

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Doctor Debra Duncan was restless. She was pacing around her office trying to make up her mind. Should she make the call? Her life was comfortable as it was. It was predictable. Her salary was adequate. She and her husband could pay their bills. Did she want to make a change? Working on a government grant was okay, but her mentors didn't seem to expect much from her in the field of genetic modification. Her degree was in anthropology, and she was studying environmental isolation and how reproduction variations might alter human development. And she was bored.....

Her husband Jack had shown her an article he found about an interspecies breeding research program led by Dr. Alan Jefferies at the Ocala Research Laboratory. Jefferies was looking for an experienced researcher to serve as a leader in his interspecies genetics program. The job would pay considerably more than what she was making, and the research seemed to be right up her alley. Reviewing the article, Debbie was intrigued and decided to submit a proposal to explore the history of transgenic research and how interbred species created hybrid cross breeds.

When Dr. Jefferies received her proposal he recognized her immediately. He had heard of her research and remembered seeing her picture in a magazine article he had read. He also recalled that she was a real stunner. She could be perfect for his purposes. He placed a call to her.

After the initial ice-breaking Jefferies had explained, "In complete disclosure I need to advise you that our research here is out of the ordinary." A silence ensued while Jefferies let Debbie take that in before continuing. "We are conducting inter-species breeding research between canines and humans. The purpose is to identify and study genetic improvements." He had paused for effect, listening for any indication over the phone that Debbie was shocked.

"Your background in anthropology and the behavioral sciences is something we are sorely in need of. I would like to meet with you for a personal interview if you are interested."

Until this point in the phone call Debbie had been considering the whole conversation from an academic perspective. Now it seemed much more real. The difference between working for the government versus the private sector was perhaps part of it. But working with the prospect of breeding animals with humans was not only controversial but very challenging. This would surely be world-class work.

Suddenly she realized Jefferies was finished talking and waiting for her to respond. "Well," she replied not knowing for sure what to say. "It *is* research that is out of the ordinary, but intriguing none-the-less. I would like to hear more about it. I think that a meeting with you is of interest to me."

"A job here would involve your moving, of course, but we have some very fine residences right here on the property. You and your husband would be very comfortable here," continued Jefferies.

"That's a very nice perk, I must say. I think the next step would be for me to discuss it with Jack, my husband. May I call you tomorrow?"

"Of course."

So now it was time for the next step. Jack had been in favor of the move, mostly because it would more than triple Debbie's salary. They would also sell their house and not have a mortgage. He didn't know a lot about her research, but he did know enough to recognize she was bored with what she currently had.

She had felt a growing concern, however. Something was missing here. Something was wrong. This kind of research would be right on the cutting edge of what might or might not be even legal. She couldn't pinpoint it, but she felt suspicious that there was more to the work at ORL than Dr. Jefferies

was saying. Still, risky as it might be, she felt it was her duty to find out.

She picked up the phone.

That weekend she and her husband Jack found themselves sitting in Dr. Alan Jefferies' living room. He was a large, black man. She thought him to be in his late fifties or early sixties. Standing well over six feet tall he was an imposing figure. In short order Jefferies began the meeting by reviewing Debbie's proposal, and a personal questionnaire he asked her to complete inquiring about her knowledge of bestiality and breeding between humans and animals.

He carefully gazed at her over his glasses. She was 32 years old but looked like twenty-something. She had wavy, shoulder length blonde hair and he presumed was about 5'6" tall and around 120 pounds. Her eyes were a stunning green that captivated his attention. Dressed in a tailored suit he could see her lacy bra through a transparent white blouse. He supposed she was a B-cup. With a short skirt he could see she had shapely, lovely legs. Feeling a slight tug in his groin, he found her very appealing and behind her rather stoic and academic façade he expected she could be rather sexy if she chose. He had earlier noted a very pronounced fullness in her backside.

Returning to the questionnaire he noted, "I see you don't have any specific experience with bestiality. I should tell you both that I have been involved in breeding research between canines and humans for over twenty years," Jefferies explained. "We are very close to what we consider a breakthrough. Less than a year away, we hope. I'll come right to the point, however. We need someone with your credentials. Would you be willing to consider joining my staff here?"

Debbie thought about Jefferies' question before answering, but Jack rudely interrupted seemingly oblivious to the point. "Exactly what makes interspecies breeding impossible," he asked? "And what's the point of doing it, anyway?"

"The point of doing it," Jefferies replied dryly, "Is to develop certain animal talents in humans. Strength, sense of smell, acute hearing, etc. What makes it impossible is not exactly known, but we're hoping this reproductive isolation can be modified through behavior, time, morphology, physiology or genetics," Jefferies answered. "Our first line of attack is to use some newly developed hormones. We're experimenting with the effects of behavior and environment, also."

"Behavior and environment?" asked Jack skeptically.

Debbie also explained dryly, "A nurturing environment makes a big difference, Jack. There must be intimacy on the part of BOTH parents."

"Precisely!" injected Alan. "We have only proved that two previously isolated species with different genetic codes can be made compatible through transgenic manipulation. We are yet to prove that it is possible to create a hybrid through inter-breeding with these transgenic versions."

Jack shook his head in confusion. "This is way over my head," he said. "But, what is your next step?"

"That is the purpose I invited Debbie here. I was intrigued by her background in the behavioral science," Alan answered looking pointedly at Debbie. "I am fascinated by your use of experimental immersion. I would like you to join our program," he offered again.

Jack turned his head quickly toward his wife. "What do you think, hon?"

Ignoring Jack's exuberance, Jefferies sat patiently waiting for a response from Debbie.

Realizing that it was Debbie's response Jefferies was after, Jack coaxed her. "Come on, Deb, what do you think? Isn't this what we are looking for?"

She wasn't sure about the "we", and she still had a nagging doubt. Bestiality was taboo in most societies, even illegal in some. Even though she personally found the thought of it exciting, she was reluctant to be led into this world. But then again.....

With a deep sigh Debbie looked first at Jack and then Jefferies and answered. "I am interested although I will have to study your research to determine if I can bring anything to it. Will you allow me some time to do that?"

"Of course," Jefferies answered with a smile. "Let me propose we begin in the morning with a tour of the facilities and our activities, and I will give you all the background on our research to study and use for your work."

"Sounds great," Jack said, totally oblivious to Debbie's hesitation.

The next morning after breakfast Jefferies took both Jack and Debbie on a tour. He explained that the research was divided into 3 parallel programs: genetics, nurturing and assimilation. The research facility was also separated into 3 structures, all attached to a central administration complex. There was a lovely and private landscaped courtyard in the center of the four buildings.

In the genetics laboratory the staff worked on genome mapping, gene splicing, and test tube incubation of artificially fertilized eggs. This facility looked like a typical laboratory with medical test equipment, computers, and technicians in white lab coats. Debbie found the research here usual and state-of-the-art.

Jefferies explained, "It is in this lab that we alter the genetics of the canine. We essentially create transgenic versions through various techniques of genetic modification. We use a combination of human and canine genes for this purpose. We're also working on some hormones that might be taken orally to create the compatible genes. We've already initiated some very fine cross-breeds of canines."

"Then what?" asked Jack.

"We incubate the cells in test tubes and then implant them into a surrogate mother to be bred with certain male specimens. The mother will then gestate to term and birth a puppy," Jefferies answered absently leading them to the next lab area.

Excitedly Jack asked, "A human mother?"

"Not so far, but that's one of our goals," answered the black doctor.

The nurturing lab was really a nursery where the new born puppies were immediately taken from the birth mother and hand nursed by several human volunteers. There was a main room connected to a series of private rooms where the volunteers would take the puppies to nurse in private. When they peered into the private rooms they saw women actually breast feeding the puppies.

