

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## **Part One - She Introduces Me To Animal Love**

I had been dating a young lady at a college we both attended. We got along very well. Even our two dogs seemed to get along as well. She and I became very intimate very quickly and spent a lot of time pleasuring each other when ever class work allowed. It was not uncommon for one or the other of us to spontaneously show up at the others place and start some rousing sexual adventures. It was just one such spontaneous arrival that introduced me to sex with animals.

Heather, my girl, was always glad to see me when I unexpectedly showed up at her apartment. Her eagerness to fuck me was seen in how easily she would allow me to undress her and take her at any and all hours of the day. One particular day, she had called my place and seductively asked if she could come over and do a little "Anatomy" lab work on me. You can not imaging my chagrin when I had to explain how I had a paper due the next morning and told her that I could not spare the time. Even though I had told her "No" on the phone I convincing myself that a short break did not mean that the paper would be late and that I really, really NEED this type of break. So, I dropped what I was doing and dashed over to her apartment complex. I pulled my car next to hers and took the stairs two at a time until I bounded up the two flights to her door. Taking a deep breath and readjusting my bulging cock through my jeans, I knocked on her door. We had a 'special' knock to let the other know it was one of us at the door.

No answer.

She never refused my needs, even if I had come to her apartment at one in the morning. So, I knocked again, very briskly. This time I heard her voice on the other side as she told Hans, her shepherd, to stay back. She opened the door. What I saw, I did not like. Heather was dressed in a thin flimsy untied robe and I could see her naked body only partially hidden inside. Her cheeks were flushed, she had red marks on her knees and elbows. And worst of all, I spotted a suspicious fluid running down between her legs. Being the jealous type, I pushed past her and searched her apartment for the man I knew she had just fucked. I was furious. Even though I could find no one hiding in the closets, under the bed, behind the shower curtains or any open windows, I still verbally assaulted her for her infidelity and whoring. She appeared panicky and stuttered trying to feebly tell me I was wrong and that she couldn't explain it. Needless to say, I stormed out, vowing to never want to see her again.

My jealous outburst caused me to refuse her phone calls for a week and deny her entrance into my place. Finally, after almost two weeks, one of her close friends phoned me. Sue told me that Heather would not even confide in her about what happened, but had asked her to call me and urgently ask me to accept a dinner invitation from Heather. Sue told me that Heather was not sleeping, had stopped going to classes and looked like a wreck. Sue pleased with me to go and let Heather say her piece.

I arrived Saturday night at 6 PM as requested. Heather greeted me at the door. Dressed in a pleasant outfit, I could tell she looked like a zombie, even if she had put on makeup and had her hair done. She tried to act as if nothing had happened to us in the way she talked and acted. Yet, we both felt that looming emotion. Dinner was eaten quietly. As she served me coffee, she sat across from me, lowered her head and in a quiet voice told me that I had seen something that she never shared with a living soul. She said she had what the world would call a perversion and that she never wanted anyone to know of. "Yet," she said as she looked at me with pleasing eyes, " I am in love with you and I feel I owe you an explanation."

She stood and undressed there in the dinning room. Her firm and perky C cups were capped with hard nipples. Her pussy was covered in a light and sparse bush (remember, this was the 70's). Without a word, she pushed my chair away from the table and knelt between my legs. As she tenderly and lovingly stroked my cock outside of my jeans, Heather looked into my eyes and spoke.

"Since the age of 16, I have had a steady lover. A lover that has been with me throughout all of my boyfriends. You caught me right after my lover took me. I can not find the words to explain this, so I decided to show you. .... Hans, here boy!"

Hans on queue trotted up behind Heather and immediately began licking her pussy. Through her whimpers and sighs, Heather tried to explain that I had nothing to worry about. She loved me and wanted nothing more in life than my cock inside her. Yet, when I was not available, she would let Hans have her.

Hans' lapping was obviously having a good effect on her. Heathers eyes were rolling around in a pre-orgasmic flutter. Her breath was quickening as her hips rotated and pushed against Hans' tongue. She began to tell me how different a dog's tongue felt, Hans jumped on her back. Apparently I must have moved in my chair and she thought I was going to leave because she gripped my thighs looked up at me and begged me to stay and watch. I settled in the chair and stared into her eyes.

"He has a hard time finding my pussy." she said as I saw her reach between her legs. All of a sudden, Hans lurched forward, Heather was pushed into my lap and in the most erotic voice I heard this petite girl grunt "Oh ... OH .... Oh Jack he is fucking me" I watched as Hans' hips made a hundred harsh and fast jabs, I watched Heather as lust filled her eye and her face contorted in a mix of shame, pleasure and lust. Again she was pushed hard into my lap, she screamed again in that erotic voice saying something about a thick ball in her. Hans became still on her back and looked as though he was done. Heather, on the other hand, grunted even more, shook violently, clutched my cock painfully through my jeans and kept repeating "He's cumming ... oh hot .... Cumming ... God!"

I sat there dumbfounded! What had just happened did not last but 5 minutes. Her disrobing, the dog licking her pussy and then him fucking her. Yet it almost felt like a life time for me. Hans dismounted and Heather whimpered as his cock slid out. I knew I was turned on. My cock was huge and throbbing from the hot scene. Heather looked up in my eyes with an almost pleading look as she mouthed "I Love You". All I could do was stand up, letting her head flop onto the chair cushion. I walked behind her near the door. Holding the door handle, I looked back and forth between her naked dripping pussy and Hans licking his big doggy cock. Although a small part of me was screaming to leave this odd scene, my lust took me over. I walked behind Heather, dropped my pants, slid to my knees and buried my hard cock deep into her soaked and stretched pussy. As I hammered her harder than I ever have, Heather looked over her shoulder and whimpered "Thank you Jack" just as her orgasm caused her cry out in orgasmic pleasure while my seed mixed with Hans'.

