

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One: The Right Dog

'I want a dog,' the thought came out of nowhere while I was working on travel expense reports. My mind wandered from mind-numbing hotel and credit card receipts to our old dog Kenny. Kenny had been my parent's dog, a Golden Retriever, a beautiful soul, and my playmate for hours and hours when I was little.

I had just moved out of home a few months ago and had a small apartment with my boyfriend. We were...well, I guess 'happy' is a bit too much, but 'content' could be the right word. Life was good. We both had jobs. He loved me, and I appreciated him. A dog. What was missing from our life—no, my life—was a dog.

I quickly looked up a few breeders and sellers in our town. The prices on their websites were, well, sobering. Then, I found a private-run animal shelter. Prices there seemed a lot more affordable. My initial thought had been to get a puppy. But a grown dog, not too old—that also sounded good. A dog that's maybe already trained. A dog that could be my companion and my guard when I went for a late run to the 7-11 through the shadier parts of our town.

I called the number on their website, and a lady picked up after the 2nd ring. A hoarse voice. "Yeah?" I told her what I was looking for. "You can come any day. I'm usually here until 7 or 8."

"Great, I'll see if I can make it this evening or tomorrow. See you then."

"See you then."

I went back to my travel expenses and went through stacks of crumpled receipts, sorted out the ones that were obviously not related to travel, entered the straightforward ones into our system, and set aside a few to discuss with our HR guy.

I worked at a small start-up, and days there were mostly chaotic and relaxed, stressful and tranquil, loud and quiet, with just the click-click-click of a dozen keyboards audible through our large one-room studio office. I didn't have any formal training, and I couldn't even say what my real job description was. I just did everything that could distract software developers from developing software. What kind of software? Something fintech, something micro credits, and crypto. I really don't know. Some devs tried to explain it to me, and I just nodded and said, "Cool."

My only contribution to the thing they were working on: The initial name was 'MiCrypt' (for micro and crypto), and I casually mentioned that this sounded a lot like 'my crypt.' This was met with long stares and confused looks—and a week later, our product was called 'BlockLoop.' What did BlockLoop stand for? No idea, and I didn't care. But I still felt that not having 'my crypt' on my resume was a good thing.

Technically, my job was 9-to-5, and I got paid for 9-to-5. But in reality, it was anything between 7 and 11 to 6, 7, or 8 at night. I did enjoy the freedom to come in late on some days when I had errands to run or just got stuck on my morning coffee. I wouldn't say I liked evenings, though. I got most of my work done by 5. And every day, something super urgent came up, somebody ordered pizza or sushi, lots of yelling, furious typing, cursing—and suddenly it was 7 or 8. I just left while the devs were still at it.

I joined the start-up 14 months ago but hadn't made any friends. The devs kept to themselves. All of them were friendly, and even though they communicated with each other using curse words and lots

of 'bro,' they were always polite when asking me for help. Most of them were in their mid-twenties, and the dress code was... well, one could say "casual," but 'sandals, army shorts, and band shirts' would describe it a lot better. I made a point of being well-dressed when I came to the office.

Nothing over the top, certainly not provocative. White blouse, black skirt, black shoes, no high heels. This somehow felt right to me. It took me some time to figure out that this is how Mom dressed when she was still working. I know that most of the devs liked to look at me.

At 23, I stood at 5'1, and I knew that even though I certainly wasn't a knock-out, I had a nice body. Even a conservative blouse and skirt brought out more curves than some of the devs could handle. Almost all of them were between slightly and severely overweight, almost all of them had bad skin, and one or two had very strong body odor. I still liked them. None of them had ever made a move at me, said something inappropriate, or made me uncomfortable.

I wanted to be at the kennel between 6 and 7, so I made sure to finish the travel expenses before 5, cleaned up all the other things off my desk, and got ready to leave around 6. I noticed that the atmosphere in the office changed; it was calm and quiet around 5, and then things got more agitated. Don, the head of development, came over: "The cheque for the cloud service bounced... can you check what happened?" It took another hour to follow up on that, clear the cheque with the bank, notify the cloud provider that we had transferred the money, and so on. It was after 7 when I had finally cleaned up the whole mess.

I called the animal shelter lady and asked if she'd still be around if I came at 7:30ish.

"Oh, honey, I'm not sure. But you got the address, and the kennels are in front of the house. You can go and have a look. You know, when you find the right dog, your dog... you will know. You don't need me to tell you."

I said bye to the folks in the office, rushed to my car, sped out of the parking garage—and then was stuck in traffic for over half an hour. I made it to the shelter and looked at my phone. 8:07 pm. Damn. 9-to-5 had been another 9:30-to-7 today...

The shelter was a large, U-shaped compound on the outskirts of town. An ugly house that looked like it was cobbled together from half a dozen other ugly houses sat at the back of the property. Left and right of the driveway to the house were large kennels, like a row of garages on both sides. I could smell a very distinct odor... it smelled of dog shit, dog sweat, and dog food. It was not the nicest smell, but it did remind me of Kenny's basket at my parent's house. It did smell like this, just maybe a factor of 10 or 20 less than the blanket of dog air that engulfed the kennels.

On the left side, each kennel housed smaller dogs, 3 to 5 in each kennel. They barked excitedly when they saw me, wagged their little tails, and stood up against the netting wire. I wasn't sure what kind of dog I wanted, but one thing I knew: a big one. Not a purse rat. So, I ignored the dogs on the left and inspected the right side. Slightly bigger dogs, the biggest was a Golden Retriever, just like Kenny. He looked old and hunched over, his fur pale and tattered.

Other dogs looked better (and younger), but none of them caught my eye. They were all mid-sized, most of them a mix of different breeds. If the "You will know when you find your dog" was right, I didn't find it here, not even close. Maybe coming here had been a mistake. There's a reason why real breeders charge more. This looked like the leftover bin at WalMart. I got goosebumps when I realized that this was a terrible thing to think, and I'm glad that there was nobody there I could've told such an insensitive thing.

It wasn't the dogs' fault that they were old. It wasn't their fault that they didn't look well-groomed. I

couldn't know what some of them had been through and how much they longed for a real home and not a dirty kennel, cramped together with other dogs and superficial chicks like me walking by and counting out, "You ugly, you ugly, you old and ugly...."

But even if that was a terrible thought, there was a kernel of truth to it: none of those dogs looked like the kind of companion (or guard) I was looking for. And there certainly wasn't anything like a magical connection with any of those worn animals.

I let out a sigh and had to smile at all the trouble I had been going through to arrive at the shelter in time (and failed miserably at it). At the excitement I had felt when I stepped on the property. OK, it had been worth a try—next stop: a professional breeder, and who knew, maybe with a bit of haggling, I could get one I could afford.

I turned around, ready to leave, when I saw another kennel next to the house. It was much smaller than the long row of kennels along the driveway, roughly the size of two garages separated into three smaller compartments. 'Might as well check out all of it,' I thought and walked up to it. The first thing I noticed was that it didn't smell as bad as the other kennels. There was a clean smell to it, even though the kennels themselves looked old and worn down. There was that musky dog smell but no smell of dog poop or piss. The second thing was hard to miss: a big sign about 10 feet in front of the kennels.

Beware Not for Sale—Danger

"OK, that sounds reassuring!"

I stepped a little closer but kept my distance from the kennels. There must be a reason for that sign—and finding out what kind of 'Danger' lurked there was probably not a good idea. The kennel in the middle housed a large German Shepherd. When I approached, he stood dead center and looked at me. He didn't bark or growl. He just looked at me. I tilted my head to the side. He watched me and tilted his head to the side. I smiled and tilted my head to the other side. He tilted his head to the other side.

"When you find the right dog, your dog, you will know."

Shit. There was no real way to describe it, but I felt... something. He held my gaze. His brown eyes looked kind and curious... he opened his mouth and licked his snout.

"Well, great, I have found my magical connection with a dog labeled as 'Beware!', 'Danger,'... and not to forget, 'Not for Sale.'"

I forced myself to look away. This felt like a major heartbreak. In the kennel to the left was a strange mix of... what? Pitbull and St. Bernard? Something like this. The dog was huge. It looked like a fat pig. He paced back and forth and looked at me. No barking, no growling. He was ugly but in a... I don't know... cute kind of way. Everything about him seemed a little off, the short legs carrying his giant body, the long tail wagging not left and right but more like a crooked up and down. His eyes weren't as kind as the German Shepard's, but he didn't look aggressive or mean... just mildly interested in this new guest. I looked at him and smiled. He sat down. Because of his short legs, he looked hunched over, and I had to smile.

I turned my head and looked at the right kennel. From where I was standing, I couldn't see all of it. It seemed to be empty. I took two steps forward, making sure I was still outside any zone that could be referred to as "Beware" or "Danger." Half of the right kennel was in shadow, and it seemed empty. I took another step forward. Now I was 3, maybe 4 feet away from the thick bars. Still

outside the "Danger!" zone but closer than I was probably allowed to approach. There was a piece of dirty duct tape next to the kennel's door handle, and it simply said 'Kong.' I smiled... I liked hyperbolic names for dogs.

I stared into the darkness and thought I saw a movement. But it was too high up to be a dog unless the occupant of the kennel was lying on a bunk bed or something. I heard a scraping sound, like paws on concrete, and then I saw two eyes. "This... this can't be!" I thought. The eyes were level with mine, and I stood at 5 feet and one inch. The eyes closed and opened again... and out of the shadows came the biggest Great Dane I had ever seen. He must've been on his hind legs when I saw his eyes... now that he was walking towards me, his eyes were at the height of my chest. I could see his muscles move under the thick, black fur.

"Hi, Kong," I said, and he sat down and looked at me, motionless. On his hind legs, he was taller than me by a good 2 inches, maybe 3. "Where do they breed monsters like this?"

I had seen big dogs before, some scarily big ones, but never anything even remotely like this. Now I got what the 'Danger' sign was for. This beast looked like it could bite my head off. His mouth was open, and now I saw his teeth... this was insane. He had big fangs in his upper jaw, but his lower jaw... those things looked like the tusks of a wild boar. Is this some mutation? I vaguely remembered a Great Dane who lived down the street from my parent's house.

He was huge, but probably merely half the size of this giant... and I was pretty sure that I remembered that he had, like, normal dog teeth. Not... this abomination. It looked scary. It looked wrong. Kong was still sitting 5 feet away from me; he didn't move, and his eyes were... seizing me up. Maybe calculating if I would make just one big dinner or would last him a few days if he saved the stringy bits for last?

I shuddered. "OK, there was a definite connection with the first dog. There was something with the second dog... but this? This was just weird... and wrong... and terrifying."

'First dog... what's his name?' I thought and moved two steps back. Kong looked at me. He didn't even blink. I looked at the door of the kennel in the middle. Another piece of duct tape, and in small, neat handwriting, 'MacGyver.'

Now I really had to laugh. Can he build a key to his kennel from bones and straw? Speaking of keys... it seemed none of the doors had a real lock. Just round handles in the middle of a big iron plate. Round handle. Big plate around it... probably so the dogs can't reach through the bars and press down a door handle. Smart and simple. This was laid on a stone plate in our office. Smart and simple.