"Does this shock you?" Alan asked with a hint of challenge in his voice.

Debbie answered confidently. "No, we have all seen pictures of surrogate mothers of one species

nurse a baby of another." Then she observed, "I have seen aboriginal women nurse wild pups, monkeys and even piglets. Usually it is because there is no mother to feed them and the woman is essentially a wet nurse. So what is the purpose here?"

"The purpose is to alter the behavioral isolation and begin a physical bond with humans. We want to initiate the assimilation process immediately," Alan explained. "But aside from that, we want the human reaction. Are the surrogates comfortable with their new puppies and how attached do they get to them. There are some women who want to adopt a puppy who still wants to nurse."

"I see," said Jack quickly.

They moved out of this lab, with Debbie saying nothing.

Dr. Jefferies paused then. "I must offer a word of caution before head into the assimilation building. The actions you will see there are very explicit. More so than in the area we just left."

Debbie responded calmly. "I assume we are about to see some acts of bestiality."

"It is possible. It is part of our research."

Jack's eyes widened. "You mean women having sex with a male dog?" he asked.

"Yes, Jack," Debbie said, patting his arm. "Try to control yourself."

"Debbie, for heaven's sake," he replied defensively.

Dr. Jefferies watched the two of them carefully. This was very important. Carefully, he said to them, "We can skip this part of the tour, if you'd rather."

Jack said nothing, but Alan could tell he did not want to do that.

Debbie replied, "We're adults, Doctor. We can handle it."

Her words were clinical and sounded sincere. But Alan hoped that deep down she really WANTED to see it. He wondered if she'd ever seen the act before at all. He guessed not.

"Very good," he said, allowing himself a grim smile.

The assimilation lab was laid out similarly to the others. There was a main area where some women tended to young males reaching puberty. Immediately outside through a glass door there was a fenced in play area. As in the nurturing lab there were private rooms. In the rooms were various members of the staff, all of them female. There were some other women there as well. In one room a woman and a staff member were masturbating one of the pups. In another it looked like two staff members were explaining something to another woman. The third room showed two women who were not staff, and they were participating in acts of oral sex with a large Boxer adolescent.

Debbie remained calm, but Jack was suddenly glued to the one way glass that showed the third room.

"Why the oral sex?" Debbie asked. Alan noticed her voice was softer now. That was a good sign.

"We need to create a comfortable environment between the two prospective parents. We are trying to create that in this case. The purpose for the nurturing and assimilation is to create both a natural familiarity with the human anatomy and an instinctive reproductive drive to procreate with a human. The genetic modifications should do the rest," he explained. Then, softening his own voice, he

added, "Your expertise in studying behaviors could be a huge asset here. We don't have the knowledge to understand if we are simply amplifying mimicry or if we are changing behaviors."

Debbie had been feeling resistant, especially as her husband kept looking through the glass. But Dr. Jefferies' comment softened her. She could be part of this. An important part. Jack seemed taken in by it all and that made it much easier. She was also finding that she was just a little disappointed that none of these women were having intercourse.

Dr. Jefferies then led them into what he called the cafeteria. They would have lunch there. Debbie and Jack were both very impressed. It was elegant, had private rooms, carpet floor. It felt more like a private club than a cafeteria. As they sat down to eat Jack commented, "This is the most tasteful cafeteria I've ever seen. And the food is fantastic."

"Thank you," said their host, smiling. "All of our staff eat here, and I think they would agree with you."

After lunch they walked slowly back to Alan's office, and a warm tropical breeze brought in the fragrance of jasmine and sunshine. Debbie took a deep breath. This was a beautiful place...

Back in his office their host stepped toward a large collection of medical records. Reaching for several binders, Jefferies said, "Here are the notes on all of the research to date. Please review them and give me your thoughts. If you conclude that we should be approaching this in some other manner I am open to your suggestions," he said offering a carrot he knew she couldn't use. "And, of course, if after your review you conclude that you can't be part of the research I will accept your decision and search for another candidate."

Jack seemed immediately crestfallen, just as Alan had hoped.

Debbie also showed some concern. This was not a shoe-in, obviously.

After letting the effect sink in, Jefferies lobbied Debbie one more time, intentionally speaking to Jack, expecting that through him some pressure could be brought against Debbie. "Frankly, I am not sure after meeting Debbie that I would be so lucky to find another so perfectly suited to this research."

Her look transformed immediately at the compliment. Dr. Jefferies seemed very interested in her work. He had not ogled her body or made any overt gestures as to her looks. She appreciated that. It was definitely not always the case. He was also very handsome for a black man. Striking, even.

Debbie took the note books and that night she pored over them, taking notes on her own thoughts. As she studied the project she became more and more at ease with the research activities, even making several suggestions to improve the interaction between the puppies and their surrogate mothers.

She also, however, had a nagging thought of caution going on in her head. One part of her consciousness was flashing the warning flag.....

Dr. Jefferies was in his office very early the next morning. With Debbie and Jack he had been as convincing as he possibly could. He could think of no other enticement he could offer. Debbie was about the hottest woman he had ever met. It had taken all of his will power to keep his eyes off her and to keep his mouth shut. He wondered what her thoughts might be. She would be coming by one last time this morning before leaving for home with her husband.

"I read it all last night and took some notes," she said as she handed the binders back to him. "I

think I can let you know by this coming Tuesday.”

“That would be ideal,” said Alan from across his desk.

Since she had the opportunity to speak privately with Jefferies, Debbie asked “I am curious how you fund this compound, the facilities and the staff you have built. They are obviously very expensive.”

Alan answered openly. “Yes, that is true. In fact, I have a business partner who handles raising the monies that fund the operation,” he answered.

“How does he do that,” she asked?

Thinking about her concern before answering, he explained, “Other than selling most of our transgenic puppies, there are various products we develop and sell on the market to selected media outlets. I am sure you understand there is a demand for,” pausing before continuing, “how can I explain,” he asked rhetorically.

Answering his unfinished statement Debbie questioned, “Bestiality?”

“As you said, running this operation is very costly.”

Debbie turned away and nodded. “Yes. I’m sure it is.”

Dr. Jefferies just nodded.

Then, of a sudden, she shook her head and stood up. Reaching across his desk, she offered her hand.

“Thank you, Dr. Jefferies. Jack and I will let you know by Tuesday.”

“Thanks, Doctor,” said the big black man as he got to his feet, reaching out to her. He took her much smaller hand in his own and felt her firm grip. Her shake felt sincere. She did not try to pull her hand away at all, in spite of the difference between the two of them. He could even imagine those pretty little fingers doing some other, more lusty things.

His eyes followed the tight young body as she left the room. He hoped he would see her again.

Debbie left the building and headed toward the residence in which they had spent the night. It was where they might live, if she took the job. She found that she just didn’t want to think about the possibilities of what he had just revealed to her. Not right now. She needed some time. As she had suspected, there was a lot more here. How would Jack deal with that? Still, she did find her interest in joining the program was even stronger now. And she thought she would enjoy working with Dr. Jefferies.

Later that night, as Jack and Debbie had dinner in their home near Boston, Jack asked a question. “I’m curious Debbie, about one thing. If a woman gets pregnant from a dog, how do they know, uh, what she’ll have?”

“They don’t, for certain. But the dog is the more dominant gene. And the hormones enhance that,” she answered casually.

"Oh, I guess I didn't understand that," Jack answered sheepishly. Then he asked, "That proposal that you sent to Jefferies? What was that all about?"

"It had to do with the length of time the mothers nurse the pups."

"And what did you suggest?" Jack asked,

"Normally they are weaned after 4 to 6 weeks, but in the proposal I sent Jefferies, I suggested that if they kept nursing them, their bond to a human female could be stronger," she said.

"How long were you thinking?" Jack asked with interest.

