

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



When I answer the door, the girl is already halfway back down my front steps, back hunched nervously under her light spring dress.

"No longer interested in the position?" I ask mildly.

She turns slowly, straightening her shoulders, visibly gathering her courage. Her face is young, looks younger than in the photo she sent, but maybe it's her nervous expression. Her blonde hair falls in a sweet sweep over half her face, dusting her slim neck.

"Uh, no. I mean, sorry. Yes, I'm still interested."

"Well then, hi. I'm Chris. Come on in."

She smiles apologetically. "Sarah. But you knew that."

I laugh and hold the door open wider. "I did. Nice to meet you, Sarah. Let's get started."

I wait for her to slip out of her sandals and hang her purse on the banister and then bring her through to the living room. She's relaxing by visible degrees, openly admiring the clean decor.

She declines the offer of iced tea and sits carefully on a leather Barcelona chair. She crosses her ankles neatly but her dress still rides up her thighs. Better for the board walk, not an interview. Except maybe this interview.

"So, you survived your freshman year of college," I ask lightly.

"Yeah, finished my exams last week and now I'm back home for the summer."

"Alright, well, if everything works out, this is going to help with your tuition a lot faster than slinging Orange Julius at the mall."

She nods emphatically. "Oh yes, that's what I'm hoping. Rez, books, lab fees, it's really adding up, and I don't want to be paying off student loans until I'm fifty."

"Smart girl. I'm forty and just wrapped them up," I tell her. "What's your major going to be?"

"Arts and Humanities, I'm thinking. Maybe Russian Literature."

"I see." Maybe not that smart. Good thing I'm hiring her for what's below her chin.

I briskly clap my hands together.

"Okay, let's get started."

She takes a deep breath. "Okay."

"Here's how it's going to go: I'm going to do an initial examination of your bitch hole, and then, if it's promising, you'll meet the boys and see if you're all compatible. We'll do a trial mounting and see how it goes. And then if everything goes well, we'll discuss scheduling and fee payments."

Her brown eyes are very wide. "Yeah, okay."

"If at anytime you want to end the interview, you just have to say so. No problem at all, I'll make sure the dogs are off you. No safe word, no bargaining, if you're even a little bit uncomfortable with the situation, we'll stop."

"Okay, thank you. I appreciate you telling me."

I pause and make sure she's really listening. "That said, there is inherently some physical discomfort as part of the position."

"I...I get that."

"Not pain necessarily, but it's no small task taking a knot. At least at first. If you're still with us by the end of the summer it'll be far more pleasurable than uncomfortable."

"Sure," she says, obviously unconvinced.

"So that means if you can't take the physical discomfort, the position probably isn't for you."

"I get it. I do. I'll remember that it maybe gets better," she says, like she's psyching herself up. She balls her fists on her knees with determination. "I... Thank you for this opportunity, Chris. The offer really is generous and I hope I'm what you're looking for."

"Me too," I tell her. I can't help but smile. She'll make a sweet little bitch.

I stand up.

"Okay, let's have a look at you then."

She lifts her ass and scoots out of her white cotton panties without fuss, spreading her legs and lifting the skirt of her dress.

She's bare as a golden lab underneath, her bitch hole soft and neat. I kneel in front of the chair and get her nod of approval before using my thumbs to spread her cunt. The slit of her bitch hole is pinker, wrinkled inner lips also tucked up neatly, the left one a little longer than the right. I repress a chuckle at how innocent it all looks now, knowing the boys will leave her blasted open and gaping within minutes.

"Looking good so far, Sarah."

She gasps softly when I rub my thumb up the line of her cunt, rubbing around for her tiny clit. She's too dry for me to work my other thumb into her hole itself, and I don't force it, instead quickly unbuttoning the top of her dress and digging in for a nipple.

She grips the sides of the chair and lets me jog a small breast out of her white bra, pinching and jiggling her little rose nipple until it responds, stiffening prettily.

"That's it, just relax."

I gently finger at her nipple with one hand and use the other to work the top of her cunt until she's squirming in the chair, legs spread so wide she's practically straddling it.

I like a nice obedient bitch, still and gripped tight, but the boys like it when a bitch moves under their teeth. I pat her breast for being a good bitch and then work a finger into her hot little hole, getting good and wet now.

“Oh!” she gasps, and I pause.

“You good, Sarah?”

Her eyes are shut tight, cheeks a riot of blush. “Yeah, yeah, I’m good,” she huffs.

I start moving my finger in and out, and she’s tight as an asshole, warm and moving around my finger responsively.

“You’re doing real good, Sarah. I’m going to measure you now, so take a deep breath.”

I get another finger in, barely, and work them up, up, up, deep as I can go, until my knuckles are bumping against her cunt.

Sarah grunts but doesn’t struggle, ass moving on the leather.

“Good depth,” I tell her, pulling my wet fingers out and rubbing them on her clit in reward. Her eyes are still closed, head back, nipple sharp on the breast hanging out of her dress like a bitch’s milky dug.

“Okay, turn over and kneel up.”

She obeys immediately, though her legs are a little shaky. I flip the skirt up over her ass and reinsert my fingers in her hot cunt.

“Still good. Very nice, Sarah,” I compliment her. She should be able to take all the dogs, even Buster’s thick, long, soda can of a cock.

I take a moment to admire my hand in her pretty little bitch hole, framed by her pale ass cheeks. Her asshole is small and neat too, a mauve wrinkle peeking out above her cunt. I feel over it with the thumb of my free hand and she shivers.

Her free breast is hanging low and round in her kneel and I root around to free the other one, watching them both swing as I rock her gently by her cunt. It’s nice to think of pups blindly nosing at them, plump with milk.

“Sarah, you’re doing so well. Let’s go introduce you to the boys.”

She smiles shakily at me as I help her stand and out of her dress. I then lead her naked out to the sun room, where I have the mounting block all set up and pat the padded bar for her to lean over.

“Oh,” she says, stopped in the doorway.

“It’s okay, the block is just temporary. Trust me, it’ll be safer for both you and the boys if we use this first.”

Her eyes are on the leg and arm straps. “I…”

I draw her to me and cup her breasts reassuringly, thumbing her distended nipples. In the light of the sunroom they’re almost golden.