Ten minutes later, I held Heather closely on the couch. As we cuddled and talked about how this would change our relationship (for the good obviously), Hans wandered over and took a few licks of Heathers juices off my limp cock. Heather giggled and said that apparently Hans is os with sharing her.

~~~~~

## **Part Two - Heather's Beginning**

Although I found her life with Hans, her German Shepherd, a very erotic eye opener, it did take me a

good bit of time to completely accept her sexual adventures. The jealous man in me resented the fact that she would allow another penis inside her. The male ego in me also somewhat was bruised knowing that her orgasms were both intense and multiple while Hans was buried deep and his knot pressed her vagina walls. What helped me to become more accepting to all of this was a very, very long and frank dialog we had the week after she let Hans use her right there in front of me.

Heather helped me understand why she and Hans had become intimate and why she would allow him to mount her currently even though she and I had intense sex almost every other day. Here is a paraphrased version of the story she told me.

At an age when girls are learning about their bodies and their sexuality, Heather told me that she discovered masturbation and realized that she had a sexual addiction. Masturbating daily and using various objects to satisfy her insatiable appetite, she told me that she eventually allowed an older neighbor boy to be her first lover. Yet, between her religious upbringing and the less than relaxed social atmosphere of the early 70's, Heather resisted having sex with her neighbor or any other boys in fear of getting pregnant or getting a diseases, thus loosing her parents respect and the respect of others. So, swearing off boys, Heather collected a couple of nice hairbrushes that had nice fat handles that spent most of their existence buried in her moist tunnel.

For Christmas in '72, her parents got her the puppy she always wanted. A quality bred German Shepherd whom she named Hans. As a growing pup, he developed an obsession with chewing those tasty hairbrush handles. Heather thought nothing of it, just a pup's teething need. After two years and several dozen hairbrushes later, Hans had become adept at finding her make-shift dildos no matter where she hid them to keep them away from him. Her scent, however, led him to those tasty treasures. House rules for many years was that Hans slept on a pad in the living room. However, one quite hot and stormy night, Heather let Hans sleep in her bedroom. She felt silly sneaking Hans upstairs, kind of like a little scared girl, but Hans made her feel safer and more comforted.

An exceptionally loud clap of thunder awoke her in the wee hours of the morning. Unable to fall back to sleep, Heather began sliding her fingers through her yearning sex and lazily brought herself to a relaxing orgasm. As she lay there in a post orgasmic haze, a bolt of lightning struck very close to her home with an ear splitting thunder clap rattling the windows an instant after the flash. Heather told me that she jumped so high in freight that she could have touched the ceiling with her hard nipples. Catching her breath, she heard Hans whimper and saw that he had his head half tucked under her covers. A second nearby flash and immediate thunder clap sent Heather under her covers to discover that Hans had beaten her there.

Heather's tale goes that to keep herself from being too scared, she began to play with her pussy again to calm her nerves. She said she was initially shocked when Hans' tongue snaked its way to her fingers and wet pussy. She admitted that Hans had for several years sniffed and licked at her crotch. Needless to say, her sexual addiction and her curiosity got the better of her. She withdrew her fingers and spread her legs to see what Hans would do and to see what it would feel like. Heather told me that at that time, she had only let her neighbor fuck her three times before stopping his advances and that only her fingers had ventured down there. No man, or beast, had licked her pussy. Hans licked her swollen pussy lips and clit for a few minutes but she said that she was too curious on what was going on to concentrate to bringing herself to orgasm.

From that night on, Heather found ways to sneak privacy with Hans and let him lick her clit as much as he pleased. It took almost a week of daily lickings before Heather learned how to maximize her pleasure with his tongue and orgasm. Until that time, Heather would thrust fingers inside her quivering pussy to find the climax Hans could not give her alone. Throughout all this time, Heather had seen Hans' own horniness grow. She would see more of his "pink pleasure rocket" (her term for

his dog cock) poking out of the furry sheath. After she'd push his head from her pussy after a strong cum, she would see him lay near her and lick his own cock. One night while her parents were out, Heather had let Hans lick her to two satisfying orgasms. As she lay on her bed sweaty and flushed, she watched as Hans stood looking at her and his rump moving as if to hump his cock onto his own furry belly. It was that sight that got her thinking about Hans being a better use. Over a few weeks and more orgasms from his tongue, her curiosity peaked.

On another night her parents were out to dinner, Heather enacted a plan to see if Hans had any interest in human pussy. She doubted he would. After all, he had never once humped her leg or jumped on her in any way. Heather, in her sweet innocent girl mind, thought that only a human would imagine sex with another species and that Hans would only want to have a dog's vagina. That night, she stripped down and climbed on her bed. With the same routine she did with Hans, she fingered her pussy a little while to get her pussy to moisten and open. She called Hans to her bed and patted the mattress. As usual, he jumped on the bed and eventually began to lick her to a pleasant climax. 'Was Hans horny from licking my pussy?' Heather wondered. She reached for his cock and found it was only the narrow slender tip showing. Knowing how dogs mated, Heather got on her hands and knees and buried her face in her pillow. "I can not believe I want a dog to fuck me!" She giggled to herself as he tried to 'wag' her butt like a dog wags its tail. She tried a lot of things to get Hans to mount her. She tried calling his name ... that just got him to lick her nose. She tried patting her ass .... That only got her pussy and virgin asshole licked. She even admitted (with embarrassment) to me that she tried barking and wagging her butt. Nothing helped. She figured that Hans really did just like her taste and only wanted to lick her and he preferred to fuck another dog. So, Heather reached for the brush on her nightstand and slid it slowly into her yearning pussy. Resigning herself to this self manipulative pleasure, Heather stroked it in and out and concentrated on building up to her orgasm. Much to her surprise, Hans suddenly tried to mount her and started frantically humping her ass cheek from the side and nervously maneuvering around to find the correct place behind her. Heather told me that without even giving it a second thought, she reached back to guide Hans' cock in her. As she aimed it for her hungry pussy, she realized that the brush handle was still inside her. As Hans frantically and erratically humped his cock forward, Heather tried pulling the brush from her pussy. Every time the tip of the brush was about to emerge, Hans' thrusts would push it back in. By the six attempt, she was just able to get the sticky handle out of her sopping pussy before Hans found his mark and drove that 'pink pleasure rocket' inside her.

Heather told me that just like the first time she was fucked by a man, it was painful, too quick and she was too scared to enjoy it. She told me that for days she wouldn't pet Hans or spend time with him. She told me that she felt ashamed of herself and that she worried about others finding out. I asked her how she overcame that feeling. She said that basically in her mind, she began to look at Hans as just another dildo. She, only at first, had viewed his fucking as nothing different than using her own hairbrush on herself. She admitted that she only had an orgasm every fifth or sixth fuck. Whether she had an orgasm or not, she became hooked on feeling a live cock on her. But, months and months after she started with him, Hans became more persistent to have her. It was during that time that Heather found what she referred to as "The true focus of K( pleasure." It was that mental place where she knew that it was actually SHE who was the object of Hans pleasure and he was using HER for his animal instincts. Focusing on his animalistic lust for her pussy is what causes her to orgasm so easily and often. "Well, that and," she would say, "that baseball sized knot of his I was finally able to accept in me and have it press my G spot."

Eventually my ego and jealousy abated because Heather convinced me it was ME she craved and preferred and that Hans was only her lover when I could not be there to satisfy her addiction. You know, I accepted that, and she proved it to be the truth.