"Well, a dog reaches sexual puberty at about 6 months. So I suggested they nurse them to puberty," she said.

"Sounds like you're on target."

Debbie looked at her husband. He was certainly showing some interest. She wasn't sure if that was good or bad, however.

That night she lay in bed thinking. The assimilation lab. The women. That oral sex. She wished she had seen an actual breeding. Then she scolded herself for the thought. They probably made a lot of money from the films they made. The women she had seen were not beauty queens, but they weren't bad. She hadn't studied them that closely, and now she wished she had.

Debbie and Jack moved three weeks later. The residence was delightful, and they already had an offer on their old house. Jack had convinced his employer to transfer him, which was not difficult since he was in drug sales for a large pharmaceutical company, making his job quite mobil.

They were both making excellent money now and were putting a lot of it away in savings.

Debbie loved her work, and in this first month she was concentrating on the nurturing aspect of the research, working primarily in that building. She wasn't sure why, but Alan did not seem to want to steer her toward the assimilation program. She felt a little bit left out, but figured this would change in time.

She was also enjoying working with Dr. Jefferies. He was a commanding presence, and he had a certain charisma that she couldn't quite define.

He had a staff of three people who worked for him, and they all seemed to totally accept his authority. Indeed, they were almost in awe of him. But he was an understanding boss, and she thought he had remarkable leadership qualities. Her respect and admiration for him grew and grew.

In addition to that, she felt a growing personal connection with him, also something she could not put her finger on. He was a complete gentleman, of course, never touching her or speaking unprofessionally. But still, she thought she felt an attraction. And she was feeling one toward him...

One morning Debbie entered the nurturing lab and found Alan and the staff grouped around a 7 month old orphaned Rottweiler called Shadow. As she approached they opened up for her.

"What is the matter with Shadow?" she asked.

"We can't find any medical condition that explains his behavior," answered Jefferies. "It looks more like depression."

"What do you think brought this on?" asked Debbie.

"I don't know for sure, but maybe in this case the prolonged nursing actually worked too well. He might be suffering separation trauma, since he has lost his surrogate mother. This doesn't happen when they are weaned earlier," Jefferies offered.

Debbie looked concerned, since this was her idea. "Well, we can't give him back to his wet nurse. She already has a new puppy so that wouldn't work. We need to find him another companion, someone to replace his surrogate mother," she suggested.

Jefferies nodded.

Debbie sat down beside Shadow and lifted his head onto her lap and started petting him. "Why don't you all go back to work and I will stay with Shadow and keep him company for awhile," she instructed.

As she said this, she looked up at Jefferies and nodded. Again there was this silent communication going on between the two of them. The staff disbursed, but they also knew undercurrents were there. And by now Debbie knew for sure that he felt some kind of attraction to her that went beyond her knowledge of science. The fact that he had not acted on it made her attraction to him even stronger.

The rest of the day Debbie sat quietly with Shadow, softly talking to him and occasionally nuzzling her face to his and gently rubbing against him. About 5 o'clock when the rest of the staff was leaving Debbie got up to go back to their residence. Shadow rose from his position and walked along with her to the door. Looking down Debbie saw a heartbreaking look in his eyes. She couldn't help herself as she said, "Okay. Come on Shadow, you can come and stay with us tonight."

Back home Debbie explained to Jack why she brought Shadow with her. Jack seemed to have no problem with it.

Shadow followed her everywhere throughout the apartment. When she showered he sat patiently at the door waiting for her. After she dressed he sat at her side while she put her make-up on for dinner. When she and Jack started to leave for the cafeteria, Shadow pressed against her as she tried to close the door. Jack shrugged. "Why not?"

Debbie nodded and said, "Okay big boy. You can come with us."

Since she and Jack shared their residence within the property, they ate many of their meals with Dr. Jefferies or other staff. The cafeteria always made terrific food, and they didn't have to cook or clean up.

Arriving in the dining room that evening they found Dr. Jefferies already seated at one of the private tables. Looking up he noticed Shadow following at Debbie's side and beckoned them over. "I see Shadow is perked up some. It appears he has adopted you, at least for the moment."

"Yes it does," Debbie agreed. "When I went to leave tonight he got up and followed me to the door, looking at me with such sad eyes, I couldn't leave him there by himself. Now it seems he intends to follow me everywhere. He seems to want to become **my** shadow," Debbie offered with more glee than Alan thought was usual for her.

Over dinner Jefferies asked several questions about Shadow and his behavior. At one point he mused, "He is the first pup to go through the extended nursing period, so it seems we should tend to him closely and evaluate his behavior to see what, if anything, we can learn."

"And you think his depression is based on separation from his surrogate mother?" asked Jack, restating the obvious.

Jefferies answered respectfully, "I am inclined to believe that. I recommend for the time being that you keep him with you instead of leaving him at the lab each night." He looked at Debbie. "If we find others exhibit the same depression perhaps you can develop a treatment based on how you and Shadow work things out."

She nodded, uncommittally. "I can try that."

Jack thought for a moment and then asked, "Do you believe he is looking at Debbie as his mother?"

"He isn't eating so he hasn't actually replaced his lost mother with me, at least not yet," Debbie answered.

Jefferies suddenly saw this as an opportunity. Perhaps he could tempt Debbie to consider nursing Shadow. He chose his words carefully. "Since he can't speak for himself we will just have to wait and see. But I worry that he isn't eating. A loss of appetite is a sure sign of clinical depression. Possibly he would nurse from you," he suggested, looking at Debbie.

"Me?" she replied, showing a hint of alarm.

Almost as if on cue, Shadow sat up and placed his head in her lap, nuzzling up against her. As she started to push him away Jefferies quickly spoke up. "No, don't reject him Debbie. If he IS suffering from depression, that will only make him worse. Be gentle with him, talk to him. Give him some emotional support and show him some affection." Feeling his own lust intensifying he added, "remember, a woman's breast has been his security blanket for 6 months."

With that Debbie relented and replied, "Of course. You're right." She hugged his large head to her, kissed him on the nose and whispered to him as she rubbed him all over.

Jack looked on with what appeared to be more than a casual interest. Jefferies made a mental note of that.

That night Shadow lay at Debbie's side of the bed. In the middle of the night Debbie awoke to find him nose to nose with her, whimpering. She whispered, "It's ok, Shadow. There is nothing to be afraid of."

As she rubbed his head he rose and tried to get on the bed next to her. At first she thought of stopping him, but she didn't want to wake Jack so she carefully let Shadow lay down next her. She put her arm over him and let him snuggle up to her. Soon they were both asleep.

In the morning Shadow was the first to rise, nuzzling Debbie awake. He wanted to go out. She carefully climbed from the bed so not to wake Jack, pulled on a robe and quietly went outside with Shadow. Returning to the room Debbie found Jack up, about to get into the shower.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to wake you," she said.

"No problem. I saw Shadow had joined you in bed. Did I miss anything?" Jack asked with a devilish

smile.

Sticking her tongue out at him, Debbie ignored his intimation. After dressing she and Shadow headed to the lab for work. She found Jefferies there. They immediately got down to business.

"Debbie, your experience with experimental immersion could be vital to Shadow's recovery," Jefferies suggested.

"How is that?" she asked quietly.

"You know how to develop a bond with him that others don't. I can see that. It is in your hands, but I thought you might consider this," he said extending his hand.

She picked a small bottle from his hand and looked at the label. It was a bottle of hormones. "You want me to take these?" she asked looking up at Jefferies.

"Yes, if you would. Then you will be able to nurse him," he assured.

Their eyes locked for a telltale moment. "Very well," she said. She promptly turned and left the room.

Going to the ladies room, she took one of the pills and washed it down with water. Don't think about it, she told herself. Just do it. She looked at herself in the mirror. Where, oh, where, was she going with this?