“Hey, I’m going to be right here the entire time. You say the word and we’ll stop. Okay?”

“Can’t I just meet them first? You know, give them a treat or something?”

I smile. "You are the treat."

She takes a breath and nods. "Right."

I put her over the padded bars myself, making sure her knees aren't taking any of her weight. One padded bar under her hips, one padded bar a little lower, supporting her shoulders, breasts hanging behind it.

I make sure she's comfortably supported before buckling the leather straps, soft and lined with sheep shear. One around each spread thigh. Ankles, upper arms, wrists.

"How do you feel?" I ask her, brushing the hair out of her eyes.

"Like I'm floating," she tells me.

"Good, Sarah. That's good."

I nitpick at the position of her bitch hole, gently shifting her a little on the block. Her slit is still wet, long and pink in this position.

I open the door to the yard and whistle for the boys. My three over-stimulated German Shepherds come gamboling into the sunroom, yipping around me, having not yet noticed Sarah.

"Sit," I command.

Jack and Decker obey immediately, but Buster whines, still twisting around my legs. I sincerely hope Sarah appeals to their excess energy, because I'm desperate at this point.

"Buster, sit," I snap again, and he does, haunches barely even touching the ground. All three of them have little pink tips sticking out of their sheaths, horny their default setting these days.

"Jack, to me," I tell the youngest, and bring him over to Sarah. He immediately starts sniffing around her, licking her face and arms.

"Here, Jack," I bark, and spread Sarah's waiting bitch hole for him. He sticks his cold snout into her folds, licking there too, unperturbed by her grunt of shock.

"He likes you alright," I tell Sarah, laughing at Jack's enthusiasm.

She doesn't respond, just whimpers, tight in her restraints. I put a hand on her rump as Jack laves at her anus.

"Do you want to stop, Sarah?"

"Ugh, ugh," she pants. "No, ugh, no, don't stop."

"Good," I tell her and help Jack up onto the block, lining up the pointed tip of his penis with her bitch hole. He'll only need to be shown once.

Jack licks my face in excitement, hips already starting to pump at the air, and I ignore the whines of Decker and Buster behind us.

"Common, Jack. In you go."

He finally finds purchase and starts growing rapidly out of his sheath, jacking into Sarah in jerky pumps.

"Oh! Oh god!" she cries. But it's not a command to stop, so I keep my attention on the beautiful sight of Jack's shiny pink dick working into Sarah's bitch hole, her cunt stretching obscenely around his girth.

It doesn't take long for Jack to fully emerge, his knot swelling into the strained opening of her bitch hole, his hips jerking erratically as his front paws scrabble at the padded bars. I watch entranced as the knot tugs at Sarah's bitch hole, so wet, come already starting to leak out.

Jack eventually slows, one leg coming up like he wants to turn on the tie, but his wriggling pops the knot free, a spill of pink tinged come spilling out of Sarah's bitch hole, dripping down the line of her cunt. Sarah moans long and loud, her panting practically shaking the block.

I let Jack go to lick himself clean in the corner and squat to examine her swelling cunt.

"Sarah, I'm so sorry, I think you're bleeding."

She shifts in the straps, the leather creaking. "It's...it's fine. I'm a virgin."

"Not anymore," I tell her and pat the whole gaping wet mess, sneaking two fingers up her bloody hole to feel the slop of dog come still inside. It feels amazing.

"Decker, to me," I bark, and Decker comes trotting over. He doesn't greet Sarah with a kiss and a sniff like Jack did, just goes straight for her bitch hole, licking at the wetness and getting his tongue in as deep as my fingers when I hold her bitch hole open for him.

Decker knows Sarah isn't a human friend, knows she's his bitch.

"Up, Deck. Here you go," I tell him, helping him arrange his paws on the padded bars. I have to move the hook of his dick away from Sarah's wet anus before he gets too excited, guiding it into her bitch hole instead.

"Not today, Deck," I laugh as Sarah yells out at the feeling of Decker shoving his big hungry dick into her bitch hole without the hesitation Jack had. Decker goes to work with a (excuse the pun) dogged focus, tongue lolling, hips pistoning without pause.

"Oh, oh god, oh, it's so much," Sarah pants, and I scoot to her head, putting a soft hand on her neck. She can hardly keep her eyes on me, she's being fucked so hard.

"Do you want to stop?" I ask. She shakes the hair off her sweaty face and snarls at me.

"No, I can do it. I can do it."

I grope both swinging nipples in reward. Such a good bitch.

I get back to Decker as he's finishing, shaking with his release, his knot a strong red plug of flesh visible in the stretch of Sarah's hole. There's more blood, and Decker doesn't manage to hold a tie either, slipping out of her with his big cock slapping back between his restless legs, dripping clear dog come and pink blood.

"Good boy, Decker," I tell him, scratching behind his ear and shooing him off.

"Alright, Buster, your turn."

Buster is the most excited yet, licking me, licking Sarah, nosing her messy cunt, nosing her dugs, nosing her ear, licking me again, all the while his huge furry balls rolling heavy behind him.

"Come on, boy," I snort, getting him into position. He starts humping my fist before I can even get the flared, pointed tip of his monster penis to Sarah's bitch hole. He's immensely strong and I make sure he's putting more weight on the padded bars than on Sarah.

He licks at her shoulders as he happily pumps away, apparently encouraged by her yips and cries. Buster's cock is visibly destroying her bitch hole, her tender little pussy lips spread ridiculously wide, sucking around Buster's big red-veined stud dick, her entire cunt gaping, not just her opening. Buster dominates her like she was born and raised to take his big shiny cock, like he's going to put a litter of puppies into her ripe womb.

The sight makes me harden, and I rub the line of my own cock while keeping a supportive hand on Buster's happy back.

This time the tie holds and Buster turns and locks with Sarah, his tails buffeting her ass. Her head hangs low in the block, likely exhausted, little moans escaping her every time Buster fidgets, the huge knot holding while Buster pours her full of seed.

I examine the place where they're joined, happy with the tie and with how none of the dogs are ripping around with too much energy for the moment. The knot is the size of my fist and I palpate Sarah's lower abdomen, feeling how full of dog cock and come she is.