~~~~~

### Part Three - Heather And The Mountains

Heather and I had been together for over a year by the summer of my Senior year in college. After I graduated, she and I planned to take a month and go backpacking through Wolf Creek Pass in Colorado. We took her pet/lover Hans and my dog Ranger. Although I had accepted Hans as her substitute lover many, many months ago she had not experienced my dog. After all, in my mind, Heather only used Hans' dog cock when I was not there to fuck her. So in my early thinking, all she needed was Hans once in a blue moon. Granted, on some nights that Heather would ride my cock 2 or 3 times in one night and try in vein to rouse my spent shaft for another ride, I would tell her to leave me alone and call Hans. On those nights, she'd eventually find herself kneeling beside me, my limp cock nestled between her lips as Hans hammered her in his hard K9 fuck. Usually that would do her in and we'd both collapse and fall asleep in sexual satisfaction. Yet, there was that once or twice that seeing and hearing her getting hammered by her doggy stud would rouse me to another hard-on. If it did, I never liked sliding in her 'loose' pussy after she had taken his knot. However, I would wait till he finished with her and she collapsed belly down on the bed, then I would smear his seed over her tiny puckered ass and slowly press my hard cock in and use her tight butt for my selfish pleasure.

Ranger was a mixed breed dog. Handsome red hair on a Lab's frame. I guess one reason it never occurred to Heather or I to let Ranger use her was the fact that Ranger never showed any interest in her. He liked her well enough and never acted different to her the few times he witnessed us fucking. He sniffed her once with a freshly fucked pussy, but never licked or humped her.

That summer, we had left our car in Pagosa Springs, Colorado and headed into the San Juan mountains. I had personally hunted Elk in those mountains and knew the trails and area pretty well. So much of the area we hiked was empty of human traffic. We would often spend our time in camp nude and fucked under the stars and in front of both dogs. When we hiked, I could never take my eyes off that sumptuous ass in those skin tight jean cut-offs as it wiggled in front of me. I can not tell you the number of times I just bent her over a fallen tree and yanked down her shorts to slide into that shapely butt.

Up near Nipple Mountain (yes, that is its real name), there is a clear pool of water with a small clearing around it. We camped there for over a week and I only remember putting on clothing once when we heard voices but never saw a soul. One morning I went out to forage for food and firewood. I collected a sack filled with choke cherries and puffball mushrooms. I left camp before Heather awoke and did not return until after noon time. When I came back, things seemed odd. Ranger stayed unusually close to Heather and Hans was asleep. Heather herself looked troubled and agitated. I just knew I had done something to piss her off.

This went on for some time. By dinner, I had enough and asked Heather what was bugging her. Heather glared at me and pointed to Ranger. "Your damn dog hurt me and Hans!" What? My gentle buddy? Heather explained that when she awoke and found she was "horny enough to fuck a bull Elk" (her phrase) she saw I had left and decided to let Hans have her to satisfy her need. Without thinking, Heather got Hans to mount her right in front of Ranger. My dog, for whatever reason in his doggy brain, attacked Hans. In the melee, Ranger had bitten Hans' ear and scratched Heather. As Heather pulled them apart, she scolded Ranger and looked after Hans' torn ear. As she knelt there beside Hans, Ranger came up behind her. With a savage aggression, Heather said that Ranger mounted her, found his mark and bred her as if she was a kenneled bitch. Ranger was so aggressive that she was actually afraid to stop him.

We sat in silence for a while. "Heather?" I called to her. She looked me in the eye. "So, are you telling me that Ranger raped you?" She nodded. "OK .... So I bet you came at least three times."

With the girlish giggle I really love she said "Six!" What a relief. I had thought that she and I would have a problem. With excited eyes and a sexy throaty voice, Heather told me exactly what had happened.