In his office Jefferies was thinking to himself. Although he had seen it many times before, he was highly aroused by the prospect of watching this particular woman mate with one of his transgenic or orphaned dogs. Almost any dog, for that matter. She was one hell of a woman. More attractive than any he had ever known, and in every way. If she would allow herself to be bred, she could be ideal as the head of the assimilation program.

And she had just agreed to take the hormones.....

Shadow was living up to his name, following Debbie everywhere. Still, he wasn't eating or drinking very much at all. At dinner a couple of nights later Jefferies asked, "Has he tried to nurse from you?"

"No," Debbie said with a hint of defense in her voice.

Ignoring her tone and pressing the issue Jefferies suggested, "Perhaps you should offer to nurse him instead of waiting to see if he will approach you."

"How would that help?" Jack interjected. "Debbie isn't lactating."

"Hormones will fix that," Jefferies answered. He quickly understood that Debbie had not told Jack she was taking them. He wondered why. He hoped she wasn't having second thoughts.

Debbie was quiet and didn't participate in the conversation through the rest of dinner. That night she lay motionless in the dark. Finally, Jack asked her, "What is bothering you, Deb? You hardly said a word at dinner. Are you not feeling well?"

"I am fine. I am just upset by what Alan said," she answered.

"He talked a lot during dinner. What in particular bothered you?" asked Jack, turning on the light.

Debbie was silent for another moment and then finally said, "His suggestion that I should offer to nurse Shadow..... I don't know," she started to say, her voice trailing off without finishing her thought. "It looks more and more like it was my suggestion for a prolonged nursing period that led to this. I'm feeling responsible," she explained.

"It can't be that bad can it?" he asked. "Besides you aren't lactating. What can you do?"

"Jack, it **is** that bad. Due to my miscalculation he could be slowly starving to death," her answer showing her torment. In a barely audible whisper she then added, "I never said anything, but I started taking the hormones. I am sure I could nurse him," she admitted.

She watched his face as it softened and then realization appeared.

"I hadn't gotten to the point of actually **deciding** to nurse him. I was just prepared to **consider** it," she said, answering the look on his face.

In a faint, rather hoarse voice Jack asked, "Do you **want** to nurse him?"

"Would it bother you if I did?" she asked pointedly.

Jack lay quietly for several moments, contemplating her question. He turned to look up to the ceiling. In reality he found the idea erotic and he could feel his own desire building, but he didn't want to appear too eager. At last he whispered, "No."

She said nothing for a long moment. Neither of them did. Her mind raced.

Then she reached over the edge of the bed and laid her hand on Shadow. She felt him rise up and come to her. He licked her face tenderly which caused her to quietly smile. She softly said, "Come to me, boy. Come lay down with me." She pulled the covers back so he could lie next to her under the covers. She kissed him and nuzzled her face into his fur. He lovingly licked her face and momentarily his tongue touched hers, sending a lightning bolt through her body. She opened her mouth to his tongue and allowed him to lick inside, sending goose bumps down her spine. Feeling a surge of forbidden eroticism she gently sucked on his tongue, extending hers into his maw in an illicit, prolonged French kiss.

She felt a subtle move from Jack, but she ignored it. She knew he would watch.....

She took a long, slow breath. She now felt warm, and embraced Shadow, holding him close to her. Debbie hesitated, and then with one hand slid the light material of her nightgown off her shoulder baring a breast. Shadow quickly went to her nipple and immediately started to suckle. She felt a strange sensation course through her body. She could feel his teeth but he wasn't biting. Using his tongue, he pressed the nipple against the roof of his maw and worked it back and forth. She slowly began expressing milk and the sensation reached deep inside her, causing hot flashes. She felt a sudden moistness in her sex and momentarily the familiar sensation of an orgasm. She pulled his head closer to her as she quivered with the tremors he was creating within her. Finally spent, her mind was whirling, her thoughts confused. She ignored them.

She pulled the other shoulder strap down, exposing her chest fully.

Shadow moved to the other breast.

Debbie closed her eyes. She drifted.

Finally, she fell to sleep with Shadow still at her breast.

In just a few days Shadow's appetite returned. In fact, his whole body language changed. Instead of a slow plodding walk, he was prancing and frisky again. He held his tail high and a bright gleam appeared in his eyes. Suddenly there was a new familiarity between her and Shadow. Each night they slept together as she continued to nurse him. She found comfort in his company and attention, and she looked forward to the nights cuddled closely with him. At first she was shy with Jack around and tried to be discreet. But after a few days, she grew more casual.

When she finally nursed in the open they were both ready for it. She knew it turned him on. He was leaving the next morning for a week-long business trip. They went to bed and he made love to her harder than he had in a long, long time. She had come violently. But as she lay in bed afterward, she couldn't fall asleep. She wasn't sure why, but she felt, somehow, that she needed more. The thought was disturbing, but it was there.

The next morning Jack was gone, having had a very early flight. She remembered his good-bye kiss at four A. M. She got up slowly and nursed Shadow. It made her feel good realizing it was her breast milk that nourished him. She enjoyed waking refreshed each morning to his now intimate kisses. And somehow, doing it with Jack out of town made her feel different. She felt more free, and a little more bold. She wanted more.

At dinner that night Jefferies talked ceaselessly about the promising signs of the burgeoning relationship between Shadow and Debbie. He encouraged her efforts with the program, suggesting she should direct the other surrogates in how to become more intimate with their pups. This further gratified her.

Putting her fork down at one point she looked directly at him. "I wanted to talk to you some about the assimilation program."

Jefferies froze. Perfect, he thought. Jack was out of town. "Up until now you've been concentrating on nurturing," he said carefully.

"I know that," she said. "But Shadow's due to be weaned, and I'm feeling like I should be at least familiarizing myself with the next phase. Don't you think I should?"

What a perfect question, he thought. "Of course I do," he said, sitting back and trying to hide a feeling of enormous satisfaction. She was going to do it. "How about I give you some of our lab results and you can look at them?"

"Tonight?" she asked brightly.

"I can get them for you right after dinner."

"Thank you, Doctor," she said with a smile. Alan couldn't remember seeing a more happy smile on her face.

That evening Debbie poured over the research and the lab results, but there was one very specific thing she was looking for. It was deep in the notes, but she was able to find it. The exact properties of the various hormones that were developed at ORL.

She ran down the list until she came to the latest one and read the description. It was definitely their latest creation, and it was an experimental hormone used to hopefully pair non-compatible genes. Their latest drug to achieve successful breeding between two different species. Dog with human.

She read the generic code on the paper, then, with her hands shaking, she reached into her purse and pulled out the vial of hormones she was taking. Her heart stopped. They were the same! For a moment she thought she might faint.

She'd been taking these for ten days. Also, her ovulating cycle was close to starting.

And Jack would be gone for five days.

When she got into bed she slept fitfully.

The next morning Jefferies entered Debbie's office, walking with purpose. He spoke right up. "It seems clear to me that we need to follow your suggestion. We need to move you to the next step."

Debbie sat pensively, staring at the monitor showing a brindle pitbull called Dallas, in a private room. Shadow was starting his weaning period and was elsewhere on the property. She had awakened feeling moody and confused, with conflict raging within her over the hormone and also over Alan. Not sure how to react, she said nothing for a moment.

Dallas was the latest generation of transgenic dogs and was being considered to be the principal experimental breeder. Debbie knew this, and she was studying him. He was the finest Pitbull she had ever seen. Dr. Jefferies watched her as she watched the dog. He wondered how she did with the research he had given her. But in any case, he felt that with Jack gone, now was the time for him to act.

He moved right up beside her. Their arms were lightly touching. "Debbie," questioned Jefferies softly, "Do you know what I am really saying?"