One of Buster's fidgets finally breaks the tie after ten minutes or so, and he joins his packmates on their bed in the corner of the sun room. Just as I had predicted, Sarah's bitch hole is unrecognizable from the fussy bare college cunt that came to my door. It steadily pours a long line of come from her hole, lips red and puffy with swelling. I thumb at her clit and jiggle four fingers up her cunt with ease, still so warm, sludgy with come.

"Excellent," I say to no one in particular, the dogs and Sarah all worn out.

I carefully undo the straps, lifting Sarah out of the block and putting her on a free dog bed. She goes without resisting, curling up like a good bitch, letting Buster lie behind her. He licks her neck and whines but she just lets him, eyes closed and limbs loose.

I sit down next to the bed and pet her breasts and thighs, keeping watch so the dogs don't go for another round without the block. It goes without saying she's hired if she wants the job, and the boys will use her multiple times a day all summer long. But a taste is enough for now.

Seeing it's my friend Jeff calling, I pick up the call on the first ring.

"Hey, man."

"Chris! It's the most wonderful time of the year," Jeff sings.

"Well it's seven months until Christmas, so you must be talking about breeding season."

"Sure am, mon amie. Dusty is in heat big time and I can't keep up. Wanna come take a few hits?"

Typically I pay Jeff for the pleasure of calming his lab bitch Dusty, usually with a round of golf and

beers.

“Absolutely I would. But I got a bitch for the boys this summer. Quid pro quo? I think she’s to your tastes.”

“Oh yeah? What breed?”

“Human.”

“What time do you want us to come over?”

I laugh and we hash out the details for Jeff, Dusty, and the rest of his entourage to come by that Saturday.

I hang up and reach down to scratch Sarah behind one ear. She’s sitting pretty like a good girl beside my deck chair while the boys play out in the yard. Always eager to please, she tilts her head into my hand, mewling. Jeff will like her just as much as the boys do, I’m sure.

That Saturday Jeff comes in through the back gate, Dusty and his two male labs, Chinook and Jasper trailing in too.

Buster has to nip at Chinook a couple of times to show him who’s in charge, but otherwise they all get along.

“Well, well, look at this,” Jeff says when I take them into the sun room. “What a pretty little bitch. How long you had her?”

“A month now. She’s been good for the boys.”

Jeff squats down in front of Sarah where she’s lounging on her bed, ruffling her hair.

“And what’s your name, pretty girl?”

“She won’t answer you,” I tell him proudly. “Sarah’s almost full canine. She doesn’t speak while she’s here. But she’ll certainly make some noises for you.”

Jeff’s hand slides off her head to her shoulder. “Do you mind if I...?”

“Of course, man. Have at.”

Jeff strokes Sarah’s haunch, then cups her bitch hole in his hand. “Oh, she’s warm.”

“The boys have been at her a couple of times already today.”

Which is good because Jack is already sniffing at Dusty’s backside. If he hadn’t blown his load in Sarah this morning, he’d be mounting Dusty, deep in her heat, as we speak.

I sit down on the rattan lounger across from Sarah’s bed and pat my lap for Dusty to put her head on. She gets up beside me and I maneuver her a little so I can pet her head with one hand and fondle the fleshy sock of her pussy with the other. Dusty is wet and panting, but I want to make sure our guests are taken care of first.

“Go on, man. Get in there before Jasper does,” I tell Jeff.



"Did I thank you for this yet? Thank you so very much," Jeff huffs, tugging his hard dick out of his jeans and gently pushing Sarah to her knees.

"Oh man, she's all dirty with dog come back here," he tells me.

"I know that's how you like it."

Jeff laughs. "You're right, I sure do." He pushes his jeans and briefs down around his hips, his cock swaying and rock hard in anticipation. Jeff is no slouch in the cock department but I warn him anyways.

"You should know she's been taking Buster like a champ. Unless you can miraculously knot up, don't be upset when you don't blow her little bitch mind."

"Damn you, Buster. Why you gotta ruin it for the rest of us?" Jeff jokes distractedly, watching Sarah's bitch hole as he paints through the come there with the tip of his cock. Sarah doesn't react at all, looking sleepy as she kneels with her ass in the air and her head in her arms. Even when he slots into her with one hard thrust, she just looks dosey.

"Oh shit, yes," Jeff swears, fucking into Sarah firm and fast, barely pausing to pull his t-shirt over his head.

I do the same, shucking off my pants too. While Jeff has fun with Sarah, I have my own beautiful bitch to attend to. Dusty knows me and lets me finger at her puffy cunt, ripe and leaking with her heat. Doesn't flinch or fight when roll her onto her back, spread her pretty legs. I ease my cock into her cunt carefully, respectful of how sensitive and tender her bitch parts are. She is completely docile, looking back up at me with her paws flopped under her chin. She's hot inside, and deep, taking the entire length of my cock, licking my face when I cover her gently.

My hips move carefully, dick throbbing in Dusty's pungent heat. She's so still and obedient, it makes me crazy hot to hear the squishy sounds of her cunt around my dick. I want to come all over her hole, stripe her little morsel of an opening with my seed, but she's so lovely I come deep on a gentle thrust inside her, filling her up.

I slowly fuck her through the rest of my orgasm, going soft and sated before I pull out and lay down behind her on the lounge, letting my come-covered penis lie on her hip like a trophy. Together we watch Sarah obediently lick Jeff's dick clean while Chinook roughly covers her, his big lab dick finding her bitch hole easily, the way well-lubricated.

"A fine bitch you've got here," Jeff tells me, his face red with the effort.

I put Sarah up on the block after a while, mostly to save her from claw marks. She gets dicked by the dogs while Jeff and I have lunch beside her, and then again by Jeff while I clear the plates.

"Just wish she was lactating," Jeff grunts, pumping loudly into Sarah's sticky bitch hole, fingers under the block working her nipples like cow teats.

"Tell me about it," I sigh. I'd read about overstimulation causing false pregnancies, but no amount of sucking her dugs was getting us milk. Though her nipples are looking charmingly well used for such young breasts, her areolas expanding, getting darker.