She had hoped that I may have been just inside the woods when she realized that I was gone. Being the imp she can be, Heather stepped out of the tent and stretched seductively. Both dogs saw her and trotted over for their good morning scratch and greeting. As she squatted to give both the pups a rub on their ears, Heather said she felt my cum from the night before start to run out her sweet pussy. Hans was the first to perk up his ears and poke his nose between her legs. Heather led both dogs to the blanket we kept near the fire and lay down. Her experienced lover, Hans, immediately sniffed her leaking pussy and started to lick. With the warm sun shining on her, Heather closed her eyes and created a mental picture of me hiding in the shadow of the trees stroking my thick cock at the sight of her taking pleasure from her 'other' lover. To put on her little show, Heather drew her knees up to her pert breasts and spread them wide enough so that her pussy was as exposed as it could be. As Hans thick long tongue lapped away and cleaned my cum off and out of her, she moaned loader and louder. At this point, Ranger seemed to take great interest in Hans' labor and began sniffing around. Seeing and feeling two wet noses on her tender cleft made her more excited and as the two tongues worked her clit, Heather thrashed in a gut wrenching climax.

Eager to be taken and penetrated, she rolled onto all fours and pleaded first for me to fuck her. Since I was not there to complete that lovely sight, Heather looked over her shoulder at Hans and called to him to take her. From their years together, Hans knew her plea and immediately mounted her. During all this, Ranger seemed to hop around excitedly as if he wanted in too. Heather grabbed his cock with the intent to give Ranger pleasure. It did just the opposite effect. That stimulation excited Ranger to the point where he tried to push Hans off her. Hans resisted. So as not to loose his first opportunity to mate with anything in his life, Ranger lunged at Hans, bit his ear and quickly took his place on Heather's back.

Frightened by the swift and violent action, Heather tried to stand and check on Hans. Ranger literally nipped her ass cheek. Heather said that the only thing that flashed through her mind was an image of a female dog, submitting to her mate and allowing him to mount her and have his way with her. So, instinctively she dropped to her knees and lowered her head to the ground and felt him roughly grab her hips and force his penis inside her.

As a sympathetic boyfriend, I kissed away her booboo and told her that she and I needed to figure a way to make the two boys know their place. "We?" she asked. "Yes, we .... I will teach them what they can do ... and you, my dear, will be the willing lab class."

For the next five days, I only fucked her ass twice and received twelve or more blowjobs. Ranger and Hans were both able to fuck Heather as often as they wanted. The way the boys learned to share was like this. When either dog sniffed her pussy in an interested fashion, Heather had to lay on the blanket and spread her legs for both of them to lick her at the same time. Once I thought the dogs were ready to screw, I would hold the collar of the one who did not initiate the sex. I would bring that dog toward her head and sit. Heather would then climb on all fours and start sucking my cock while the initiating dog got to mount her and use her wet pussy for his pleasure. After that dog finished and retired to clean his cock, the one forced to wait would get his turn. By the third day, Heather was servicing the boys over and over without either showing any anxious tendencies. They had learned that they too will get what they want if they just wait patiently.

At the end of those five days, the dogs were trained to be patient and Heather admitted to have had her fill of doggy dick for a few days and asked me to be her only lover for a while. So, the next two weeks, she made sure she was at my side everywhere I went. She said that because her needs strike



at any given moment, she wanted to be sure my cock was there to use so she wouldn't even want to think of dogs. I thought it was a cute sentiment.

A few days before we actually loaded up the car to leave, we had spent a day at a lovely creek. At first arrival, I had a raging hard-on so I took Heather to a boulder in the middle of the creek, stripped her and mounted her. We made passionate love for the longest time. Between the hot sun on my back and my feet in the cold water of the snow fed stream I seemed to last a very long time. Heather lay there on the granite rock with her legs wrapped over my shoulder, her hands clutching my ass as I slid in and out of that gloriously sweet cunt. I remember that as I came deep inside her, she cried out very loudly in passion. After a short rest, I slowly slid my withering cock from her and noticed she had fallen asleep. I dressed, grabbed my fly rod and waded up stream to fish. A few hours later, I returned to see Heather laying on her back on a tree stump. Ranger was standing over her with his cock deeply pumping his hot cum inside her. Just as I got near her, I heard Rangers cock pop loose and no sooner had he dismounted her than Hans took his place. I took a seat on the grass and watched as my beautiful woman accepted her lovers ravaging hard pounding. As soon as Hans stopped his humping and was filling her with his seed, Heather made a strange and gesture at me. As she continued to make the motion, I realized that she was pointing behind me and up the slope. There stood a fly fisherman, bedecked in his waders, staring at my gorgeous woman as Hans used her. As soon as my eyes adjusted, to his shadowy hiding place, I could see that he had one hand inside those hip-waders and was stroking himself.