"Hey, MacGyver!"

I winked at the big German Shepherd. Looking at him felt much more consoling than looking at Kong. MacGyver looked at me but didn't really seem to react. Does he know his name? Or is this something they just assigned to him and never used because he was locked up in the 'Beware! Danger' kennel all day and night?

"MacGyver! MacGyver! Mac...."

On the last try, the dog's ears stood up, and he tilted his head again. Can dogs smile? It seemed he did. And it was really, really difficult to look away from those big brown eyes. MacGyver stepped forward, close to the bars, and pressed his snout between two bars... I took a step towards him... he looked at me, ears and eyes following my motions. I stuck my hand out slowly... I could see that he

couldn't possibly move forward anymore, so my hand was safe. I brought it close to his nose, and he sniffed my hand and gave it a quick lick. His tongue was warm and wet, and I couldn't really tell why this gave me goosebumps on my arm. MacGyver drew back and just stood there, his tail wagging and his head tilted just a little bit.

I said, "Mac, sit," and he sat down. "Mac, up," and he stood up. "Mac, sit."

Now he tilted his head some more as if he wanted to say, 'Now, can we please make up our minds about the sit or up stuff?'

"Damn. I like this dog. The lady was right. When it's there, you know."

'Not for Sale'—we will see about this. 'Beware! Danger!'—well, this was obviously for Kong and maybe the Pitbull/St. Bernard mix, but certainly not for this docile and gentle animal with such kind eyes. I had to force myself to look away because MacGyver's eyes gave me a strange feeling... like a warm embrace on a cold winter night. Damn, this sounded so corny, so not me. But this was the first thing that came to my mind. A warm embrace. A companion. A guard.

The duct tape on the left kennel said 'Gandhi.' Now that's... pretty damn fucking funny. 'Beware! Danger! Gandhi!' The fat dog paced back and forth on his short legs and looked at her.

"Hey, Gandhi." He stopped. "Gandhi, sit!" He sat down. His long tongue was hanging from his mouth, and he waited for his next command. "Gandhi, up!" Nothing. "Gandhi, up!"

He just sat there. Well great. MacGyver barked, and Gandhi looked at him. MacGyver sat down and then stood up. Barked. Sat down and stood up. Barked. Gandhi stood up. MacGyver barked twice. 'Amazing!' I thought. Had this dog just taught another dog a command?

"Gandhi, sit!" Gandhi sat down. "Gandhi, up." He stood up and wagged his tail. MacGyver barked twice. "Good boy, Gandhi."

I moved closer and held up my hand. Gandhi sniffed it and then put his short, stubby snout into the palm of my hand. I caressed the soft fur and moved a little closer so I could move my hand up and down his neck. If he wanted to bite... well, it was now or never. But Gandhi just looked at me... his eyes weren't as mesmerizing as MacGyver's, but I did like that he looked a bit... demanding. More goosebumps. Why?

I decided to try my luck with Mr. Kong. I certainly wouldn't let him sniff me or touch him. That dog could hurt me without even trying (or wanting to). Kong sat close to the bars, motionless as always. "Kong, up!" He didn't move. "Kong, up!"

Nothing. And it didn't seem like MacGyver wanted to lend a hand (or a bark). I sighed and turned away. Kong stood up. I turned back. Kong looked at me. Could dogs look defiant? If they could, Kong did.

"Kong, sit." Kong stood motionless, closed his eyes, and opened them again. "Kong, sit!"

Eyes closed, opened. I turned away and walked towards MacGyver's kennel... and then I looked back over my shoulder. Kong sat and looked straight ahead, away from me.

"You don't like taking commands, right?" He didn't look at me. "Well, guess what? I don't like you either."

I stood in front of MacGyver's kennel. My eyes moved between him and the handle of the kennel door. 'Now, this is a really bad idea,' I thought. "Mac... back. Go back!" Mac looked at me, confused. He obviously didn't know this command. "Mac, go back!" and I pointed my arm to the back of his kennel. He took a step backward. "Good boy! Go back!" I pointed again. Mac walked backward, holding my gaze. When his tail bumped into the wall, he stood still. "Mac, sit!" He sat down. I sighed. "This is such a bad idea..."

I turned the handle and opened the door to Mac's kennel. Slowly. Mac tilted his head and perked up his ears. I took a look at the door. No handle on the inside. Well, of course not. I left the door open and walked towards Mac. I held both hands in front of me.

"Good boy... sit... I want to."

I touched his head. Mac bent his head down and then moved it back up, rubbing against my hand... I used my other hand to ruffle the soft fur behind his ears. Mac still sat but moved his head towards me. I moved one hand down to his chest and let my fingers glide through the thick, gray fur. Mac gave my hand a quick lick and then looked back up at me.

"Good boy, Mac."

Damn, this was it. This was my dog. Fuck 'not for sale,' I had just found my soulmate. I got down on my knees, cupping Mac's big head between my hands. I looked at him and petted the sides of his long snout. Mac tried to give me a lick across my face, but I drew back in time.

"No, bad boy, no licking mommy!"

Mac looked at me and yawned. Even his breath smelled good. How can that be? I had loved my parent's dog Kenny, but his dog breath was... well, dog breath. It stank. But Mac's breath smelled fresh and musky. And warm. Goosebumps on both arms. I grabbed both sides of his strong neck and pulled him closer. Mac put his head on my shoulder, and I pressed against him.

I whispered into his ear, "You're my dog, Mac," and hugged him with both arms.

Then I heard a bang and a click behind me. The door to the kennel had fallen shut. Fuck.

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## **Chapter Two: Bonding Time**

One hour later. I had fallen in love with my new dog. After trying to open the kennel door for 20 minutes, shouting, and rattling the door, I had given up. Mac had watched me the whole time and barked from time to time. I wasn't afraid of him. If there ever was a good dog, it was him. I could feel it. And I could picture the embarrassing scene when the owner came back later tonight—or tomorrow—and found me locked inside a kennel clearly labeled 'Beware! Not for Sale—Danger.' There would have to be some explaining—but one thing I knew for sure: this was my dog now. I didn't care if they wanted extra money or fine me or whatever. This was my dog now.

We played. And damn, it was fun. Mac didn't know a lot of commands, but he was a quick learner. After not even an hour, he could lie on his back, stand up on his hind legs, and—our best trick—walk in an eight shape around my spread legs. I also took some time to pet Gandhi. The bars between the kennels were a bit further apart, and Gandhi could stick his whole fat head into Mac's kennel, and I petted and ruffled his long fur. Gandhi smelled much stronger than Mac but still not unpleasant. I stayed away from Kong, though. And he ignored me as well. He just looked straight ahead at

something in the far distance and pretended I wasn't there.

There were two small doors between kennels, secured by a heavy iron plate that could be pulled up by a chain that went all the way to the ceiling, over a metal beam, and came down again, ending in a crude iron handle. I pulled the chain to Gandhi's kennel and was surprised at how easily the metal plate slid up. I didn't need much strength, and I could secure the chain on a hook in the wall. Maybe there was a way to get out through Gandhi's kennel. I sure wouldn't try Kong's—but Gandhi seemed just as peaceful and docile as Mac, just a tiny bit more sure of himself. While Mac checked if he was playing right every few seconds, Gandhi just made sure he got what he wanted and growled a bit when I didn't pet or ruffle him in the right place.

I opened the door to Gandhi's kennel. He tried to push his huge, fat body through the tiny opening, but there was no way. His head could go through... maybe his shoulders... but no way his fat belly could push through.

"Gandhi, go back!" Gandhi just lay there, stuck in the passage between kennels. "Gandhi, go back!" I pointed my arm to the far side of his kennel. He pulled his head back and looked at me. Mac barked and moved to the far side of his kennel. Gandhi looked at him. Mac barked again. Gandhi slowly moved back, looking at me. "Good boy, Gandhi. Go back! All the way back!"

Mac barked twice. Gandhi walked to the far side of his kennel and looked at me.

I said, "Good boy," again and got down on my hands and knees.

I slowly wriggled my body through the opening. It was easy to go through. My petite body was maybe half the size of Gandhi's... but I didn't want to get caught in some part of the crude iron opening and hurt myself. I made it through, got up, and patted my skirt. Again, I noticed how clean both kennels were. I tried the kennel door, but it was the same as Mac's door. No chance to open it from the inside.

Gandhi came closer while I was trying, and suddenly, I could feel his head pressing against my backside. Not my backside... my ass. I jumped up and let out a short, girly scream. Gandhi's head was still pressed against my black skirt, and I could feel his warm breath even through the thick fabric.

"No, bad boy! Go back! Back!"

Gandhi moved back, and I turned around. He came closer again, his snout pressed between my thighs. Damn, this really had taken a weird turn. I pushed his head back.

"No! Gandhi, sit!" He sat down and looked at me, his tongue hanging out. "Bad boy... you can't just... I mean."

How to explain this to a dog? I looked down at him. I could see something pink and very big sticking out between his legs.

"Does he have a boner?" I shuddered.

This had all been a lot of fun, and I had found Mac, and I had liked Gandhi, too... but this was... weird. Dogs aren't supposed to get boners for women. It didn't make sense. But there it was. I shifted a bit to the left and took a closer look. Damn. Double damn. Triple damn. The thing between his legs looked like the thick end of a baseball bat. The tip was bright pink, but further down, it was a dark purple, with thick veins the size of macaroni. From this perspective, I couldn't really judge



the length... something like 10 inches? I shuddered again and felt a strange tingling in my stomach.

Am I going to be sick? Just two minutes ago, there had been nothing scary about Gandhi... but this... this looked very, very, very scary. I had no idea what a dog would do if he were horny. And this dog was horny. I looked again. Has this thing grown? Still 10 inches, but there was something else at the base of this giant dog penis. Like a bulb the size of a big grapefruit.

“Are these his balls? No, silly... there’s only one, and balls don’t go all the way around a cock. They are hanging...”

I bent down a little... there they were. Two big, flesh-colored balls, the size of small oranges. I turned away. Why the hell did I look in the first place? There was this tingling in my stomach again, and this time, I really felt like I was going to be sick. I walked towards the gate between the two kennels backward. No way I’m taking my eyes off this horny beast.

“Stay back, Gandhi.”

He stayed and looked... sad. I crouched down on my hands and knees. I started to crawl through the gate, legs and butt first, my eyes still on Gandhi. I took a quick look over my shoulder to make sure that Mac was still in his corner and wouldn’t pull the same stunt. I felt bad thinking this way about him. He hadn’t been anything but good and playful—but I had just learned that a dog’s behavior can change when he is... horny. Better be safe than sorry. I slowly crawled backward. When I came out on the other side, I sat down, my back against the wall. I breathed slowly but deeply.

I felt sweat running down my back and down my chest. I looked down. My white blouse was ruined, smeared with gray dirt and wet spots from my sweat, and the top two buttons were gone. How did this happen? No idea... maybe while I was playing with Mac and taught him to put his paws on my shoulder and “dance” with me. That had been fun. The last 10 minutes hadn’t been fun. I swallowed. My mouth was dry. I looked around. There was a metal bowl with water bolted to the concrete floor. OK, no way I’m drinking that. I can make it for a few hours without water. If I have to, I can make it till tomorrow morning. I looked to my right. Gandhi had pushed his fat, ugly head through the gate and looked at me. He looked guilty. Guilty and sad. I petted his head.

