

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Life with Benny is a bore, sexually, anyway. Benny is a great provider. I don't have to work. That's part of my problem. Being twenty-two with no kids, married to a thirty-five-year-old couch potato leaves a girl plenty of time to daydream and fantasize. It also leaves plenty of time to masturbate.

I could go find a lover. Benny wouldn't object if he thought I might leave him if he did. All he wants is his nightly quick fuck and snore, clean socks, and a well-stocked beer cooler in front of the TV. When sports are playing, I could ball the high school football team upstairs. He wouldn't care as long as they weren't supposed to be playing a game.

The reason I didn't cheat stemmed from my strict moral upbringing. Even my fantasies were tame. I live in a quiet neighborhood by a lake near the Greyson plant. I generally keep to myself. Few neighbors talk to each other. Most work at the plant and aren't social with outsiders. When new outsiders moved into the neighborhood, I thought it might be nice to have someone to visit or borrow sugar from.

The houses are widely spaced. I decided to make an effort to meet the new couple who had moved in across the street. They were older than Benny by twenty-five years, but I always got along with older people. They looked nice and charming. Their kids were all grown and gone. They appeared to be young retirees with a lot of life still in them. I thought they might make good friends.

I put on a nice summer dress, did my hair and makeup, then, gathered my courage and headed over with a fruit basket I'd arranged. It took both hands to hold it and the fruit almost hid me. I had to turn sideways to greet the man when he opened the door for me. I told him who I was and said I just stopped by with a housewarming gift. He asked me to wait a moment then shut the door on me. I stood there and got a little pissed.

I waited a couple minutes, then started to walk away when the door opened and they were both there to welcome me in. I put on a big smile and moved inside, expecting someone to take the basket. I was about to suggest it, when I felt something go up under my skirt and something cold and wet touch my inner thigh near my crotch. When a warm wet tongue snaked through my crotch, I knew they had a dog, a big dog, a big nasty dog. I could not help but wonder, with all the delay, why they hadn't put such a rude animal outside before inviting a lady into their home.

The dog's tongue kept licking through my crotch, sending electric chills, exciting chills, up my spine. The dog was behind me. I wasn't sure they even knew what he was up to. They were admiring my basket of fruit, still making no attempt to relieve me of it. The dog came around to my front and went under again, this time, pressing his muzzle against my inflamed clit and licking even harder.

This time, I knew they knew, because they made room for him to get at me. He plastered my panties to my pussy and had me close to orgasm. It occurred to me that they had actually let the dog in. That knowledge sent a rush of excitement through me. They could see that I wasn't about to bolt for the door. She took the fruit basket, leaving me standing there with their dog's head lapping furiously under my skirt.

By this time, they both took note of what he was up to as I gently struggled to push his head away. The assistance I expected never came as they both stood back and watched, their eyes focused at my crotch, with amused grins. I didn't know what to say, and couldn't speak if I did. Gradually, I stopped struggling, realizing that if they weren't going to help, I had no chance. I couldn't even run. I just stood there with this stupid, far off stare, letting their dog lap away at my pussy.

His tongue was driving me mad. It felt so damn good, I didn't want it to stop. My arms hung limply

at my side as they began talking to me as though nothing out of the ordinary were going on. I tried to pay attention, and nodded frequently. The novelty of the situation added to the excitement. They were playing some sort of game with me and I began to like the game.

After several long minutes, the woman, Sarah Peterson, came over and asked if I'd like to sit. She took my elbow and led, saying, "Just ease back slowly, dear."

I eased back taking baby steps, trying not to disturb the dog. When the back of my knees encountered the sofa, I collapsed. The dog mounted my outstretched right leg and began humping it. I could feel his long and thick penis sliding against my calf. They took seats on either side of me, while their dog humped my leg with wild animalistic abandon. They continued talking throughout all this, even while hot jets were peppering my lower leg.

The dog dismounted shortly afterward and went off to lick his shrinking dick. Sarah leaned over and examined my cum-splattered leg, saying, "I'd better get something to clean that mess up for you. Just sit tight, dear."