Jeff pulls on Sarah's breasts rhythmically, stretching the tips and massaging the heft of them on the up stroke. I can practically see the phantom streams of warm milk, taste its delicate sweetness.

"Does she come strapped to the block like this," Jeff asks breathlessly.

"Dunno," I shrug. Not sure I've ever seen Sarah come but she does get good and wet, and that's all I need out of a bitch.

I take Dusty again - from behind this time - and Jeff films it on his iPhone, getting in nice and close to capture the juicy squish of my dick in Dusty's swollen wet pussy. I ham it up for the camera a bit, pulling almost all the way out to show off how shiny Dusty makes my dick, teasing at her hole with just the flared tip.

Dusty is beautifully accommodating, even getting down on her front paws for me. One of my favourite bitches, calm and amiable around my cock.

"Oh fuck, yeah man, stir that shit," Jeff encourages me, getting in close with his phone, occasionally pointing it back down at his own dick which is growing under Decker's big sloppy licks, eating up the come smeared on Jeff's cock.

I feel a cold lab nose from behind me as I tenderly thrust, sniffing at the drip of come and Dusty's wetness on my balls. I softly bury my cock in Dusty's sodden pussy and use both hands to spread my ass cheeks, slowly rocking back and forth between Dusty's heat and the lab's busy tongue.

"Oh man, that's hot," Jeff moans.

We both finish again in Sarah, who needs the attention. As the newest bitch she has to watch and learn but also shouldn't be neglected. I take her out of the block and lay her on her bed, too dirty with come all down her thighs to go on the furniture.

I have to shoo Buster away while I secure her knees to her chest with soft leather straps. She is well behaved and keeps her front paws tucked in, hanging next to her chin adorably. With her legs spread out and secure she is an immobile fuck hole, only able to stare up at me with loyal adoration.

"Real pretty," Jeff compliments her, getting down to scratch at her belly and tug at her dugs some more. Her nipples are getting puffy with all the attention, swollen and red under Jeff's strong hands. They look good, more like true bitch's teats, though it would be even better if they were spurting hot milk out of long, puppy-sucked points.

Her bitch hole is good and swollen too, having taken at least eight or nine hard dickings today so far. There is no gentle mercy from a dog cock and I don't give it to her either, pounding in much rougher than I would with sweet, docile Dusty. That's why I got a human breed for the boys, so they could fuck like true dogs into a hardy bitch.

Sarah whimpers under the harsh drill of of my dick in her messy, loose bitch hole. My hips and balls slap loudly against her but she does a great job, doesn't struggle, doesn't speak, even when I dig my hand up into her bitch hole too, so I can stroke off right in her sloppy cunt. It's no problem for her to take it, even my fist moving around my cock no match for Buster's knot.

Jeff leans back and whistles at the sight of Sarah when I'm done. Her legs are relaxed in the strap around her chest, her front paws still flopped above her reddened, puffy teats. Her bitch hole is drenched with dog come and human seed, lips swollen, her cunt gaping a beautiful dark pink in its depths.

"Christ, you can almost see right down her," Jeff laughs, pulling at the dip of Sarah's hole with his cock. He gets her full of it and I scoot up to her head, sitting so she can turn her head and lick my

spent cock while still taking Jeff.

“Good girl,” I tell her quietly over the sound of Jeff’s squelches. I pet her head and hum with approval when she gets her tongue under the hood of my soft dick, cleaning thoroughly.

“You been in her other bitch hole yet?” Jeff puffs. He’s fingering her dirty anus with the gouts of come splashed around it.

“Saving it, actually,” I tell him. Jeff just winks and leaves Sarah’s ass alone. He knows I’ll share eventually.

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Usually I’m pretty careful, but work has been hectic and I forgot to reschedule Kevin, a college kid in the neighbourhood, to cut the lawn when Sarah wasn’t with the boys.

As it is, I get home to find the lawn half cut, and Kevin standing by the sun room windows, looking in with worry, phone in hand.

Decker is whining at the door, but Buster and Jack are dosing, Sarah naked between them on the dog bed.

I decide to take the offensive and stick my head out the back door.

“Kevin! Are you peeping into my house?”

“Mr. Johnson! Uh, no. No, sorry, I just...is that girl okay?”

“She’s none of your business, Kevin. Finish the lawn I’m paying you to cut.”

Unfortunately, Kevin is persistently chivalrous.

“I just, one of your German Shepherds was like, scratching at her or something and she wasn’t moving and I just want to make sure she’s okay. And stuff,” Kevin finishes lamely.

I sigh. “She’s fine.”

“Are you sure, because-”

“Kevin, come in here and see for yourself.”

I let him into the sun room but make him take off his dirty work boots before tromping all over my clean floors.

I whistle. “Sarah, to me.”

Sarah obediently gets up on all fours and trots to us.

“Sarah, sit,” I command. She sits up, paws on her thighs, big brown eyes shining with joy at the attention.

I turn to Kevin who is staring at Sarah in shock. His eyes move from her teats to her bare cunt and back again over and over like he’s never seen a naked human woman in the flesh.

"See, she's fine. In fact, she should be napping right now."

"This is messed up, man," Kevin manages to say. I don't point out that Kevin is still tenting the front of his canvas shorts.

"Sarah, present." I bark. She doesn't hesitate, just turns on her knees and gets her ass in the air. I shoo Jack away and squat down beside her. Her bitch hole is a long puffy slit in this position, pretty bare lips stretched below the gape of her anus. Everything looks clean, probably thanks to Decker and his addiction to grooming Sarah at any opportunity. He constantly has his tongue in her cunt or her tail hole, digging for tastes. I spread her bitch hole open, yawning it up at Kevin.

"She's a bitch, and all she wants is to be bred," I explain patiently. "She takes the dog's cocks whenever they want to keep them healthy and virile. That's two or three times a day, most days. Don't worry, she loves it."

"Holy crap," Kevin whispers.

I gently roll her over and sure enough, Sarah's content and relaxed, gazing up at me in adoration. I slap her dugs lightly, tugging at her nipples to get them peaked.

"Come on, she's friendly. Give her a pet."

Kevin looks like he's ready to run for a moment and I'm worried he'll do something rash. But Sarah is irresistible like this, loose limbed and spread, tongue practically lolling out.