“Sorry, buddy. I know you didn’t mean any harm. But sniffing mommy like I’m afraid that’s not right. You hear me? No sniff, mommy butt,” I giggled.

This sounded like some bad porn dialogue. I ran my fingers up and down his ear. Mac came closer, lay down next to me, and put his head on my upper leg. I let my fingers run through his fur and patted his belly. Just to be sure, I took a look: no signs of arousal in my new dog. He was a gentleman. I closed my eyes and petted both dogs. Had I overreacted with Gandhi? Dogs sniff. That’s how they explore the world. He hadn’t done anything really bad. He had just pushed his nose against my butt and between my legs. He hadn’t even touched my pussy. The nose had just pushed my skirt inward. Nothing more. If he had lifted his nose a bit and pushed it against my private parts... yes, then some serious scolding would’ve been in order. But he hadn’t. And I had still freaked out.

I gave Gandhi some extra tender cuddles around his neck and behind his ears. He growled softly and looked at me with sleepy eyes. I felt Mac’s breath on my thighs. I looked down. My skirt covered not even half of my upper legs, and my dog’s head lay just below my hip bone. Mac looked back at me. My dog. This is my dog. I leaned back and closed my eyes again. More warm breath on my thighs. I could feel it through my skirt. I could feel it between my legs. Warm. Safe. My dog.

Why had I reacted like this? Why did I think that a dog was interested in me sexually? It seemed wild now that I thought about it. I had behaved like... like a bitch. I smiled. Now, there’s something to

think about. Would a 'bitch' push the dog back, or would a bitch offer herself?

"I guess I'm not a real bitch. I'm just some bitch." I couldn't hold back a deep belly laugh. Mac looked up at me and licked his lips. "Good boy. Mommy is just being silly." I leaned forward and whispered into Mac's ear, "Mommy thought Gandhi wants to make doggy babies with her."

To hold back another laugh, I took Mac's ear between my lips... why? I really didn't know. It just felt natural... Mac whelped a bit but didn't move. His soft fur tasted salty. I let go and leaned back again, tickling Mac under his belly and playing with Gandhi's ear.

"This was actually the first time in weeks, maybe months, that someone was close enough to me to smell me."

I had no idea where that thought had come from. But there it was, and it was true. Things between my boyfriend and me were... well, next to non-existent. We had sex on my birthday. That was almost half a year ago. I had given him a blow job on his birthday. That was four months ago. Since then... nothing. This was such a cliché. The only thing that was less of a cliché: we had managed to go from a first date to a steady relationship to no sex at all in less than two years. Why? Hard to say. I had made a pro and con list a few weeks ago. After a lot of thought and soul-searching, I came up with this:

PROS: He's nice

CONS: He's nice.

That was it. In a nutshell and without nuance or context, this was really it. I liked him because he had been the first guy in a long time who had been genuinely nice to me. My early twenties were a long string of asshole boyfriends, cool dudes with big egos who treated me like shit. The thing was: none of them really had the personality or status or built or... ('cock' my mind said, but I skipped that) to justify this kind of behavior. They were all bad in bed. They were all broke. Some of them were pretty dumb. I remembered Luke, who thought that 'Vietcong' had something to do with 'Hong Kong.' I rolled my eyes. 'Vietcong.' 'Hong Kong.' Kong...

I looked to my left. Kong stood close to the bars, motionless as always. He looked at us. Didn't flinch. "Kong, sit!" He didn't move. Of course not. "Alright, Sir. We're sure more comfortable than you." I hugged Mac and leaned over to Gandhi, smiled at his fat head stuck through the gate, and placed my cheek on the top of his head. "I'm sorry, buddy... like really. Not your fault, and I was the bitch... but not a bitch. Yeah, it doesn't make sense to me either."

I kissed the top of his head and rubbed my nose between his eyes. He smelled nice. Stronger than Mac, but nice. I felt more of Mac's breath between my legs... and then I sat back up straight. I looked to my left, and Kong was sitting. Again, of course. I pulled Mac's snout away from my thighs and gave him a nose rub, too.

Months without sex or affection or anything... no wonder I couldn't distinguish between real sexual behavior and just the natural reactions of an animal to a new scent. I thought of Gandhi's giant penis and the red baseball bat... and filed this under 'Boys will be boys and boys get boners sometimes.'

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Chapter Three: Remembering

It's funny: when I was growing up, I was sure that I would like sex. I started masturbating when I

was 14. I had my first boyfriend at 16 but only went all the way when I was 19. Late bloomer and everything, but it just didn't feel right before I met Eric. Eric was my first real boyfriend, and he was... nice. Sweet. Caring. Gentle. It didn't hurt when he took my virginity, but this also meant that sex was... just nice. It was making love, slow and with lots of cuddles and 'I love yous' whispered in the dark. Things with Eric ended when I went off to college. He cried. I didn't.

Another nice boyfriend at college, Justin. There's really nothing to say about him except that he had blonde hair, while Eric had dark brown hair. I really can't think of a single thing to say about him that made him any different from Eric.

Girls at college talked about their wild nights and their orgasms. I didn't have a single orgasm while having sex. I had lots of orgasms when I was alone in my room. But with a nice guy like Eric or Justin, making love just meant being close, being held, becoming one... and an orgasm for the guy, no orgasm for me. I never had sex without a condom. I didn't react well to the pill, so condoms were the only option. Putting them on, sometimes first looking for one, was all part of the same boring, careful lovemaking that became so boring I sometimes faked going to sleep early so I didn't have to endure another 5 minutes of Justin's gentle thrusts, which felt like a finger penetrating me.

One night, I went out with some of the more adventurous girls to a club. I wouldn't say I liked the music, I didn't like the smoke of cigarettes and weed—but I did like one of the bartenders. He was tall and muscular, with tattoos on both arms and long black hair. He didn't look clean. He didn't look nice. He looked brutish and arrogant. I ordered a beer, and he handed me a tall bottle. And I looked at him and let my tongue play around the top of the bottle. He looked at me, made a 'come hither' gesture, and went to a back room.

I followed him. He pushed me into a small employee bathroom and pushed me down on my knees. I could hear his zipper while I was going down, and my knees hadn't even really touched the floor when he pushed his hard cock into my mouth. He smelled and tasted rank, like he hadn't showered in quite some time... his cock and balls were hairy. I had my first orgasm when his cock touched the back of my throat... I didn't know what to do. I never had an orgasm when being with a guy, and all I could do was close my eyes and let the waves wash over me... he held my head with both hands... his hands smelled of beer and liquor.

I could feel my pussy soaking my panties, my legs shaking from the orgasm that had hit me when he was fucking my mouth. This wasn't nice-guy sex. This wasn't consensual. This was a guy taking what he wanted and not giving a fuck about me or my pleasure. And it got me so wet I could feel the juice running down my legs. His cock raged in my mouth, pushed against my throat. I had never deep-throated... not so much because I didn't want to but because... well... my boyfriends could barely reach the back of my throat, even when I was pushing my face against their groins.

I panicked and started hitting his abs and hips and legs with my flat hands and clenched fists... but he didn't let go and rammed his cock down my throat. I felt tears running down my face, and I was gasping for air. His iron grip around my head loosened up, and he pulled his cock out... I sucked in some air and wanted to yell at him, call him a pig, a rapist, a not-nice guy... when the first load of his cum hit my face. His cum smelled of eggs, beer, and something rank like milk gone bad.

I turned my head to the side, felt the next spurt of cum hit my hair and run down my neck... and then I felt his hand in my hair, pulling me up by my hair and pushing my head down on the dirty washbasin. I coughed up some of his cum and tried to kick him, but he banged my head against the basin, ripped off my panties with one hard pull. I could feel another spurt of cum hitting my ass and my dripping pussy.

How could it be that he was still cumming? He wrapped my hair around his fist, and then I felt a pain unlike anything I had ever felt... he forced his cock into my hole with one hand and violent thrust... and I came again. I came so hard that my legs were kicking in all directions. I screamed. I don't remember if I screamed words or just a guttural sound... and clenched my pussy around his cock.

My head banged against the wall with each violent thrust. The basin smelled of pee and cheap hand soap... and each of his thrusts lifted me off my feet... another orgasm washed over me. I could feel my pussy squirt, I could feel his balls slapping against my clit... and then he came again, inside me, and I had the longest, most intense orgasm of my life. It didn't seem to end, wave after wave.

It was still going on when he pulled out. Another wave when I felt his cum dripping out of my pussy, I could hear it dripping on the cheap linoleum floor... A long, shivering wave when he said "fucking slut" and then another pulsing wave when I heard the door open and slam shut.

I dropped to the floor, trembling, my face and hair full of cum, my pussy still leaking his second load. I felt... violated. Ashamed. Dirty. And happier than I had ever been in my whole life. This was what it felt like to have an orgasm while getting fucked. This was why people made such a fuss about sex. I used the paper towels in the bathroom to clean myself and wash my face. I couldn't do much about my hair, but figured it wouldn't matter. Nobody out there was here to smell my hair.

I don't quite remember how I got home. But I do remember that everything in my body hurt for a good two days. My lips, jaw, and throat hurt. My pussy was sore and hurt. My knees were bruised. He had torn out quite a bit of my hair, and that hurt, too. I was scared that I might be pregnant. No pill and a giant load of cum delivered deep into my womb. The memory made me shiver... in a good way. I decided while I stayed in bed for two days, I had to accept the fact that I had loved this. Genuinely loved it. But it still couldn't happen again. Like ever. I was lucky that he didn't do more extreme stuff. I was lucky that he wasn't a psychopath and killed me. No way I could ever take a risk like that again.

My next boyfriend was another nice guy. And for the first time, a nice guy actually knew how to make love. But he still lacked the equipment to make me cum. Now, don't get me wrong, I'm not a size queen. I would've been perfectly happy with 5 inches. Even 4 I could work with. But Alex... 3 inches and a bit. I liked the way he made love, slow but firm, with confident, deep thrusts... but 3 inches only go so deep, and no matter what we tried, I couldn't cum. I made a conscious effort not to think about the night in the bar's bathroom... but after each failed session of making love, I remembered the violent thrusts that had vibrated deep inside me. Alex left after three months. No fight, no big talk; he just left, and I never saw him again.

After that, I looked for rough guys. But for a goody-two-shoes like me, finding a rough guy wasn't easy. And the ones I found all talked a big game but didn't deliver. They were big on degrading dirty talk, telling me how they would fuck my brains out..., and then they came after 2 minutes, and I don't think even a single cock was bigger than 5 inches. Nothing wrong with 5 inches, but when someone drools into your ear about how they will give you the biggest cock you've ever had, 5 inches just don't cut it.

Back to a nice guy with the same predictable results. Back to a rough guy, same game, same letdown. Rinse, repeat. Again and again.

Until I met Jeb, another nice guy, but something about this felt just right. I didn't love him. But he made me feel good. He made me feel safe. He cared about me. And we moved in together. Two years ago. Not a single orgasm since then.