"Yes," she said in a calm, normal voice. "I know what you are saying," she said, surprised at how steady she was now feeling. It was all happening right now.

Touching her shoulder gently, Jefferies deceitfully consoled her. "In your interview you agreed to consider experimental immersion. You knew then that this day would come," he said.

She closed her eyes and nodded her head. "I know. And last night I read the properties of the hormone I've been taking."

"Do you think it's affecting you?" he asked, sounding concerned.

"Yes," she said more calmly. "Yes, I think it is."

"I see," he said, pausing.

"I'm not going to stop taking it," she said flatly.

"I see," he repeated.

"I'm just....." her voice was almost a whisper, "I'm just not sure what I should do....."

Perfect, he thought. Just like that, she had given herself to him. He just needed the right words now.....

He continued, "I believe this is what you desire, but I promised to let you opt out if you could not do it. But I need to know if you are really WITH us." His voice was smooth and gentle. "Will you help us by moving to the next level? And most importantly....." his voice was softer now. "Will you allow

yourself to be..... bred?"

Debbie sat motionless. The starkness of his words, to be bred, said it all. But it was true. The hormones had done their work on her. She didn't know if Alan had planned it that way or not, but it didn't really matter now. She realized that she was no longer repulsed by the thought of sex with a dog. In fact, she was highly aroused at this very moment. Knowing that she was being manipulated and coerced into bestial sex somehow excited her even more.

Suddenly, her chest heaved. She brought the back of her hand to her forehead and squeezed her eyes shut. "Yes!" she sobbed. "Yes, Alan, I will." She kept her eyes closed, unable to face him. He turned to her and took her shoulders gently in his hands. She did not resist, instead she spoke again. "But I don't think I'm ovulating. Not yet."

"It's all right," said Alan, his own heart pounding now. "It's all right."

She took a very deep breath.

"We should try anyway," he added. "We really should."

With that she just nodded.

"It will be perfect."

She nodded again. Then her hands came up. She began to remove her jacket.

She knew there was no reason to be modest now. He would be watching her anyway. On the monitors. Turning, Debbie removed her lab jacket and slowly started removing her dress. At first she didn't look at him, undressing quietly. Once she was naked, however, she looked at him. Defiantly and directly, in the eyes.

Jefferies felt a great sense of anticipation and glee. She was going to go through with it! She stood naked, trembling slightly, right in front of him.

Her nostrils flared slightly as she breathed nervously.

His eyes caressed the pale skin of her body. Her breasts stood firm on her chest with pink areolas the size of silver dollars and slightly darker puffy tips. Her abdomen was flat and her hips possessed a womanly flare, round and firm. A neatly trimmed light golden fleece barely covering the protruding lips of her sex confirmed she was a natural blonde. Her nipples, only slightly protruding, revealed she was at ease with her nudity in front of him.

He nodded. Very softly he mouthed the word perfect.

She nodded.

He remembered his first meeting with her and his conclusion that she could be sexy if she wanted to. The woman standing in front of him was not just sexy... She created a lust in him that he never contemplated. He thought to himself that in the nude she was more sensual than he ever imagined. Not just because she was white and he was black. It was much more than that.

Her act of submission emboldened him. Jefferies placed his hands on her hips and pulled her to him. Lightly sliding his fingers along her skin he traced her silhouette, touching her gentle swells and curves. He cupped her breasts and softly squeezed, watching as tiny droplets of milk emerged. Hesitating briefly, he touched his lips to hers, finding her receptive in returning a passionate kiss.

Momentarily dismissing his intended purpose, he considered taking her for himself. But that could come later. Her kiss told him that. At this moment she must be bred. It was too important.

"Are you ready for this?" Jefferies asked softly as he slid one hand to her sex. She wasn't just moist, she was very wet. He eased a finger inside her as she shuddered with his touch, not objecting.

Answering his question, she said, "Very."

He looked down at her, pressed his own lips together, and nodded.

Then Debbie, in a throaty whisper, demanded, "Alan....., Jack can't know."

Nodding, Jefferies stepped back.

She stepped back from him.

He watched her, remaining still against his desk.

Then she turned toward the door. He stood and watched her dutifully stroll down the hall and enter the private room where Dallas waited...

Each room was equipped with video cameras that could record the activities in the room from the main console. The rooms had padded floors and mirrored walls, otherwise they were bare. Not made for intimacy their purpose was strictly for breeding. A sudden thrill coursed through her, aware that her breeding would be recorded. She knew that taking this step meant she would be the subject of a bestiality video and perhaps it would even appear on the internet. Strangers, friends or even her family might see her being bred by Dallas. This thought heightened her lust that much more. She was in this now. All the way.

Dallas rose and greeted her enthusiastically, prancing around and sniffing her front and back. With folded legs under her, she knelt and began roughing his ears and patting his sides as they got reacquainted. No longer shivering she felt the tightness inside, hinting at the sexual tension that was building within her. Opening her mouth to Dallas's licking, she allowed his tongue to touch hers, sending electric shocks through her. She and Dallas continued this oral exploration for several minutes. Soon he seemed to tire of the kissing, and rose to place his forepaws on her shoulders. Recognizing his mounting behavior, Debbie rolled to all fours displaying her vulva in the traditional doggie position.

Jefferies, studying the main console gazed at her seductive pose. He watched, smiling as he zoomed the camera in for an unobstructed view of her exposed sex. Her lips were enlarged with obvious evidence of wanton interest. He wondered again why he was giving her to Dallas instead of taking her for himself. She truly was a beautiful woman. He had to remind himself that he could and would come later. Still..... But his regret was interrupted by Dallas as he mounted her, his large red cock searching for her vulva.

Her head came up and looked forward, the anticipation obvious on her face. She held herself still for him, letting him find her. And it was obvious to Alan when he did.

Her expression was perfect. The dog was inside her...

He watched as Dallas entered her and began his ceaseless pounding. Her head raised, her blonde

hair shook with each thrust. Her breasts danced to and fro to the incessant beat of their sexual mating. He saw the knot swell as Dallas hammered harder. Debbie suddenly screamed as Dallas successfully knotted with her. It was evident when he was ejaculating, as Debbie moaned loudly with her own orgasm.

He shook his head incredulously as Debbie, after catching her breath and untying with him, continued to be receptive to the dog's interest, starting again with her own complete arousal. This might be the hottest mating he had ever witnessed. He quickly locked his door and lowered his pants, sitting back down in front of the screen.

He finally left to tend his own work, knowing the recording would continue unabated. He turned off the monitor so no one walking by would see what was going on. He knew, however, that they all knew.

Late that afternoon Jack came home unexpectedly. Bad weather had caused him to miss his connection, and everything was postponed until the next day. Debbie tried to put on a happy face for him, but it wasn't easy.

When the two of them entered the cafeteria, Alan carefully hid his disappointment.

They sat down for dinner.

Dr. Jefferies hid his enormous relief when Jack revealed that he was leaving again the next day.

"Did the breeding session happen today?" Jack asked brightly. "I heard that something big took place."

Jefferies glanced at Debbie waiting to see if she would answer. Debbie shot a quick glance at Jefferies and then quietly said, "Yes. We started one today."

"How fascinating," said Jack cluelessly. "How did it go? Will she get knocked up?"

Alan cringed at the rather coarse expression. But seizing this ironic opportunity, he asked, "Debbie, you observed the breeding session, can you give me a report?"

She glanced at him again. Jack looked at her. "You saw it?"

"Yes," she began with a studied clinical objectivity. "The subject spent nearly the entire day with Dallas," turning to Jack, "a brindle pit bull who is the subject breeder. He took her seven times; twice orally, twice anally, and three times vaginally. One of the vaginal episodes was in the missionary position. He knotted with her in all of the vaginal and anal acts."