With dog cum running down to my shoes, I sat waiting. Her husband, Steve, simply smiled. He said his son was the principal of the high school and wanted to know if I knew him. I hadn't heard of a Hal Peterson, but I knew we had a new principal. In a community with one small high school, that's big news. It was strange talking casually with him while his dog's cum slithered down my leg in plain sight. It was more strange when I learned he was the father of our high school principal. I tried to act nonchalant, but he could hardly keep his eyes off my legs.

When she returned with a warm wash cloth, she set about wiping my leg, lifting it higher than was necessary, putting the mess on display while at the same time causing my skirt to slide down my legs. She held my leg so high that she exposed my wet panties. Steve peered between my legs while she worked, taking her sweet time about it. I thought about covering myself, but having his eyes on my wet crotch excited me. I simply sat back and allowed her to do as she pleased.

She took this as a silent okay to further expose and humiliate me. She raised my leg straight up, making the cum run down my inner thigh toward my panties. My skirt was now in my lap. Steve sat on the forward edge of the sofa looking back at my pussy, making no attempt to conceal the fact that it was my pussy he was staring at. Sarah did not do the obvious by starting low and working her way up. She piddled around at my foot until the cum was at my crotch.

I could not believe they were treating me this way. They looked and talked so regular and conservative. Nothing seemed to faze them. You'd have thought the dog had just made me spill a glass of wine in my lap. Sarah said, "We really appreciate you indulging our ill-mannered dog. Most women would have bolted at the first feel of a dog's tongue on their vagina. We especially appreciate you allowing him to relieve himself on your lovely body. It is lovely, isn't it, Steve?"

Steve leaned over and gazed right at my beaver and said, "Quite lovely. By the looks of things, I'm sure Duke was well-pleased with it."

I stared at my own beaver along with Steve, marveling at how much detail showed through wet panties. When he said it was quite lovely, it was my pussy he was looking at. I had to agree.

Sarah slowly cleaned my lower leg, but stopped at my knee, saying, "There, the rest of his sperm won't show. You can get that at your leisure."

After this exchange, they helped me up and guided me to the door. As I passed through, she said, "Come back anytime. I'm sure Duke will be pleased to see you again." The door shut behind me and

I could hear their faint snickering laughter.

I left that house in a dumb stupor at a trot. I was quite shook. Well, you can imagine what fantasies that encounter sparked. After a few days, I went back. When our eyes met at the door, they knew exactly why I was there; I knew that they knew. I saw no need to offer an explanation, and they didn't ask. He invited me in as she went to the patio and called for their dog.

The same thing happened, but I was much better prepared. They were also more daring and at ease. Nothing overt was said. We played the game. Duke took one look at me and made a beeline for my snatch. I made no move to prevent access to my pussy and remained standing under his tongue assault much longer than the first time. This time, when I sat, I purposefully sat in a slump to extend more of my leg. When he mounted my leg, his cock rubbed closer to my knee. When he shot his load, the ropy strands went along the insides of my thighs. Some hit my crotch. This time, the woman cleaned me and my crotch very thoroughly under her husband's watchful eyes. She had my skirt folded up above my panties, ostensibly to make sure she got it all.

I found an excuse to stop by at least once a week. We still played pretend games. It was more fun for all of us that way. After my seventh or eighth visit, I stopped wearing panties. By this time, I'd lost my inhibitions; besides, the woman found clever ways of showing her husband my naked pussy. She'd pull out my leg band at the crotch to wipe the inside of my panty crotch. I know, it was pretty lame, but we were all into the game.

When they noticed I'd come over without panties, they really got carried away with the clean up. She especially. Though most of the dog cum was splashed up my inner thighs, she pretended it had gone inside my hole. You can imagine how she addressed that problem. She had hubby hold my legs out wide while she swabbed my hole like a mother taking care of her baby. She even inserted Q-tips to clean deep. I loved it.

After that, I was pretty brazen. We dragged out the sessions by having me stand and walk around. The dog followed with his head under my very short skirt. We all pretended to ignore him. With the skirt being so tight, his constant nosing under from front and rear pushed it over the swell of my hips, leaving me naked from the waist down. When that happened, they'd usually take seats to get a good view. I'd stand before them with their dog's nose in my ass and his long tongue curling up through my legs from behind to swab my clit before drawing back through my crack. Their eyes never left my pussy while we talked. I got quite bold, standing with my feet widely planted and rocking on the tongue in a sensuous grind.