Kevin kneels down slowly and puts a shaking hand on her arm, petting gently.

"No, no, here," I tell him, and put his hand on her teat. Sarah mews and Kevin looks like he's won the lottery.

"Come on, she won't break. She likes it when you play with her nips."

Kevin slides a little closer, using both hands to gently cup Sarah's dugs, lightly pinching her nipples.

"She's a bitch, not your prom date, Kevin. Give 'em a squeeze."

Kevin does as he's told and Sarah moans, arching into the touch.

"Good boy," I tell him, and sit back, enjoying the sight of my bitch being appreciated.

Kevin doesn't need much more encouragement, and starts working her nips, rolling and tugging like his wildest fantasies have all come true. I know I've pegged him right when he yanks on just the dark pointed ends, nice and rough.

I shove a couple fingers into Sarah's bitch hole and sure enough she's wet and ready.

"Looks like she needs to be bred again. You up for it?"

Kevin's reply is unintelligible as he scrabbles at the zipper of his shorts, getting his long, thin erection out.

"Hold on here, cowboy," I laugh, and prop Sarah back up on her knees. She goes without resisting, her used teats swinging under her.

Kevin is shaking as he sticks his young dick into Sarah's gaping cunt, and it goes with no resistance at all. He starts pumping like a dog, a real natural, hips stuttering punishingly hard.

I let him get at it, idly pinching at Sarah's left teat, tugging the nipple and shaking her teat by it. Her dugs are getting floppier, the nipples almost permanently swollen, my hard work paying off.

Kevin shoots his load in record time, hands brutally squeezing Sarah's haunches as he pulls her onto his small cock, slamming into her and shouting.

He nearly falls right over pulling out of Sarah's bitch hole, looking dazed but extremely happy. Decker pushes in, mounting Sarah smoothly, like he's showing Kevin how it's done. Sarah moans at the feel of a real cock in her and I motion for Kevin to get out of the way.

"Here, let Sarah clean you up. I bet you're sweaty from mowing lawns all day too."

Sarah obediently licks Kevin's cock and small balls clean, working diligently despite getting fucked hard by Decker. By the time she's done, Kevin is erect again, red faced and panting.

"You'll have to wait your turn," I tell him. "She's their bitch, not yours."

"Can she give me a blow job?" he begs, shameless.

"Of course not. She's a dog. Would you go sticking your dick between a poodle's teeth?"

"I guess I wouldn't," he admits, not sounding convinced. I wonder if I've created a monster.

"She's not a girl, she's a bitch. You can breed her and pet her and that's it, got it?"

And that's how I accidentally adopted a fifth dog, coming home from work most days to find Kevin pumping his slim naked hips into my bitch, or curled against Sarah's teats, sleepily mouthing them like a puppy, the rest of the dogs piled around them. He's an adventurous kid, if a little too obsessed with fucking Jack's tail hole in whatever state it's in. Luckily Jack likes Kevin's small penis, wriggling around Kevin's lubed fingers and lifting his tail enthusiastically to be fucked.

I buy another water bowl and make sure to pet Kevin's ass when they all gather around me, so the new pup doesn't feel neglected.

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I hear a crash from the sun room and go running to find all five dogs gathered around the remains of my side table lamp, broken on the hardwood.

"Who did this?" I ask.

Buster, Decker and Jack prance to me innocently, and Sarah looks angelically confused, like she doesn't know why she'd be lumped in with the other suspects. Kevin, however, is pouting down at the lamp shards, as though the lamp itself is to blame.

"Oh, Kevin..." I admonish. He skulks to the floor but doesn't look the least bit contrite.

"Kevin, that's very bad. Bad dog," I tell him severely.

He jostles through the other dogs to my leg, batting at it with his head, eyes down. He's been full of beans and acting out lately, full of energy despite the August heat. I put him on Sarah as often as

possible: three, four times a day at least, but he's just too young and in need of dominance.

I tried mounting him the week before, but my dick isn't interested. Even a human woman gone almost completely canine can be unappetising for a zoophile like me. Sarah is best served stuffed with dog come, and even then I'll mostly leave her to the boys.

I did get him to settle once with a few fingers up his tail hole. Strapped over the block, milking him from the inside with deep strokes, he'd hung his head and whimpered sighs, hard little dick bobbing. After he'd curled up by my feet and slept most of the evening, even with his erection unsatisfied. A few more sessions and I could probably let the dogs at him, though they hadn't shown much interest either, especially with Sarah's pungent bitch hole wet and ready whenever they want to breed.

I'd strap Kevin up now, but there is no time with my friend Jeff coming over to drop off some hand-tooled collars. He makes them himself, beautiful pieces. The boys already sport their own, but I had two more made for Sarah and Kevin.

Right on time the doorbell rings and I point at Kevin's bed, leaving him to skulk to it while I answer the door.

"Hey, man, thanks for coming over," I tell Jeff, taking the collars and ushering him in.

"Thanks for letting me nail your bitch in payment," Jeff smiles.

The collars look gorgeous: delicate, smaller studs on the brown leather one for Sarah and green leather with a heavy buckle for Kevin.

"Come on, meet the newest pup. I'll warn you, he's being a little shit today."

Jeff follows me into the sun room and lifts an eyebrow at the broken lamp.

"Can't control his tail?" he asks.

I gesture to Kevin over on his bed, pout still firmly intact. "Can't control his attitude more like."

"Oh!" Jeff's smile goes huge. "Another human breed? How'd that happen?"

I roll my eyes. "He's a stray."

"You're a softy, Chris," Jeff laughs, and walks over to Kevin, scratching Sarah's head in greeting as she trots along beside him.

Jeff squeezes Kevin's haunch, chuckling when Kevin bares his teeth in a silent snarl.

"Kevin!" I snap. "Behave!"

"Young," Jeff remarks ruefully. He looks up at me. "He acting out for attention?"

"Constantly," I tell him.

Jeff scratches his chin. "Well, I could probably help break him a little. If you want."

"Really?" I ask, very interested.

Jeff gropes Kevin's skinny haunch again, lifts his leg and thumbs at Kevin's ass cheek, admiring

his tail hole.