"Wow! That must have been something! Orally and anally? Why would the breeding session include that?" Jack asked curiously.

Debbie looked at Jack with disdain and answered, "They were having sex, Jack. Most partners experiment with many positions and Dallas is no different. He obviously enjoyed the oral sex. I think the anal sex was more accidental, but it happened. He seems to prefer the doggie position for vaginal sex, which seems natural."

Sensing her feelings, Jack backed off quickly. "Okay. I was just curious."

She nodded, accepting his response. She was a little tired. The dog had fucked her long and hard.....

But Alan continued to capitalize. "And the young lady, how does she feel about her breeding," he asked nonchalantly, giving no hint of his personal knowledge.

Debbie almost smiled at the deceptive method of communication. But it WAS the only way Alan could ask her about it. She cleared her throat, then answered carefully and honestly:

"I was very surprised at her submissive acceptance of being bred. She was very satisfied with the session. I think, however, Dallas was too aggressive during the sex act. Too much of his reproductive canine instinct, I think. Although he showed some intimacy with her afterward, he wasn't attentive like I think he should be," Debbie replied.

Jack, just happy that the breeding had taken place, insensitively asked, "But will the breeding be successful?"

"We don't think she was ovulating, Jack. If she wasn't, he couldn't get her pregnant," Debbie replied with disdain.

"Oh," went her husband. He looked up then. "So, was this sort of a... practice round?"

She looked impatiently at him, then at Dr. Jefferies. "That's right.....," she said.

Alan pressed on, "What do you think we should do? Are you satisfied enough to have Dallas continue to breed her?"

The question was pointed but thoughtful. Alan would want to know. And she couldn't communicate with him openly right now. Thinking about the purpose of his question, she paused before answering. "We should discuss the next steps and the implications if we do continue. I don't know whether she is emotionally prepared to be impregnated."

Jefferies realized she might have a problem. He still had some convincing to do. In a way, he didn't want to let Debbie have this discussion with him in private. He felt that Jack could influence her decision so he pressed ahead, hoping that Jack's participation in the discussion might keep her on track. Tomorrow, when Jack was gone, he'd try a different tack.

"I hope you're not doubting our decision," he said evenly. "Or hers. We've come a long way with her so far."

Jack looked up with concern. "Wouldn't that be a major set-back?" he asked.

Again she gave them both an exasperated look. It had been quite a day for her. "I'm just not sure she is ready. It's a big step. And I need to think about this, anyway. I hope you will please excuse me....." With that she put her napkin on the table, stood up and walked out of the cafeteria.

Jack was taken completely by surprise. When he started to get up, Alan stopped him. "Give her some time, Jack. She's had a long day."

Her husband paused, then nodded. "It's too bad I have to take off tomorrow," he said.

"She'll be all right," Alan assured him. He thought it was PERFECT that Jack was leaving tomorrow.

Debbie left the room and went straight to the kennel to be with Dallas. She wasted no time. Removing her clothes, she lay naked with him, letting him suck on her breast. She was struggling, as a raging dilemma raced through her conscience. Her conflict had burned brightly within her dreams

every night for the last week. She felt as if she were on a carousel, rising and falling upon a big, strong steed, between her legs. The exhilaration of the steady motion pumping at her caused involuntary orgasms, waking her from the reverie of her dreams. She loved it, and now she understood why it was happening, but she still didn't quite have a handle on it. Today had been exhausting, both mentally and physically.

But Dallas's cock was hard against her palm, pre-cum leaking onto her hand. He gave her comfort. Her husband Jack seemed somewhat clueless, but she knew what DALLAS needed. She hugged him tightly against her, feeling his fur bristle over her nipples. Shifting her body, she was intertwined with Dallas in an awkward lover's embrace. She nuzzled him, kissing him on the nose. Dallas gently licked at her face as she put her arm around his strong neck and kissed him squarely on the lips, opening her mouth to accept his tongue in a French kiss. He nuzzled her neck, licking his way from her ear to the sensitive zone in the cradle between her neck and collar. Debbie slid her bare body up against his. Again she reached down and wrapped her fingers around the pink shaft. Quickly it was apparent that Dallas was interested. His cock began to grow even harder, extending further out of the sheath. Debbie could feel the hot intensity of his bare cock in her hand. She felt a sexual excitement course through her body forming little bumps on her skin as she allowed him to continue licking her.

Holding his generous cock in her hand she bent forward and touched her tongue upon the swollen head. Cupping his testicles in one hand she bowed her head forward and down. She opened her mouth and felt the head probing into the back of her throat and pressed down still farther, choking back her urge to gag. He was really quite wide in the middle and she struggled to take him with her lips stretched and jaws wide apart. Slowly she worked her tongue around his shaft as she lifted her face from him, stopping to suck and explore the tiny hole on the head.

Pushing him down onto his right side, her lips and tongue savored the rigid red dog cock. Opening her mouth, she kissed the head of his penis and then engulfed the shaft, taking him deep into her mouth. With her hand cupping his sack and squeezing lightly she moved her head up and down on his stiff member, pushing harder each time, to take him further into her throat. She worked her way downward until her lips pressed against his knot on each stroke. She could feel his need, which was equal to her own, and her determination firmed as she established her goal. He was behaving perfectly.

She pumped, her head moving steadily.

Back and forth, back and forth.

Then a little faster. Very hard now. Almost rock hard.

Still faster, she moved her head.

She felt her own orgasm rising within her, her body shaking with desire. The doggie cock swelled and pulsed in her mouth. She knew he was close, and she had to have him. Right now! Opening her mouth a little more, she jammed his cock deep into her throat and made three short jerks of her head.

It worked perfectly. His sperm burst out and she gagged as the cum filled the back of her throat. Quickly pulling back she began to swallow, taking his generous seed to her stomach. She kept her head still and her throat muscles worked until she was certain he was completely finished. She lay there with him, savoring the taste while Dallas nuzzled and licked at her naked body. She felt infinitely better now...

After more than a hour she dressed and returned to her residence.

The next morning when Debbie rose and stepped into the shower. She thought again about her problem. She realized it wasn't about the research anymore, and it wasn't about bestiality. She had already crossed that line with Dallas. She had been filmed and she had given herself to Dr. Jefferies and to Ocala. She dried and dressed smartly, as always. She was refreshed and now she was ready. She might even be ovulating. And if not, she would be in a day or two.

As she saw Jack off to the airport again, she continued to reflect. What about him, her marriage and her career? He would be surprised, but he would probably accept it. He might even give her full support. As to her career, who knew? This would be a first.

She had a bite to eat from the kitchenette in the residence, then, combing her hair and donning her lab coat she went to her office. A few minutes later she was seated, looking out the window, her mind made up completely. Doctor Jefferies walked in as he often did, and closed the door. She looked up but didn't speak. Dallas was lying on the floor at her feet, as she languidly rubbed one bare foot along his back.

"Have you made a decision?" Jefferies asked pointedly, looking at her.

Ignoring his question for a moment she closed her eyes. Then, taking a deep breath, she answered with a nervous smile. "Yes."

"And?" he challenged.

"I will continue. I'm sure I will be ovulating soon, and I might be already. I will let Dallas breed with me the rest of this week. By that time I'm certain to be ovulating and I should get pregnant. We will know Dallas is the father, and I will give birth to his.....," she hesitated, looking uncertain.

"Puppies, I suspect," finished Jefferies smiling genuinely.

Jefferies reached a hand forward. She got up and came around the desk to take it.

He pulled her into his arms, embracing her as her arms went around him. "You've made the right choice," he said softly.

She leaned back and looked at him. "Have I? I know about the bestiality shows you have next door, and I know you want me to be bred in front of a live audience. I'm ready for that now, too," Debbie said submissively.