Sometimes, this overt demonstration required comment. She'd say something like, "I can't tell you how pleased we are to find a woman who is willing to service a dog." He might say, "You'd be surprised how many women freak out when they feel a dog's long hot tongue snake up and sometimes into their vaginas, Paula." I let them know I enjoyed these crude statements. Openly drawing attention to my behavior made what I was doing seem all the more obscene.

Usually, I'd smile and offer them a more obscene pose. One time, the dog was in front, trying to get his muzzle up my hole. Steve said, "Whatever you have up there really has him excited." I widened my stance, thrust out my pelvis, reached down, and used my fingers to open myself as wide as I could. God, it felt so wicked doing that with them watching.

This prompted her to say, "Yes, that's much better. Is his tongue getting way up inside your vagina, Paula?"

I said, "Yes, clear to my womb, I think."

She smiled and said, "You are such a dear to allow him to do that. I didn't know there were women like you around. We were ready to hire a professional, but where do you find human females willing to rent themselves out as bitches to satisfy a horny pet."

I loved it. I told her I'd gladly serve as his bitch for free, hoping they'd suggest I allow the dog to fuck me. They, however, seemed content to wait for things to unfold naturally, probably hoping I'd suggest it. She did say, "Paula, I think he'd prefer you perform this service in the nude. Bitches don't wear clothes, you know." Hey, I was game. I stripped. From then on, they referred to me as bitch, or Duke's bitch. My vagina became a pussy or a cunt. The things they said were degrading, demeaning, and intended to humiliate me. I ate them up.

The next time I was there, I wanted to fuck the dog. When it came time, I sat on the edge of the sofa between them and spread my legs. I was being as overt as possible, clearly offering him my pussy and not my leg. The dumb dog was so used to fucking my leg that he went for the leg. He wanted his cock up high. He hugged my waist and the cock rode high on the inside of my right thigh, often poking me in the cunt. I tried to capture it with my pussy. They could see what I was trying to do, but offered no assistance. They simply watched me make a fool of myself, squirming like a bitch in heat while their mutt slobbered on my tits. He ended by squirting his cum all over my pussy and my hand as I tried getting the tip of his shooting cock in my hole.

It was frustrating, but once he gets wrapped around your leg, there's no way to maneuver. Beforehand, I had considered assuming the classic doggie style position. I decided against it. It would have been too straightforward; besides, the missionary position gave them a better view. If I had just sat back and gotten my legs up and out more, he'd have had no choice but to rub on me where pussy was. It would be simple to guide him in from there. Next time, that's exactly what I planned to do. I was determined to fuck that dog, and I knew they wanted to watch him fuck me.

I was about to pop over for a visit to their house when a phone call came. It was Sarah. She said, "Paula, we want you to come over and service our dog, but I must tell you, we are both upset with your last performance."

I knew this was a put-on; she was in her game voice. I assumed mine and said, "Oh, I try very hard to please you and your dog, Mrs. Peterson." I always call them Mr. and Mrs. Peterson in game mode, Sarah and Steve when we just talk and visit.

"You don't try hard enough. It has been three months, and you still haven't learned how to properly service him. We think you are holding back, trying to avoid the obvious. I think you know very well what I am referring to, don't you, Paula?"

"You want me to allow him to fuck me in my pussy and let him cum in my pussy?"

"That is exactly right, Paula. That is the service we expect from a human bitch. That is what you are, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Peterson. I am your dog's bitch."

"Well, you're not a very good one if he can't fuck you in the pussy and shoot his doggie cum way up inside your cunt where it belongs. I'm tired of cleaning up the mess you make, Paula. If you were a good bitch, you'd think ahead and bring something along to plug up your fuck hole so you could carry the sperm home with you."

Her vulgar banter excited me greatly. I pleaded, "Mrs. Peterson, I'm so sorry and inconsiderate. Please don't fire me. I will do better. I will let him fuck my pussy any time he wants, and I'll find

something big to plug my fuck-hole with. I won't spill a drop, I promise."

