arthur seemed insistent that I take the garden path. It was weird, I thought, that they should be dictating the rules to me, but maybe they had been trained to keep those they were guarding to well-lit areas. I got to their feeding area, and when I bent down to get their food, I felt something nudge my butt. I looked back and saw Max poking his long snout against my bottom, sniffing.

"Hey!" I said sternly, turning around. "Knock it off."

He ignored me and, now that I was facing him, nuzzled through the front of the robe. I gasped as his cold nose pressed against the thin skin of my bathing suit. For maybe a split second I thought of letting him continue, but then again what was I thinking!? I pulled the whistle from the pocket of my robe, but I didn't even need to use it. As soon as they saw it come out, both dogs were sitting at attention.

"That's better," I said, as if they could understand me. "Don't get any big ideas."

I fed them quickly, and as they began eating, I hurried back toward the pool. On my way, I was haunted by the thought that I would even entertain the idea of letting a dog lick me. It was a dog. But that hot breath from his nose had felt pretty nice. No! It. Was. A. Dog. Gross!

After latching the gate and testing it, I sat down in the lounge with my robe still on and my arms across my chest. Miriam, not oblivious to my body language, asked, "Dee, are you ok?"

"I'm fine," I said. When she raised an eyebrow and nodded toward me huddling in my robe, I added, "Those dogs freak me out a little."

"Right?"

"Anyway," I said, taking a deep breath and shedding my robe. "I could go for a dip."

I popped open our beers, and for almost an hour, we floated and talked. We talked a little about where we were from and what our families were like, but mostly we talked about love and how

strange it can be. As the night went on, the air got cooler and the pool started to feel too cold.

"You wanna go back in?" Miriam asked.

I smiled and said I had something better in mind.

The hot tub was at the corner of the pool area farthest from the house and shielded from view by a solid wall on the outside, trellises thick with morning glories on the side facing the house, and a roof that protected the area from rain. On the solid wall was a switch that turned on a single overhead lamp. Along this wall were also hooks on which we hung our robes while waiting for the water to heat up. When we finally got in, I instantly relaxed. Miriam, too, let out a long sigh of pleasure.

"Dee, this is amazing," she said, her head tilted back and resting on the edge of the hot tub. "These flowers smell awesome. I can't believe you live like this."

"You should see my parents' house," I said, still feeling self-conscious. "It makes this place look like a cottage. Anyway, it probably won't last."

"You mean your mom's plan to marry you off to some rich jerk?" she said.

I nodded. "That and..." I looked at her long enough that she got the gist.

"I..." she said. "I thought this might cause trouble. I'm sorry."

"You knew?"

"I could tell when I met your mom, yeah," she said.

"And you didn't care?"

"I did care," Miriam said, flustered. "I do."

I laughed and leaned back against the edge of the tub. "I don't," I said.

"What?"

"I don't care," I said. "They can disown me if they want. I'm going to live my life the way I want. If it costs me all of this, I'm ok with that."

Miriam looked confused for the first time in as long as I'd known her. "Is that the truth?" she asked.

"It is," I said. And then the reality of the situation dawned on me and I chuckled and shook my head. "It really is."

The next thing I knew, Miriam was straddling me, her lips pressed against mine. Our tongues danced. Hands roamed over wet flesh, and soon enough we were both panting for breath. With a tug, she untied my top and then pulled it from my body, letting it float away. I did the same to hers and then clamped my mouth to her nipple.

"Ugggghhhhh yeah!" she moaned as I let passion carry me from one nipple to the other, and then back again.

Miriam pushed away from me, but as she drifted away, her fingers snagged the strings that tied my bottoms together, and in an instant, they were off and floating away. She removed her own bottoms

and then snagged my legs, dragging them up from the bottom of the hot tub and propping them up on her shoulders. With her head just at the level of the water, she began moving back toward me, wedging my legs open with her face. Unlike the previous night, there was no hesitation. Her lips and tongue hit me instantly, and I groaned. She dipped her tongue into me, and I had to grasp the side of the hot tub to keep the top of me from slipping down into the water. Her tongue swirled upward until it ran frantic circles around my clit.

“Fuck, Miri,” I cried out. “Fuck!”

But then her tongue stopped and her body went rigid. I lifted my head to see what was wrong, but she only stared over my shoulder. When I turned, I saw Max the Shepherd standing at attention just a few feet from the tub. My legs fell from Miriam’s shoulders.

“How’d he get in here?” she asked quietly.

“I don’t know,” I said. I looked around, but couldn’t see the gate through the trellis of morning glories.

“Where’s the other one?” Miriam said.

Arthur was nowhere to be seen, but that didn’t mean much. There was a lot we couldn’t see.

“What should we do?” I asked.

“They’re your dogs, Dee,” Miriam said. “You tell me.”

I thought for a moment, but my head was still clouded by lust and the heat from the tub. “Ok, well, first we need to get the whistle and command sheet from my robe,” I said. “But Max is between us and them.”

“Ok,” Miriam said, standing and starting to climb out of the hot tub. “No problem. I’ll just—” Max uttered a low growl that sent Miriam retreating back into the pool. “Alright... uh... you try it.”

“He probably just thought you were hurting me,” I said. And then to Max, trying to break the tension, I added, “Hey, bud. Mommy and, uh, mommy were just wrestling.” The dog cocked his head to one side. I turned to Miriam. “See? No problem.”

I climbed cautiously from the hot tub and shuffled around the big shepherd, noticing once again how his eyes seemed glued to my nether region. I reached the robe and grabbed the paper and whistle from the pocket, but in the process, I turned my back on Max. Immediately, he jumped on my back, and in my panic, I slipped and was dragged down. The whistle flew out of my hands, bounced off the wall and skittered into the swim pool. With the water drained, it would still work, but the paper landed in the tub.

“Use the commands!” I pleaded with Miriam, terrified that Max was going to kill me, but it was no use. She held up the paper. The ink had already run and was illegible, and after trying to unfold it, the paper began to tear. I struggled and finally got back to my hands and knees, but I soon realized that’s where Max wanted me all along. Miriam’s face told me she could see the same thing. “Get the whistle! Get him off me!”

I began to panic and struggle, but Max growled in a way that froze my muscles and nearly froze my blood.

"Please!" I whispered to Miriam.

She nodded and leapt from the tub. In an instant, Arthur was blocking her path, growling. She tried to turn and flee back to the safety of the water, but slipped and fell. She tried scuttling backward, not for a moment taking her eyes off the Rottweiler, but a growl from him froze her just as Max's had frozen me. She shook in terror as the dog approached, but instead of tearing at her flesh, he simply sniffed.

Meanwhile, Max was getting restless, shifting from side to side and seemingly trying to push me forward. I tried to move with him, but he growled. I felt something poke my hip and looked underneath me. The sight took my breath away. Between Max's legs, a glistening red rod was beginning to peek from under his fur. His restlessness, I saw, was his clumsy thrusting at my still lubricated pussy.

"Wait," I said, struggling. "Wait, wait, no." But I began to lose hope when I felt the tip of his slick member slide effortlessly into me.

I lifted my head, but only found Miriam's face a puzzle of horror and confusion. She had a full side view of what was happening, and by her expression, I knew what was about to happen.

"Oh, my—" she started.

"GOD!" I shrieked. Max jammed the entire length of his cock into me in one mighty thrust. The pain burned through me, but I found I had no voice to scream. There was no reprieve. Max began jackhammering his cock into me. Heat filled my face, and tears ran down my cheeks. "Ow! Oh, god!" I whimpered as the shepherd fucked me. "Help meee!"

I was being raped—by a dog. Fear, disgust, despair, and rage coursed through me as Max thrust himself into me again and again. I wept from the pain, but the humiliation was worse. I could feel its dark tendrils winding around my soul.

I heard a struggle nearby and opened my eyes despite the stinging tears. Arthur had Miriam backed up against the trellis and had buried his snout between her legs. Over the wet slapping sound of my own violation, I started to hear the heavy lapping of a long dog tongue. Miriam was trying to push Arthur away, and he seemed to tolerate and even revel in the challenge, but when she smacked him on the head, he bared his teeth and snarled at her. Instinctively, Miriam's hands went to her throat to protect herself. When she made no more fuss, Arthur returned to his lapping.

"I'm sorry!" Miriam cried, and then vainly to Max, she added, "Stop hurting her!"

But something inside me, to my own disgust, had changed. The incessant ramming of Max's cock had stopped hurting so much. I felt I could bear this, despite my revulsion, but I wasn't about to stop fighting. If I could just wriggle free of Max's grip... but it was no use. The more I struggled, the more his claws dug into my flesh. I wasn't going anywhere.

"Unh! Make it stop!" I gasped. "He's—unh!—huge! He's huge!"

Miriam panicked and tried to flee as I pleaded for Max to stop, but only was able to raise herself three inches off the ground. Arthur put an end to her flight by clamping his jaws around her throat. Her eyes streamed tears as she sat back down.

Max felt gigantic inside me. At first, it had felt like someone had rammed a white-hot fire poker inside of me, but now that my senses had returned, the sense of fullness was unbelievable. This hairy

beast was stretching me more than I could have imagined, and, worst of all, I think my body was starting to feel pleasure mix with the pain.

Miriam, too, had changed. As Arthur returned to lapping relentlessly at her pussy, I heard her breath quicken and then become raspy. She whimpered in fear and groaned in disgust, but there was no denying the effect his lapping was having on her body. When she moved her hands to his head, Arthur looked up threateningly, but slowly, she began to stroke his head, and Arthur went back to work on her.

"Noooo," I groaned, feeling Max's rapid stabs of pleasure building to a crescendo. I cursed my body for betraying me. "Don't give up."

"I'm—I'm sorry, Dee," Miriam panted. "It's disgusting, but I just want it to be over. Oh GOD!"

"Are you ok?!"

"He just stuck his tongue inside me!" she moaned. "It's so long!"

I couldn't see much from where I was because Arthur's back end was blocking my view. Curiosity prevailed, and I sunk down to my elbows. This only served to raise my butt higher in the air and allow Max full access, but at this point Miriam was right: surrender was the only option. Hanging my head down, I could see Arthur's tongue lapping at Miriam's pussy, occasionally dipping deep beneath her soaking wet folds and causing her to hiss in reluctant pleasure.

As for me, Max's rapid-fire pounding finally had the effect that I feared.

"Oh, Jesus!" I hollered as my body clenched. "Oh god oh god oh god. No no no no no!"

"What's going on?" Miriam said, her voice concerned but far away.

"He's making me come!" electric ecstasy uncoiled and I found my body pressing back into Max's assaulting cock. But he didn't stop or even slow down, and I felt another orgasm brewing deep within me with each of his body rocking thrusts. "Fuck fuck fuck!"