He looked down at her, his hand coming up to touch her face. "That's wonderful news. You are so beautiful, Debbie....."

"There is one other thing....., though....., something I want to say," she said slowly.

"What's that?" he asked.

She looked directly at him. "If it weren't for the question of who the father would be, I would want YOU to take me, too."

His eyes held hers as he replied. "I've been clipped. I can't father more children."

Her head turned slightly sideways as she looked at him. "Well then?" Her eyes stayed on him.

"You are the most amazing woman I've ever met," he said sincerely.

She ignored the compliment. "I've never had a black man."

He smiled at that. "I'm quite large, you know," he informed her.

"I'm glad to hear that," she said.

At that point she turned to Dallas. "Hey, big boy. Come on with me for a moment."

The dog got up and she led him into the small bathroom that adjoined her office.

She gave his back a stroke as she leaned down to him. "You just lie down in here for a few minutes, okay. Everything will be fine."

Obediently the pitbull laid down, and Debbie closed the door. She looked at Dr. Jefferies. "We'll let him watch NEXT time."

The big man smiled. That was nice to hear.

His hands reached out and touched her lab coat. She helped him as he pushed it back over her shoulders.

Once she was started, he began to work on his own clothing, watching her as they both undressed. Then he asked her, "Did Jack leave again today?"

"Yes. He'll be gone for five days." Then she added, "You are welcome in my bed as long as he's gone."

"I'd like that very much."

"Me too."

They watched each other until they were both completely nude. He had seen her before but still feasted his eyes as she looked at him also.

Softly she said, "You are magnificent."

"Thank you. As are you."

They moved in together, and his hands found her buttocks, palming their firmness as she flexed for him. Her hands found his as well and they tested each other.

Then she asked, "Would you like to take me doggy style?"

"In the end I would. But we can start in any position you want."

"I would like to straddle you. Can we do that first?"

"Certainly."

Squeezing her glutes one last time, he reluctantly let go and moved toward her desk chair. It was perfect in that it had no arms.

He sat down on it, then reached for her. She moved toward him, looking down at the enormous black penis that was rising with her approach. She lowered to her knees first, scooting up to him.

"That's beautiful."

His forefinger touched her lips. "I have had this fantasy for a long time now."

Her eyes softened. "You've been very patient. I appreciate that. This is another thing we must not tell Jack about."

As she spoke she moved her face up close and wrapped both hands around the black pole. It stiffened further, nearly at full length now, which was close to 12 inches.

Feeling her fingers touch him, he replied to her, "However you wish it. I won't say a word."

"Thank you. And I... will do your bidding then. You may own me. You and Dallas." With that she kissed the underside of his shaft.

"I will enjoy the role completely I'm sure."

"Yes, master," she said softly.

Her head came up then, tipped forward, and her mouth came down on his crown. It was wide, but it fit, just barely. Moistening him, she took him deeper.

His eyes closed and he gasped as his fingers danced through her hair. She pumped gently, savoring the taste and feel of him, bringing him to full length. His cock was big and beautiful, and more than she had ever taken in her mouth. But there would be time for oral, later. Right now they both wanted him inside her.

Feeling his readiness, she slipped off him. Taking one last look she said, "Yes. Remarkably beautiful."

She stood up then, moved her legs apart, then eased herself over his lap. His hands went straight to her butt again. She let him guide her forward, watching the cockhead disappear beneath her.

She hardly had to lower at all to feel the knob at her entrance. She placed it carefully, then began to let her weight down. Her head tipped back and her eyes closed as she felt him splitting her.

For Alan it was like dipping into boiling oil. He had never felt any woman this ready. She was still nice and tight, but like the softest velvet. He knew he would have to concentrate to not come prematurely.

She sank down slowly, rising only once to lubricate him. His hands stayed firmly on her ass, and she descended until she felt his crown tightly pressing the end of her sheath. She leaned forward and then, resting her head on his shoulder. His right hand slid up her bare back.

"Oh Alan. That feels SO good. I can't believe we've wasted all this time."

"We are together now. That's what counts."

"Yes," she said breathlessly, leaning back so he could see her face. "And you are inside me now. That's what **really** counts."

And so they began, her legs flexing and his hands helping her as she pumped up and down on his erection. They continued this for several delicious minutes then he eased her up and off him.

Moving submissively then, Debbie let her newfound lover manipulate her, turning her toward her own desk and pushing her head downward. She bent over it and felt him slide it into her from behind. His hips began to rock and he screwed her in this position for another long and blissful moment.

Easing back out of her again, he pulled her away from her desk. Turning her to face him, he could see the glazed look in her eyes now. She was in her zone. She was hopelessly fucked. She would do anything. He knew the look.

Looking around the room he found a spot of bare wall, then pushed her back toward it. Gripping her firmly by her ass then, he lifted her while pressing her back against the wall. Bending his knees, he lowered and guided his cock into her again. Soon he was slamming into her and she was crying out boldly, completely oblivious to being heard, pressed against the wall of her office.

Dr. Jefferies kept this up for another long moment then slipped out of her again. He turned her and she helplessly let him guide her onto her hands and knees. There in the middle of her office, on the small rug that lay on the hard floor, Alan mounted her, his huge body overpowering her smaller one as he fucked her in this fourth position.

At one point her office door opened, paused for a moment, then closed again. Neither Alan nor Debbie reacted. There were three other people that worked in this wing of the building. At this point all three of them were just outside Debbie's door.

And her cries were now completely unabated. As Jefferies ruthlessly reamed her, she wailed helplessly underneath him. Her body jerked forward and back, reacting to the big man's power. Then, in a clear high-pitched squeal, she gave him the words he wanted to hear.

"Oh! Alan! Oh, I'm coming! I'm coming I'm coming!!!!!!!!!!"

"Yes!" roared the big black doctor. "Perfect!"

He slammed her even more rapidly then, shortening his stroke, tightening his grip on her hips. He grunted.

As he felt her body go into convulsions, as her vaginal tunnel throbbed in constriction around his stiff erection, he could hold back no longer. He had made her come and she was squealing with the pleasure of it. He had to consummate their lusty union and ejaculate inside her.

He slammed forward and held her, rocking them together now, watching her shudders begin to subside.

She had barely come down herself when she felt his cock twitch. He was rock-hard now.

Her head came up. "Oh Alan!" she cried.

"Gonna come babe! Gonna come right now!"

"Yes, Alan, yes! Come inside me!"

"Jesus, I'm coming! Coming inside you!"

His hot spurts ejaculated into her eager body, filling her with his generous load of human jism. Her first from a black man. She felt the warm white sperm jetting into the depths of her womanhood and savored the satisfaction of making him cum, giving him the release he surely needed after waiting this long for her.

He held himself in deep, making sure every last jet was inside her. Every last droplet of his thick white load had to be implanted into the lovely female doctor before he would release her. He held his thighs against the backs of hers for a long moment, enjoying her soft, feminine skin against his own. Then he pushed against her one last time before easing back slowly and reluctantly. She was still panting when he retreated.

As she slowly turned to a seated position, he stood and reached across her desk.

He pushed the intercom button and said, "Stella?"

Releasing it, he heard the reply. "Yes, sir?"

"Can you assemble the crew right away?"

"Where, sir?"

"In the auditorium."

"Will do, sir."

"We'll be in there shortly."

"Yes, sir."

Debbie said nothing. The show would start shortly. She just sat quietly, her eyes closed, breathing softly. Dr. Jefferies was in command.

Alan stepped to the bathroom door and opened it. Dallas came trotting out, then went straight to Debbie.

She took him right into her arms. Her voice was soft and subdued. "Hi, big boy..... You're a GOOD boy. Ummm hmmm..... Thanks for staying in there for us," she cooed, petting his head.

