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BEASTIALITY STORIES



Valerie knocked on the door, absentmindedly comparing the view of the dimly lit street to the one from her porch, two doors down. She'd known the couple that lived here for over half her life, but she couldn't remember ever lingering to admire the immaculately maintained front yard, the wraparound porch, or the picturesque windows on either side of the entry when she spent afternoons here as a child.

Distracted by her memories, her hand was still lingering against the door when it swung inward, Evelyn now standing in its place. She had her thick curls pulled back, a bright pink Hello Kitty shirt just visible peeking out of loose overalls that barely reached her upper thighs. The dirt smeared across one cheek meant she'd just come from working the garden. "Val honey, it's so good to see you!" Evelyn exclaimed as she pulled the younger girl into a hug, crushing Val against her full chest. Val had forgotten how tight these hugs could be, and she caught her breath as she was enveloped by Evelyn's soft body.

Evelyn let go and looked Val over. "How's school been? Have you been back long? Would you like anything to drink?" She asked the last question while retreating into the house toward the kitchen, beckoning for Val to follow. Val could see her ass hanging out of the back of her overalls, clearly with no underwear in between.

Val stepped into the house after her, taking in how the place had changed since she'd last been here in her early teens. The living room was off to the left of the entry, full of new leather and mahogany furniture but otherwise decorated with the same photographs, marathon trophies, astrology books, and other trinkets that have seemingly always made up Evelyn and Morgan's life together. The coffee table was scattered with magazines, remotes, and dog toys.

To the right was the kitchen, where Evelyn was standing at the fridge, holding a Blue Moon out for Val. "Just water is good for me, if you don't mind," Val said. Evelyn shrugged and returned the beer to the fridge, trading it for a glass to fill at the sink. They stood in the kitchen, making small talk about Val's classes, her summer plans, social life, and where she'd be interning next fall as part of her dental hygienist program.

Val had just finished telling Evelyn about her recent breakup when Morgan and Baxter came in from the back yard and greeted them, covered in enough dirt to start a whole other garden. Morgan was a few years older than Evelyn's 35 years, and much smaller. Whereas Evelyn liked to show off her thick curves, Morgan preferred the more practical long sleeves and sweats to cover her tall and slim runner's build. Whereas Evelyn was an astrology nerd and her bubbly excitement never waned, Morgan was more quiet and driven, although still always kind to Val. Besides dirt, she was covered in sweat from the yardwork, and she took care not to brush any off on Evelyn while leaning in for a kiss.

While Morgan and Evelyn were talking, Val turned her attention to Baxter. A year old rottweiler, she'd been sent plenty of pictures while at school but this was her first time officially meeting him. He seemed bigger in person, his head almost to her waist. Did dogs normally get this big at only a year old? She crouched down to eye level and immediately received a wet tongue across her face, causing her face to scrunch up and the two women to laugh.

Baxter didn't seem to notice the displeasure and moved on to more exciting things. More specifically, he turned to Evelyn and greeted her by sticking his snout up the loose leg of her overall shorts, nuzzling deep into her sex. From her position near the floor, Val could see Baxter's mouth start to open and his tongue finding a patch of dark curls before Evelyn snapped her legs together,

pushing him away. She let out a little laugh that Val noticed sounded suspiciously like a moan.

"Why don't we leave Baxter outside while we do a walkthrough of the house? We can end with the garden and I can show you where the new shed is," Morgan said, a little too quickly. Was Evelyn blushing? Val thought so, but she chalked the incident up to the hormones of a teenage dog and agreed, and the three women walked through the house. A two story craftsman style home, Val's memories of the layout came back to her quickly, down to which stairs creaked and which window had the best view. She'd spent countless hours with Evelyn and Morgan as her babysitters, and it felt strange to come back as a babysitter herself, or in this case as a dogsitter.

They ended the tour back in the kitchen and went out to the yard. Morgan showed Val how to care for their vegetable garden and where to find the outdoor toys and leash for Baxter in the shed. "I think that's everything! Like I said, phone numbers and instructions will be on the kitchen counter, and you can always text us if you have questions," Morgan concluded.