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## Chapter Four: Water

I felt that I was almost slipping into sleep... it was barely 9:30, but my eyes were heavy. Those memories felt like a dream... the nice boyfriends and Mac's nice eyes and warm breath. The rough ones and Gandhi's giant dog cock. And the tall bartender. His dominating stare. His air of not giving a fuck about me. Kong. Kong. Kong... I felt a tingling on my thighs. I looked down. Mac's head was on my skirt. He was looking up at me... what was tingling down there... was it sweat rolling down my thighs? Mac's head sure felt warm, but not warm enough to make me sweat...

I moved a bit, pulled my legs up a little, and Mac rolled his head in my lap. Then I noticed it: I was wet. Soaking wet. The memories of the night at the bar... I could feel the damp fabric of my panties rubbing over my pussy lips... I pulled my legs up further, and my skirt slipped a bit higher. Mac was on his back, the back of his head in my lap... and then he smelled something. He turned his head and sniffed my inner thighs. I froze.

"No, not again!"

I checked Mac's lower body... there was definitely a penis sticking out between his legs. Not as thick as Gandhi's, but thicker than any boyfriend I ever had. 'Thicker than the bartenders,' I thought.

It got longer... it was 4, maybe 5 inches when I first looked. Now it was 6 inches... 7 inches... I felt something wet on my thigh and looked down. Mac had licked a drop of pussy juice from my thighs. I was getting ready to jump up, to scold him—and to find a way to keep him away from me. But he just turned around and looked at me with those big brown eyes. Mac licked his lips and snuggled into my lap, his mouth far away from my naked thighs.

"Good boy... don't you make mommy uncomfortable like this, OK?"

I rubbed his belly. His cock stood at a good 8 inches... and I could see the big bulb at the base of his cock. But he didn't make any moves, he didn't sniff me, he didn't try anything.

"It's not his fault. He's just feeling good. And I'm feeling good, too. That's my dog. My dog."

I leaned back against the wall and felt Mac's head in my lap... my pussy was so wet that I made squishy sounds when I moved. Mac turned his head, gave my thighs a quick sniff, and then looked back at me. He licked his lips. I felt Gandhi licking my hand. I leaned down and kissed him on his wet nose.

"You two are real gentlemen tonight."

I was lying on my side and kissed the corner of Gandhi's mouth.

I kissed him right below his eye. I whispered into his ear, "I can't see it, but I bet you have a boner, too, right?"

Gandhi looked at me and pushed his wet nose against my chin. I gave it another kiss and ruffled his thick fur with both hands. I had turned sideways to rub my head against Gandhi's, and I could feel a cool breeze on my butt when I lifted it off the cold, damp floor. I kissed the corner of Gandhi's mouth and let my tongue dart over his teeth and gums... Gandhi held still and let me bury my face in the fur on his neck.

Then I felt something cold and probing against my butt... I turned my head and saw Mac pushing his snout against my butt... and I felt his tongue giving my whole butt a good, long lick... I shrieked. Mac looked up, a bit guilty, and licked his lips.

“Now, don’t you make me go through the whole bad-boy routine? No licking mommy’s butt, understand?”

Mac got up, gave me a short, friendly bark, and walked over to his water bowl. I could hear him drink. I looked over my shoulder and saw Kong, his face pressed against the bars, looking at us. From this perspective, he was towering over us, looking down. Perfectly still, but now I saw something in his eyes... he was... interested. Curious. I tried to see if he had a boner, too, but I couldn’t really see it in the shadow of the evening sun.

I got up and stretched. This could be a very uncomfortable night. I liked being with Mac and Gandhi—but by now, I also knew that sleeping next to them might not be safe. They wouldn’t hurt me. I was sure about this. But I wasn’t so sure if they could withstand the scents they picked up. What if one of them started sniffing and licking me in my sleep? Or both of them? I shuddered. I felt something on my shoulder and looked up. A thin string with a ring at its end was dangling from the ceiling. I hadn’t seen it before because it hung close to the wall. I pulled it, and a dim light in the kennel went on. Great, this would help me stay awake. No way I could sleep next to two horny dogs.

I looked at Kong, now illuminated by the weak lightbulb.

Three horny dogs.

Oh my god. Oh my fucking god. No way.

Kong sat on his hind legs, and his cock was sticking out in front of him. This was... wild. This wasn’t a cock. This looked like something the size of my leg. I was standing, my eyes on the same height as Kong’s eyes... and his cock was at the height of my waist. It began a few inches off the floor and went up to the height of my waist. That’s what? Two feet? Two and a half? I couldn’t stop looking. There was a clear liquid oozing out the top of his cock and running down the thick shaft... some of it dripped down on the floor.

I could actually hear the little splash when a drop the size of a cherry hit the floor. “Sir, you are a miracle of nature,” I said out loud. My mouth went dry. I followed another drop from the tip of his cock all the way down to the base... where was his bulb? Was it still... inside of him? Could this thing get any bigger? His balls were the size of coconuts. How much sperm is in there? How many bitches could he breed with one load from those insane balls? My mouth tasted like chalk. I tried to say something, but no words came out, just a hoarse croak.

“Water! I need to drink something like right fucking now.”

My initial idea of just holding out for a few hours or even all through the night went out the window. I had to force myself to look away from Kong and look at Mac’s water bowl. It was half full. Water. Half full of water. ‘Oh, fuck it,’ I thought, dropped down on my knees and crawled towards the bowl. Mac watched me, and I looked back at him. This is his bowl. I hope he doesn’t get angry when I take some of his water.

Mac gave me two short barks, came closer, and pushed me towards his bowl. Small, gentle pushes. Then he sat down, his tongue hanging out, and tilted his head. I bent down over the bowl. Should I use my hands and bring some water to my lips? Or should I lower my head and drink from the bowl like a... like a... like a bitch? I wanted to use my hands, but I somehow felt that Mac maybe wouldn’t

like this.

This was his water, and my hands were dirty. I got down on all fours, lowered my head, and got my first sip of water. It tasted heavenly. I gulped down a mouthful, then took another sip and let it rest inside my mouth. I swallowed and bowed down again, my head all the way down and my butt sticking up. And then I felt a wet snout against my ass. I wanted to say something, but the words just didn't come out. I opened my mouth and drank. The snout moved over my panties, along my ass crack down between my legs.

'STOP!' This was in my head. I didn't say anything. I just drank. Another mouthful. Then I felt Mac's wet tongue... his tongue was so long that the lick started just below my belly button, dragged over the elastic band of my panties, down over my pubis, and then along my slit... the soft tongue followed the narrow valley between my legs, pressing against my opening and I gasped into the water bowl. I turned my head and looked at Kong... his head was so high above me that I could only see the underside of his head... but I could see that majestic cock, more clear liquid running down the 2-foot shaft in thick drops...

I turned my head the other way and saw Gandhi staring at me... he was too far away to reach, but I really wanted to touch him... feel him... kiss him... I couldn't move... I put both hands flat on the concrete and arched my back... spread my legs a little wider... Mac gave me another lick, but this time his tongue stayed on my pussy... I could feel it pulse through my panties. I could feel how he tensed and released his muscles and pressed his tongue against me... there was nothing animalistic or demanding about him. It felt like he did this for me—For me.

And I did feel good. I felt better than I had felt in a long, long time... his breath was on my ass, his wet nose pressed against my asshole as his tongue wiggled between my legs... I could feel my panties shrinking like someone was giving me a wedgie... and then they were between my pussy lips and in my ass crack, like a G-string... and Mac's tongue licked my pussy lips slowly, licked my inner thighs and licked my ass... I started to tremble... my shoes made cloud click-click-click sounds on the concrete floor, and I started to breathe faster. I turned my head back to Kong and could see that his giant cock was twitching... more pre-cum was oozing out of his cock...

I had to close my eyes... I had to... but couldn't... Mac started licking me with the tip of his tongue, wiggling it directly on my clit... I bucked my hips... his breath got warmer and harder, and I could feel it all over my ass and pussy... I lowered my head and looked back between my bent arms, my dirty blouse and my black skirt now pulled up all the way around my waist... and saw Mac's mouth wide open, his lower jaw just below my abdomen, and I suppose his upper jaw must've been right over my ass... and then he clenched down... not hard, gentle but firm.

He held my pussy between his jaws, made it bulge out, and pushed his tongue against my panties... pushed so hard that I could feel my panties stretching into my pussy... his wonderful warm tongue pushing harder and harder... I moaned... please... I don't know if my panties tore open or if they just snapped to the side... but with one loud, wet sound, Mac's tongue was inside my pussy... deep... I could feel it twisting and turning inside me... pushing deeper...

I closed my eyes... felt Mac's teeth digging into my skin... his tongue pushing deeper... and then the world exploded. It started deep inside my womb and expanded from there over my whole lower body... my pussy contracted and trembled... my ass was on fire... my legs shook... and I screamed... I reached back with both hands, grabbed Mac's head, and pushed him against me.

My head was now up in the air, my back arched to the breaking point... and for the second time in my life, I squirted... it came from deep within, and then it felt like a geyser. I could feel my pussy lips

flapping around the gush of warm juice... I squirted into Mac's wide-open mouth, and I could hear him swallow. A second wave, I had to bend the other way and squirted on the floor. It sounded like somebody had poured a bucket of water. I collapsed and felt a third squirt, much softer, much longer, going into Mac's mouth, and then everything went black.

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Chapter Five: Who let the dogs out?

I opened my eyes. I was lying curled up on the cold concrete floor, and everything within me was vibrating and pulsing. Mac lay next to me, one of his paws sitting on my shoulder. He sniffed my face and gave it a quick lick. It looked like he was checking if I was OK. If I had enjoyed it. Protecting me. A wave of love for this beautiful dog washed over me. My dog. This is my dog.

It actually hurt when I tried to raise my arms and took his big head between my hands. I stretched my neck and pulled him closer. His warm breath on my face. I kissed Mac. Kissed him like I would kiss a boyfriend. I tilted my head and let my tongue slip into his big, warm mouth. Licked his fangs... closed my lips around one of his long teeth, and sucked it like a small cock. 'His tooth is the size of Alex's cock,' another thought I tried to push away. Mac gave my whole face a soft, slow lick, and I caught his tongue with my lips.

I held it firmly and French-kissed my dog... his tongue was so big it filled my whole mouth, and it tasted so good I sucked on it and swallowed my dog's saliva. I wrapped my arms around his head and held his neck, and kissed him more... rolled on my back, Mac standing over me, and I let his tongue fuck my mouth. I reached down and let my hand glide through the soft fur on his belly... I didn't have to go far before I felt the tip of his big doggie cock... I ran my fingertip over it... followed the rim around the fat head with a sharp, manicured fingernail... Mac whelped a bit and shifted position.

He was now standing over me, his legs left and right of my upper body... I was still sucking on his tongue, and my hand closed around the head of his cock... my god, I couldn't even take the whole head in my small hand... but I could feel how wet and slimy it was... how it pulsed with each touch. I stroked him gently, and Mac pushed his tongue all the way down my throat... I hugged him with my other arm and pulled myself up to him...