"Oh, my god!" Miriam whimpered. "I can't believe this is happening."

She was still scared and disgusted, and so was I, but I could barely hear her. My eyes rolled back in my head and I felt my jaw slacken. As I came a second time, I could only make grunts and moans. The dark tendrils of humiliation had begun wringing every drop of shame from my soul, and soon all that would be left would be animal desire.

Soon after my orgasm subsided, I felt something ram against my already stretched pussy. I looked underneath me and saw the swollen base of Max's cock trying to force its way into me. I made a groan of worry that turned into a shriek of surprise and pain as the shepherd rammed it into me. As he continued to thrust, it threatened to force its way back out.

"No, no!" I pleaded. "Wait. Stay."

Max didn't listen, so I reached back with one hand and grabbed his rear legs to hold him still. He was a big dog, so I had to reach back with my other hand and take hold of his other rear leg. I was able to pull him against me and stop his thrusting, but this meant that my face and chest were pressed against the wet tile. The swollen base of his cock stretched me past where I thought my breaking point would be, but through the pain I could feel the swollen mass grinding against my g-

spot.

“Oh... oh... uhn!” I groaned as I felt his hot seed filling me, unable to spill out. “No, you fucking dog. Don’t come inside me.”

“Oh shit!” I heard Miriam gasp.

“Wha...” I started, but stopped when I saw what was happening.

Arthur had stopped licking Miriam’s pussy and was now standing before her growling the same deep growl that Max had used on me. I didn’t know if Miriam could see it yet, but underneath him, the pink pointed tip of his cock had begun to emerge from his fur.

“What does he want from me?” Miriam asked, terrified that if she didn’t act quickly enough, Arthur would maul her.

“Uhn...” I moaned, my face pressed into the tile. “He wants to... mmmn... to fuck.”

Her face took on a look of confusion and horror, both at the prospect of letting an animal fuck her and at my seeming indifference. “No way!”

I wasn’t indifferent, though. Maybe my mind had broken by Max’s fucking, or maybe I was already broken, but my body craved more. “Give him here,” I slurred as I felt a third orgasm brewing. “I’ll suck him off.”

“How could you even think it?” she said, her accusation snapping me temporarily out of my stupor.

“I’m already spoiled,” I said. We both looked at Arthur, who was also clearly not indifferent. “When I start on him, run for the pool and get the whistle.”

“Shit,” she said. “Are you sure?”

“No,” I said. “But what choice do we have.”

I made kissy noises at Arthur, and he turned my direction. I coaxed him over until his emerging cock was in arms reach. I felt around underneath him, and eventually felt his giant slippery cock emerge from its hiding place. It radiated heat, and another part of my mind broke when I touched it. The dark tendrils of humiliation wrung out yet more shame as I began to stroke it gently in my hand. Arthur started pumping his hips a little, and tiny drops of precum began dripping from the tip of his shaft onto the tile in front of my face. He turned his head to look at me, and that’s when Miriam bolted.

But Arthur was lightning fast. Miriam didn’t even make it two steps before he was on her. And this time there was no mercy. His strong forelegs folded her up at the midsection, forcing her to her hands and knees, and he drove his giant dripping member directly into her pussy.

“Aaaahhhnnn!!” she yelled, her eyes wide. Arthur, like his counterpart, didn’t spare a moment getting to work. His forelegs tightened around Miriam’s waist, and his hindquarters worked in a frenzy as he fucked his victim. “Aah god! Ow! Shit! Ah ah ah ah!”

I could only watch as the big Rottweiler dominated my new lover. Miriam wailed, begged, pleaded, and cursed as her perfect mocha colored breasts rippled and swayed with each terrible thrust. Her cries were so frantic that I thought Arthur was killing her, but when Miriam finally unclenched her

eyes, I saw the same glassy look of ecstasy that I had caused that same morning.

“Ho-holy shit!” Miriam moaned over the wet slapping sounds that filled the small enclosure.

“Are you ok?” I asked.

Miriam didn't look at me, but hung her head down, bit her lip, and nodded. At the same time, I could finally feel the swollen base of Max's cock finally begin to deflate, and aided by his slick cum and my own, it started to slip out of me. I grunted as it stretched me wide.

Miriam finally turned her head to look at me, and I could see why she hadn't before. Her face was a screwed-up mix of pleasure, pain, and shame. “What's wrong?” she gasped as Arthur's pounding continued.

“He's finally pulling out,” I said, and then felt the widest part of him squeezing past the tight entrance to my overstuffed pussy. “Oh! Ow! Ow!” And then he was out all at once. A torrent of steaming hot cum poured out of me and down my legs and belly, splashing to the tile. I groaned a little in disgust at the sight and smell of dog cum covering my body, but mostly at the sudden feeling of being so, so empty. My yearning to be filled up again surprised me, and I might have tried again had my body not given out. I collapsed sideways onto the tile, where I watched Arthur pound away at my girlfriend.

Miriam had seen me collapse, and her eyes went wide. I followed her gaze to where Max had situated himself in the corner to lick himself clean, and I felt my own eyes widen. It was a miracle, I thought. There was no way that huge cock could have fit inside me. And yet, it had.

I turned my attention back to Miriam, whose whimpering told me she was approaching an unwilling orgasm. I struggled to my knees and scooted myself a little to the side, where I could see Arthur's cock jackhammering at her. If it were even possible, he was bigger than Max. I crawled over to face Miriam and knelt in front of her.

“I'm—” she started, but squeaked. Her mouth made a perfect O and her eyes sought mine. “I'm coming.”

“It's ok,” I said, stroking her cheek and wiping away her tears.

Miriam groaned, clenched her eyes, and came.

And again, like Max, Arthur kept going. His hips worked rapidly, and though I couldn't see it, I could tell from the wet slurping sounds that, even with his semen dripping from her pussy, she was very wet, too.

I reached down and caressed her breasts, and she groaned, “Ngh! Why is this happening to us?” Through her whimpering, I could hear the battle between physical pleasure on one side, and pain, disgust, and terror on the other.

“I don't know,” I said as Arthur, “but I'm going to find out when this is all over.”

Miriam came again, and her arms gave out. She fell to her elbows, and her surrender allowed Arthur full access. I wanted to see what was happening, so I scooted around to her rear. What I saw I will never forget. The big dog's cock plunged in and out of her like a piston, and sperm and her own lubrication dripped onto the tile. The big swollen base of Arthur's cock was beginning to ram against Miriam's already stretched pussy.

“Holy shit!” she gasped. “Holy shit! What was that?”

“There’s a big swollen bit at the base of his cock,” I said. “When it’s in you, reach back and grab his legs to keep him from trying to pull back out.”

Miriam looked back at me in horror. “When?”

Arthur tightened his grip on her and thrust it in. Miriam’s eyes went wide and she shrieked in surprise and pain, but she wasted no time grabbing his legs.

“Aaah!” she cried out, looking like she was about to pull away. “It’s huge!”

“It’s stuck inside,” I said. “You have to let him finish.”

“It’s right on my g-spot!” she said, her breathing quickening again.

“I know,” I said.

“NNNNGGH!” she groaned, the side of her face pressed into the tile. “It feels so fucking good! What’s wrong with me?”

I reclined next to her and stroked her face. She bit her lip and tried to relax. “Nothing,” I said. “Just try to enjoy it.”

I felt like a monster for saying that. Just let this big dog rape you, Miriam. Just enjoy it. Not like you have a choice. I really was well and truly broken, wasn’t I? But weirdly enough, it worked. Miriam relaxed, and I could see in her eyes that she had stopped fighting to hold on to her shame. She even wiggled her ass a little, causing the swollen dog cock to grind against her g-spot.

“I’m gonna come,” she whispered hoarsely. “Ooh fuck I’m gonna come.”

I stroked her cheek. “Come for us, Miri,” I said. And she did.

When Arthur’s cock finally shrank and popped out of her, a river of cum, his and hers, flowed onto the tile. She collapsed onto me, panting and groaning, and for a few minutes, we stayed there on the cool tile. I hugged her and figured it would be my last chance before she left and never came back. Of course she would. Any sane person would put as much distance between themselves and this house as possible.

Getting out would prove much more difficult than it seemed. First of all, after Miriam had recovered, we crawled back into the hot tub and let it wash the dog cum from our bodies. Max and Arthur sat guarding the exits, and I knew our relationship with them had changed. Miriam saw this, too, and looked miserable and defeated, and I couldn’t bring myself to look her in the eyes. When the timer on the tub ran out and the jets stopped, we put our bathing suits back on, climbed out, and put on our robes.

The dogs escorted us from the pool area, Arthur putting his body between us and the pool. We walked in shameful silence back to the rear door of the house, and this time when I opened the door, Max stepped inside. My heart skipped a beat, and I heard Miriam groan to herself. Arthur stayed until everyone was back inside, and then came in last. I shut the door, but didn’t lock it, thinking that maybe I could use it as a quick escape, but Arthur looked up at me and blocked my path.

"Oh, now you care about keeping us safe?" I said bitterly, locking the door.

When that was done, they relaxed a little. They knew they had us trapped, and so did we. They followed us up the stairs to my bedroom, and when we sat down on the bed, the dogs found spots to lie down, Max by the door and Arthur under the window. This was all just for show, as far as we were concerned. We knew from experience that we couldn't outrun them, and it appeared that they were smart, well trained, or both.

"Oh my god," I said.

"What?" Miriam asked, almost jumping as I broke the silence.

"I'm such an idiot."

"What? What do you mean?"

"Mother said they had been specially trained, right?" I gestured to the dogs. "And she didn't really seem to care that the commands she gave me were in a different language."

"No," Miriam said. "No no no no. Why would she do that? It's insane."

"For her," I said, "it's not too unimaginable. You met her once and you know me. What do you think she wants most from me?"

Miriam paused to think, and then said, "Obedience."

"Obedience."

"Blackmail," she said.

"Blackmail," I said.

"You seriously think she bugged the house?"

I nodded. "Definitely."

I stood up, ready to go look for hidden cameras, but Max stood up, too, blocking the door. I took that as a sign that we were to stay put. I shrugged as casually as I could and went instead to the bathroom, stripped out of my robe and bathing suit, and stepped into the shower. The warm water revealed how tense I had been, and for a minute I leaned forward against the wall, closed my eyes, and let the water run against my back. I tensed for just a moment when I felt Miriam's hand on my shoulders.

"You okay?" she asked.

I shook my head, feeling tears behind my eyelids. "Miri, I don't know," I said. "I don't know if I'm ever going to be okay."

"Hey," she said. "Look at me."