"Thank you again for watching this little devil for us," Evelyn added, patting Baxter between the ears.

"Of course, it's about time I start paying y'all back for all you've done for me," Val said with a yawn. "I think I need to head home, I'll see you both tomorrow afternoon?"

"That's probably a good call," Evelyn conceded, "the three of us still need to shower before we can call it a night." Val couldn't be sure, but she thought she saw Evelyn's blush return.

She let herself through the gate to the backyard, taking off Baxter's leash and hanging it in the shed. They'd just returned from a late afternoon walk that Baxter was begging for less than an hour after Evelyn and Morgan had left. He'd spent half the walk sniffing the neighborhood as if a new walker made everything new, and Val shook her head but let him take his time. He'd clearly tired himself out and now lay curled in his bed while Valerie heated up dinner and grabbed a beer.

She ate in front of the TV, taking advantage of the streaming services she lost access to in her dorm. She was halfway through her movie when Bax tried to jump in her lap. Val wasn't petite, but she wasn't nearly big enough to handle a 120 pound dog in her lap either, and she adjusted them until she was laying on the couch with Bax curled up by her knees.

She must have fallen asleep, because the next thing she knew she was being woken up by Bax scratching at the waistband of her shorts. She rolled over and pushed him away, but he came right back, again, pushing his wide snout up against the thin fabric covering her pussy. Even as she pushed him away again, she shuddered slightly at the feeling of warm pressure against the sensitive area. He didn't try a third time, and Val almost wished he had.

After a few minutes of trying and failing to get comfortable again, she decided to get up and take a bath before bed. She found her way to the upstairs bathroom mostly in the dark, blinking rapidly when she turned on the light. She got undressed and examined herself in the mirror while she brushed her teeth and ran warm water. At 19, Val looked young for her age, with soft, rounded cheeks and a thin layer of what felt to her like baby fat along her stomach and thighs. Her strawberry blonde hair was just long enough to cover her D cup breasts, which sagged slightly from the weight but complimented her soft figure beautifully, at least according to herself. I'd want me too, if I were Bax, she chuckled as she got in the tub.

That thought lingered, and the incident with Evelyn the day before came back to her as well. Bax

must be one pent up pup, she thought. I guess we've got that in common.

A few weeks prior, Valerie had broken up with her boyfriend of four months. They'd met in her dorm and got along well, but their lack of sexual chemistry was a dealbreaker. He'd come from a strict religious background and he'd refused to even lick her pussy, let alone fuck her ass, spank her, or do any of the other kinky things she was aching to try and hadn't told him about. She'd felt bad for him when she ended things in the last week of their semester, but she couldn't be celibate all summer just to return to their lackluster sex life in the fall. Unless she changed something, she feared she'd never get properly fucked like she'd been dreaming about.

Val's hands roamed gently over her body under the soapy water, feeling the curve of her breasts, her stiff nipples, the way her hip shape practically guided her hand towards the space between her legs. She ran her fingers over the soft skin and slid one finger lower, penetrating her outer folds. Val was surprised she could feel how wet and slippery she was, even under the water. She dipped her finger inside her tight hole, then brought it up to her clit, spreading her slickness around. She did this a few more times, her finger going deeper with each penetration, the other hand massaging her breasts and nipples.

As her finger thrust deeper and the attention she gave to her clit got rougher, she began pinching and pulling on her nipples more forcefully. She let out a whispered moan, instinctively keeping herself quiet before realizing that, for once, she wasn't surrounded by a dorm full of people or her parents room next door. She'd be alone for multiple days, with the exception of Baxter.

Emboldened by the solitude, she fucked herself faster, twisting her nipple between forefinger and thumb. She was using two fingers in her pussy now, grinding her clit against the heel of her palm and thrusting up against her hand, raising her hips out of the water. The image of Baxter fighting to get at her mound came back to her just as her muscles tightened and she let out an unfiltered groan, her orgasm causing her to thrust wildly against her hand and slosh water out of the bath and onto the floor.

I'll have the whole week to fuck myself senseless, she thought. She sighed happily, drained the tub, and got to work cleaning up the mess she'd made on the bathroom floor.