"That's much better. All right. We will expect you within the hour. Shave your pussy bald and leave your clothes on the doorstep. Do you understand?"

I gulped, but said, "Yes, I understand. I'll be there soon."

I hurriedly showered and shaved, then rummaged around the kitchen for a suitable plug. I settled on a large potato which I carefully peeled and carved in the middle until it took on an hour glass look. I tried it out and found it difficult to insert. I considered using a body cream, but remembered that Duke would be licking it. Perhaps a vegetable oil, I thought.

I used a liberal amount of peanut oil, massaging into the area where I'd shaved, then on impulse poured some into my hole while lying on my back with my ass up in the air. I figured Duke would like it. When I stood, what leaked out, I rubbed into my legs. With my pussy well-oiled, I attempted to re-insert the plug. It slid in almost effortlessly, and once my vaginal muscles closed over the thin middle, it remained locked firmly in place.

I walked around with the plug inside and liked the feeling. A smile crossed my face as I pictured my husband having to pull the plug out before his fuck. The smile grew as I pictured his dick sliding in all that doggie cum. The smile became a guttural laugh as I saw myself refusing to explain the spermlike substance or the reason for a plug.

I patted my pussy and said, "Get used to this thing, pussy. After you get your doggie douche, it isn't coming out until Benny takes it out." I decided to wear the plug over, thinking to make an impression. I modeled my nude form before a full-length mirror, liking the effect the three inches of potato sticking out from my tightly stretched pussy lips made. I loved the way it moved from side to side with each step. I slipped on old loafers and donned my housecoat.

I paid little attention to the neighborhood. It wasn't all that uncommon for a housewife to go from one house to another in a housecoat. A dozen homes had a view of my crossing, though most were spread out and the road had a gentle bend to it. I did notice that no one was outside at the time. I crossed to their house and went to the door. I debated about waiting to drop the housecoat as the door opened, but movement at the window to my side told me I was being observed. I listened for cars, then shrugged out of it, kicking off my shoes before ringing the door bell.

Excitement welled in me with the knowledge that I stood naked, outdoors, in my own neighborhood. I prayed for the door to quickly open. It did not. I waited anxiously, nervously, for two minutes before giving another ring. They were up to playing games. I appreciated the game, and took delight in my own predicament. It got easier as I stood there, waiting. I began to think, "So what if somebody sees me. What can they say?" I hardly knew any of them. I hardly cared what they thought. The idea of being seen, being recognized, being seen with a potato stuffed up my twat, took on a strange appeal. Perhaps Benny would find out.

I took to pacing the walk that ran parallel with the house, passing before the window. I wanted to demonstrate my boldness, but more than that, I wanted the stimulation walking brought between my legs. I could feel the eyes of the couple on my bare, stuffed pussy. I listened for the sound of approaching cars, almost hopefully. For ten minutes, I paced without the door opening or a car passing. I rang again, growing impatient. I rang once more when the sound of an approaching car stood my hairs on end.

I pounded the door as the car drew near, then stood motionless as it passed. I looked over my shoulder and saw that the couple driving by never even looked my way. A flood of relief and

excitement coursed through me. The door opened.

I smiled at the couple who stood looking at my stuffed pussy. I opened my stance and thrust out my cunt for them, saying, "Will this do?" Before they responded, I decided to get vulgar, knowing the type of lewd banter they loved. I added, "Will this pussy plug keep all of your dog's hot doggie sperm way up in my pussy where it belongs after he fucks his big dog cock in my bitch cunt?"

My words brought smiles. He said, "I don't know, honey. What do you think?"

Sarah said, "Turn around and bend over. Let's just see how tight a fit we have here. I wouldn't want any accidents to occur. Dog cum is hard to get out of a carpet."

I was still standing in the open, on the front porch, but did as requested, spreading my feet wide and bending low to grasp my ankles. While bent almost double, I noticed that I stood among tiny black ants and they were getting on my foot. Sarah stepped up and fisted the potato, turning, twisting, then removing it with a sucking pop, saying, "I'll be damned, a twat spud." I groaned as she re-inserted it, then told me to stand and turn about. Sarah said, "Okay, now do a few jumping jacks." I smiled inwardly, then did a dozen. "Do a few deep squats." I did a dozen squats.