I opened my eyes and let my tears fall away with the rest of the water. I looked at her, and to my surprise, she seemed softer than before, the hardened resignation gone from her face. I felt like our positions should have been swapped. Her ordeal had been my fault.

"It's not your fault," she said, reading my mind, apparently.

"If you hadn't come—"

"I'd have never realized that I love you," Miriam said.

I fell into her, and she caught me. The water pattered against us, and for a long while, we held each other in the safety of the shower. She kissed me, and I kissed her back.

"The question is," she said, pulling away for a moment, "what are we going to do about this?"

"We?" I said.

Miriam had a look of determination in her eyes. She said, "Your mother's dogs raped you, too. The woman I love. As much as I want to run away, I can't leave you here alone with them. And I don't know if anyone, even your mother, would come up with a blackmail scheme this convoluted. But you believe it, so that's good enough for me. You have a plan to find the bugs, if they exist, but have you thought about what you'll do when you have them?"

"Erase the data?" I said.

Miriam shook her head. "That's only half the job, Dee," she said.

"You mean Mother."

"Yeah," Miriam said. "How are you going to stop her from doing this to you or anyone else again?"

"I don't know," I said, "but we have a couple days until she comes back. First things first."

We spent more time in the shower, holding each other and caressing until the water ran cold. When at last we could stay in the safety of the glass cell no longer, we stepped out and dried off. I went to my dresser to pull out some clothes, but Arthur blocked my way.

"Really?" I said, irritated. It wasn't cold, or anything, but I wasn't in the habit of walking around naked. Neither was Miriam, who grumbled irritably when Max stopped her from retrieving her clothes. "Come on. Can't we have some dignity?"

I tried reaching for the drawer, but Arthur nudged my hand away with his big cannonball of a head. He didn't growl or show his teeth, but the message was clear.

"Fine," I said, feeling my body tremble from the indignity. "Fine."

"What now?" Miriam asked. I heard pain in her voice as she tried to hide her fear and humiliation.

As sick as I felt about what the dogs had done to me and were almost certain to do again, I knew they had been trained for this purpose, and I couldn't really blame them. After all, they were just animals following what they knew. As mad as I was, it would be unfair of me to starve them. Moreover, it would be unsafe.

"You guys want some food?" I announced. Max and Arthur perked up. "Good. Let's go, then."

"They get dinner after what they did?" Miriam said.

"I'd rather not imagine what would happen to us if they get hungry enough," I said.

Miriam's eyes swept over the dogs in terrified realization, and she nodded in agreement.

Max led the way as we went back downstairs, outside, and around the side of the house. The walk gave us time to talk, and I spent some time looking for anything that had been moved or misplaced in the last couple weeks. I noted a few things to check up on when I had more freedom, but I knew I was going to really need to scour every inch of every room to find all the bugs.

I poured food into each of the dog bowls, but Max and Arthur just stood looking up at me. "What?" I said.

Arthur took a few paces back toward the house. When he turned his head and looked back at us, Miriam said, "Seriously? How are these dogs this smart?"

"I don't know," I said, picking up the bowls and following Arthur. "But we need to figure out how to get more freedom. I think I might know where a couple of the bugs are."

Back inside, I put the bowls in the kitchen, next to the door to the dining room, but still the dogs wouldn't eat. I put down a big bowl of water, too, but still nothing. Arthur looked back and forth between me and the food bowl, as if unclear on the concept, but when his focus eventually settled on me, I realized that I was the one who didn't understand.

Arthur approached and without grace or warning stuck his snout between my legs. The force backed me up against the island, and when I had no more room to maneuver, the Rottweiler began lapping at my pussy in long powerful strokes.

"Oh, not again," I groaned. But my body shuddered and I felt a warm wetness loosen me up from the inside. As reluctant as I was, Arthur's lapping felt incredibly good, and I parted my legs a little to allow him more access. It paid off. His long tongue licked the whole way from my butthole to my clit, and I found myself becoming aroused, and not just physically. I was beginning to enjoy it.

Miriam gave me a look of disappointment. "What are you doing?"

"You know..." I had trouble focusing on my words. "Mmm... You know they're just going to take what they want, anyway. Fighting it's no... unh god... fighting it doesn't do anyone any good."

Miriam sighed. She sounded irritated more than scared or humiliated, which I guess was good, sort of. "Fine," she said. She leaned forward on the island, folding her arms under her chest and sticking out her butt with her legs spread. "Let's get this over with."

I couldn't see Max from where I was, but I knew he had made contact when Miriam sucked in a little breath. "Fuck," she whispered.

Arthur continued his assault on my increasingly wet and aching pussy. Every four or five licks, his long tongue would dart into me, sliding against my clit on its way out. The longer this went on, the looser I felt. I put more of my weight on the island and spread my legs wider so he had full access.

It was clear that Miriam was no longer afraid, but I could tell that she was holding back. "What is it?" I asked.

For a second, it looked like she was going to ignore me, but then she looked back over her shoulder and said, "It should be you down there."

"I... hmm... I wish it was," I said, remembering the silkiness of her sex against my tongue. "When

this is all over, we'll have all the time in the world."

"Uhhn..." she moaned. "You promise?"

"I promise."

She leaned in and kissed me, and suddenly the future did seem brighter. I knew I could make it through this ordeal in one piece.

"Okay," I said. "I'm ready. What about you?"

Miriam nodded. I could see in her eyes that there was still doubt, but I think that she was mostly questioning her sanity. It was one thing to be forced and have the excuse that you had no say in the matter, and quite another thing to offer your body to a dog. We both knew that this was a well-defined line in the sand, and while I was ready because my focus was on the future, Miriam was still in the moment.

I took the lead and gently pushed Arthur's head away. He growled, but stopped as I lowered myself to my hands and knees. He sniffed at me for a second and then cocked his head to the side.

"Well?" I said. "What are you waiting for?"

Miriam laughed out loud, and I looked up at her to see her covering an amused grin with her hand. "I guess you surprised him," she said. Slowly, she too pushed Max away and lowered herself next to me on the kitchen floor.

Once she was down, Arthur got the message and moved around behind me. He gave my pussy a few more licks just for good measure, and then I felt his weight on me. He felt heavier than Max had, but that was just because he had most of his weight on my back. Quickly, instinctively, he shifted the weight back, gripped my waist with his powerful forepaws, and started jabbing at me. This time, however, I wasn't struggling to get free, and he hit his mark quickly. I thought I would have been ready for it, but I was mistaken. Arthur's dog cock smashed into my pussy like a freight train, and I clenched my eyes, saw stars, and howled.

"AAAAH! OWWW! Ow! Ow! Ah, god! Fuck!" I swore and yelled as the Rotty fucked me. At first, it was in pain. His cock felt like a giant hot piston thrusting in and out of me, and for a moment I regretted letting him have me. But soon, wonderful sensations began to pulse through me.

Miriam gripped my hand. Max had only just mounted her, possibly distracted by my yelling. Her grip tightened when he started jabbing at her pussy, and became nearly a death grip when he buried his cock in her. "OH!" she yelped. "Oh, uh, uh, uh, uh..." she continued as the Shepherd pounded her.

And there we were, two new young lovers side by side on the kitchen floor holding hands while two dogs fucked us silly. I wasn't thinking it at the time, but it surprised me later how quickly things had moved, how quickly I had accepted our situation. At the time, I was thinking about the intense pleasure washing through me as I came. I wasn't sure how many orgasms had shaken me, but it definitely wasn't the first.

"Yes!"

That wasn't me. It was Miriam. At first it was a timid squeak, then a full-throated cry of pleasure, and then a series of breathy moans.

"It's so fucking good!" she moaned.

I just nodded my head and moaned, "Uhn, uhn, uhn, uhn...." Stuffed as I was with Arthur's huge cock, and having come yet again, I was barely aware of where I was.

As before, I felt a few thrusts that stretched me even more and cause me to groan in discomfort. Then, the swollen base of Arthur's cock was stuck inside me, grinding up against my g-spot and pushing me once again toward orgasm. I reached back and grabbed his legs to keep him from moving around, and had to lower my face and chest to the cold tile. I hardly noticed, though, because of the erotic heat building around the pulsing dog cock.

My cheek pressed against the tile, I watched as Max, too, secured himself in Miriam, who groaned, reached one hand back, but kept the other elbow on the floor. Even through her dark skin, I saw her face was flushed with orgasmic bliss. Her eyes were glazed, but she looked down at me pinned under the big Rotty and smiled.

"Thank you," she said. I must have looked puzzled, because she added, "For the advice. I can handle this. All I gotta do is relax and enjoy myself." She wiggled her butt back against Max and moaned.

And there it was. She had broken, just like I had.

I lost track of time for a while, but Arthur's cock eventually popped out of me, and his hot cum poured out of me and splashed onto the tile floor. Max, too, finished with similar results, beads of thin white seed contrasting heavily against Miriam's dark legs.

The mess was already made, so we knelt there recovering and letting the cum drip from our freshly fucked pussies. When we were finally able, we got up, cleaned the floor, and began making a bit of dinner. As for the dogs, they mostly left us alone for the rest of the night. When Miriam went upstairs to fetch our clothes, Arthur followed her but didn't intervene, even when we got dressed. It felt comforting to be clothed again, but we knew that the understanding was that we would keep our guardians well sexed.

Thankfully, the dogs seemed satisfied for the night. I, for one, was a sore, but I distracted myself from the pain by using the time to search for the hidden cameras my mother had planted. I immediately found the one in the kitchen, planted in a recessed light above the island counter. No doubt it had recorded our most recent activity. There was one in the living room hidden in the shell of a book I did not recognize. There were more in the bedrooms, entry ways, and even some in the windows facing out into the yard. No doubt there were more outside, but it was late and I didn't feel like trekking out to find them.

"Dee," Miriam said as I pulled yet another camera from inside a vent in the ceiling. "What's the plan here?"

"What do you mean?" I said.

Miriam lifted her nose from a book on impressionism and simply gave me that "bitch, are you kidding?" look. It had occurred to me that I was acting a bit paranoid, though not without reason, but I stopped and took stock. I was standing there with a pillowcase full of expensive electronics and a feeling of satisfaction. But why? I had taken the cameras, but that did not change anything about what had already happened. Where did all that footage go? I'd never found any hard drives, and the cameras were too small to transmit over distances over a few dozen meters. This was all wasted energy if I couldn't find the storage devices. I tossed the bag of tiny cameras onto an upholstered recliner and sat down heavily on the couch.

"Don't sweat it," Miriam said. "We'll look for them tomorrow. Maybe we can even get the dogs to help. They've got some brains on them, don't they?"