After her bedtime routine was complete, Valerie opened the bathroom door to find Baxter laying on the floor in the hall, waiting patiently for her. They went downstairs together so Val could let him into the backyard for him to do his business, before heading to the spare bedroom for the night.

Bax jumped onto the bed as she pulled back the sheets, and she paused to consider. Morgan had told her Bax usually slept with them, but she could lock him out of the room if she'd prefer sleeping alone. While Val did usually sleep alone in her dorm, she was starting to enjoy the body heat of the large dog. She thought momentarily of his apparent affinity for pussy and the fact that she was only wearing a t-shirt and panties to bed, but she figured she could make sure he stayed above the covers and she'd be fine.

This plan worked well for the first hour or two. With Baxter laying up against her in bed she'd gotten overheated, and had slowly worked the blanket off herself while she slept. She rolled over onto her back, in that place somewhere between sleep and alert, when she felt something warm pushing at the space between her legs. Without thinking she acquiesced to the pressure, which gave way to a new sensation of wetness. She squirmed, but her underwear continued to feel more soaked and she was starting to feel her sex reacting to the attention.

Almost fully awake, Valerie opened her eyes to find Baxter laying between her legs, face deep in her crotch. The wetness she was feeling was him licking her through the thin cotton of her underwear. She reached down to push him away but his teeth snagged on the fabric and tried to pull her panties with. When they dislodged from his grip and snapped back into place they were more than a little askew, and Val could see most of her trimmed pussy on display.

Baxter saw this too, and didn't waste any time diving in for more. Almost before she knew what was happening, Bax had his long tongue inside her where her fingers had been just hours before, his wet nose rubbing up against her clit as he lapped at her juices. Val moaned involuntarily and pushed him away again, squeezing her legs together and trying to get her panties back in place as he fought against her for access.

She rolled over onto her stomach, hoping the blocked access would make Baxter lose interest. Instead, he tried to get at her from behind, inadvertently putting his nose against her asshole through the fabric, causing Val to shudder. She thought of how she'd begged her ex Josh to fuck her ass, or at least put his finger in her ass while he fucked her, but he'd never entertain the possibility. Baxter's nose rubbed harder against her hole, his tongue focused on the inner creases where her legs met her backside. Jesus, that feels good. Before she could stop herself she parted her legs slightly and lifted her hips off the bed, giving him more room.

The cotton of her underwear was soaked through at this point, both from Baxter's saliva and from Val's own wetness, and she could feel each stroke of the dog's tongue against her outer lips. Fuck it, I need more, she thought. She reached down between her legs, pulling her panties to the side so she could reach her sex. Baxter's tongue touched bare skin at the same time that she flicked a finger across her clit, and her moan was loud enough it would have woken up the whole house if anyone else had been home.

The pleasure overrode any hangups she'd had about Baxter, and she flipped back over in the bed, removed her drenched underwear, and let her knees fall open. While she'd been shifting the dog was pacing around the bed, and as soon as she gave him access he pounced. She jumped a bit when he nipped at her soft flesh, but relaxed after his tongue found her tight hole. "That's it Bax, good boy," she breathed.

She closed her eyes and pushed her shirt up, kneading her breasts with both hands. With each pass of his tongue, she pinched her nipples. She relished the roughness, wishing a man would give her what she really needed. Baxter was doing a damn good job in the meantime though.

Her orgasm came quickly, and she arched her back. She instinctively reached down to hold Bax's face in place as she came, and he lapped up her juices even faster. She gasped and groaned, pulling her knees up to her chest. Bax's tongue moved further down, licking the space between her two holes, and her eyes rolled back. and she came a second time with a scream.

Fuck, I could get used to this.

She woke the next morning to Baxter laying in the hall outside the room. She'd had to lock him out after her third orgasm, or she'd never get any sleep. When she opened the door he jumped up, and she leaned down to kiss him on the head as she walked by and down the stairs with him in tow.

Valerie spent the early morning meandering around the house in a borrowed robe, looking at the photos, trinkets, and souvenirs that made up Morgan and Evelyn's lives together. She joined Baxter in the backyard and watered the plants, pausing to throw Baxter's toy whenever he brought it to her.