I could feel his tongue filling my mouth, licking the insides of my throat. Mac pulled back, moving backward... I didn't want to stop kissing him, didn't want to lose this heavenly tongue in my mouth... but he drew back further.

"Doesn't he like it?"

Further back, and then I looked down and saw what he was trying to do. He crouched on his hind legs, and my hand around the head of his cock was now resting just below my belly button.

"You want to fuck mommy, Mac?"

Mac barked twice and gave my whole face a long lick, from my upper chest over my neck and chin, my whole face up to my hairline... my nipples got so hard they felt sore against the fabric of my dirty blouse. I helped Mac guide his cock to my pussy... I rubbed the head between my legs, smearing his slimy pre-cum all over my pussy... I felt a burning sensation down there, a burning that needed to be put out. Mac gave his cock a little push and looked at me... checking if I was OK... I nodded at him and kissed his wet nose. He pushed more... whelped... my panties were still in the way, and it seemed he had pushed his sensitive piss-slit against the tight string of fabric between my pussy lips.

"This won't work..."

The way I was pinned to the floor, on my back, Mac's legs left and right, one hand trying to guide him and the other hand grabbing the thick fur on the back of his head. No way I could pull my panties down like this. Mac whelped again in frustration. I sat up a bit, pulling myself up on his head.

"Good boy... let mommy help you."

I rolled on my right side, turning underneath him, moving my wet, burning pussy away from his cock. Mac barked.

"Mommy will be a good bitch for her good doggy. Trust me, baby."

I got up on one arm and turned further. Mac lifted one leg and let me get up. My body ached from the hard floor, and I had to blink a few times because I felt dizzy. Then I saw Gandhi. His head sticking through the small gate, his eyes alert, looking at me.

"Oh, my poor boy... I forgot all about you... did you enjoy the show?"

Gandhi's tail did the strange, crooked up-and-down wagging. I could hear his tail whipping the floor... I crawled a bit towards him, now my head was just a few inches from his... I crawled forward and could feel Mac going around my back... I bowed my head down and let my cheek rest on top of Gandhi's giant head... his breath was slow and steady, and I caressed his teeth and gums with the tip of my finger... kissed him behind his ears.

"You will get your turn, I promise... but now I need someone to hold on to... are you with me, buddy?"

Gandhi's tongue darted out and licked my face. I reached back with both hands and tried to slide my panties down... they were stuck between my pussy lips and ass crack, and I had to pull hard to get them down... my legs were shaking. Then I felt a tug on my panties, looked back, and saw Mac using one of his paws to push them down to my knees.

"Good boy, helping mommy."

And then another lick from Mac's wonderful tongue, all across my dripping pussy and trembling asshole... my hands were still back at my panties, now being stretched between my knees... I moved them back up, grabbed my ass cheeks, and pulled them open.

"This is for you, Mac... come and get it... come and get your bitch!"

My head was resting on Gandhi's head, and I licked his fur... twirling my tongue around a long strand of his hair.

"I guess I will need your help, buddy... can mommy hold on to you while Mac is... is..."

I couldn't say it out loud... why?

I whispered it into Gandhi's ear, "While Mac is fucking mommy."

I grabbed Gandhi's fur, dug my fingers in, and held on to him... closed my eyes... This would hurt. I had seen Mac's cock, a good 8 inches, but much thicker than anything I ever had in my pussy. It would hurt. Badly. And I wanted it more than I had wanted anything in my life. I licked the inside of

Gandhi's ear, my hands clawing at his fur, bracing myself for the biggest cock I ever had... and I thought I knew what was coming. I had seen dogs fucking. Hard, quick, mechanical thrusts. Uncaring... raw... animalistic. That's how I wanted to be fucked. Let it hurt. Let him tear me open. Just fuck me.

"FUCK YOUR BITCH, MAC." This time, I yelled it out. I felt Mac mounting me, his front paws on my back, his claws digging into my skin. I took a deep breath... whispered, "I'm so fucking scared, buddy."

And closed my eyes... waited for the violent thrusts... and felt... something gentle. Mac's cock was between my legs, but he didn't push in... he moved it back and forth between my pussy lips... I could feel the big head oozing pre-cum, smearing my belly, my pussy, and my ass with warm liquid.

"Ohhhhhhh," that's all I could say. Mac licked my neck with his big, wet tongue and kept moving slowly. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh."

My pussy was shivering... sucking on the long rod moving along the slit. I could feel each vein rubbing over my clit, a little bump, and then more warm slime. My tongue was still inside Gandhi's ear, licking, moaning, whispering... and then I felt him move... it almost kicked my head back when his giant head was moving...

"What is he doing?"

This felt so perfect. What is he doing?" I opened my eyes and saw Gandhi turning, his head now on its side, his short legs and big paws scratching the floor... his head was stuck in the small gate. He was trying to turn on his back. And then I saw why. As he turned, I could see his cock... now it really looked like a baseball bat. Big and pulsing, the head an angry red, pre-cum pumping out, slow but powerful. I tried to crawl closer while Gandhi was turning... I had to drag Mac with me, and I could feel him hugging my upper body from behind. Mac's jaws closed around my neck, and I froze.

But then I felt his love bites, his tongue circling my neck, and this amazing long rod gliding up and down my pussy. Some of his veins were so thick that I could feel them first on my asshole and then on my pussy, and then on my clit... Gandhi had now turned almost all the way. He was on his back, his head stuck in the gate and his cock sticking out on the other side of the bars, a good 2 feet away from me. I dragged Mac further, feeling my knees scratching over the raw concrete. Gandhi wiggled and turned, and I bent down to kiss him... the fur under his chin was wonderful and soft, and I let my tongue glide through it until I reached his mouth...

I gave him my tongue and felt the cutest little bite... I used both hands to open up his jaws and put my whole head between his teeth, tilting my head so his teeth dug into my cheeks while I pushed my tongue down his throat... Gandhi whelped and groaned. Suddenly, I felt something hitting my tits... I looked down... I don't know how, but Gandhi had managed to push further through the gate and got his paws on the other side... his paws were tearing at my blouse. I licked and sucked his teeth and could hear the remaining buttons of my blouse pop off, one by one, until my dirty blouse was hanging from my shoulders, wide open. Mac had found his rhythm and moved his cock up and down my slit...

I was dripping. I so wanted him inside me but couldn't bring myself to stop him from this wonderful rubbing... I pulled myself up on the bars separating the two kennels and tried to breathe slowly... Gandhi's paws were now tearing at my bra. He raised his head and gave my upper chest a good, long lick... without thinking much I reached behind me, had to wiggle my hand between my back and Mac's chest pressed against me... and opened my bra with one swift move... Gandhi's paw had just

caught the small strap between the two cups. When my bra opened, he tore it right off.

I looked at Gandhi's cock, now a mere foot away from me... I stuck my hand through the bars and touched it... it was hot. Not warm, but hot... and it pulsed like a beating heart... his piss-slit was so big I could... I could... I licked my lips and pushed my index finger into Gandhi's piss slit. I leaned my face against the bars and reached out with my other hand, stroking the head of his cock. I could feel Mac changing his stance. Now I no longer felt the whole length of his fat rod gliding over my pussy.

Now it was just the head of his cock rubbing between my lips. I kept fucking Gandhi's piss-slit with one finger, trying to bring my face closer to him, Gandhi trying to wiggle even further through the gate... I reached back with one hand and grabbed the head of Mac's cock... I rubbed my clit with it, and for a short time, I felt like I would pass out again... Gandhi licked my tits with long, hungry laps, and my nipples were aching and dripping with dog spit. I could now get my whole finger into Gandhi's cock, and I could hear him whelp when I pushed too far... My head was caught between two bars, but I kept pushing. I could feel the cold metal tearing at my ears, but I didn't care... I wanted to taste this cock... my dog's cock. My dog. This is my dog.

I twisted and turned my finger in Gandhi's cock, and I could feel how much he liked it by the way he gave little love bites to my tits and even managed to suck on my nipples. His cock pulsed even harder. It looked like a giant snake swallowing a rat... I felt the tip of my finger getting even warmer inside him, and then I saw a thick, white cream being pushed out with every pulse around my finger.

"Will you cum for mommy, buddy?"

I let my finger pop out and wanted to say something encouraging to my big, beautiful, ugly dog... when a thick wad of cum shot out of his cock and hit me right in the face. It felt like a ladle of warm, whipped cream was thrown at my face... it smelled wonderful, fresh, and musky. Gandhi whelped, and I felt his big jaws close around my whole left tit... biting down gently, his tongue swirling around my nipple. I felt Mac push a little more, and I guided the head of his cock to my opening. And waited. No more cum from Gandhi. That was it? One arguable big spurt and nothing more? I felt another wave of love for my dog wash over me... everything about you is a little off, you big, lovely doofus. Short legs. A face like a train wreck. Loves tits. And comes in one spurt, and that's it. God, I love this dog. I wanted to say it out loud.

"I love you, buddy."

I opened my mouth. I heard a growl, deep and dark. I felt everything in Gandhi tense up, his jaws still holding my breasts, but his tongue had stopped licking... it felt like he was trembling. And then he came. Then he really came. My dog came, and it was glorious. This wasn't ejaculating. This wasn't pumping spurts of cum. This was one long, endless gush of warm cum, like a hose aimed at my face and drenching me... it actually hurt when it hit my face, my head flew back, and some got up my nose.

I held on to the bar with one hand and tried to open my eyes. However, Gandhi's cum was still splattering against my face... no spurts, no pumps, just hosing me down with cum... and then I felt Mac pushing... he didn't need my hand to guide him, so I now held on to the bars with both hands and felt the fat head of Mac's cock open up my fuck hole. It was incredible. He was so thick, and he pushed so slowly and gently... but I still had to scream when the head pushed through my tight opening...

I opened my mouth, and my scream was immediately muffled by the stream of cum still hitting my face. I desperately tried to swallow, but it was just too much. With one last push, Mac got half of his

cock into my pussy. With one last push, I managed to get my head through the bars, and I could finally stick out my tongue and touch Gandhi's cock with it...

While he was still shooting his sperm... drenching me in dog cum... my face, my hair, my whole upper body, everything was covered in my lover's thick, warm sperm... the tip of my tongue touched his piss slit. I pushed it in... pushed it in while his cum was rushing past my tongue, some into my mouth, some on my face... Mac moved with me, slow and gentle, letting me get used to his big cock buried deep inside me... his paws were on my shoulders, and I could feel him licking my neck. Gandhi's orgasm withered down...

From a gush to a stream to little drops of cum that I sucked fresh out of his slit and swallowed. I tried to breathe... my mouth was full of dog cum, I had swallowed more than I could take, and a deep belch came up from my stomach. "Excuse me." I had to giggle. Yes, excuse me. Too much dog cum, you know? I licked the head of Gandhi's cock, letting my tongue circle it, savoring the taste. Mac was still only half inside me.

Only. His cock was so thick, and I couldn't spread my legs more because my panties were still caught around my knees. He stretched my pussy, and I could feel my asshole bulging out when Mac pushed in. But he still took it slow... this wasn't fucking his bitch. This was making love. My dog was making love to me. My dog. This is my dog.