Heather looked at me with a far away smile. "I think I like the idea of someone watching me fuck my three lovers." (sigh) But that is another story.

~~~~~

#### **Part Four -Heather Being Viewd**

Heather was one year younger than myself and graduated from college the year after I did. The story of our month in the mountains happened in the summer of '79. Later that year, she and I were looking into plans on doing something special during her spring break coming up that next March. We talked of going to South Padre Isle like a lot of kids our age did. The one plan that we kept returning to was to backpack and canoe in the Big Bend National Park. We were in no huge hurry to make any reservations because she and I preferred primitive camping and never worried about condo's, hotels or spas. After all, those places were far less dog friendly!

The day that changed many things was a day Heather arrived at my apartment at the start of Christmas break waving a small newspaper over her head, her cheeks were flushed and I noticed that her cut-off jeans seemed damp between her legs. She ran to me, jumped up and wrapped her arms around my neck and locked her legs around my hips. Happy to see her, I kissed her and slid a hand down the small of her back and clutched her firm young ass. As we tongued deeply my hand traveled between her legs and found that it was not my imagination, Heather's pussy was flowing like a faucet. My fingers slid between her jean shorts and her sparsely furry pussy and found her lips swollen, open and slick. I slid a single finger into her pussy and allowed another to venture to her backdoor. I was not shocked to feel a vibrating butt plug stimulating her rear entrance.

Due to the fact that I had not mounted her in a week and that she was wetter than a water-main, we undressed each other in a fit of heated passion. I picked Heather up in my arms and laid her on her back on my dinner table. Resting her ankles on my shoulders, I slid effortlessly into her tight but drenched pussy. Heather always came quickly when I did this to her. My cock, when rock hard, stands almost straight up and is not very flexible. So, when I mount her like this, my cock hits directly on her G spot and rubs it as I thrust firmly in her yielding flesh. Usually, if Heather cums



first and quickly, I will spend many minutes just gently stroking my cock inside her while we talk to one another. This time was no exception.

There we were, Heather on her back, me standing with my hard-on buried inside her. Heather gathered up that newspaper she was waving that ended up tossed on the table in our eagerness to fuck. Heather found a certain page and thrust it up to my face.

"Jack," she said breathless, "look what I found!"

Without missing a stroke, "Heather, I am a bit busy right now, don't expect me to stop this to read some political activist newspaper!" I punctuated each word with a playful but very hard thrust, eliciting a moan from her.

"Jack," she said as she wiggled her ass into me, "this is a pervert newspaper!"

Eyeing her with a gleam, I slid the butt plug from her ass and placed the head of my cock at her rear opening. "Why do you need to read a newspaper filled with porn stories when you have a pervert like me to fuck?" At the last word, I pressed my thick member into her clutching ass. Heather closed her eyes, lowered the paper and ached her back in passion as I pushed past her sphincter and planted my cock completely inside her. Heather always said that one of her favorite orgasms were the ones she had as my cock forced its way into her butt. She said it was a mixture of pain, pleasure and naughtiness and gave her a cum like no other.

"My, my, how you know how to fuck me. (sigh) Jack, this is a newspaper where people like you and me can meet or find other people who like to do kinky sex stuff. There are ads here looking for people who like to dress in leather, some who want to whip others and there is even one ad in here from a woman who ... and I quote" she flips the paper to a page and reads ..."Wanted - Mistress wants one 'Pussy boy' to make him dress in women's undies, dresses and make-up to parade in public for humiliation." "There is some weird stuff in this thing!"

As she read, I looked down and watched rivulets of her pussy juice flow from her red swollen lips onto my cock as I continued to plow her backdoor.

"This is what I wanted you to read. It is this ad that made me so fucking wet."

"Darn," I said, "and I thought it was just the thought of fucking me."

Giving me an impish look, Heather clamped her sphincter tightly around my cock as if a playful slap. However, her tightening instead gave her a quick pain, which in turn gave her a small orgasm.

"Wanted" she read on, "young girl to entertain small group of gentlemen. No sex with us. Performance must be simple but different. Strippers need not apply."

"So?"

"Well I called the number and found that this is a group of farmers in Kansas that like to watch sexual stuff. They have had girls who have done strip acts and girls who masturbated for them. The guy asked me what I could do that was different."

"Did you tell them you were a wanton cum slut that loves to get fucked up the ass." Again punctuating my words with anal thrusts.

"No, I told them that I like fucking dogs."

For some strange reason, I began to go soft inside her. But she prattled on.

"I told him that I love to fuck my boyfriend, but that I liked once in a while to let a dog jump me from behind and get off on their doggy dicks. All the guy could say was "Wow" and "no shit" and "your serious!" He said he'd call his buddies and let me know. I swear, he called me back in less than half an hour! They were all for it! So, I am hired!"

As she took a breath, she realized that my cock had deflated and had slipped out of her clutching hole.

\*\*\*\*\*

Over the next several weeks, she and I talked about this. I did not like the idea of sharing her and figured that once she got there, they would all rape her or she'd want to fuck them all. Plus, I did not like the idea of our deepest K9 secret to be known to others. Heather, on the other hand, wanted to be watched getting fucked by Hans by total strangers.

We compromised. I would go with her to be her protector and help her with the dog. Although she reassured me that no man would have her, I would be there for her to turn her lust upon. She called them back and gave them our terms. They reassured her that they did not have sex with their performers and I was welcome. He told us that they would pay gas and travel and once there, we could use a hunting cabin just outside of town. Plus, they also tended to tip performers depending on how they liked it. As an after thought, he asked her if she would fuck any of their dogs if they brought them. Of course, my sweet dog slut told him yes.

We drove north from Huntsville to the south eastern part of Kansas. We planned to take it slow and found several very nice road side parks for both dogs, Hans and Ranger, to lift a leg at a tree and a few even had enough seclusion for one or all three of us to use Heather to receive our other bodily fluid. We arrived at a very tiny town and it was not hard to find the diner we were asked to meet Gary (her initial contact). Gary said that we could recognize him because he would be wearing overalls and a plaid shirt. That was our first hint that Gary was a really funny fella. This was a farming community. The only guy in there that was not wearing over-alls and a plaid shirt was the local mechanic who was wearing cover-alls.