On the final squat, I remained in that squat with my hands braced on my knees, keeping myself widespread. The tip of the spud almost touched the concrete as I held my pose. Ants were crawling over my legs and several tickled my crotch. I tried to ignore them. I said, "See, my pussy is well-plugged. After I let your dog fuck me with his big doggie cock, and after he shoots his doggie cum way up inside my pussy, I'll plug my hole. No dog cum will leak out to spoil your carpet, I promise."

They stalled, going, "I don't know."

"Look, I want to make up for being a bad bitch. Duke is my lover, and I am his bitch. He is entitled to my pussy, and I have no right to deny him access to it. His sperm belongs in my pussy, and I should have to wear it there as a lesson. I promise to keep this plug in even after I get home. You can stop in unannounced and check on me. Furthermore, only my husband can remove it so that he can enjoy his rights by virtue of our marriage. If he chooses not to remove it, I'll wear it in place until morning."

This monologue pleased them as I was sure it would. They looked happy. He said, "Honey, I think she has learned her lesson. I think she deserves another chance, don't you?"

"Well, it is hard to find a girl willing to grovel naked on our doorstep in broad daylight where anyone can see her, just for the opportunity to mate with our dog. And with a spud stuffed up her cunt so she can carry the dog sperm back to her husband."

"That's right, and don't forget, she is willing to make her husband take sloppy seconds after our dog, her lover."

"Yes, that is very important. Duke's needs must come first, always. It would be better if her husband officially recognized that reality."

They both let that message sink in. I now understood where they were headed. I had the perfect husband for what they wanted. He'd put up with anything. I said, "Suppose I made Benny check with you first to see if Duke needed any pussy before I let him have any. Would that be satisfactory?"

Steve said, "He would do that?" I smiled and nodded.

Sarah said, "Are you sure?"

"I would not make the offer if I couldn't deliver. Look, tonight, Benny will be pulling this plug out. He'll want to know what it's all about, especially when he sees the mess. I plan to lay it all out for him, tell him everything. I will make him understand that Duke is my lover and his needs come first. I will inform him that he can only have my pussy after Duke has had it first. He will always be getting sloppy seconds, and that a fresh, clean, pussy is reserved only for Duke. I will have him call you this evening so the he can personally tell you that he understands the way things are going to be from now on. Now, can I please come in and screw your dog? I'm getting a cramp, and ants are starting to crawl up my leg."

Sarah exclaimed, "Oh, look, honey! There's a whole line of ants and they are crawling up her leg."

He bent down to watch the file march onto my left foot between my big and second toe. Hundreds, possibly thousands, were behind them. I saw them too, but made no move to escape, patiently awaiting permission to get up though they never told me to assume the squat in the first place. The squat did help to conceal me, as there was a bushy plant behind me. The ants crawling up my leg made me tingle. I knew they weren't the biting type. I suspected that my wet, musky vaginal scent or the oil probably attracted them and that my pussy was most likely their destination. Actually, I was as curious as the couple to see what they'd do once they got there.

I decided to drop a hint, saying, "Are you going to make me stay like this until I'm covered in ants as punishment for not being a good bitch, for not freely offering up my pussy to receive Duke's animal cock, for not welcoming his dog cum deep in my womb?"

By this time, several hundred were marching up my inner thigh, headed right for my pussy. The line was thick on the concrete walk. Soon, thousands would converge on my pussy. As the couple watched in awe, ants grew thick around and on the spud. Sarah was amazed at my willingness to endure this assault. Her voice, heavy with arousal, said, "That's exactly what you deserve. In fact, to teach you a lesson, I want you to remove that plug."

"But they will get inside my pussy. Is there no other way?"

"No, I want them to get up your pussy."

I removed the plug carefully, trying not to disturb the many ants on the potato itself. Those on my pussy lips moved into the gaping hole under the couple's watchful eyes. Sarah, inspired by my passive acceptance, said, "That's not good enough. I want you to sit in front of the line of ants and open up your hole with your fingers."