I tried to imagine how the three of us looked. Gandhi on his back, his head and upper body pushed through the small gate. Me on my knees, crouching over him and my head stuck between two bars, my neck stretched out so I could reach the tip of his cock. His wonderful, thick, fat, lovely cock... my whole body dripping with dog sperm... and Mac behind me, both paws on my shoulders, fucking me slowly and lovingly...

I turned my head and looked at him... he licked my face, lapping up a lot of Gandhi's cum, but he didn't seem to mind. I opened my mouth, and Mac stuck his tongue deep into my mouth. I sucked Gandhi's cum off his tongue. I grabbed Mac's back and pushed him a little bit harder against me. I loved the way he was fucking me... but I also wanted it a little... harder... a little more rough. I wanted to be his bitch. My dog's bitch. My dog. With me pushing and Mac using his hind legs, I could feel him going deeper... this was so good. So fucking good...

"Fuck me, Mac... fuck your mommy... give me your whole cock, baby... come on, you can do it... give mommy all of your cock."

I babbled and mumbled, sometimes belching and tasting Gandhi's sperm when I belched up some. I went back to tongue-fucking Gandhi's cock, using both hands to stroke his long cock. Even with both hands, I couldn't reach all around it. This thing was crazy thick. I could never get the whole head into my mouth. Or could I? I tried... I opened wide and pushed my head down on his cock... careful to not hurt him with my teeth... my cheeks bulged out... my jaw hurt... but I got half of it into my mouth. I kept stroking him slowly...

Gandhi was growling with delight when I closed my lips and sucked on his big doggy cock. Mac's thrusts had pushed me closer to the bars, and Gandhi's head was now almost between my legs... oh please... good doggy... you know what to do, right? And Gandhi did... I felt his warm, wet tongue lapping over my pussy... the pussy stretched by Mac's cock, my clit pushed out between the wide-open pussy lips.

I moved my tongue faster, all around the head of Gandhi's cock... I tried to take it deeper, but that simply wasn't possible. I let my hands glide down his long cock and found his balls... I took one in

each hand and started massaging them... squeezing them gently... Gandhi loved this and licked me faster... I felt an orgasm building up deep inside me. I increased the pace of my squeezes... Mac pushed harder... gentle but hard... I could feel something against my butt cheeks and inner thighs...

Gandhi's tongue on my clit... his teeth... he was holding my pussy lips with his teeth... my god... it was building... I felt like I was hovering above the floor... Gandhi clenched down a little bit harder... I squeezed his balls... the hard thing against my butt and thighs seemed to close in... what? The bulb. The bulb at the base of Mac's cock. My god. I suddenly remembered. Dogs push this into their bitch when they mate... so the cock doesn't pop out when they cum. Into their bitch.

Their bitch. Me... the bulb. God, no. I was stretched to the limit... no way I could take this thing up, my violated fuck hole. No way. I tried to say something or turn my head. But my head was caught between the bars and Gandhi's cock pushing into my mouth. Mac pushed more. Into his bitch. I heard him growl... his jaws closed around my neck, but these weren't love bites... he was holding his bitch down... I could feel him draw back a little... tense his muscles... and then he lunged forward.

Nothing could have prepared me for the violent thrust against my pelvis, my shoulders banged against the bars, and my mouth was pushed onto Gandhi's cock more than I could have imagined... I could feel the corners of my mouth tearing open... and there was the bulb... it tore me apart... I screamed around Gandhi's cock... I squeezed both his balls hard... and then I peed...

I peed into Gandhi's mouth. I couldn't hold it... I emptied my bladder while that terrible fat bulb was pushing into me. I heard a loud snapping noise and realized that I had just torn my panties apart. I spread my legs as far as I could. Trying to help Mac to tie with his bitch... pee splattering from my hole, and I could hear Gandhi lapping and sucking and swallowing. My dog was drinking my pee. My dog. This is my dog...

The bulb went in... one final push, an audible plop sound. I was so full of dog cock that I couldn't move my legs... the terror of this bulb had made my orgasm die down... but now I could feel it coming back... pee dripping from my hole, I contracted and relaxed my pussy... I stuck my tongue into Gandhi's piss-slit and fucked him with my tongue while I massaged both his balls...

Mac whelped... put his head on my shoulder, and watched me suck off Gandhi... Mac couldn't move inside me. I had to move with him when he rocked back and forth... his cock was locked in place, and my pussy was like a meat puppet on his cock... I dug my nails into Gandhi's balls and heard him groan... pushed back against Mac to show him that his bitch was ready... and then they both came. My dogs came. Into me. Into their bitch. Their bitch. Me. My dogs.

Gandhi's orgasm was slow and soft, but like the first time, it just didn't seem to end. The cum didn't shoot out of his cock. It ran out... again, not in spurts but in one long stream... I pulled my tongue from his hole and tried to lick and swallow as much as I could. It was easier this time because it was so slow... but it was a lot... I still swallowed all of it. Mac went still... I wanted him to keep moving, but he just lay there... and then I could feel his cock swell inside me. His first wave of cum inside my pussy was like an explosion. I tried to scream, but like the first time, Gandhi's cum muffled my scream. I came hard, climaxing on Mac's cock when the second wave hit my womb...

I think I peed more... or was it squirt? I don't know, but I know that Gandhi licked me the whole time I was pissing or squirting. Gandhi's cum kept coming, and like a good little bitch, I drank it all while I was cumming so hard I couldn't move. Literally couldn't move. Impaled on two dog cocks, both filling their bitch with dog cum, I just hung between them, letting wave after wave wash over me... Mac delivered the third spurt of cum inside me, and I could just take it... feel his breath on my neck. I pulled Gandhi's cock from my mouth. It was still pumping a thin stream of white goo... I let my

head hang down and felt it dripping all over my cheek... I tried to catch my breath...

“Good boys... you’re both very good boys. Holy fuck.”

Mac was still locked inside me. I had heard about this. It was to make sure that the bitch couldn’t escape and waste any precious doggy cum. I didn’t want to escape. I felt so full; all of my womb was warm, and I could swear I could feel Mac’s cum sloshing inside me. I tried to pull my head back out from between the two bars. It went surprisingly easy. All the sweat and dog cum served as a perfect lubricant. It hurt when my ears went through, but this was just a short jolt of pain. I looked down on me. I was so drenched in Gandhi’s cum that I couldn’t even see the black skirt still rolled up around my waist.

It was completely covered with thick, white cream. My whole upper body was dripping with cum. Gandhi had also cum all over himself, and his belly was soaked with his sperm. I leaned down, Mac still inside me, panting deeply, and licked Gandhi’s belly clean. I tried to suck every last drop of his cum out of his fur. I wouldn’t let him clean this up himself. This was for me. He had given this to me. My mess, I clean it. I have no idea how much dog cum I have swallowed so far. One thing I knew: I definitely wasn’t thirsty anymore.

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## **Chapter Six: One More Round**

I smiled and tried to move with Mac still on my back. Mac hugged me with both of his front legs and tried to keep his balance with his hind legs while I was moving. I turned my head and looked at him. These eyes. My heart melted. I kissed him... a deep, long kiss. I just loved to suck on his teeth, suck on his tongue, lick his lips...

“This was the best fuck I ever had... not even close. You are the best fuck, Mac.”

I kissed his nose, and Mac licked my face. How long till he could get this thing out of me? I still liked feeling his cock inside me, and I loved how gentle he was with me, careful not to pull out before his erection and bulb softened up. But I also needed to stretch, change my position, and do anything but be on my hands and knees with a 120-pound dog on my back. I crawled towards Gandhi, dragging Mac with me. Every time I moved forward, I felt his bulb tearing at my pussy... I was dripping cum from my pussy and wished I could keep it all inside.

I put my head on Gandhi’s head and whispered to him, “Thank you for feeding your bitch so well, buddy.”

I bit his nose, and he answered with a short, slightly annoyed bark. Followed by a long lick across my face, and I caught his tongue with my lips and gave it a quick suck and another little bite.

“Come on, you big baby, I’m not finished with you.”

I propped up his head against my tummy, reached around his giant chest, his short legs hanging over my arms, and pulled. Gandhi whelped and wiggled around. I looked over my shoulder, Mac’s head resting softly against my neck. Someone was obviously a bit exhausted.

“You could help a bit, couldn’t you?”

A quick pecker on my cheek, and his head was back on my shoulder, his legs hugging me, both paws on my breasts, scratching my nipples with his thick nails. I pulled harder. Another whelp. I looked

down. Gandhi was halfway through the narrow gate, but his cock was sticking through one of the bars. Damn. I can't pull more, or... can this thing break off? Can you break a dog's cock? I didn't know... but I was pretty sure that it would hurt if I pulled more. I crouched down, sweat running down my temples, forcing Mac down on his ass while his cock was still tied to my pussy. Great, now I had managed to make both my dogs uncomfortable. My dogs.

Gandhi started moving, pushing his short front legs against the bars, turning halfway, and kicking his hind legs... he made it an inch forward. I watched his big cock bend. Poor baby... but he kicked more and turned left and right. His cock was now bent backward towards his tail... it looked painful, like really, really painful... but it seemed he didn't care and kicked and pulled and turned more. I wrapped my arms around him and pulled... hard... his cock was bent all the way back, pointing away from me into the other kennel...

"Come on, you big lump o' meat... one more... one... two... three..."

I pulled with all the strength I had left (which wasn't a lot), and Gandhi bucked like a wild horse... and then he just slid through the gate... I fell back on Mac... Mac whelped in pain, and I felt Gandhi's whole weight crashing down on me...

"Oh no... he will crush both of us."

I felt a sharp pain in my pussy, something bulging and tearing at my soft flesh... and then Mac's bulb popped out, followed by a gush of dog cum... and just when Gandhi fell down on me, Mac wriggled out of the way, barking as he scooted to the side.

All the air was pushed out of me when Gandhi crashed down on me... a big gob of dog spit flew out of his mouth, and I tried to catch it with my mouth, but it landed on my cheek... I tried to push Gandhi away, but he probably weighed something like 200 pounds. Not a chance... I needed air... I couldn't breathe... my chest felt like it would cave in... and then Gandhi found his grip and pushed himself up on his short, stubby legs... and just when I sucked in a wonderful breath of cold evening air, I felt his cock pushing against me... the baseball-bat sized cock... something like 13 or 14 inches of hard dog meat and my tiny, violated hole, still leaking Mac's cum. Yes! Yes Yes!

I wrapped both legs around Gandhi's fat body and wrapped my arms around his big head... he stood up and pulled me with him. I tensed all my muscles, pressing against my wonderful big fat dog. I could feel the head of his cock rubbing over my dripping pussy... I pulled myself up with my legs and arms until I was hanging underneath Gandhi, rubbing my hard nipples over the soft fur on his chest... he looked down at me, his tongue hanging out. I licked it... took it between my lips, and sucked gently... bracing myself for what was to come... closing my eyes and trying to relax my muscles... trembling...