Arthur and Max had been content to leave us alone for the night, though they did insist on sleeping by the window and the door, which said to me that they still didn't fully trust us not to run. When I woke, it was to the thought that Mother had said they had been specially trained, but as I lay in bed with Miriam's arm draped across me, I suspected they had not come directly from a kennel somewhere. I wondered how many times they had been used for this purpose. How many other young women had been taken in by this duo? How many had shrieked in pain and terror as Max or Arthur took their virginity? How many had succumbed to the pleasure?

I felt fingers brush delicately against my pussy, and I realized they were my own. The thought of dog cock plunging in and out of me, filling me up and driving me to orgasm after orgasm, had stoked warmth in my belly, and I felt slick wetness prime my body for another round. I continued to rub myself and felt my body begin to ache for release.

Suddenly, I felt more fingers touch me.

"Didn't get enough yesterday?" Miriam said in a low voice.

I shook my head.

"Amazing," she said. "I had no idea you were so insatiable." She slipped a finger into me with ease, and I sighed with pleasure.

"Neither did I," I said, half moaning as I rolled toward her and kissed her neck.

She slid another finger into me, and I pressed my crotch into her hand, burying her fingers as deep as they would go. I dared not say so, but it wasn't deep enough. Not anymore. Still, Miriam's touch was as intoxicating as ever, and I squirmed as she worked her fingers in me. I kissed her neck, her lips, her ears, and her breasts. I even kissed the red lines on her skin where the dogs' claws had scratched her. When I tried to go farther down, she stopped me. Fingers still buried in me, she guided me up, farther and farther, until my glistening sex was hovering above her mouth. I lowered my hips and felt her tongue slide against my clit. I gasped. It was a completely different sensation from Arthur's aggressive lapping. This was gentler, but precise. Miriam knew exactly how to tease and please me, and as she did, I cried out in ecstasy.

I clapped a hand over my mouth, but Arthur and Max were now wide awake. For a moment, they just watched as Miriam ate my pussy, but eventually, Max got up and came to the side of the bed. I ignored him, trying to focus on the delicious tonguing I was receiving, but he started making frustrated sounds. Miriam stopped her licking and looked first at Max and then at me.

"Lay back, sweetie," she said.

I did as she said, but she shook her head and made a turning motion with her hand. I turned my body so I was laying across the width of the bed with my knees at the edge, and was shocked when she rolled off and went to her knees on the floor. Before I could ask any questions, she dove back between my legs. I saw Max sniff around her rear a little and then give her a few cursory licks. I felt her hot breath quicken against my clit, and we both gasped when Max mounted her. I propped myself up on my elbows, and watched her face contort in pleasure and pain as Max drove himself into her.

"Oh! Oh! Oh fuck!" she cried out. This time, I could tell the pain was easier to ignore. My second time had been easier than the first. It was still rough, but that was to be expected. I suppose it also helped that she had most of her chest supported on the bed. Max pounded her, and the sounds of wet, sloppy fucking and pleased wailing filled the bedroom. When he finally stopped, Miriam looked disappointed.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"He didn't get his knot in," she said, breathless but frustrated.

"Knot?" I said.

"The big swollen bit at the base," she said. "I looked it up on my phone last night. Took forever. Your internet connection sucks."

Max pulled out of her and she grunted at the sudden emptiness and rested her head on my thigh. I could feel her breath against my aching sex, but I was too intrigued to let this go.

"Your phone?" I asked, feeling stupid for have completely forgotten about that option. She nodded. "You could've called the cops, your family, anyone. Why didn't you?"

"I know what it's like to want revenge," she said. "I want to see you get it, and I'll do whatever it takes. Because. Because I think I love you."

I sat up, bent forward and kissed her as she knelt there on my bedroom floor, dog cum dripping from her pussy.

"Mother is going to be so upset," I said.

"Well, after we're through with her—"

"Because I think I love you, too," I said, pulling her up onto the bed with me. "For her, that is much worse. Now, lie back. It's my turn."

Miriam and I switched places, and I watched as more of Max's cum dribbled out of her. I leaned into her, placing my chest on the mattress between her legs, and tasted some of the cum. I'm going to be honest. It didn't taste great. It wasn't completely repulsive, either, but I much preferred pussy. Luckily, Miriam's was right there.

I had cleaned up most of Max's mess and had begun to taste mostly Miriam, when I felt Arthur's cold nose poke my butt. As Max had, he licked me a few times and then mounted me, gripping me around the waist. There was almost no clumsy poking around this time. The dogs had learned their way around our bodies, and muscle memory was setting in.

My muscle memory, however, was not quite there yet. The stabbing pain of the big Rottweiler's invading cock shot through my body, and I yowled. Miriam held my head in her hands and cooed as soothingly as she could.

"Baby, just relax," she said. "Don't tense up. Let him take you. Be his bitch."

I took deep breaths and focused on her voice. To think that I had been the first to give in... I had become so focused on anger and revenge that I was coiled up like a spring. Now, starting at my neck and shoulders and rolling down my back like a cool breeze, my body began to relax. And as the

muscles around my pussy loosened up, the stabbing pain was almost instantly replaced with the kind of manic ecstasy that comes from rough sex. I pressed my butt backward against Arthurs thrusts and felt his semi-swollen knot squeeze past my tight entrance. Now I cried out in pleasure, and moaned when the knot, now fully engorged, refused to come out.

I imagined myself as a willing slave to this beast, and felt fuller and more satisfied than I had either of the two times before. I knew that my master's knot, though stretching me to my limit, would not harm me, and that I would be released when my master was done with me. In the meantime, I dove back into Miriam's waiting pussy. My tongue traveled over every nook and cranny, teasing and tempting, and when her body began to tense with anticipation, found her clit and worshipped it.

Miriam wrapped her legs around Arthur, pulling him more tightly against me and stuffing his cock even farther into me. I yelped and moaned, but continued licking and sucking. I knew she was close when her legs released Arthur and stiffened by my sides. Arthur's knot was also grinding hard against my g-spot, and I felt myself at the brink of orgasm.

In a chorus of screams, we came together, bodies convulsing and twitching. And when it was all over, Arthur's knot popped out of me and a flood of hot cum poured down my legs. I didn't bother to get back up on the bed. I couldn't. So, I just collapsed onto the floor, panting.

"That was a hell of a way to wake up," Miriam said.

Once we had cleaned ourselves and the room up a little, the rest of the day was busy. I felt as if I were possessed by a spirit of revenge in my search for the storage devices. In the back of my mind, I worried that Mother had directly linked the recording equipment to a remote upload service. But then I remembered again what Miriam had said. Our wealth gave me access to so many things beyond the reach of my peers, but our internet connection was the pits—far too slow to upload such a large amount of data. This wasn't so at any of our other homes, only at the cottage. And now I think I knew why. It insulated me from the world, at least while at home. So, like the dogs, it was yet another device to bind me to my duties as Mother and Father saw them. But also like the dogs, it would be turned to my advantage.

I had been musing on this out loud while sitting on the edge of the pool looking down at the whistle at the bottom.

Miriam said, "It seems to me that those recorders couldn't be running all day every day for weeks or months at a time without needing some kind of maintenance. My dad's a security guard. Footage from his company's systems gets overwritten every three days. Your mom said she'd be back in a week, right? She wasn't here for very long, and she was never out of our sight for a minute."

"And she was only in the entranceway," I said. "You think she had a remote of some kind."

"It's a good bet," she said. "Where's the basement?"

"I don't think there is one."

"Dee, this is your house, and you don't know if there's a whole section you haven't seen?" Miriam said.

I wanted to tell her that my family probably had entire houses I didn't know about, but decided against it for the moment.

"I guess we should find out, huh?" I said.

For the next hour, we searched for access to some kind of basement, but came up empty. There was no cellar door on the outside of the house; I'd have noticed that already, but we checked again for good measure. Inside, we opened every door we could find, but nothing led downward. As we sat on the couch resting and thinking, Arthur jumped up next to Miriam, but to our surprise, he just curled up and rested his head on her thigh. Max wandered in, too, but just stood in front of the couch.

"I don't suppose you'd know anything, would you?" I asked him.

He cocked his head. I supposed it was too much to ask, and, frustrated, shoved the pillowcase away from me with my foot. One of the cameras tumbled out onto the carpet, and Max lowered his head and sniffed at it curiously. When he licked it, I definitely remember thinking to myself, "Please don't eat it."

He didn't, of course, instead slinking away. A few minutes later, however, he reappeared with another camera in his mouth. Dropping it next to the other one, he looked up at me expectantly. I chuckled.

"Good boy," I said. "That's one less I have to find later, I guess. But what I really need are the hard drives."

He cocked his head at me again, and then he did something really strange. As before, he lowered his head to sniff the electronics, but this time, he stuck his whole head in the pillowcase, lifted it up and started shaking it. The cameras scattered everywhere.

"Max!" I said. He stopped, cloth bag still covering his head. I pulled it off. "That's enough."

He lowered his ears and slunk off again. I started gathering up the cameras and putting them back in the bag, and when I had collected about half of them I heard a scratching come from back toward the kitchen. Thinking he maybe had to go out, I called, "You were just out. Hold it for a minute."

Then I heard a yapping bark from him. That was new. Most of his barks had been low and mean, a practiced technique for controlling us, no doubt. At this bark, Arthur lifted up his head and stood.

In the hallway outside the kitchen and behind the staircase that led up to the bedrooms, Max stood in front of one of the closet doors.

"We already checked there," I said. Max scratched at the door, anyway.

I looked at Miriam, but she shrugged and said, "Hey, maybe he knows something we don't."

So I opened the closet again. It was full of utility items, boxes of batteries, tape, and string, lined up neatly on shelves. Now that I looked at the space with different eyes, it hit me: this was the only closet in the house that had a rug. It almost matched the color of the floor, so I had never noticed. I lifted the edge of the rug, and immediately saw the brass latch, set into which was a combination lock.

"My dad taught me how to pick these open," Miriam said. "You want me to—"

"No," I said. Kneeling down, I rolled the numbers into place and pressed the smooth brass brad. A solid metallic click resulted.

"Oh shit," Miriam said, putting her hand on my back as I stood. I didn't face her, though. I didn't want her to see my embarrassment. Instead, we both looked down at the numbers: my birthday.

I threw back the rest of the rug and hooked my finger into the pull ring.

The door was heavier than it looked, but the reason for that became instantly obvious. On the reverse side was rebar reinforcement and a square of foam pyramids. I poked at one with my finger.

"Soundproofing," Miriam said. "Just like in a recording studio."

"Holy shit," I said. Whatever was supposed to happen down below, and perhaps whatever had happened in the past, it was already crushingly apparent that it was to be a secret.