To their surprise, that's exactly what I did. They had to step outside and move to the side to get a head-on view of my open pussy as I hooked my index fingers in from opposite sides. They both knelt to watch the ants, now numbering in the thousands, move up my ass crack and into my pussy hole. I wiggled my butt to get my hole aligned with the column. The column marched right up my hole. I never felt anything so strangely titillating as thousands of tiny legs tickled my interior walls and swarmed over my labia, clit, and fingers. The line showed no sign of diminishing, and I showed no sign of distress. After a few minutes, every place that I'd massaged the oil into was covered in ants. My pussy was a solid black, moving mass, alive with delicious sensation, inside and out.

They let me remain seated in the ant column for fifteen minutes before Sarah said, "Okay, you can get up now."

I withdrew my fingers, trapping tens of thousands of the ants inside my pussy. I rose to my feet, my

legs and crotch infested. I knew I would not be invited in and wondered what Sarah would do. Sarah looked at me and said, "Let that be a lesson to you. If you cause any more trouble, the next time we'll look for a fire ant nest for you to squat on. Now, go home and rid yourself. You'd best be ant-free when you return. Oh, and carry your housecoat and shoes. Return without them. One other thing: Put the plug back in."

I killed hundreds of ants re-inserting the twat spud, but the pleasure was worth it. My cunt felt alive as I left the doorstep. Thoughts of being seen evaporated. I no longer cared. The joy of walking naked across the street in broad daylight with my friends watching excited me tremendously. I took my time; I even stopped to check my mail box. I stopped again at my garden hose and sprayed those clinging to my body. At my door, I waved. A hot shower and a long douche cleared my pussy, though there were probably ants, and ant body parts, in places I didn't want to think about. Clean and fresh, I made the return trip.

My trip was interrupted by a car that sent me scurrying back to my door. Another passed as I neared their door. I was sure they saw me. The car did slow. I ducked behind the little bush for another, avoiding the stray ants still in the area. This time, they opened the door shortly after the ring.

They brought me to their dining table for a pelvic exam. They laid me out like a lab specimen and used a penlight to look inside. Sarah announced that all looked well. A few black specks were ignored. Duke was pawing the sliding glass door, eager to get at me. Sarah spun me around so that my cunt faced the dog, then fingered my pussy, saying, "Look, Duke, we brought you some pussy to fuck. She's going to be a good bitch from now on and let you fuck your cock up her cunt. You can empty your balls in this nasty little bitch any time you want, precious."

Looking to her husband while finger fucking me, Sarah said, "Oh, look how happy and excited he is, dear. He can't wait to mount this bitch."

"Come on, dear, we've kept these two lovers apart long enough. Can't you see they're both eager to mate? Look at the bitch squirming in anticipation of taking Duke's cock up her snatch. Her pussy is salivating for his cock. You want that dog dick, don't you, bitch?"

"Yes! Yes! I want to feel his cock in my pussy so badly. I need a good animal screwing. My pussy will suck his cock dry."

Sarah opened the glass door as her husband helped me to my feet. Duke bounded over and devoured my pussy as I held it open for him, saying, "Oh, yes, baby. It's all yours, now."

I put on a vulgar exhibition as I offered up my pussy in a variety of spread beaver poses. Duke was more excited than he'd ever been, and his long cock dangled from its furry sheath as he moved about me. When Sarah felt we were ready, she led me to the sofa and drew me down between them. I immediately brought my legs up and they each took one and opened me into the splits, offering Duke my pussy poised at the edge of the cushion. Duke jumped up and gripped me around the chest. I reached down and grasped his hard cock, guiding it to my hole.

The couple both leaned in to observe the penetration from each side. Duke's humping loins quickly drove home the eight-inch slab of dog cock, bringing forth a swoon from me. I felt him deep, his pointy cock denting the back of my vagina as the middle swelled inside my cunt. I cried out, "Oh, Fuck! This feels fantastic. God help me, I love this. Oh, Fuck my pussy, Duke! Fuck it hard!"

The dog humped hard and fast for ten minutes before pumping a copious load up my twat. I could feel the hot jets pepper my womb and I announced that I was taking his sperm. Duke remained inside while his cock eased back and the swelling receded. When he emerged, Sarah was ready with

the plug and quickly inserted it, saying, "There, now take that to your husband with our regards."