And then Gandhi pushed... pushed hard... my god, so fucking hard... I let out a scream when he rammed his big cock into my tiny pussy, and felt my lips stretching to let the fat head through... it hurt... but I held on to my dog, crossed my legs over his back, interlocked my fingers behind his neck and tried to breathe... Gandhi was relentless... nothing like Mac's gentle thrusts, this was an animal that wanted to fuck his bitch...

"Fuck me, baby... fuck your bitch... oh oh oh my god... you're so big... you're so fucking big," I mumbled and gasped, my lips pressed against the underside of his head...

I don't know how much of his cock was inside me, but it couldn't be much... I felt the head move inside me, this wonderful, fat, slimy head... and he still pushed... growled... and pushed more... I closed my eyes... felt him pulling out a bit and then another hard, merciless thrust forward... I

screamed again, now tears were rolling down my cheeks.

I started mumbling again, no sentences, just words, "god... fuck... fuck... so big... fuck... buddy... fuck."

I didn't have to worry that he would push his insanely large knob into me. I could barely take half his cock... Gandhi looked down at me, his eyes no longer kind and soft... they were aggressive and wild... and a deep growl came out of him from deep inside... and he pushed so hard I passed out and felt my head bump on the floor when I let go of his neck... my legs still wrapped around him and Gandhi pushed and pushed and pushed... my pussy and womb felt so full, I let my hands glide over my belly, still wet and slimy from the load he had given me a mere few minutes ago...

I could feel his cock moving inside me with my hands... could feel when he pulled back, and my abs could relax... and then lunged forward again, and a visible bulge traveled up from my abdomen all the way beyond my belly button... it hurt when my shoulders were pushed over the concrete floor with each thrust... I looked up and saw that he was pushing me closer and closer to the bars separating us from Kong.

From Kong. I felt my pussy spasm and tremble when I thought of this giant dog and his insane cock... his dripping cock... Kong's dripping 2-foot cock... Kong... Kong... I came... not in a wave or with any build-up. I just came, hard and fast, feeling my pussy squirt around Gandhi's cock... another scream, more tears... and Gandhi licking my face as I came on his dog cock.

He fucked a little bit slower now, still deep and hard but not as fast as before... giving me some time to come to my senses... I looked around... Mac was standing a few feet away from us, watching his bitch get fucked by another dog. Was he jealous? Was my dog jealous?

"Mac... come here."

I think I said that, but it might've sounded more like a croak. But Mac still came closer, slowly... I held out my hand... I needed to feel my dog in my arms... my dog.

"Come here, baby... mommy needs you."

I touched Mac's head and pulled him closer... kissed him, and let him stick his long tongue down my throat... I felt Gandhi's tongue joining in, and soon my dogs were tongue-fucking my mouth while I was still impaled on Gandhi's slow-moving cock... I felt another orgasm building up... this one would be slower... gentler... until Gandhi gave me a hard thrust, the hardest yet. I screamed into Mac's mouth and clawed his fur... holding him while Gandhi drove his cock so deep I could feel the fat knot hit my pussy lips...

My god... my god... my god... no orgasm for me, just the feeling of being torn open and electric jolts going through my body... I cried into Mac's fur... Pulled him close and wrapped my arms around him while Gandhi was pulling out and pushing in, just as deep as before, my whole body on fire, my pussy stretched so far that I could feel the cold air on my clit...

I whispered into Mac's ear, "This is too much, baby... he's fucking mommy too hard and too deep... too hard... too deep... he's raping mommy... he's raping mommy's cunt... too much."

Mac licked my chest, and I put my head under his belly... immediately his hard cock slapped against my right cheek... I turned my head and caught it with my lips... my tongue swirled around the head of his nice, hard, 8-inch cock... 8 inches... 8 was enough... Gandhi was too much... 13 inches were too much... I closed my lips around Mac's cock and sucked him slowly... tried to make love to my dog



while I was raped by a big fat beast without mercy... It was so difficult not to bite down when the pain hit with each of Gandhi's thrusts... but I managed, and this filled me with childish pride...

"Fuck me as hard as you like. I will not hurt my dog."

I licked up and down Mac's shaft, savoring the taste... he tasted of stale, salty dog cum, and I could still taste the familiar aroma of my pussy on him...

Gandhi had settled into his rhythm, long, hard thrusts, lifting my ass off the floor every time he rammed into my fuck hole... and I started petting and ruffling his fur, showing him that even though he treated me like a piece of fuck meat, I still loved him. My mouth wandered down and found Mac's knot. Mac let out a sharp gasp when I licked it. His cock was twitching... I gave him small love bites and let my lips glide over the hard, pulsing flesh... and then I licked his balls... one after the other...

They were too big to take into my mouth. Still, I did close my lips around maybe  $\frac{1}{3}$  of them and sucked... another gasp from Mac. I put both hands on his cock and jerked him off slowly while I sucked his wonderful, warm balls... feeling Gandhi's cock move inside me, it didn't hurt as much as before... was another orgasm building up in me? I felt so full, so loved, so fucked... but somehow, it didn't feel like the last time I was about to cum... it felt wonderful and painful, but it didn't build...

I jerked Mac a little faster and sucked on his balls harder, my tongue playing around them and my lips making loud smooching noises. I felt his balls starting to pump... felt his cock tremble in my hands... Gandhi was picking up the pace and fucked me faster now... my legs kicking left and right of him while he drove his cock up to the knot into my pussy... I tried to move to the side, to push Mac away so he could cum on my face and into my mouth... but I didn't have enough strength.

We were too entangled, and Mac was already jumping and pumping... I caught maybe half his load all over my tits, a lot of it on my belly... I could see the cum overflowing my belly button, and then it got pushed out when Gandhi thrust into me, and another bulge was traveling up my body... Mac whined, and I jerked him as he emptied his balls all over his mommy... he came more, shooting another spurt over my groin and Gandhi's cock... and I could feel how Gandhi fucked Mac's cum into my pussy... pushed it in with his fat doggy cock.

I let my head fall on the floor and bent Mac's cock back to my lips... sucking the last drops of his sweet cum out of his slit... teasing his slit with the tip of my tongue... another high-pitched whelp from Mac...

"OK, you're not a fan of having your little piss-slit licked."

I tried to catch a break... take a breath after I had made Mac cum... and realize that even during this moment of utter bliss when Gandhi was fucking me in the perfect rhythm. Mac was shooting his warm sperm all over me. I hadn't climaxed. I gave Mac's cock another kiss, and then he limped away, sat down, and licked his own cock and balls... looks like someone needed a break. Well, two someone's, actually... but I knew Gandhi wouldn't give me a break... he was fucking me in the same rhythm, the same hard, deep thrusts... with my legs holding on to him, he no longer pushed me over the floor. My sore shoulders were thankful for that.

I looked up again, bent my head back... I was 3 or 4 feet away from Kong's kennel... I could see him towering over us, watching us, not moving, not blinking... and his cock... his amazing cock... how long had we been fucking? Half an hour? It stood just as erect as half an hour ago, and it was still leaking pre-cum, a steady stream of clear, slimy liquid running down his 2-foot shaft. I wriggled a bit and tried to get up on my arms. Gandhi growled and thrust harder when his bitch wouldn't stay down...

“Well, you’re actually working with me here, buddy.”

His thrust pushed me another foot forward toward Kong... I kept my head bent back, looking at him, no emotion in his eyes, just a glaring stare... another hard thrust and another foot shoved over the hard concrete, my shoulders and back burned like hell... I stuck my arms out over my head and grabbed the bars of Kong’s kennel... I kept my arms stretched, pushing back against Gandhi’s thrusts... looked up... Kong’s cock directly over my face, the oozing head 3 feet above me...

Like in slow motion, I saw a big glob of pre-cum bubbling out of his cock, running down the head, and then it fell down, in one big drop, the size of a ping pong ball... and when it hit my face, I came with my whole body... every nerve inside me lit up, I felt the pre-cum run over my face, I stuck my tongue out to taste it... and I started shaking all over... my head bumped against the floor, my legs were kicking and shaking, I arched my back, and with that, I could take Gandhi so deep that I could feel his knot rubbing over my asshole...

Just when I had reached a heavenly plateau, every muscle in my body tense and vibrating... another drop of Kong’s pre-cum fell down on my lips. It ran into my mouth... and I came so hard that I stood on my feet and hands bent backward and lifted Gandhi with me... Gandhi let out a confused howl. My pussy started to spasm so hard that I could feel how it squeezed and milked his big dog cock...

I tasted Kong, and every color around me just exploded. No scream, just my mouth open in silence, yearning for more of Kong’s gift... my pussy clenched down hard on Gandhi’s cock. I shook so violently that now I was fucking him, moving back and forth on his cock while my body went into convulsions... and then Gandhi came, too... I felt the first spurt of his cum hit my womb just when another drop of Kong’s liquid fell on my face... I used my hands to rub it all over my face, smear it on my lips and suck it off my fingers... another drop and I rubbed it over my tits... Gandhi crashed down on me and held me in place while he delivered the second spurt deep inside me... and then it was over...

Gandhi was lying on top of me, panting hard, and I could feel his cock pumping inside of me slowly... one more drop of Kong’s cock juice on my face, but my orgasm was withering down, too. I still enjoyed the clean taste of the warmth... and looked up at Kong... he looked away from me, staring at some point in the distance. I kissed Gandhi, tasting Kong all over me and mixing it with Gandhi’s hot spit.

“You have fucked Mommy so good, big boy.”

I played with his ear and gave him another kiss on his nose... and then I tried to get out from under him... almost impossible because Gandhi couldn’t move and just lay there.

“A little help here, buddy?.”

Not a chance. Seems I had worn out both my dogs. My dogs.

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Chapter Seven: Kong

I needed a break, too... I was out of breath, sweaty - and covered in dog cum. I used what was left of my white blouse (now a gray rag) to wipe my dogs’ cum off my body, staggered over to Mac’s water bowl, and used a handful of water to rinse off my face. Mac and Gandhi were laying in one corner of the kennel each, panting heavily and licking their cocks.

Gandhi's cum was still dripping out of my pussy, and I inhaled the scent of sweet pussy juice and musky dog cum. I smiled. What a day. Two great dogs. Best sex ever. And I probably wouldn't be able to walk straight for a day or two.

I glanced over to Kong. He was looking at me. Perfectly still, his eyes locked on me, his cock almost touching the bars between the two kennels. I took a deep breath. It ain't over till it's over. Or so they say.

I slowly walked towards Kong – still keeping my distance. Now, I stood right in front of him. Kong was sitting upright, his mouth half open, breathing slowly. His cock... his cock... still hard. Still dripping clear liquid, a puddle had formed just in front of his legs. I wanted nothing more than to go down on all fours and lap it up... but I stood just as still as him, holding my head up high. I looked at him. Smiled. Kong looked away. Disinterested. You're not fooling me, Sir.

I stepped closer... slowly. One step. Another step. I was now almost leaning against the bars. The tip of his cock almost touched me... I could see it twitch... oozing pre-cum. The smell almost drove me crazy... more of Gandhi's cum was running down my leg. I could feel my pussy dripping...

"Look at me." Kong stared into the distance and yawned. "Look. At. Me."