"Are you sure you want to go down there?" Miriam said. "I can go for you."

I shook my head. "No," I said. "I need to see it for myself." Max beat me to it, though, padding cautiously down the curiously long concrete stairs.

The interior of the basement looked like the inside of a cave. There were concrete columns at regular intervals and there was a faint glow coming from one corner. On the walls, ceilings, and on most of the columns was the same pyramidal soundproofing. The floor was weird. Instead of bare concrete, it had been tiled with linoleum. As soon as my feet hit it, I knew why. It would be pretty easy to clean and was softer.

In a corner near the stairs was a desk with a computer that was much larger than the one I thought I'd find. The monitors were switched off, but the LEDs on the bank of hard drives were flickering away, no doubt recording data from undiscovered cameras.

"Hm," I heard Miriam mumble.

"What?" I said.

She held up her phone. "No service," she said, "not even wi-fi. The cameras must have their own link."

Max's ears flattened as he slunk over to the desk and sat.

"Good boy," I said.

As I approached the desk, I almost tripped over a steel loop bolted firmly into the floor. Looking down, I saw more. And now that my eyes had adjusted to the dim light, I saw a few other spots around the basement with loops on the floor.

Suddenly, with a click, the lights came on. I looked back and saw that Miriam had found the light switches on the side of the stairs. Now with the basement lit, I realized two things: it was a miniature prison, and it was bigger than it seemed at first.

"I can't believe what I'm seeing," Miriam said. Arthur had cautiously followed her down the stairs, and stuck close by her side.

While we had accepted our situation and given ourselves over to the pleasure that our guardians offered, we hadn't forgotten why they were here and what they were trained for. Nevertheless, I caught myself feeling sympathy for them. The sinister nature of the cottage's basement clearly affected them as much as it did us. When Arthur nudged Miriam's hand with his snout, she

scratched him on the head. Apparently, she felt the same way I did.

Against a far wall, there was a large wooden armoire. Careful not to trip over any more loops in the floor, I made my way over to it and took a deep breath as I put my hand on the doorknobs. But the doors wouldn't open. I tried again, but it was shut tight. There was an old-style keyhole that looked distressingly well used.

"Did your dad teach you how to pick any other locks?" I asked.

Miriam nodded. "A little," she said. "They all work pretty much the same way. That one should be no sweat. I'll be right back. She ducked up the stairs with Arthur tailing her.

While she was gone, I took a minute to privately process the fact that my parents had built a dungeon under their cottage specifically for me. It must have cost quite a lot to build something like this in secret. They could have spent the money on property or monetary investments, I thought, and then remembered that, to them, I was such an investment. Anger bubbled in me like hot tar.

Oh, Mother, I thought. The things I am going to do to you!

Miriam returned a minute later with a couple pieces of bent silverware from the kitchen. "If this were a modern lock, I'd need something smaller, but lucky for me, this is an antique," she said.

I didn't pay much attention to her work, but I got the gist of it. All it took was patience and a little know-how, and a deep click indicated that the armoire was unlocked. I opened the doors this time, and got a horrible sinking feeling in my guts.

Inside, hanging neatly from hooks, was everything Mother had thought she would need to break me. Clearly, the dogs were just the start. Or were they? It occurred to me that had I been alone, I might not have been naked in the hot tub. Had we simply been easy marks? Had the dogs crapped out on their training and jumped the gun?

"It's got your name on it," Miriam said, bringing me back to the moment.

I looked down and saw, sitting in a velvet-lined box atop the bottom drawers, a collar. I reached down and picked it up. Yet another thing for with no expense had been spared, the collar was firm but soft leather, studded with rubies, which Mother knew were my favorite. The steel fastenings appeared to be nickel plated, and came together with two loops, which looked as if they were designed to support a padlock. There were loops around the rest of the collar, as well, no doubt to be hooked onto the leash that hung next to a very unpleasant looking whip. I bet the idea was also to attach it to one of the many loops in the floor or on the columns with the ropes in the bottom drawers. And, yes, engraved on a rose gold plaque opposite the buckle was my name in a rather baroque *****.

I unclasped the buckle, put the collar around my neck, and fastened it snugly into place. It fit perfectly.

"What are you doing?!" Miriam said, shocked.

"Taking what's mine," I said, turning so the rubies sparkled. "How's it look?"

"You're kind of scaring me," Miriam said.

I took her hand in mine and guided it up to the gilded collar. "I didn't mean to," I said. "I'm sorry.

But this was meant to keep me bound to my family. Now, it's what's going to set me free. Set us free."

I kissed her, and she kissed me back. Her finger slipped through one of the steel loops, and she pulled me in harder. Our tongues danced furiously for the first time since the ordeal with the dogs had begun.

"That's more like it," I said, feeling my heart racing.

"Now I wish I had one," Miriam said as we parted.

"I doubt Mother figured on you being here," I said. "But I bet she'll have something made now that she knows. Lucky you."

"You think she'd spend that kind of money on me?" Miriam said.

"Definitely," I said, making my way over to the computer desk. "She'd never allow us to be together, of course, but I'm sure she knows people who know people."

"What kind of people?!" Miriam fretted.

"People who would buy you," I said, deciding not to sugar coat it. It's not that I truly knew this, but I knew my mother, and I knew her friends. They were, evidently, the kind of people who would blackmail their own children and build dungeons to break them. Only a fool would think it stopped there.

"What—" she started, but when I switched on the computer monitors, the air seemed to leave the room.

On the screens were the feeds from the remaining cameras. It was a lot.

"Why?" Miriam said. "Why go through the trouble?"

She had a point. A grainy night vision video had ruined many a celebrity. Why so much footage in such high definition? I had no answer for her, so I made notes of the cameras' locations and closed each down, ceasing recording.

Once they were shut down, I felt marginally better until I saw the center monitor. On it was a grid of folders, each labeled with a location code. I opened the folder for the poolside gazebo. In it were folders labeled with dates. I opened the one with the previous day's date. Apparently, the cameras' recording functions were motion activated because the first few videos were of birds, leaves, and then one of Arthur sniffing the grass. But then there we were in full color from multiple angles.

We milled about for longer than I remembered, and then relaxed in the hot tub. Seeing myself on film for the first time in a long time was weird. It's not that I thought I looked better, but I suddenly saw what Miriam saw. I still had small boobs, but they were cute. And I did have a cute little butt. The thing that had changed was the way I carried myself. I was sexy because I believed it. Weird how that works, I thought. Watching Miriam eat me out, I was tempted to zoom in, but I already knew what I'd see. Love.

And then the moment.

Max, the paper, the whistle. Me, slipping and falling. And then Max on top of me, horror on Miriam's

face (I remembered that part), and then my face contorted in pain and humiliation. It was hard to watch my own rape, but I couldn't look away.

When Miriam had tried to help, she had also been backed up against the hot tub by Arthur. At the time, it seemed like she had fought pretty hard, but on the screen, she had her head thrown back and was panting almost immediately.

It was at this moment that I noticed a little digital control panel next to the video player. The sound had been deactivated. I activated it. My screams were harrowing and came from speakers all around the room that had been designed to blend in.

I suddenly remembered the pain and terror. Max was sitting next to me and leaning against my legs, and I became very conscious of his presence. Unsurprisingly, there was a camera that had captured what I couldn't see at the time, and it was no wonder I had been screaming. He was gigantic. My pussy seemed stretched to its maximum as Max fucked me without remorse. But then I had lowered myself down to see what was going on with Miriam, and the new angle seemed to make things easier on me, not just because Max's cock had better access, but because my screams and sobs had begun to turn to little whimpers, at first of resigned pain, and then increasingly of pleasure.

"Jeez, that was fast," I said, unintentionally out loud. I think I'd meant to be self-effacing, but it came out as almost affirming.

On the screen, it was Miriam's turn, now. She slipped and fell (I made a note to get those paving stones textured) and Arthur was on her in a second. Now on the screen was almost too much to watch. Max's knot plunged into me, I shrieked, and Arthur began fucking Miriam. After I fell away in a sloppy heap of dog cum, sweat, and pool water, I began encouraging her. At the time, I imagined I had been doing it to keep her from getting hurt too much and for her to get it over with quicker, but the truth was evident. I wanted her to enjoy it just as much as I had. I soothed her as she screamed for mercy, but I had clearly been broken. There was no hiding it.

"Damn, Dee," Miriam said.

I thought she was blaming me, and I felt the heat of embarrassment in my cheeks, but her hand rested on my butt. I looked at her in confusion.

"You're the horniest bitch I know, by far," she said with a look in her eyes that spoke only of lust. "Probably the horniest bitch on the whole planet."

She was right, of course, once I'd gotten a taste, I couldn't get enough. Accessing the camera footage for the kitchen proved that. It wasn't that I'd given in so fast. It wasn't even that I'd encouraged Miriam to give in. Anyone with a pair of eyes could see that the Danielle on the monitor was excited by the prospect of having her body used by the dog that had, only a few hours previously, robbed her of her virginity.

Meanwhile, the Danielle standing in the newly discovered basement dungeon felt wetness between her legs. I was about to watch myself take a dog willingly for the first time, and I could barely take the anticipation. I felt like I could come just watching myself get down on hands and knees. On screen, I screamed and hollered again. It had hurt, of course, but it had faded much faster, and pleasure had rushed in to replace it.

I squeezed my thighs together and fidgeted as I watched. Miriam's hand still rested on my butt, and when she felt the urgency building within me, she slid her hand down the back of my flannel pajama pants and into my panties. I groaned with frustrated lust as her hand wedged between my clenched

thighs, forcing them apart slightly, and then sighed in pleasure as two fingers slid into me with zero effort. With her other hand, she pulled my pants down over my hips. Her lips and hot breath teased the crook of my neck and I felt a soft moan escape my throat. While her fingers slid in and out of me from behind, her other hand went to work on my clit. I was in heaven, and then my eyes managed to focus on the monitor again, where, through the many electronic eyes in the kitchen, I saw her take Max's knot. The shriek filled the basement for a moment, and I gasped as I writhed under Miriam's ministrations.

I'd felt an orgasm building, but the warmth of her fingers left my clit. It was almost as if someone had thrown a bucket of ice water on me. Before I could complain, however, something hot and wet rasped across my clit. I looked down and saw Max lapping away between my legs.

"Yes!" I cried out. "Oh! Oh! Yes!"

Miriam's fingers slid out of me, and traced their way up the crack of my ass and up my back. Soon enough, Max's tongue was digging into my pussy, and I felt like electricity was shooting through me. Miriam pulled my shirt off, leaving me with my pants around my knees and the collar around my throat. I looked at her and realized she'd had time to strip.