I relaxed in a slump with a satisfied look on my face. I fondled the part of the spud sticking out and purred, "Oh, I will. It will be a pleasure feeling him sloshing around in Duke's cum."

Steve said, "Paula, do you really have that much control over your husband?"

I looked to Steve and said, "That turns you on, doesn't it?"

"It does. It turns us both on."

"I'm glad, because I can deliver. Yes, I do have that much and more. Tell me, what do you really want."

"All right, we would love it if you could stipulate that he can't have you until immediately after Duke has had you. Here, in our presence, of course."

"That's kinky. I like it. All right, I'll see to it."

Sarah spoke up, "There's more. We will want safeguards against cheating. We need some way to insure that the rules are followed."

"Like what?"

"Like a chastity belt worn by you. One that we hold the key to."

"A chastity belt! That's fantastic. Do you have one?"

Sarah smiled and said, "Wait here."

She returned with a chain contraption. I stood to examine it. It looked like the bottoms to a string bikini but without any material covering. It had a metal belt with a long chain dangling from the center. Sarah removed the potato and said, "We won't be needing this, now. She tossed it aside. Dog cum poured down my legs. She fastened the belt snugly around my waist, then drew the chain between my legs, drawing it up my crack. She fastened it to the front with a through pin and snapped a lock on it. I was unfuckable.

"There, you can pee in that thing, but taking a shit will pose a problem. You can do it, but it will be awfully messy. A shower afterwards is a must. You can always come here."

"Okay, I guess that seals the deal. Benny isn't getting any pussy until he plays by the rules. At least I won't have to return home naked, now."

"No, but you'll have to return home right away. You are about to stain my carpet. Honey, get the door for this leaky bitch."

Steve opened the door and I hurried out. I took a quick look around, then started off across the street. Half way across, a car came and I took off like a bottle rocket, just getting inside as it passed. It was a close call that had my heart pounding. Benny had just gotten home and was on his way to the TV carrying a fresh beer and a bag of chips. He halted dead in his tracks and looked me over, almost dropping his beer. "Honey, what the fuck?"

I caught my breath and walked up to him. His eyes went over the device, then focused on the mess running down both legs. I said, "It's dog cum, Benny. I've been fucking the neighbor's dog." I

brushed past him on my way to the shower. Benny followed as I expected. I turned on the water and stepped into the stall.

Benny said, "Would you please clarify that?"

"What word didn't you understand?"

"You fucked a dog?"

"Good, Benny. I think you've got it."

"Why?"

"Because he fucks me better and longer than you. He's a great fuck. I'm his bitch. He's my lover. Any more questions?"

"Do the neighbors know."

"They set it up. My job is to service their dog. I take my job seriously."

"So what's with the gizmo, and why were you out running around naked?"

"I wasn't naked, I'm wearing a chastity belt."

"A chastity belt? Those things are for virgins."

"No, they are to keep unauthorized cocks out of privately owned pussies and assholes."

"Who has the key."

"The Petersons, of course."

"So how do I get pussy?"

"Well, that's going to be a problem. They have rules; Duke gets first crack at my crack. You can have pussy, but you have to get it right after Duke gets his, before they lock it up again. They said they'd allow you enough time as long as you don't take too long. I told them they needn't worry about that."

I could see that Benny wasn't as upset as he pretended to be. His eyes couldn't leave my chastity belt, and he asked me to spell out in detail how things were. His raging hardon betrayed how he really felt about my taking a dog lover, so I gave him a detailed description of the act and its effect on me. He'd almost cum in his pants when I'd mention that Duke would always have fresh pussy, and he would always follow Duke only if the Petersons were satisfied with his complete and total acceptance of the true order of things. By that evening, he was more than ready to make the call to explain to them what he understood his role to be.

I almost came just listening to my husband profess over and over in a variety of lewd and graphic terms that he was second to Duke and that I was Duke's number one lover and bitch. Of course, he quickly discovered the key words and phrases that turned them on and used them liberally. They told him to bring the bitch over for mating.