She lingered after she finished the chore, admiring the beautiful dog as he ran. Baxter really was big for a young rottweiler, and she momentarily worried about her ability to control him if she needed to. He's such a sweetheart, why would I need to worry about him? She reassured herself. Besides, he's just like a human man, he'll behave if it gets pussy out of it.

She went to the store, grabbed a change of clothes from her house, and spent the rest of her morning out on a walk with Baxter. She'd decided it was time for a late lunch when they got back, setting down food for Bax and pulling out the ingredients to make her favorite dish, fresh tortellini. Putting on music while she cooked, Val danced around the kitchen and held an imaginary microphone while she serenaded Baxter laying in his bed in the corner.

She loved the freedom to be herself without judging eyes, and she found that she was getting more and more comfortable in her neighbors home, caring for their big goofball of a dog. She kept catching Baxter's eye across the room while she sat down to eat, and she couldn't help smiling each time.

She finished cleaning up and had just sat down on the couch to read when Baxter jumped into her lap and licked her face. She laughed and set aside her book, adjusting to make room for him to lay down. Instead of laying, he licked her face again and dug at her shorts. "Horny today, are we?" Disbelief filled her voice, but she had to admit she could already feel the warm tingle of anticipation between her legs. "Wouldn't want to keep you waiting, huh, big guy?" She was in serious danger of getting addicted to Baxter's tongue.

Val looked around the living room as if confirming they were alone, but she just saw herself and the dog in the glow of the sun coming in through the window. She stepped out of her silk shorts and panties, leaving her in just the matching pajama top, then lay on the couch, one leg strewn over the back. Baxter jumped up immediately, running his thick tongue from her asshole to her clit and making her eyes roll back. With each pass she arched her back more, his tongue penetrating her further. He ate her pussy like his life depended on it, devouring her wetness and roughly running his tongue over her most sensitive spots.

She groaned and shook and moaned Baxter's name, and her orgasm made her thrash around so much she knocked her phone onto the floor. When it subsided she slid off the couch and onto the floor, struggling to catch her breath. After a few minutes she'd mostly recovered, and she got on her hands and knees to retrieve her phone. She'd just reached for it when Bax's tongue found her from behind, his nose nudging her asshole. She instinctively lowered her shoulders and rolled her hips, spreading her cunt.

Bax's tongue disappeared, causing Val to audibly pout. But before she could react further, she felt his weight on her back and his front paws scratching her hips where her camisole had rode up. She realized what he was trying to do and went to pull away, but he dug further into her sides, making her wince and stop moving. His cock stabbed against her back and ass cheeks, searching for his prize.

When he finally found her hole, Baxter shoved his engorged dick deep inside her. Val screamed, momentarily in disgust but quickly replaced by pleasure. Bax fucked her hard and fast, digging his paws into her hips. She couldn't remember the last time she'd been fucked so deep, and she was positive she'd never been fucked so hard before. She grunted and pushed back against each thrust, matching his intensity as best she could. She felt her orgasm building and reached down to rub her clit, feeling his cock growing and stretching her almost to the point of pain.

Baxter thrust harder and Val felt ropes of thin cum flood her cunt. She masturbated furiously,

practically weeping as her muscles contracted around the dog's knot. Pleasure flooded through her body and she collapsed to the floor, Baxter's knot sliding out with a 'plop.' He got to work cleaning her leaking pussy before curling up to work on himself.

Val lay face down on the floor, still breathing heavily, when she heard a knock at the window.

Val heard the knock, and her eyes snapped open; her exhaustion traded in for alarm. The windows weren't visible from the street, so she hadn't bothered to close the curtains since arriving yesterday, confident of their privacy. But she must have been wrong, and she found herself debating whether to pretend to be asleep or run out the back door and never look back.

She was contemplating how far she could get while naked from the waist down when a second knock brought her mind back to the room. Baxter barked and wagged his tail at the visitor, and Valerie turned her head to face the onlooker, praying it wasn't Ms. Hughes, the octogenarian from the end of the block who spread gossip like it was her full-time job.