She took my hand and guided me away from Max, who made a token attempt to follow, but seemed to understand that he would get his turn soon enough. I stepped out of my pants, and Miriam led me to the armoire. When she pulled out the leather cuffs that hung on the back wall of the old wooden cabinet, I got a shriveling feeling in my stomach and looked at her with what must have been concern.

"Don't sweat, Dee," she said, buckling two of the cuffs to my ankles. "I ain't gonna hurt you. But don't you want to know how this stuff works."

"Why?" I said, my mind fogged by lust and frustration. She buckled two more to my wrists.

"For when your mom gets here," she said with a matter-of-fact tone, punctuated by a kiss. "Now," she continued, holding up the final two, which were bigger around than the others, "where do you suppose these go?"

I shrugged. She unbuckled one and tried it against different parts of my body until she concluded that they fit just above my knees. I looked at them. They were of similar design to the collar, but lacked the nickel and ruby highlights. These were purely practical. Finally, Miriam led me over to the spot where I had almost tripped over the steel loop on the floor.

"What now?" I said, blankly. I felt so dumb, so out of my element. I realized that even if the dogs hadn't already broken me, Mother would have had very little trouble finishing the job. This feeling doubled when Miriam led me down to my hands and knees and locked the steel rings on my wrists and ankles to the corresponding loops on the floor.

Mother must have known my measurements very well, because I was fastened to the floor with my ankles and wrists set just a little wider than my shoulders and hips. This made it nearly impossible to wiggle or lean out of the way of anything. I felt extremely vulnerable to the point where I almost asked Miriam to let me back up. But she was right: I needed to know how it felt, so I could use it later in reverse. Still, the shy part of me angled my knees as closed as I could get them. I was still easy prey, but Miriam went to armoire and came back with a metal bar with two clips on either side. She clipped one end to the ring in the cuff above my left knee, and then prodded my other knee outward until she was able to clip it to the opposite end.

"There," she said. "How do you feel?"

"Weird," I said. "I don't know about this."

"I think that was the point," she said. "You look fucking hot, though."

"R-really?"

"Yeah, totally," she said.

"I'll take your word for it," I said, "but—AH! Ah! Oh yeah!" The lust that had clouded my judgment had almost faded, but then Max's tongue returned and had full access.

"Oh, damn," she said. "Damn that's amazing. Hold on a minute. I'll be right back."

"Hey!" I called out, but she was already half way up the stairs, her perfect round ass bouncing as Arthur followed dutifully.

Max continued licking me, and I squirmed unsuccessfully. His tongue bathed me from clit to butthole. He lapped furiously at me, and I was once again moaning and cooing encouragement. My pussy ached to be filled, but he only kept licking. And then he switched his attention to my butthole. I'd never had the inclination to pay attention to that area, but now I shuddered as Max's tongue lapped at it.

Miriam returned and saw what was going on. "Fuck," she said. "I'm so looking forward to my turn."

She had come back with the pillowcase full of cameras. There were five monitors on the desk, and she carefully turned them around until I could see them. Then, she took the cameras and switched each one on until she had a live feed on each monitor. She placed one on the floor behind Max, but for the moment all that was visible was his furry backside. Another, she placed just off to my left, and then one to my right, just at the foot of the desk with the monitors. When I looked at the monitors, it almost seemed as if I was looking into the camera. I really was secured to the floor. My face was pink with lust and ecstasy, and my pert small breasts hung down tight to my body, jiggling as I twitched and bucked under Max's licking.

Miriam took another camera and brought it around to my front. She held it in front of my face and said, "Say hi, Dee."

"Hi, Dee," I said, my voice amplified over the speakers.

She then placed the camera about a meter in front of me. The fifth camera, she clipped to the underside of Max's collar. Now when I looked at the monitors, I could see Max's tongue working its magic on my tight little anus while my pussy, puffy and red with excitement, drooled.

"Ok, Max," she said. "You ready to fuck?"

He didn't need any more encouragement than that. I felt his weight on my back. As he got his balance, I looked at the monitor. He really was quite big compared to me. I could feel, and now could see on the monitors, his cock searching for my pussy. I braced myself, and then felt him slam into me. My pained cries and pleased whimpers came back at me through the basement's sound system, and only served to amplify my arousal.

"Uhn! Uhn! Uhn! Uhn! Yessss!" I hollered as Max pounded my helpless pussy with every ounce of

his bestial strength. His front legs had my hips in a death grip, and I could feel his hot cock driving deep into me and stretching me with each rapid thrust. "Fuck me! Fuck me, Max! Oh! Oh! Fuuuuuuck!"

I came almost immediately, and just before my muscles clenched in orgasm, Max's knot popped into me almost without resistance. I howled in the excruciating ecstasy that only comes with knotting. And now that my muscles had contracted, he was in me for the duration. I had given myself to the dogs willingly three times now. Maybe two, if I counted the kitchen, which I still wasn't so sure about. But this orgasm was the most desired. Bound as I was, I wanted Max inside me. I wanted to feel his hot throbbing meat filling me up. I wanted his knot pressing hot and heavy against my clit. And when it was all over, I yearned for the release that came with the torrent of cum that would pour from me.

For now, I was content to watch myself on the multi-camera feed that Miriam had so kindly angled toward me. It was surreal, really, seeing myself from all angles like that. I'm sure I've said it before, but I never really thought of myself as desirable. And yet, pinned under this panting hairy beast and skewered by its red-purple member, was an incredibly hot girl—no, woman. She was a woman. She knew what she wanted, and she was going to get them both in abundance. Pleasure was the easiest. The knot that was now easing its way out of her pussy was one sign of that. Another was her lover, who had shown her what it meant to feel sexy.

Max's cock eventually slipped out of me, and I shuddered. My body still convulsed with orgasm, and the dog's cum spurted from me in rhythmic pulses, trickling warmly down my legs. It was a lot.

Miriam knelt in front of me when I'd caught my breath. "Damn, girl," she said. "You got it good, didn't you?"

"Mmm hmm," I moaned.

She unlocked the cuffs from the floor bolts, and I slid forward, collapsing onto the linoleum, ignoring its coldness against my skin. My head wedged itself firmly between her warm thighs.

Miriam stroked my hair. "I think this'll do nicely," she said.

"Mm?" I said, half aware of her voice.

"For your mother?"

Mother. Right. Of course. This would do fine. I kissed the inside of Miriam's thigh. Just fine, I thought.

"You okay?"

"Oh yes," I said, struggling up until I knelt facing Miriam. "I'm great. This is going to be amazing."

The next few days passed much like the previous. In the morning, Miriam and I would wake, make love, offer ourselves to the dogs, and then make breakfast and work on preparing the house for Mother's impending visit. Around midday, we would study, have lunch, and go for a swim. We left the gate to the pool area open, of course, since we knew there was no point in closing it. And we didn't bother with swim suits, either. Again, what would have been the point? Before we would go inside, the dogs would take us again right there next to the pool, and we would roll back into the

water to wash the dog hair off our bodies. At night, we would fix dinner, work more on our plans and preparation, and then let the dogs take us again if they were interested. They usually were.

By this time, we had learned ways to let the dogs take us missionary style. My knees had started to chafe, so one afternoon, still wet from the pool and with Arthur nudging me to assume the position, I instead lay on my back. He looked frustrated and confused, which is not the kind of expression you want to see from a dog like Arthur. But I beckoned him forward, and he obliged. When I arched my hips up to meet his, he immediately got the message and lunged forward. After all this time, it was the first time I'd been fucked on my back, except with Miriam, of course. The difference was amazing, and I loved the way hot dog cum felt as it poured out of my pussy, down between my butt cheeks, and over my puckered anus. I honestly looked forward to exploring the full extent of my sexuality—after Mother's visit.

Before we knew it, the day had come. My head popped off my pillow and I sat up in bed. My heart was racing. I half expected Mother to be standing in the doorway, but she wasn't. It was still early, but I was done sleeping, apparently. My hands shook. Miriam's soft fingers suddenly entwined themselves in mine, and I looked down at her.

"You okay, Dee?" she asked.

"It's just nerves," I said.

She stroked her other hand over my thigh. "It's gonna be fine," she said. "And after today, you're worry free."

"We're free," I said.

I went downstairs to make coffee and Arthur followed. Max stayed with Miriam. That was something that bugged me. After all this time, the dogs never once let down their guard or let one of us out of their sight. I wondered what would happen when Mother arrived. Would they obey her over me? I didn't doubt it. After all, it was us that obeyed them. I realized my plan relied too much on Mother waiting until the right time to do what she had planned. I had to act first.

I was so deep in thought about this that I jumped when Miriam entered the kitchen.

"Sure you need that coffee?" she said. "You're pretty jumpy."

"What if she comes in and just tells the dogs to take me right then and there?" I asked.

"Dee, we've talked through this a dozen times. She's going to make sure the cameras caught what they were supposed to. That means she's going to try and get you out of the house for a bit," she said.

"Right," I said, taking a deep breath as I tried to trust in our plan. "I know. I'm just overthinking it again."

Miriam approached softly from behind and put her arms around my belly and rested her chin on my shoulder. "You wanna...?"

"No," I said. "I'm saving my energy."

She laughed. "Good! You're gonna need it!"

I looked down and saw the dogs watching us intently. Frankly, I was surprised they hadn't tried to take either of us yet.

"So are you," I scolded them. "Just hold your horses."

It was around four in the afternoon, and Miriam and I were passing the time looking through the swim suits in the guest room upstairs, when the sound of the gate made my heart jump again.

Miriam put a hand on my shoulder and said, "Just stick to the plan. Don't let her get in your head, okay?"

I nodded. It was showtime.

We heard a knock on the door, and suddenly, Miriam slipped a hand into my shorts and pressed a finger into my pussy. I gasped and yelped as quietly as I could.

"What?!" I breathed. "Why?"

Miriam withdrew her hand and sucked her finger. "You weren't blushing enough," she said. "You need to look embarrassed."

Well, it worked. I was wet, horny, and now a key was rattling in the front door. When it opened, I heard Mother's voice.

"Daniella!" Mother called from the foyer, door closing and locking behind her. She never locked a door unless she planned on staying more than an hour.

I got up and walked out of the guest room and to the bannister that overlooked the living room. There she stood, prim and regal as ever in white and gold. I must have been blushing quite a bit, because the corners of her mouth twitched as she held back a smile. It was all the confirmation I needed.

"Hello, Mother," I said as Arthur slunk up and sat next to me.

"What is the dog doing in the house?" Mother said.

"He—" I stopped. "I just—"

She cut in, "Fine. Fine, dear. As long as they're not sleeping on the furniture."