I reached through the bars and put my hand under his chin. I could barely put it into my small hand. I started bending his head towards me... and he let me. Looked at me. Scooped a little closer to the bars, and now his cock touched me. An electric jolt went through my body... right below my belly button. I could feel a wet drop of his pre-cum running down over my skin... running down over my pussy... I almost came and clenched my teeth. Not so easy, Sir.

I peered at his head... let my fingers glide through the thick, black fur.

"You watched us, didn't you?"

I tickled Kong under his ear... was he leaning his head against my hand? Hard to say because it seemed he was still standing perfectly still.

"And you liked it." I touched his node with the tip of my finger. "You liked it."

Kong growled. A deep growl, I could hear it and also feel it through my fingers. I brought my face closer to the bars... my face almost touched his. I licked my lips... moved my head a little closer... and then I could finally lick Kong's fangs... I licked slowly up and down, taking the sharp tip of his tooth between my lips... I could feel him tensing his muscles... growling more... his cock moved a little bit back... a little more... I knew what was coming. And just as he tried to lunge forward and slam his cock into me, I stepped back.

"No. Sit."

Now Kong was really growling... pulling his lips back so I could see his lower teeth. They still reminded me of the tusks of a wild boar. I came closer again. Now it was me pressing against his cock... smearing his warm pre-cum all over my belly as I moved against him... I stuck both arms through the bars, wrapped them around Kong's head, and kissed him... kissed him deep... licking his tongue... letting the tip of my tongue wander between his teeth... licking a drop of saliva off his lips. I moved my hips left and right, the tip of Kong's cock pressing against my belly... I could feel that he was oozing more liquid now.

"You like it," I whispered close to his ear and then licked his gums from the hinge of his jaw to his

canines.

Then I sucked on one of his fangs like on a cock while I rubbed harder against his cock... by now, I was dripping wet. All of Gandhi's cum had run out of me and was now washed down my legs, a steady stream of pussy juice. Kong tried again to thrust against me, but again, I took a step back.

"No. You don't get to fuck your bitch yet." I came closer again... licked his ear, and whispered, "But your bitch will fuck you."

I used the horizontal bars like a ladder, holding on to the vertical bars with both hands and took two steps up. Now it was me towering over Kong, my tits right in front of his mouth... I pushed my left breast through the bars and pressed it against his mouth... his jaws closed, and he held my nipple between his teeth... not gently like Mac, biting down... I hissed but held still... could he feel my nipple getting hard between his teeth? I so wanted his tongue, but Kong just held my nipple between his teeth, not hurting me but hard enough so I couldn't get away.

I crouched down a little, my nipple stretching and Kong still as a statue... down a little more. The pain in my breast was now almost unbearable, and I could see my nipple pulled to almost twice its normal length. But then... then... Kong's cock touched my pussy... I gasped, and all pain evaporated from my head... Kong's cock... my pussy... finally... I gyrated my hips, rubbing my pussy lips over the tip of his giant cock...

I had to spread my legs a little so that all of Kong's fat cock head would even fit between my legs.... I almost fainted when I felt my hard pulsing clit gliding through his piss slit... it was like his slit was closing around my clit... pumping more pre-cum directly on my clit... I moved back and forth slowly... fucking Kong's cock with my clit... Kong growled... I looked into his eyes... let some spit run off my lips, hoping he would lick it off... but he didn't move, vibrating with his deep growls.

Another attempt at a thrust, this one almost caught me off guard... but I straightened my legs, my nipple burning when it got pulled in the other direction... and now I was almost a foot above his cock...

"No pussy for you if you don't stay. Stay!"

No Kong's growling got really loud... it sounded like somebody had thrown a couple of bricks into a running washing machine. I touched Kong's head, ruffled his fur, held his head between my hands... more growling...

"This is for you, baby," I whispered, close to him.

Then I started to pee on Kong's cock. It came slowly, just a drip-drip-drip at first... but then I relaxed and let my waters flow... Kong whined but stood still... I pissed all over his cock, washing his pre-cum off with my warm pee... and I slowly crouched down again. Kong loosened his grip on my nipple, and now... did he suck? I could feel his lips closing around my whole breast... please, your tongue... give me your tongue....

But all I felt were his warm lips... and now I was back on his cock... still peeing and giving him my water. I moved my pussy in circles and sat down harder on his cock... praying that we wouldn't try to thrust again... the head of his cock was rubbing between both my inner thighs... I desperately tried to get it deeper into me... moving up and down a little faster... bouncing on the head of Kong's cock. Kong didn't thrust, but I could feel him pressing harder against the bars, pushing his cock against me... slowly... joining my rhythm... my fingers clawing his fur... feeling the head opening me... the world went still...

I heard Kong's breath... my breath... and then I took one foot off the horizontal bar, stuck it through the bars, and pressed my leg against Kong's flank... I took a deep breath... closed my eyes... and took the other foot off the bar... before I even could hold on to Kong's other flank, I felt his cock holding me up... forcing its way into me, gravity pulling me down. I moved my hips left and right, trying to wiggle my way onto his cock... the head stretched me beyond anything I ever thought I could take...

I couldn't breathe... Kong pushed a little more... more... more... and then the head of his cock popped into me... I dropped down a few inches, and everything inside lit up... I screamed as his cock filled me, and an orgasm hit me so hard I almost let go of the bars and Kong's flanks... my pussy convulsed and pumped around his cock... squirting... my scream withered down, and I tried to pull myself up... I couldn't take more... I was so full of dog cock that I couldn't move...

Another growl from Kong... no... no... no... "Please, Sir. Be gentle."

I looked at Kong, pleading, tears welling up in my eyes... and then Kong thrust forward... not gentle... not slow... one powerful, hard thrust... and I let go... Kong forced his cock into my tiny fuck hole, and I could just take it, unable to fight back. I couldn't even scream... Kong put his front legs on the bar that had just held my feet... and drove his cock so hard into me that I could feel my belly bulging, my pussy lips spread so wide open I thought they might tear... my legs found Kong's flanks again... I couldn't reach all the way around him but pressed my heels into his back... feeling his strong muscles tense as he went for another hard thrust... and another... and another...

"God, Sir... please... please... Sir!"

I cried and screamed and mumbled... Kong's cock moved inside me like a pole ... I tried to caress Kong's face with one hand as another hard thrust hit me. His cock went so deep I almost passed out... everything was out of focus, moving in slow motion. Instead of running my hand over his face, I grabbed one of his lower fangs and held on to it... did the same with the other hand... pressed my legs harder against his flanks... my heels drumming against his back...

"Fuck me... Fuck me, Sir. Fuck your bitch... I'm yours, Sir... I'm your bitch, Sir."

Kong fucked me with hard, long, deep thrusts, and I could feel his tongue on my hands... tears running down my face... I looked down, and my belly looked like I was pregnant... a big bulge going almost all the way up to my sternum... Kong kept his rhythm, pulling out just a little, lowering me with him... and then thrusting up, lifting me up, a feeling of weightlessness when his cock drove into me... I grabbed the bars again and pulled myself up, sticking my face between the bars into Kong's mouth... licking his saliva from his tongue, inhaling his breath... there were no single orgasms anymore. It felt like I was cumming nonstop. Everything inside me was vibrating, shaking, pulsing...

"Please, Sir... cum... cum in your bitch."

I tried to clench down on Kong's cock... make myself tighter for him... make him rape that little cunt... licking up and down his teeth... mumbling more... yearning for his cum... but afraid of how much he would shoot into me, how he would flood his bitch... another wave of pleasure running through me as I looked into Kong's eyes...

"Breed your bitch, Sir... breed your bitch... please... breed me, Sir."

And for the first time, Kong licked my face. I made myself so tight for him that he whined and yelped... licked me again. This time I caught his tongue with my lips and sucked on it... sucked as much of his big, warm, wet tongue into my mouth... and then I felt him swell inside me... no matter

how hard I tried to clench, this swelling cock forced my legs open... I felt his cock tense and relax, tense and relax, like waves running through it... I looked at Kong, nodded... kissed his nose, and leaned my forehead against his...

“Breed me, baby.”

A moment of stillness... quiet... not moving... Kong’s cock relaxed inside me, my pussy clenching back at him... and then Kong came... it started with another growl... I licked his fur... Kong shivered... I pressed my heels into his back... and felt him explode inside me... I don’t know, but I could swear the pressure of his cum lifted me up a bit... I felt like the cork of a champagne bottle... Kong’s orgasm hit my womb like a fire hose... I had never felt so full and warm in my life. It flooded everything inside me.

I caressed Kong’s head while he delivered wave after wave of warm dog cum into my womb, filling me up as I had never been filled before. I didn’t have an orgasm. I had one endless plateau of absolute joy, running up and down through my body... I kissed Kong more... pressing my cheek against him as he shot one more spurt into me... it got slower... I tried to breathe... my feet found the horizontal bar again, and I tried to lift myself up, gliding up on Kong’s cock, cum running out of me with every inch...

When Kong’s cock finally slipped out of me, it felt like a bucket of cum was splashing on the floor... I tried to tighten my pussy, but it was gaping wide open, a steady stream of Kong’s cum running out of it. I stepped down from the bar and hugged his cock... was he still cumming? Big drops of white cum bubbled out of the head, and I lapped it up hungrily, licking the head and all around it, catching every drop as it oozed out... licking up and down, swallowing as fast as I could...

Kong growled when I fucked his piss slit with my tongue. Another little spurt of cum shot out of his cock, splattering all over my face before I could get my tongue back in... sucking his cum into me while I tongue-fucked his big cock. I leaned harder against him, crouched down a bit, and rubbed my pussy against his fat knob, rubbing the tip of his cock all over my tits, admiring the white sperm running over my breasts... I let my whole body glide up and down Kong’s cock... licking the head when it came close to my face and then moving up until my pussy brushed over his balls and knot... milking Kong until his balls were empty. He had given everything to his bitch...

His Bitch. My dog has bred his bitch. My dog.

I sank down onto my knees, and Kong went down with me... looking at me... pushing one of his big paws through the bars, touching me.

“I’m OK, Sir. I’m OK, don’t worry.” I tried to catch my breath... winked at Kong. “You liked it?”

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## **Chapter Eight: Good night**

I don’t know how long I knelt in front of Kong and how long his paw was on my leg. But at some point, I felt something warm behind me. Gandhi. Lying down behind me. I let myself sink against him... unable to move, let alone get up. Mac came from the other side and curled up against me. Kong’s paw on my belly. The belly he had just bred. Gandhi licked my shoulder. After he had bred me. And Mac put his head against my chest. Giving my tit a quick lick. After he had bred me. My dogs have bred me. Bred me well. Bred their bitch. My dogs. Their bitch.

I fell asleep feeling satisfied, safe, and happy.

We woke up in the same position we had fallen asleep... everything in my body hurt, and I felt cold. Gandhi was breathing slowly. Kong was holding me down with his paw, looking at me. Mac gave my face a long lick.

I heard a woman's voice say, "Ha-hum."

A hoarse voice. I looked up. A lady, 60-something, standing in the open door of Mac's kennel.

"Do you want to tell me something, maybe?" the lady asked with a deep frown.

Accusation was written all over her face.

"Yes. I'll take all three of them," I said as I stood.

*The End*