As she nuzzled with her pet, Dr. Jefferies put his clothes back on. He dressed rather hastily, but it was done, and Debbie said nothing, waiting to be directed. She wasn't really surprised as he said nothing at all to her.

When he was finished dressing, Jefferies took her by the hand and lifted her gently until she stood next to him. He bent down and kissed her gently on the lips. Then, still holding her hand, he led her to her office door. She was still naked. Utterly and completely.

She followed him.

Dallas followed her.

Following the big black man, and walking down the hall from her office Debbie, passed two of the staff, who did not seem surprised to see her naked or being led by Jefferies. She kept her eyes forward, but noticed they were nodding as she passed them.

Jefferies walked out of the building and across a small enclosed courtyard, Debbie following quietly behind, still holding his hand, Dallas right beside her. They entered another building, into what Debbie realized was a large auditorium. She could see the stage ahead of her. The seating area was dark but she could sense people in the room, though only a few.

Down the center aisle to the end, Jefferies led her up onto a stage, then had her kneel down on a mat on the floor. She looked around and saw lights blinking on several cameras located in strategic positions to gain alternative views of her. She heard more people, both on the stage and in the audience. Knowing that people were watching made her nervous, even while she was wet with anticipation. She wondered if she might know any of the people in the audience. With the lights only on the stage she could not tell who was in the audience. Dallas was sitting next to her.

She began to feel some embarrassment, beginning to think about changing her mind. Just then, Dallas stood up and approached her. He dipped his head to Debbie's face, probing his tongue between her lips to intertwine with hers. Then he lowered his head, and with his nose, pushed to a bare breast. Never hesitating, Dallas started to lick at her nipple. Debbie felt the heat rise inside her and her natural instincts began to take over as her second thoughts disappeared. Dallas sucked from her breast, creating a pulling sensation that extended all the way to her clitoris. She could feel her vulva lips moistening and throbbing as her heart pounded through her body.

Jefferies could clearly see her passion rising, and hear her subtle moans as his own need lurched in his groin. He marveled at her naked body, pale in stark contrast to the black and brown fur of the pitbull. All had been perfect so far.

She straightened up then, still kneeling, but holding Dallas's head with her hands. Licking her face excitedly Dallas grabbed her with his front legs, pushing her backward while pulling her to him. Debbie could feel her breasts pressing against his chest. His weight forced her back and she brought her ass down on her own heels.

She could hear more people now, but no one was directing her. Perhaps they wanted her to just act out what she would naturally do. It felt like Dallas wanted missionary, and that was just fine with her.

He was pushing back harder against her now, as if trying to force her back. His fur felt like bristly threads against her skin, sending hundreds of little electric shocks over her body. She could feel his cock pressing against her lower belly. Dallas was larger, larger than Jack. Her own heat was overtaking her. She had to do this. She put her hands back, then she leaned back to move her feet out from under herself. Once she got her feet flat on the floor, she could lift her hips upward and press harder against Dallas.

The room was dead quiet now, but she could sense many eyes upon her. The room was completely still as she moved her legs one at a time.

She shifted again, positioning herself.

The dog was right over her now.

Have to do this, she told herself.

Using both her hands AND her feet, she lifted, suspending herself, rising up under the dog.

As she lifted herself up to him, he seemed to sense her desire and willingness and pulled back slightly to lower his cock, the head sliding between her lips and across her clitoris. The sensation

was like thunder as her desire overcame her completely and she opened her legs still wider to invite him into her.

Her left arm came up and went around his shoulders as he searched for her with his tip.

She kept herself suspended, helping him. Helping him find her.

"Come on, boy!" she pleaded softly. "That's it....."

Dallas probed. His search was almost gentle...

"That's it..... Thaaaaat's the boy," she coaxed.

She clung to him. He HAD to find her.

There!!!

She felt his cockhead touch her entrance and she pulled on him.

He felt it and lurched forward.

It was perfect.

As soon as he felt her softness he thrust forward with his hips, driving his entire cock all the way into her.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!" she screamed.

She heard people cry out.

Immediately the powerful animal began to pump furiously, his thick cock ramming into her, then drawing out a couple of inches before ramming home again. The succession was so rapid it was like machine-gun fire.

Debbie hugged him to her now, his face right over top of hers as he gripped her ribcage with his front legs. She could feel his hot breath, but they were both working too hard to try a kiss.

Dallas was penetrating her with the same animal fury she had experienced with him before. He drove his massive cock home, his hips slamming between her legs with every lunge. She struggled to find his pace. She wanted to match him if she could. Her body vibrated with each thrust as they fell into rhythm ebbing back and forth in this missionary mating.

For a few delicious moments, they were in harmony. She was right with him. They were doing it together.

She could feel his pre-cum inside her now.

She lost his pace again and he pounded her, her breath coming in rasps now as she felt his knot hitting her female doorway. She wished she was already ovulating, that he might impregnate her this time. But that would have to wait. He was pressing against her vulva with each stroke, his own movement becoming more desperate.

She felt him deeper and deeper inside her body. Deeper than Jack had ever been. Deeper even than Alan had gone. She wanted his cum so badly! Her lust had long ago passed the point of logic.

His intense humping wasn't letting up and she felt herself getting wetter as his hard cock slid in and out of her more and more rapidly. He filled every inch of her with dog cock-meat and she wanted him to cum hard in her. She wanted to feel that hot doggie jiz explode into the deepest part of her womanhood where Jack had never been before. She felt the heat inside her core as it built and built... Oh, God, oh, God!!!

She could hold back no longer.

Her insides detonated.

She couldn't see her audience but she knew they would want to know. She screamed out a desperate sob. "I'M COMING!!!!" It echoed through the auditorium. "I'M COMING!!!" she cried out again.

She could hear the murmurs.

Her head rolled from side to side and her legs burned with the effort to keep herself up. Her buttocks flexed like steel and her body shook as she braced herself.

Suddenly Dallas drove home an even more powerful thrust and she felt his knot drive into her. She made another desperate scream as he pushed still deeper into her and she felt his cock get even thicker! He was expanding inside her as he pushed in, stretching her. And just as her mouth opened to scream again she felt the hot burst of his cum jetting inside her, consummating their lovemaking at the height of her passion.

"HE'S COMING!!!!" she announced in a pleading wail. "HE'S COMING INSIDE ME!!!!"

She could see some of the audience now, and a camera moved in for a close-up.

The dog's cum was so hot inside her and his cock was so huge she exploded again like a super-nova. She came, in a tremendous shaking of her body all the way to her toes. The orgasm raced through her, throwing her body into incredible convulsions of ecstasy as that big red knot stretched her wider than her husband had ever stretched her before. She tried to say it again, but only a whimper came out. "I'm... coming!!!" Then she collapsed as wave after wave of orgasm pounded through her body.

For many long minutes Dallas laid quietly on top of Debbie, their breathing slowing gradually to normal. Dallas was still embedded deep within Debbie. But he did not tie with her. Instead he just lifted his head and licked her face as she sighed from his intimate attention.

She could hear murmurs in the audience. She hoped they liked what they saw.

Epilogue

They bred Debbie with Dallas every day while Jack was out of town. Five days straight. Only one of the sessions was in the auditorium, but all of them were recorded.

Two weeks later it was confirmed that Debbie was pregnant. Jack was informed that it was not his, and that a dog was the father. He insisted on seeing the film at that point.

This altered their relationship, and although they remained married, Jack learned to share Debbie with others, either animals or human, including others besides Dr. Jefferies.

Debbie was promoted to the head of the assimilation department.

Three months later, Debbie gave birth to three healthy puppies, all male, all pitbulls. There was a small and private celebration in the cafeteria the next day.

After that, Debbie's life was never the same, but none of us is surprised by that.

The End