When I thought about all the things that had happened on the various pieces of furniture, sleeping was not the first thing that came to mind.

Mother must have sensed what I was thinking about, because she cut in again, "Where is the other one?"

"Here," Miriam said coming to join me, right on cue. Max followed close behind. She had a look of relief on her face.

"Oh, you're still here," Mother said.

"I... came back," Miriam said, an obvious lie, just as practiced.

Another twitch at the corners of Mother's mouth told me what she was thinking. I went downstairs to greet her, and Miriam and the dogs followed.

"Can I get you something to drink?" I offered, not meeting her eyes.

"Of course," Mother said. "Fetch a bottle of red from the pantry, would you dear?"

"Red?" I said. Mother always referred to wine by estate, varietal, and year. She never said just "red." Also, it appeared she was playing it safe with an unopened bottle. This last part wasn't unexpected.

"Hm," she mused. "I must be a little distracted. I have some exciting news I'd like to share with you. Later, though. It can wait."

She followed me into the kitchen, and I could feel her eyes watching my every movement. Arthur followed me, too, and I got the sense that Mother would have been satisfied to see me taken right there on the kitchen floor.

When I had the bottle open, I set it on the counter in front of her along with a glass. Now that I looked at the glass, I worried that it didn't look clean, mostly because of the liquid valium we had smeared on the inside. It wouldn't be enough to knock her out. We didn't want to have to carry her down the stairs. For a moment, I didn't think she would drink, but when she did, I felt myself relax a bit. Now, it was just a matter of time.

"So, dear," she said to Miriam as she entered with Max in tow, "you returned to finish tutoring Daniella. How generous."

"Not exactly," Miriam said. Mother raised her eyebrows, but said nothing. "I'm not her tutor. We're working together. Your daughter is more than capable."

"Of course she is," Mother said dismissively. I felt heat in my cheeks, but tamped down my anger. "How are the dogs? Well behaved, I should hope."

"They're fine," I said. I was no actress, so the plan was to be terse. I was supposed to look as if I was hiding something, and Miriam had suggested that I keep my responses shorter than I might otherwise. I had not understood her reasoning until now, when Mother's reaction—the look in her eyes—turned gleeful and predatory.

Miriam, however, was an actress. Ever since Mother had come through the door, Miriam's entire demeanor had shifted to the point where I barely recognized her. She looked tired, stressed, and shamed by something, but too proud to admit any of it. During the preceding days, Miriam would walk carelessly through the house and around the grounds, and if one of the dogs leapt on her from behind, she would gladly offer herself to him then and there. But now, she refused to let Max out of her sight, always keeping both dogs in front of her. If I had not known better, I would have thought she was afraid of him. And clearly, that's what Mother was thinking. One could almost see the dollar signs in her eyes.

Soon, Mother's eyes started to become a little glassy and her movements a little more lethargic. It was almost time. I leaned on the counter with my elbows. "You had something you wanted to tell me?" I said. "Some exciting news, right?"

"Oh," she said, trying to shake off the disorientation. "It is big. But it can wait."

"Are you sure?" I said.

"Yes, dear," she said. "Do you have the heat on?"

"No, Mother," I said.

"I think I need some air," she said. "And then we'll talk."

She tried to rise from her stool at the counter, but had to catch herself. She looked at me and her expression changed. Nothing seemed to make sense to her for a second, and then I saw it. She knew something was wrong. The shock took her legs out from under her.

It took us a few moments to get her back to her feet. It was pathetic. She was babbling and slurring, and I almost felt bad for her. We carefully led her down the stairs into the basement, and it wasn't until we sat her in the chair in front of the computer monitors that she truly figured out what had happened.

I started playing the videos, starting with the very first encounter, and her eyes watched the screens in shock, at first, and then lust. It was not until the videos showed me willingly getting down on my hands and knees and letting Max mount me as I cooed and whimpered in ecstasy that her lust shriveled into horror.

"No," Mother said. "How could you?"

"How could I, Mother?" I hissed, straddling her lap and drawing myself close enough that I could feel her rapidly beating heart against my own. "How could YOU?!"

I hadn't expected to shout. I hadn't been part of the plan, but here we were. My own mother, the most terrifying person I had ever known, now trembled in front of me. I grabbed her wrist and held it up. She tried to pull away, but I was younger and stronger, and her stupor gave me all the help I needed. Miriam fastened each of the leather cuffs to her wrists as I held them up in turn. Mother regarded them in disbelief, but was too stunned to say anything. It was only when Miriam fastened a collar around her neck that she found her voice.

"Please..." she said softly. "Please don't do this."

I stared into her eyes. "It's too late, Mother," I said. With that, I began unbuttoning her blouse from the bottom. When at last I undid the top button, I peeled it away. She had taken her attention off the videos to look at me, but they were still running. Straddling her as I was, I could only hear barks, growls, and moans of pleasure and pain. When I unclasped her bra, her attention went back to the videos—anything not to look her daughter in the eyes.

Mother's breasts were, like mine, firm and pale, but had a mother's roundedness to them. I took one of her pink nipples between my fingers and squeezed. Her eyes met mine again.

"Look at me," I said. Even when Miriam fastened the cuffs to her ankles, she kept her eyes on me. I nodded my head vaguely back toward the nonstop scenes of bestial depravity. "Why, Mother? Why would you do this to your own daughter? Why would you blackmail me like this?"

"It's what our family's always done," she said, still slurring a little.

I looked at the dogs. "You mean you...?"

She shook her head. "No," she said. "For me it was... something else."

"Well," I said, climbing off her lap, "it ends with us. Stand up."

She tried to stand, but between the valium, fear, and despair, she wobbled. Miriam steadied her, but only to unzip the back of her skirt. When she finally stood in front of me in only a pair of plain white panties, she again refused to look at me.

"Take off your panties," I said. Her eyes met mine again. She shook her head. "I can just cut them off," I added. To help me emphasize the situation, Miriam clicked a leather leash onto one of the steel rings on her collar.

Hesitantly, Mother hooked her fingers under the thin cotton and peeled them down. When she stepped out of them, Miriam and I led her to the spot on the floor with the steel loops. She recognized it, of course, and her breath caught in her throat. But she had no time to react. Miriam tugged the leash firmly.

"Kneel," she said, not unkindly.

Mother knelt, and for a moment I looked at her. I thought she would have been more panicked, but instead she seemed resigned. I had never known her to be anything other than commanding and overbearing, and the change was stark.

Miriam and I locked her hands and feet to the loops on the floor, and when she had had a moment to squirm, we locked her knees in place, just as we had mine. We had taken our time, and by the time Miriam looped the leash loosely through the steel bolt below Mother's neck, the valium had worn off. The cold fire I recognized returned to Mother's eyes, but it was tempered by old memories of submission.

"You've made your point, dear," Mother said as Miriam and I placed the cameras around her in a wide circle. We even had a few left over, so we placed two of them underneath her and tied one to a bolt on the ceiling. No angle would go un-filmed. For us, it wasn't so much that we were going to want the footage to drool over later. This was purely for Mother's benefit.

When we were done, I knelt in front of her. "Don't be shy," I said. At that, Miriam fastened my own collar around my neck. Mother's eyes changed. Now she knew. "This isn't about revenge, Mother. This is about survival. Mine. Yours, if you like. And the family's, if that sort of thing is more important to you than power or wealth."

"You know it is," she said raising up as much as she could.

"Do I?" I pulled the leash enough to put tension on the collar. "I guess we're about to find out."

A click from the keyboard, and the cameras activated.

Miriam rejoined me and began to shed her clothes. Mother looked at her with disgust, which was the wrong reaction. Miriam clicked her fingers.

"Max!" Miriam called.

"Wait!" Mother said in a sudden panic as she heard the tick-ticking of claws on the floor somewhere behind her.

Miriam began to pull my shirt over my head, and Mother's attention cycled rapidly between us in front of her and the dog approaching from behind. Her body jerked when Max's tongue made

contact with her exposed pussy. Her face took on a blank defiant shape that I recognized from the videos of myself. That would change soon enough.

I ran my hands up Miriam's smooth brown legs and up to her shapely butt. Mother refused to react until I leaned forward on my knees and kissed my girlfriend's sex, at which point her eyes locked onto the nexus of our flesh. I licked the length of Miriam's slit and turned briefly to Mother. "Want a taste?" I asked as innocently as I could sound.

Mother's eyes focused straight ahead, but I began to hear little throaty grunts as Max's tongue worked its magic. I began licking Miriam's pussy in earnest now, her taste and scent sending waves of arousal radiating out from my belly. I began sucking and teasing her clit, and Miriam moaned.

Max took this as his signal, apparently, and when I heard the jingle of his collar and the grunt from Mother as he put his weight on her back, I turned my attention to watch, continuing to massage Miriam's clit with my thumb.

"If I were you, I'd relax," Miriam said. "Don't tense up, or it'll just hurt more."

Mother tried to give her a sharp look, but was interrupted when Max's cock thrust into her. She shrieked just as I had the first time. It was eerie how much she sounded like me in this regard.

"AAH! OWWWWW!" she hollered. "OW! AH! AH! AH! AH! AH!"

Max, as always, gave her no time to adjust to his rapid fucking.

"G-g-get him off!" Mother begged, but I had pulled Miriam down to the floor with me, skinning off my pants in the process.

I laid Miriam down and dove back into her pussy, and soon enough her moans mingled with Mother's staccato wails and the squelching sound of bestial sex. Max had become famous around the house for lasting a long time before knotting, and now he was demonstrating the extent of his endurance. His forepaws gripped mother by her hips, and each jackhammering thrust sent shockwaves through her flesh and, it seemed, her soul as well. Copious canine precum dripped from her pussy, and as Mother's cries softened into whimpers, I suspected that some of the moisture was hers.

Suddenly, Mother's eyes shot open, and she yelped. Max had stopped moving. They were tied. Miriam stroked my head and sat up. Reluctantly, I unglued my lips from her pussy.

"Wh-what's happening?" Mother asked pitifully. It was just an act. There was no way Max had broken her so soon.

"Don't be ridiculous, Mother," I said kneeling on one side of her and running my fingers through her hair. "You know all about what's going on. You'd have to. You got me this." I indicated my collar. "This was for me, after all."

Miriam knelt on the other side of her and stroked her fingers up from Mother's breast to her chin, making the woman gasp almost silently. Mother clenched her eyes, but Miriam's fingers directed her chin gently upward so they were eye to eye. "But just in case you somehow don't know," Miriam said, "he's got his knot in you and the warmth you feel in your belly is his cum. Feels amazing doesn't it?"