Eventually, a 50ish looking fellow cam up and introduced himself as Gary and he sat down with us. He ordered beers all around and made idle chit-chat for half an hour. All the while, he kept eyeing Heather. At first I was beginning to feel a bit uneasy at his glances. Heather too looked at me as if she was feeling odd. Gary must have figured what he was doing because he started looking outside the window and quietly apologized.

"Sorry, man, I don't mean to stare, but my goodness girl! You are pretty as a button and a very nice figure. And Jack here is a strapping lad. I guess I am surprised that you'd ... well ... I mean why would you need to do dogs?"

Heather gave him a little smile and asked if "why" really mattered, after all, she was just there to put on a show. Gary bellowed a hearty laugh and gave us a hand drawn map with a key attached to the promised cabin. He promised that no one would bother us and that we had it for a week if we wanted ti that long. He said they stocked it with booze and some food and that there were instructions on the back of the sheet on how to operate the stove, heater and other things.

We had arrived in town on a Monday in a cool March day. Gary said that they guys would be gathering on Wednesday night at a near by barn. He whispered that all of the locals think they do nothing but play poker. He asked that if anyone questions them to just say that we rented the cabin

for bird watch or something.

It was a good thing I drove an old beat-up Jeep. The road was bad and reminded me of the trip I took taking the Jeep to the bottom of the Grand Canyon with Nadine back in '76. We made ourselves comfy in the cabin. Ranger, whom I had trained for hunting, immediately took scent of something interesting and explored the area. Hans, obviously raised by a girl, was way more interested in the inside of the cabin.

Our first evening in the cabin was so, so nice. I started a bon fire outside and we roasted hotdogs. We lay on the cool ground and listening to the crackling of the fire, the heavy breathing of the dogs, the call of a few owls in the distance and the most beautiful sound of all .... My zipper being pulled down by Heather's playful teeth. She lovingly nursed on my cock for a long time. I lay there in bliss. The contrast feeling of Heather's hot mouth making love to my turgid member and the cool air bathing my saliva coated cock as her head moved up the shaft. I relished in the sounds of nature and Heather's sucking sounds and her mewling from a satisfied lover.

With a lightning flash movement, Ranger bounded up and dashed to my side. His hair was raised up on his back and his ears lay back on the side of his head. With bared teeth, Ranger gave a very, very aggressive growl. Heather, remembering Ranger's attack/rape of her in the mountains, literally froze with my cock buried in her throat. I sat up and pulled Heather off my cock. She saw that I was looking into the distance, looking at exactly what Ranger was alarmed at. Some 20 yards away, I could see the two reflectively glowing eyes of a wild K9. Whether it was a wolf or coyote, I do not know, but Ranger's posture and continued growls sent the beast bounding back to the woods. Moments later, Ranger relaxed and licked my face then Heather's and lay down at Heather's side with his eyes still fixed where the intruder had scampered off to.

"That was scary." Heather said as I lay back down. "Wow, you never loose it do you?" Playfully she stroked my still hard cock.

"Shut up and suck it my loving slut!" She did as she was told, with pleasure.

After I shot a heavy load of cum into her hot throat, she licked the stray cum from my belly and her own lips, Heather snuggled beside me. Still stroking my softening cock, she asked me to take her inside and make love to her.

"I'd rather take you right here by the fire."

Heather resisted and begged me to take her inside the cabin. Thinking it odd, I asked her why not outside. She looked ashamed and glanced where our intruder once stood.

"Awwww, is my little girl afraid of the big bad wolf?"

A wicked grin spread on my lips ... (I said in a little girl voice) "My what big eyes you have!" (then in a deep voice) "The better to lust after you my dear" .... "My what a big tongue you have!" "The better to lick your tiny pussy my dear." "My what a big bulge you have!" "The better to fuck you with my dear" With that, I chased her inside the cabin and the three of us each had a turn with my darling Red Riding Hood.

\*\*\*\*

Wednesday came and at the appointed hour of 9 o'clock at night, Heather, Hans, Ranger and I arrived at the barn. It was lighted and we heard talking inside. As we stepped up to the gate, Heather stopped and reached inside her denim skirt. She pulled out her hand it was soaked in her

wetness. She gave me a nervous smile and said that she must be excited. I grunted in agreement.

When we entered the barn, all of the talking stopped. The four of us stood there looking at the six of them. To me, it looked like a Normal Rockwell painting. Here were these 'salt-of-the-earth' farmers in the barn lighted with some kerosene lamps and two flood lights. As we walked forward, they all stood from their table and nodded their greeting. Gary walked up and shook our hands. He mentioned that because of her embarrassment at the questions at the diner, he told them to not ask her questions. He said that if Heather was ready, they were.

They had placed a few blankets on the floor and a couple of chairs opposite their chairs. They had placed the two floodlights to shine on Heather's stage. As she passed the group, one of the men handed Heather and I a cold beer. He smiled broadly at her and gave me one of those knowing winks. Not knowing what to expect, I had put leashes on both dogs just in case there were other animals in the barn. All of the stalls were empty so when we arrived to the blanket, I released them both. Ranger immediately dashed about, marking every vertical piece of wood he could find. Hans simply sat near us.

Heather whispered to me that although she wanted this sooo bad, she was nervous and was afraid she might get stage fright. I told her to picture her audience naked. She rolled her eyes. I told her to picture me naked. She smiled. I told her that I was there for her and I would do what she needed to be comfortable.

Sitting under the floodlights did make her nervous. Later she said that when the fisherman in the mountains accidentally found her, that was erotic. Putting on a 'show' was beginning to make her feel like a whore. I turned her face to mine, tenderly kissed her lips and told her that although she was MOST beautiful when my cock was stuffed in her mouth, she was gorgeous wearing a fur coat. Giving me a playful slap, she clung to me and we began kissing. As we kissed, I began to unbutton her dress and pulled it off her shoulder so that the men could see her tasty pert tits. She was like putty in my hands as I pushed her dress off her hips to the floor and pushed her thighs wide apart. I plunged my fingers in her and she stiffened and ached her back as I wiggled a finger on her G spot. I pulled my fingers out and showed the group just how wet she was. My fingers literally dripped. Their amazement was obvious as they all whispered their surprise.