Jeff licks his lips. "Sorry little lady, you'll just have to wait," he tells Sarah.

"You want him up on the block?" I offer.

Jeff nods. "Oh yeah. We're going to make a mess."

"Kevin, to me!" I command, and Kevin comes over slowly, dragging his knees.

"Up!" I pat the pads and Kevin climbs up, still pouting, but letting me strap down his arms.

"Wait," Jeff tells me, before I start buckling in his thighs. "Get em' wider."

We maneuver the straps up higher so Kevin is spread high and wide, feet off the ground and his round little ass cheeks clenched.

Jeff steps back, taking off his shirt and dropping his pants without ceremony.

"I might have to get a little rough. You okay with that?" he asks, giving his hard dick a few strokes.

"Whatever you have to do," I assure him.

Jeff isn't a fat guy, but he is big, outweighing Kevin by at least seventy pounds of muscle. His cock is curved and thick, with a big pink mushroom head. Kevin's erection looks particularly small in comparison, pointing straight down and leaking against the padded bar under his hips.

Jeff walks around the block, giving a low whistle of appreciation. He taps Kevin's cheek with his cock, laughing at Kevin's growl.

"Those are some pretty teeth, pup. I like 'em with a little bite."

Jeff takes the bottle of lube I hand him, dripping it generously over his fingers, striping his cock with it. He goes to the back of the block and spreads open Kevin's cheeks with his clean hand.

"Goddamn," he swears happily at Kevin's quivering anus.

Jeff doesn't waste time, brutally lubing up Kevin's tail hole with three dripping fingers, slapping Kevin's ass when he squeals at the intrusion.

He's thorough, obviously enjoying Kevin's sweet, tight hole. He pistons his fingers in fast, pulling at the opening and humming with pleasure at the sight Kevin's dark pink insides.

Jeff finally puts one foot up on the block for leverage, lines up the shiny pink head of his dick, and pushes his entire length into Kevin's tail hole in two grunting thrusts.

"Guhh!" Kevin chokes, and I move to pat his side, Jack licking at Kevin's chin with excitement.

"Oh shit, that's tight," Jeff crows, jerking his hips brutal and fast like a stud on a bitch, his groin making big slappy wet sounds against Kevin's ass.

As quickly as he started, Jeff pulls out of Kevin, stepping back to pull apart Kevin's cheeks and admire Kevin's anus gaping and mouthing at the air.

“See, he needs this. Look at that puppy pussy. Starving for cock.”

Jeff plunges his fingers into Kevin again, far as they’ll go, twisting his hand and rubbing Kevin from the inside.

Again and again Jeff savagely fucks then fingers at Kevin’s hole, working it in and making Kevin pant like he’s running.

The sight of Jeff strutting, owning Kevin like a bitch, is exhilarating. I sit, pulling my hard dick out for Buster to lave with his big tongue.

“Sarah,” I call, and she scrambles to me from her bed.

“Present,” I command. I pull her upturned ass practically into my lap and feed my dick into her loose bitch hole to keep it warm while I watch. Decker comes over to sit beside me and slurp at where my dick is slotted into Sarah, and I put my head back to enjoy the entertainment.

Jeff is getting close, I can tell, his chest shiny with the sweat of his exertions, balls tightening up in his big hairy sack. He pulls out one more time and nearly gets all four fingers up to his palm into Kevin, using his other hand to burrow at the hole in the tip of Kevin’s little cock, stretching and jiggling at the raw opening.

Kevin starts yowling, his penis jerking and spurting come on Jeff’s hand. Jeff wipes it into Kevin’s hole, plugging it up with his cock one last time, coming with loud, satisfied grunts, Kevin’s ass cheeks red under the clench of Jeff’s hands.

Jeff stands there for a few minutes, dick still buried, catching his breath and petting Kevin in long strokes from his head to his ass, shushing Kevin’s whimpers.

Finally Jeff gingerly pulls out, taking his messy, softening cock in hand. He jogs just the tip of it back into Kevin’s wrecked tail hole and pisses for what seems like hours, moaning triumphantly as he fills up Kevin’s sore-looking anus with hot urine, splashing some on Kevin’s cheeks and soft little sack, sending a spurt up his back.

“Oh fuck,” I whisper, immeasurably turned on by the display, and fuck myself to completion in Sarah’s convenient sloppy bitch hole.

Jeff gets Kevin out of the block and whistles when Kevin tries to collapse in exhaustion. Kevin perks his head and doesn’t scowl or hesitate when Jeff whistles again and points at his dirty, piss-dripping cock, just starts cleaning eagerly.

Jeff half turns to me and spreads his hands in a smug “see?” gesture.

“Seriously man, bravo,” I say sincerely.

Jeff is starting to rise out of his sheath again with Kevin’s tongue on his big swinging balls and he eyes Sarah’s exposed bitch hole, flashing my come while she cleans my dick too.

“Almost time to take care of that bitch too,” he chuckles.

Whistling, I take the biggest, roundest, reddest honeycrisp from the bowl of apples on my kitchen island and carefully wash it. I remove the stem, dry it, and then go to find Sarah.

I find her kneeling in the sun room ass-to-ass with Buster, well-knotted and visibly sweating. All the



dogs hold a gloriously long knot in her tailhole, her sphincter a stronger barrier than her weaker, flaccid bitch hole.

“Good girl,” I tell her, scratching behind her ear and rubbing her haunch. She preens, trying to lift her captured ass into my hand.

Buster finally shrinks enough to pull free, revealing Sarah’s gaping anus, gouting Buster’s pungent cum. I have to gently push Decker away from the mess to check on her bitch hole, and it looks like she swallowed the little spartan apple I’d screwed in there this morning. To keep the dogs working her tail hole I have to plug up her cunt and the floppy thing keeps losing the plugs. But the honeycrisp is nearly twice the size of the spartan so that should do it.

“There we go, girl,” I shush her, digging up into her cunt for the apple. It pops out with a deliciously wet sound, Sarah’s bitch hole slimey with her juices and plenty of old dog come. I finger distractedly at her cunt, thinking this would be a good time to crank her wide with a speculum, shine a light in her and look at her battered puppy womb.