Benny did not like walking me over wearing only the chastity belt; but by then, I'd have it no other way. He thoroughly enjoyed watching me mate with the beast, and dutifully followed, shoving his meager prick in the sloppy mess and dumping his load in record time. After that first session, he

refastened the belt and then fastened a jeweled dog collar around my neck, one that they handed him. They told him I must wear it always. It had a hanging tag with the words, "Duke's Bitch," inscribed on both sides in letters easy to read from several feet away. I wore it proudly and intended to wear it everywhere. They snapped a leash to the collar and handed the end to Benny.

On the way home, I stalled. He was so nervous. I was determined that someone see me. When we got to our door, I insisted we go back because I forgot to thank them. Poor Benny was beside himself, but led me back. They were surprised to see me and immediately suspected my motive. When a car did head our way, Benny wanted to run. I stood fast, preventing him. I boldly crossed in front of the car, forcing it to slow, then stop. I waved to the couple inside as Benny tried to hustle me along. They didn't move until we got to our door.

Just when Benny thought we were home safe, the Petersons called us back. Two more cars caught us in the crossing. Both stopped, headed in opposite directions, and remained in the street between our house and the Petersons. When we got to their door, Sarah said, "You're welcome." I had to laugh. Benny wanted in, but they wouldn't have it. We headed back. Benny wanted to pass behind one of the cars, but I wanted to go between the two sets of head lights. One car had a single male driver, but the other had a family with three kids inside, all with their noses to the window. I walked right up to the driver's window of that car. He rolled the window down and turned on the interior light. I leaned down so they all got a good look at the inscription on my collar. He asked if I had the time.

He had a shit-eating grin on his face. His wife just sat there, dumbfounded. One kid said, "Who's Duke." I pointed back to the Peterson house and said, "Duke is their male black lab. Why?"

He said, "What does that mean, 'Duke's Bitch?'" His mother said, "Arnold, please?" I looked to her and said, "Do you want to explain this to him, or do you want me to?"

She and her husband exchanged looks. I saw him pass a signal with a nod. She looked to her kids and saw their eager, excited faces. The other car moved up until the driver was at my ass. I found out latter that he had a flashlight. The woman turned to me and said, "By all means, you tell him."

I turned to the kid and said, "Duke is my lover. I am his bitch. Do you know what male dogs do with their bitches?"

He said shyly, "Yeah, do you let him do that to you?"

"Do what, sweetheart?"

He said to his mother, "Can I say the word?" She said, "You've gone this far, I don't see why not." He smiled and said, "Do you let him fuck you?"

"Yes, I let him fuck my pussy. I let him cum in my pussy, too." I stood up and stepped back, almost getting a cold flashlight up my ass. I displayed my legs with my knees parted and said, "This is his doggie cum. As you can see, it is coming from my pussy." I turned to face the flashlight man and posed for him, saying, "Here, I suppose you want a good look, too." Benny stood stupidly by while I flaunted myself this way. I had to explain the chastity belt, which gave me ample excuse to display my pussy. To do this, I went to each car and threw my right leg up on the top with my pussy in the driver's window. I used my fingers to show its utility. Both of the men, and the two boys in the car took advantage of my position to get liberal feels of my pussy lips, split by the chain. Determined fingers can get past the chain. Shortly afterward, we made it home. Benny had another hardon.

I have since been caught by just about all of our neighbors. They all know what's going on. Benny expected someone to complain, but so far, we've received no complaints or visits from authorities.

That was not as unusual as it might seem. I didn't think we would. We live in a very sparsely populated part of the county and the residents are staunch independents with a code that says, "To each his own." Many eccentrics have moved here. We became just one more of the crazies to be tolerated or enjoyed. I get frequent visits from my neighbors, now. Mostly because I only wear the chastity belt and collar. I only dress to go to town; even then, I am hardly dressed.

People call me the bitch lady. I love answering their questions and often repeat them, answering in a loud voice so those nearby can hear. Some parents will hustle their kids away when I am near, but most don't. In fact, kids ask most of the best questions. Some get put up to it, I'm sure. Benny has learned to live with being the community laughingstock. He has little interaction with them anyway, as he works thirty miles away and doesn't socialize. He kind of gets off on it, now, and sometimes takes me on long walks through the neighborhood, on the leash, of course. All in all, it's a dog's life, and we love it.

The End