Hans caught the scent and quickly slid his nose between her legs. Although Heather said Hans was not much of a licker, he seemed to like this copious amount that poured from her twat. As Heather's pleasure grew from his tongue, she ended up letting go of me and sat leaning back against the chair. Her long wavy hair had tussled in her face and she rolling her head back and forth moaning as Hans' tongue lapped up her honey. All of the men and me were mesmerized at the way she swayed in the chair, pulling on her nipples, bucking her hips and cuming hard. As if in a trance, Heather moved to the floor on her hands and knees. She was calling Hans to her and he mounted her in a flash.

One thing I truly love about Heather is that when she is with me, she is very vocal. Not a screamer, mind you, but she loves to say what she feels. She describes what she sees and feels in very naughty and descriptive terms. I love hearing her little quiet voice talking about how my cock tastes good or how she loves the way my cock forces her pussy to stretch open. Ah, I really, really loved that girl.

I doubt that Heather was thinking of the group of men, but she began a throaty monolog of just what was happening to her.

" He is poking but missing. .... I can feel his pre-cum spraying all over me. ... Oh, huh, oh he is trying to fuck my ass. .... OMG, he is in me ... OH ... OH God, he's getting huge ... Oh the knot, the knot." Heather climaxed several times while Hans poured his cum into her. Because he was so experienced

with her, he relaxed on her back as his cock filled her love canal. Heather reached between her legs with both hands. One held his knot in place and the other massaged her clit. After her third climax, Hans pulled free. One gentleman was heard to say, "Shit, that was fine. Look at what's pouring out of her vagina." The sound of chairs scooted aside as the men all moved to get a better view of her dripping hole.

Heather kept playing with her pussy and wiggled it toward the men. She asked me to get Ranger. I gave him my recall whistle and he bounded up to me, then to her. He sniffed her once or twice and then mounted her. Ranger was very hyper from his wolf guard work and sniffing a bunch of strange animals scents. He took her with an extreme force. It was obvious to me and the men, that Ranger was there to fuck and fuck her hard. He hammered her so hard that Heather seemed to struggle to stay on her knees. Instead of her verbal monolog, Heather uttered more pained yelps and Ahs and Ohhs. This animalistic fuck really got the men talking.

Once Ranger dismounted, Heather literally collapsed and rolled on to her back. Fortunately for the men, her pussy was facing them she lay there legs spread. Her pussy fur was soaking wet and matted around her abused mound. She looked up at me and held out her arms wanting me to hold her. I obliged her. She kissed me and said that she was sooooo well fucked that all she could think about was a hot bath and fucking me at the cabin.

A shadow distracted us and we saw one of the oldest men approach her. He was holding out his bandana and motioned at her splayed pussy. Not knowing how many times he had blown his nose in it or how much sweat he wiped, Heather smiled at him and declined the offer. He stuffed it back in his pocket and asked her ..."You ready for my dog?" Heather chuckled at him, but suddenly remembered that she told Gary that she would also fuck other dogs too.

He scooted off and motioned to a couple of other guys. They left the barn. I sat Heather up and fed her some beer.

"Are you sure you are OK letting their dogs have you?"

"Well," she said, "I am really tired and I think Ranger damaged me." She slid her hand along her swollen pussy but there was no blood or pain. "Well, I did tell him I would. I guess I can do the old man's dog and then we can go home."

A half a beer later, the men that left entered the barn. Although there were three of the six left the barn, they returned with five new dogs. I looked at Heather and she looked really scared. Maybe it was my imagination, but it looked like her eyes were tearing up. I went to Gary and told him that she was thinking that they would only have one dog there, not five. I told him she was exhausted. The men were very disappointed when they heard this. Maybe they thought I was being protective so they took their argument to Heather. After some pleading on their part and one gentleman promising a very sizable tip, she finally agreed to let three of the dogs use her. The three men picked their favorite dog and when they came up to the stage.

Heather hugged me and whispered in my ear.

"I'm OK honey. It will be fine. I can handle them. I may not want to fuck you or my two pups for a few days, but I can handle this. Just do me a favor. Let me kneel between your legs. That way you can keep any of the dogs from nipping me and" she said with a wry smile, "it will be like the first time you saw me fuck a dog."

For the next forty five minutes, Heather knelt between my legs. She took out my cock right off the bat and when she wasn't giving the men instructions, she comforted herself from feeling abused by

trying to keep me hard.

The first dog to approach her was a dog that looked like a black lab. I do not recall his name, but later Heather referred to him as 'Speedy'. As if he was pure testosterone, the lab took one sniff and started mounting her immediately. The dog's owner was so excited about his dog fucking this young girl, he kept trying to move the dog and push his hips at her. Heather took her mouth off my cock long enough to ask the man to back off and let the lab do his own thing. On the third try, the lab was poking around her well used cunt and she help him find his mark. Like a jack hammer, the lab went at her fast and hard. Heather later said that when she felt his first hot spurt, the lab pulled out and squirted her and the guy. Heather said that the dog was so quick that she hardly felt a thing and between the owner being a overly helpful and the dog's speed, she didn't cum with the lab.

The second dog was a weird breed I did not recognize. He was very large with very wiry hair. To me, he looked more like a Wookiee from Star Wars than a hound. This dog's Master was that helpful old gentleman and looked to be in the neighborhood of 70. Although his skin was wrinkled and leathery from years of farming, he was fairly soft spoken and gentle. He brought the dog up and asked what to do. Heather started to lift her head from my cock, but I placed my hand on the back of her head and roughly forced her mouth down until her lips meshed into my pubic hair. Heather gagged a bit, more from the surprise than anything. Heather was an accomplished cock sucker who could not only swallow my whole cock, but had the talent to actually 'hum' so that her throat vibrated my cock deep in her throat.