I’d watched Jeff doing it to Kevin last week at Jeff’s ranch, where Kevin unfortunately had to be rehomed. Well, unfortunate for us, but the best situation for Kevin. Jeff gives him the attention and husbandry I can’t. I’d brought Sarah and the boys out to visit a couple of times, so we could enjoy them all playing together, Kevin no less hungry for Sarah’s teats, for her warm bitch hole.

But Kevin is happiest when submitting for Jeff, blissed out and whimpering while Jeff brutally fists his tail hole, Kevin coming over and over again, spurting dry while skewered on Jeff’s thick wrist.

When he’d finished, Jeff had slid a dauntingly large pony speculum into Kevin’s tail hole, opening it wide to reveal the long pink channel of Kevin’s anus, shiny and swollen, twitching with Kevin’s rapid heartbeat.

“Gorgeous!” Jeff had exclaimed, pinching at Kevin’s stretched opening. He then pissed down Kevin’s gaping tail hole, inviting me to do the same, Kevin eagerly bobbing and presenting the whole time, whimpering at the warmth.

But I have no pony speculum in my junk drawer and I have no time. It’s Sarah’s last day with us until she goes back east for school and I want to make it a sweet one.

“There we go, girl, that’s it,” I croon, forcing the honey-crisp into her wet cunt. It goes, but with resistance, Sarah’s hips rolling and spasming.

Sarah’s bitch hole strains around the intrusion, wrapped beautifully around the blushing apple like she’s crowning the head of a puppy. It makes me unexpectedly hot, and I turn her over, trying to imagine her belly big and round with my pups, drum taut, belly button distended like a ripe navel orange.

Her tail hole is still good and sloppy from Buster’s dicking, so I forgo the lube and take my hardening cock just out of my fly, tapping it against the head of her phantom puppy, getting myself harder and making Sarah whimper.

Decker comes over and starts licking Sarah’s neck and cheek, his tongue going into her mouth when she lets it hang open for him to taste, their tongues meeting. The sight gets me hard enough to stick it in her dirty, gaping anus, the way slicked with a day’s worth of dog come. It’s warm, beautifully warm, just like a real tail hole. I watch the tip of my dick rub and jut through the slime below the swell of the apple jammed in her cunt, feeling it inside her.

I use her hard, this one last time, grinding and hammering through her fake labour, imagining a real puppy slithering out of her big cunt, blood and birth fluids dripping down over my pounding dick.

I come shouting, blowing a record load into Sarah's tail hole. My orgasm intensifies every time I look down and her crowning cunt and I have to close my eyes or die of coming.

I unpeel my fingers from Sarah's haunches and collapse to the side of her on the sun room floor, panting and letting my dirty dick flop onto my clean fly, not caring about the state of my trousers in the least.

I feel gentle pointed and big business-like licks on my softening cock and know it's Sarah and Decker cleaning me like good dogs. I will miss this.

I finally sigh and get up, whistling for Sarah to come out on the deck. As usual, I hose her down, aiming the spray at her come-dripping tail hole and plugged-up bitch hole as the big copper tub fills.

I drop her in the tub and soap her down with pet-friendly shampoo, careful not to get soap in her eyes. I work her dugs for a while, enjoying the slip of them in the warm, soapy water. I tug hard on her nips, pinching and pulling, rolling the points hard in my fingers, towing Sarah right to the edge of the tub by them. I don't want to think about some stranger's mouth on them, these life-giving, milk-ready teats.

"Alright, out you go," I command, and Sarah crawls out, apple still firmly in place, shaking off the excess water.

Like I always do, I take time to carefully pat down her coat, gently drying every crevasse, all around her straining bitch hole. I brush out her blonde hair until it shines, falling clean over her face.

I take her by the hand and pull her up, leading her to the other side of the house, through the back door that doesn't go through the sun room.

Sarah on two feet means human Sarah can speak and I hear her trying to clear her throat, trying to find her human voice again.

I just keep walking through the house to the front room where her clothes and purse are waiting.

"Can't I say goodbye?" she finally croaks. I turn and she's looking down at the neat folded pile of clothes like they're a giant mouse trap, her tears flowing freely.

"No, it's better this way."

"Is it?" she asks, a little hysterically.

I give her a shake, her breasts jiggling with the motion.

"Sarah, it's time to get back to your life. School, your friends...being a human girl."

"I don't want to. I want to stay here with you."

I let myself imagine it for only half a second. Sarah, a real member of our family. Not going home to her parent's house at night. Sleeping at the end of my bed, open and ready for my morning erection. Completely under my care. Off birth control. A big, round pregnant belly rocking under her as she takes the boys-

"No. You're not a dog. You're a human and you can't live like this forever."

She sniffs, muffling a sob behind her hand.

"Here." I take a thick envelope from the side table by the door and hand it to her. "A little something extra, maybe get yourself something fun to wear."

The amount in the envelope could actually buy her a fun car to drive, but she stares at the stack of bills inside like they're rotten meat.

"Fuck you, Chris," she whispers, dropping the envelope and quickly pulling on her skirt and sweater.

I want to stop her. I want to eat the apple out of her bitch hole, strap her to the block and leave her there for days. I want to come over and over again, squeezed between her flopping teats while Buster brutalizes her tail hole, and then squirt a little in it myself. I want to spend the weekends at Jeff's, slowly fucking Dusty's scorching pussy while Dusty licks into Sarah's come-drenched bitch hole.

I want to pull Sarah into a hug, rub her flank and assure her that she can stay, to get back inside and on her knees, that this is her forever home.

But instead I say nothing, knowing a clean break is best. I ignore her last wounded look just like I'll ignore the pleading calls and texts she'll send me before she finally boards the plane.

I close the door behind her and lock it too, my eyes hot with unshed tears.

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"Hey man, I just emailed you a link you need to check out a-sap." Jeff sounds uncharacteristically worried over the phone.

"Okaaaaay," I tell him, tucking my iPhone between my ear and shoulder to pull my laptop closer.

The url Jeff sent me starts with "xxxzooxxx.sex..." and I pause.

"Jeff, did you call me in the middle of the day to get me to look at porn on my work computer?" I hiss quietly, getting up to close my office door.