Mother forced her face away, but with each movement of her body and spasm of Max's cock inside

her, it was obvious she was beginning to feel overwhelmed by the pleasure. At first it was little grunts, and then soft groans, but after about ten minutes of being locked in love with the shepherd, gasps and moans came unselfconsciously. As much as I wanted to see Mother suffer for what she had done to me, I'm not a sadist at heart. The point of this was the video, or at least it had started out that way. Now, I wanted her to feel the way I felt. I needed her to experience what I had. I wanted her to break just as I had broken, with pleasure.

So, as Max's knot ground up against her clit and g-spot, I began running my hands over her body, feeling soft womanly curves where, for a long time, I had suspected that there was only stone. Miriam started doing the same, and before long Mother had relaxed and her moans filled the basement.

When eventually, Max's knot began to ease out of her, I ran my hand down her belly and to her clit. I made my fingers slick with dog cum and began rubbing her clit.

"Oh god!" Mother cried out. "Don't stop!"

Miriam looked at me with wide eyes. It was my mother, after all. My mother was shaking in orgasm as I massaged her clit. I just shrugged and used my other hand to massage one of her breasts.

Max's cock popped from her, and cum poured out onto the floor. She moved as if to roll onto her side, but couldn't. Instead, she dropped to her elbows. It meant her butt went higher in the air and she exposed more of her leaking pussy to the cameras, but she did not seem to notice or care.

What she did notice was Miriam kneeling in front of her. Her gaze had been fixed on the tile, but now her eyes followed Miriam's smooth mocha skin up from her knees to the nexus of her legs, over her tight young belly up to her firm flawless breasts, and then, finally, up to meet her kind dark eyes.

Miriam took Mother's head in her hands, and smoothed away the tears that had spilled from the corners of her eyes. "Y'know," she said, "Dani's a great girl. One of the kindest I know, actually, if you discount all this craziness. To tell the truth, I don't like seeing her like this, all wound up and mean. She's a great lover, and after all this is said and done, we're going to be together. You get me?"

Mother's face was a muddle of confusion and psychic pain. It truly hadn't occurred to her that her daughter wouldn't be a good fit for any of the men presented to her, no matter how stiff the blackmail. And here she was, getting the news undiluted.

"But," Miriam continued, "there's something about you that makes me think that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Mother finally spoke, albeit in a worn, raspy tone.

"It means that I think you have some of the same natural talents as Dani," Miriam said. "And I want you to show me if I'm right."

Before Mother had a chance to retort, Miriam lifted Mother's face until it was level with her breasts. This meant that Mother had to come off her elbows. As I watched, Miriam leaned in. Instead of shying away or dodging, Mother opened her mouth and accepted my girlfriend's nipple. At first, she mainly seemed to suck on it, but then I saw her tongue go to work, swirling around Miriam's hard black nub.

"Mmm..." Miriam sighed. "Yes... that's it."

Watching as Mother licked and sucked my girlfriend's nipple, I began to feel my body tremble I was so horny. But I was also feeling a bit left-out. I moved myself behind Miriam, and kissed her neck and ears. Mother switched to the other side all on her own, and Miriam moaned softly under our combined kisses.

I slid my hand down Miriam's smooth belly and stopped when I came to the wetness between her legs. The feel of her slick labia intoxicated me in a way nothing else could. She moaned and bore down, and for a moment her hungry sex grasped my fingers in its hot wet embrace. My fingers slid out of her and traced up against her hot little button, and she shook and let out a ragged breath. Miriam ran her fingers through Mother's hair and down her neck and shoulders, eliciting a soft moan. Mother in turn looked up at me, and for the first time, I saw lust in her eyes. It was still veiled by stern stubbornness, but it was there.

Miriam sat herself down and reclined back onto my knees as I knelt. Her drooling pussy was situated directly under Mother's chin, the request clear, but Mother stared straight ahead at me. I took the leash in one hand and pulled gently but firmly. Fed through the steel loop in the floor, the tension in the leash pulled Mother's head down until she was again forced down onto her elbows.

"It won't bite, Mrs. H," Miriam said.

"I-I've," Mother started. I'd never heard her stammer before. "I've... I've never... before."

"It's easy," Miriam said, running her hands through Mother's hair again. "But if you want, Dee can help you along."

I readied myself to pull more on the leash, but suddenly felt it go slack as Mother lowered herself the rest of the way. Miriam gasped in erotic delight as Mother's tongue made contact with her aching pussy. "Yessss," she moaned.

Mother gave my girlfriend another tentative lick, and another, and another. She was getting the hang of it, all right. Miriam arched up toward her, and Mother's lips sealed themselves to the wet young sex in front of her. I couldn't see what was Mother was doing with her tongue, but from the way Miriam writhed against me, it was all good.

"You lied," I said to Mother. "You have been with a woman before."

Without removing her mouth from my girlfriend's pussy, she just shook her head. Miriam, if she heard our words, was certainly in no state to respond. Her fingers grasped at Mother's hair as she panted.

In the shadows, I heard a soft deep huffing sound, and when I looked up, I saw Arthur waiting in the wings, shifting his weight from side to side. In a moment when Mother had her eyes closed, I motioned for him to join us, and he padded up behind Mother's up-thrust butt, and snuffled around, taking in her feminine scent. His whiskers must have tickled the backs of her thighs, because her eyes shot open and she tried to pull away. Miriam's fingers were so entwined in her hair, however, that the effort proved futile. A couple licks from the Rottweiler, and her eyes rolled back in her head. Arthur's licking, as always, was fast and heavy, and even more so because he was getting sloppy seconds.

Mother's renewed moaning pushed Miriam over the edge. Her body tensed, and she squealed in ecstasy as she came. "God, yes!" she cried. "Yes! Yes! Mrs. H!"

Mother, for reasons that I couldn't understand, continued to suck and lick at Miriam's clit until

Arthur's licking became too much. She raised her face, slick with my girlfriend's juices, and panted. Whatever I thought of her before, she no longer resembled the woman I had known for nineteen years. Instead, I saw desire. On one level, I saw her sexual hunger override her humiliation. And on another, I saw her as desirable, almost as an older version of me. Her face reminded me of my own in the videos. This recognition happened, I think, in the space of a few seconds, however, because Mother had only caught her breath for a moment before Arthur's meaty paws wrapped around her hips.

He thrust once or twice, and then he was in. It was not gentle, and Mother's face twisted into a collage of pain and pleasure as she screamed, first silently and then seemingly with her whole body as it rocked with each of Arthur's violent thrusts.

"EeeeAaaugh!" she wailed. "He's huge!"

"I know, Mother," I said, leaving Miriam to recover. I knelt next to the wailing, grunting woman, and smoothed her hair. "We both know many times over."

She continued her staccato whimpering, but turned her head to look up at me. Her eyes devoured my body, coming to rest between my legs. I had freshly shaved the hair from my crotch, no difficult task considering my hair was fine and blonde all over. I could see Mother trying to picture her daughter's tight young pussy filled up with the massive dog cock that was currently pounding into her helpless body.

"I'll show you later," I said. "If you like."

"Nnnnnng!" she groaned. I didn't know how to take that, but I decided it was a yes.

"Good," I said, and then reach a hand under her chest and massaged her breasts as she came. "I'm really glad you're beginning to enjoy them. They may have been an unwelcome surprise at first, but it really is incredible. Honestly, you'd probably have found it difficult to find me a husband who could take their place. So, what I'm saying, I guess, is that everything's worked out for the best. Thank you, Mother."

She groaned again, this time her whole breath leaving her, as Arthur's knot pushed into her and stayed. "Fuck," she breathed. But her eyes were still focused between my legs.

Miriam had moved and was now reclining outside the ring of cameras. She had left the space in front of Mother unoccupied, so I took my chance. I lay down, my aching pussy only an inch from Mother's face.

"Come on," I said. "You know you want a taste."

Mother didn't need to be encouraged a second time. She dipped her face down and kissed me square on the opening to my holiest of holies. Her breath was hot and rapid as Arthur's knot ground around inside her, and for a moment I thought that alone might have me twitching in orgasm. When her tongue slid along my slit and dipped into me just enough to find my clitoris, I arch my back and grabbed my own breasts, feeling erotic, incestuous lightning firing through my body every which way.

"Wow," Miriam breathed.

Mother's tongue felt incredible, and her soft lips, coated with my juices, were pure heaven. She wasn't just pleasuring me or trying to get me to orgasm as quickly as possible. She was making love

to me. I could feel it in the way she took her time to find my favorite spots and tease them, stoking inside of me an erotic fire that began to burn out of control. I lost control of my limbs, feeling them tremble at my sides, unable to perform anything but the most basic function. I raised my head a little and our eyes met. Her gaze burned into mine and I saw for the first time what she had wanted all along. It wasn't submission or servitude. It wasn't video or my body. It was me. She wanted me, and she had me. And I had her.

"Mom!" I cried out. "Mommy! Yes!"

Orgasm wracked my body, and I thought I might pass out. Her lips and tongue continued to work on me, and I came again in rapid succession. And there it was: a smile, a genuine smile. Had she broken? I still don't know, even to this day.

When I eventually pulled myself away, I curled up on the floor panting watching her orgasm again as Arthur's knot and gigantic member slipped from her.

"So...?" Miriam said, as Mother sat up on her knees.

We had unchained her hands and knees, had unclasped the leash from her collar, and were working on the foot bindings. The last of Arthur's cum dropped out of her.

"It was amazing," she said. After a long pause. "I just wish it had been under better circumstances."

"No," Miriam said. "We have your word that you'll leave Dee and me alone?"

"Not exactly," she said.

Miriam looked as if she was about to tell the dogs to attack her, but I shot her a look.

"We can make a supercut of this, if you like," Miriam said. "And we can post it around the internet."

Mother put a hand on my girlfriend's shoulder. "Go ahead," Mother said. "With the first part, at least. I'll help. I used to be a TV producer, you know."

When she kissed Miriam on the lips, the girl's eyes were a flurry of confusion. "I don't understand," Miriam said.

I did, but I didn't want to spoil it for her.

"Darling," she said. "You're going to see much more of me from now on. Much more. After all, you helped my daughter become the woman she is today. I'll have to find ways to thank you."

I realize this sounds insane to someone on the outside, but for the three of us in that moment, it was transcendent.

Mother continued, "And you both, with a little help, reminded me of who I used to be, which is very much like you, dear. Free. And now, again, I'm free."

"Thank you, Mother," I said.

"Danielle—Dani," she corrected herself. "You don't have to be so formal. Not anymore. There was something nice about the way you called me 'mommy' and 'mom' when you came."

"Thanks, mommy," I said.

"Or mom."

We all laughed in relief, love, and exhaustion.

"Gee, thanks mom."

The End