I told the man to place the dog's snout at her pussy. He tried, but the dog seemed not to be interested. I told him to get some of her pussy juices on his fingers and let the dog smell it and lick it. The old man grinned an almost wicked grin. With one shaking callused finger he only placed the tip of his finger at her slit and then offered it to the dog. The pup only sniffed once and looked away. I told the old man to get his finger coated with her juices, so he reached out to her abused pussy. I became distracted as Heather, without a dog on her back, was beginning to suck very sweetly on my engorged member. Heather really could make mad passionate love to my cock with her tender lips. That, plus the look of her tired but sexy eyes, had me transfixed to her face. With a flash of pain in her eyes, Heather jerked her mouth off my penis and yelped. Expecting to see a dog hammering his cock into my beautiful woman, I saw that the old man had let go of his dog (who had wandered off) and was kneeling behind her rapidly thrusting his fingers in and out of Heather's stretched pussy. Heather whirled around, dislodging the hand and slapped the old man's face. He looked very surprised, then embarrassed. Heather realized that he had slapped him a little too hard. To make up for that, she lifted the fingers that had been inside her and tapped the tips of his fingers. "Sorry to hit you, but next time, trim your fingernails before finger fucking a girl. Those saw tooth nails hurt!" In unison all of the other men laughed and checked their fingernails. She gave them all as pleasant a smile as her tired body could, looked around and asked the group if she was done.

After the older man left us and made a loud joke about wondering if other farmers would think he is 'queer' (his words not mine) if he got a manicure at the beautician's. A middle aged man said he brought his wife's dog with him. The third dog was a Great Dane mix and looked like a miniature horse. As he brought the dog forward, I felt Heather tense up. I could tell that she must have been apprehensive at the dog's size. By body weight, the dog was twice the size of Hans and as bigger than her. I think we both realized that the dog's cock was going to be big. Heather looked at me with pleading eyes and lightly shook her head 'no'. I told the man that Heather did not seem to want to let the dog have her. He, at first, gave a couple of comments about it not being fair that others got to try. Then his attitude became aggressive and made a disparaging comment. "Look, it is obvious that she is nothing but a slut and I think you should just tell her to do as she's told and fuck my dog." With that comment, he was sneering at Heather, but his face changed when he saw me step between him and her and that my fists were balled up. The other men spoke up too and started condemning

him for his rude behavior.

In the midst of them rebuking the last man, I heard Heather moan. Actually, her moan was so loud that all of the men stopped talking and we all turned to see Heather laying on her back, eyes closed with both her hands pinching her hard nipples and cuming like a freight train. It seems as though the Dane had approached Heather, stuck his snout into her swollen pussy and started licking her. "Damn!" said Gary, "That Dane really knows what he's doing!" We all looked on in amazement as Heather came again within a minute of her last climax from the Dane's tongue. "Damn, John!" Gary said to the owner of the Dane, "No wonder your wife cut you off, looks like Hoss there is knows how to please a woman better than you!"

Needless to say, a minor scuffle started between Gary and John. John was none too happy with that comment. There was a bit of pushing and shoving going on. I turned to Heather and could see her starting to push the Dane away. I went to her and as I helped her, she quietly told me she never wanted to fuck a dog as badly as she wanted to fuck the Dane. She asked me to keep the Dane's knot from going in, but she 'needed' to be fucked by the Dane. I had never heard her lust after a dog. Dogs were more like a living dildo to her, but she actually was lusting after dog cock. Before Heather was actually on all fours, the Dane mounted her properly and on his second thrust had quickly, easily and almost completely buried his massive dog cock inside my lovely girl.

With a the sexiest scream I have ever heard, Heather climaxed almost instantly. Hoss, the Dane, fucked my woman with a skill she and I had only seen in Hans. His grip, his thrusts and his ability to stay on this 'human bitch' were all signs of a dog who mounted women often! I know my woman well, and I could tell that Heather was either having a climax that lasted for 5 minutes, or was climaxing as soon as another faded. Her pleasurable wailing had stopped the fighting and drew the men closer. All but one seemed to have the look on their face of fascination and enjoyment as they did when Ranger and Hans had fucked Heather. The only other expression was the one on John's face. His looked made me wonder if he was realizing that this dog was fucking his wife too.

At that moment, Heather yelled "Knot! Don't let his knot in me!" I quickly knelt beside her and reached under her so I could hold his knot and keep her poor battered pussy from being stretched beyond belief. As I held his cock, Hoss went still. I could feel it pulsing and swelling and figured Heathers pussy was getting pumped full of Hoss' hot dog cum. I pulled the Dane's tail from between his legs and nodded to the men to take a look. One by one the men took a long look at my girl's pussy filled with a huge dog cock. Most men simply said things like "Damn" or "Wow" but all made some comment about the volume of cum pouring out of her. The last to look was John. He shook his head and with an ashen look on his face mumbled, "Now I know why we never have any clean towels."

Days later, Heather told me she lost count at the number of climaxes Hoss had given her.

Hoss eventually dismounted Heather and she collapsed on the hay. Weak as she was, I pulled her dress on her cum soaked body. Without being asked, Gary and the youngest fellow gathered up Hans and Ranger and led them to my Jeep. Lovingly, I carried Heather to the Jeep and placed her in the passenger seat. One by one, the men came up to Heather and politely thanked her for the best night they had ever had. Each took her hand and either shook it or patted it. Yet, as each man left her, Heather handed me the cash they had slipped into her hand. John was the last. Sheepishly he apologized for calling her names and handed her a thick stack of bills.

As we drove away, Heather put her head on my shoulder, her hand on my cock and her lips near my ear. "Jack, I love you. Do me a big favor ..... Never EVER let me do that again!" We laughed as she complained about every muscle in her body aching, her pussy feeling like he could park the Jeep in



it, how she was starving and that she could sleep a week and it still would not be enough. Playfully, she squeezed my cock and remembered she had left me hanging. I told her not to worry about it. She would not take no for an answer. She unzipped my fly, fished out my semi hard cock, and stroked it lovingly "After all," she said, "You took care of me in there, the least I can do is take care of you."

With that, she lay her head on my thigh, sucked the head of my cock between her moist lips and began to sweetly love my cock with her mouth. I drove slowly back to the cabin. Distracted by watching the road and making sure I did not get lost driving back, I was unable to watch my darling service my cock. At a stop sign, I took a moment to look at my girl and stroke her head. In the dim glow of the dash lights, I saw her eyes were closed, her lips were tight around my cock but not moving. Then, I heard a light snore coming from her. My sweet thing had fallen asleep nursing my cock.

*The End*