"While it's a possibility I would, I didn't. Just click the link."

"No way," I tell him. My work life and my responsibilities as a dog owner can never overlap. The risk is too great. "Just tell me what it is."

"Argh, no, that's not a good idea. Just, like, come over when you can today, okay?"

"Um, okay?"

"Just trust me," Jeff tells me and I've definitely never heard him sound so severe.

I try to get back to work, but my mind keeps wandering back to Jeff's link. I think about watching whatever it is on my phone, maybe going out to my car, but my phone is clean too, and I don't want to jeopardize that.

I tell myself I'll drive to Jeff's right after work, but end up taking off for the day early, too worried to

concentrate on anything else.

The drive out to Jeff's ranch is only 30 minutes. When I arrive Kevin answers the door, dressed in just a low, tight pair of jeans, the fly folded open, the exposed base of his penis framed suggestively. By Jeff's command, no doubt.

"Hey, Mr. Johnson," he greets me, cocking a hip, his tone less than respectful.

"It's so off-putting to hear you speak," I grumble, but give him an affectionate pat on the rump as I pass.

Jeff can compartmentalize the way I can't, enjoying both a human mate to argue and play videogames with AND a tightly-collared dog to discipline. I don't see the appeal, but Jeff makes it work well for himself.

The rest of Jeff's pack is out in the yard, but Jeff is in his den, scowling at his iMac, drumming his fingers nervously.

"Hey, man. Come sit," he invites me over.

"Jeff, what is going on?"

"You'll see in a minute. Kevin! Beers!"

"Yes, master," Kevin says sarcastically, but already has two cold longnecks waiting.

"Good boy," Jeff tells him, roughly pinching the swell of asscheek above the ridiculously low waist of Kevin's jeans. Kevin kisses Jeff's bearded cheek and then drops gracefully to a kneel beside Jeff's chair without being told.

"Alright man, a buddy of mine sent me this and I almost choked when I saw it." Jeff starts a video on his computer, making it full screen.

It opens with a zippy little animation for ZOOX, then fades into a group of naked, faceless men in an industrial barn, dicks in hand, gathered around a pony show. The pony is fully erect, stamping and neighing over a skinny bent-over woman, supporting herself with her hands on the dirt floor. The woman is in a flesh-pink vinyl suit, cutouts for her crotch and breasts. Her limp blonde hair is in a ponytail that hangs at the same angle as her breasts. Her face is hidden by her position but the feeling of dread has already settled in my gut.

"No..." I whisper.

Jeff grimly fastforwards through the brutal fucking, the camera panning around to show the spill of pony seed down her shiny thighs. He plays the video at normal speed just before one of the men yanks her head up by her hair, and we get a full shot of Sarah's sallow, expressionless face before a human cock is forced into it.

Seeing her hits me like a punch in the gut.

Beside Jeff Kevin whimpers and I realise I have both hands clamped over my mouth in horror.

"I already asked my buddy who sent the video - he's almost positive they film this shit in Montreal."

I squeeze my eyes shut.

"That's where Sarah goes to school."

"You heard from her at all?" Jeff asks gently. He's closed the video window.

"For the first couple of weeks after she left...but I ignored her texts. I thought a clean break was best. Then she could concentrate on school...get back to her life...shit. Goddamnit fucking shit."

"Yeah," Jeff agrees. He puts a hand on my shoulder and I feel Kevin's head on my leg.

It kills me to see her so disrespectfully used. Like she's just a porn prop. She needs so much care, so much training. She's lost too much weight. Gone is her shiny hair, the healthy roundness of her limbs. She's an innocent, and what is happening to her is animal abuse. And it's my fault, because I made her into an animal.

I wipe my eyes and meet Jeff's sympathetic gaze. I don't deserve their comfort.

"I'm going to Montreal," I tell him.

"We're coming with you," he tells me, and opens up Expedia on his computer to start booking flights.

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Kevin travels well as a human. When I look at him through the eyes of other passengers, I see a mildly handsome, skinny teen traveling with his burly father. It's only when I look closer do I see the way Kevin sits on the edge of his seat in the airport gate, knee pressed to Jeff's like sitting in a chair is naughty. Or how Jeff dotes on Kevin, making sure he has his boarding pass, buying him bottled water, smoothing down his messy hair a little too affectionately. And on the plane, as soon as he can, Kevin curls up in his window seat under Jeff's arm, eyes closed, safe.

I love to see it, but it also stabs me like an unrelenting knife in the heart, knowing I could have that, but I sent it away, forced it away.

I am anxious to start the hunt as soon as we land, but Jeff thankfully talks me down, pointing out it's far too late to go knocking on doors and we're both more intimidating when fully rested.

Before we left I learned Sarah had dropped out of school, stopped paying her phone bill, and her old dormmate says she's probably staying with some guys in Laval. The plan is to find her, bring her back west, and never let her out of my sight again. Jeff and his frighteningly wide shoulders would be helping me with the "some guys" in case they were trouble.

We get a double room in a highrise hotel downtown with parking for the car and wifi for research. As soon as he walks in Kevin falls to his knees like a starving man, waiting for Jeff's command.

"Strip," Jeff snaps, and Kevin quickly shrugs out of his t-shirt and jeans, shaking himself out like a dog.

Jeff falls down on his bed and yawns hugely, scratching Kevin's ears when Kevin starts sniffing around his crotch.

"Forget it, boy. I'm beat." Jeff tells him, mock sternly. He smiles over at me. "He's insatiable."

"Don't I know it."

Jeff lets Kevin lick Jeff's cock and balls clean, sweaty after being trapped on a plane for four hours. I

watch Kevin's blissful face fondly, thinking Sarah would have been eager to serve too.

Kevin cunningly works his way around Jeff's junk, slowly turning so his bare ass is in Jeff's face, Kevin's hairless balls high and tight between his young thighs. It works flawlessly, Jeff getting fully aroused and fucking Kevin hard over a pile of hotel pillows, one hand wrapped tight around Kevin's throat.

Despite my anxiousness and the noise of Jeff pounding his slutty dog, I fall asleep on the other bed, hopeful the next day will go smoothly.

*The End*