It wasn't Ms. Hughes. Instead, it was a man Val had never seen before. He was standing on the porch, dressed in grass stained jeans held up by a khaki belt. He was shirtless from the waist up, and Val could see the sun glisten off his sweat-covered chest, highlighting the muscle definition across his pecs and stomach. He was holding a string trimmer with beat-up garden gloves, one hand shielding his eyes from the sun as he looked at them through the window. She guessed he was about her age, maybe a few years older.

When he saw she'd turned to face him, his face lit up in a smile, and he pointed to the front door off to the right, signaling she should meet him there. She stayed still, sure speaking to him would be worse than staying put and pretending this wasn't happening. He pointed again, continuing to smile. He looked so earnest as if he hadn't just witnessed a dog's balls repeatedly smacking into her pussy lips while she worked herself to orgasm. She almost laughed at the ridiculousness of the situation, but before she could get it, her lips began to tremble. She was suddenly on the verge of tears. What have I gotten myself into?

She considered running again or going upstairs until he left, but she figured pulling the band-aid off all at once was better. She pushed herself up from the carpet, doing her best to hide her body from his view as she quickly put on her shorts from earlier and draped a thin blanket over her shoulders like a robe. A single tear ran down her face that she quickly wiped away before approaching the door. The man moved from the window to meet her at the entrance to the home, setting the weed wacker down to lean against the porch's oak railing.

She opened the door just wider than her head, keeping most of her blanket-cloaked body behind the door. She could see the stranger clearly from this position, taking in his broad shoulders and the hair that grew across his chest and trailed down his stomach into the top of his jeans. He had closely cropped dark hair and a handsomely crooked nose, and his smile spread across his whole face, lighting up his eyes and causing crinkles at his temples. It felt infectious, and Val almost smiled back. Almost.

"Hello! I didn't mean to interrupt your afternoon, Miss. I was just here looking for Morgan and Evelyn. I take it they're not home?"

He met her eyes, then glanced behind her at Baxter, who was celebrating his post-nut high by eating the remaining kibble in his bowl that he'd left behind at breakfast. She blushed and looked away, closing the door a few inches. Was he not going to address what he'd just seen her doing? What is

his game? Val must have worn her skepticism on her face.

"We can pretend I didn't see anything if you'd prefer. I can keep a secret and won't make it weird or anything." He laughed a little as he said this, and she felt he was telling the truth despite the strangeness of the situation. She let out the breath she'd been holding and silently thanked God that it had been this man and not Ms. Hughes or her parents coming to check on her. "I'm sorry again for interrupting." He continued. "I hoped to speak to Evelyn or Morgan about trimming the lawn. I told them I'd come around when I got a free day, but I should have called first."

"They'll be back at the end of the week. They didn't mention anything about a gardener.."

"Aw damn, I really should have called," he wiped his brow with the back of his glove, then yanked them off and put them in a pocket. He held out his hand for her to shake. "I'm Logan. I live on Amherst Street and landscape for some people in this neighborhood when I'm not working."

Val hesitated. She believed he was sincere, but her heart was only beginning to slow down, and she still didn't know this man. She adjusted her blanket to hold both ends in one hand between her breasts and held out the other to quickly shake his hand. "Val."

He waited in case she wanted to share more but took it in stride when she didn't, happy to continue on his own. He pulled his hand back and ran it through his short hair. "Well, it's lovely to meet you, Val. I apologize again for intruding on your day, and I better leave you be rather than prolong my intrusion. I should use the rest of this daylight for another yard while I can." He turned as if to pick up his trimmer and leave down the steps, but before he did, he turned back to Val. "Unless I could work in the yard anyway, and Morgan can bring me a check when she returns? Do you think they'd be interested?"

Val remembered how Morgan had shown her how to take care of the vegetable garden two days before and how she'd mentioned they hadn't had time to give the rest of the yard any attention. She'd considered surprising them and doing the work herself, but she didn't know where to start. They'd probably appreciate it, but do I want to prolong my humiliation more than necessary? She met his gaze again, swallowed her shame, and nodded.

Her heartbeat never returned to normal that afternoon, and she spent the time anxiously pretending to read on the porch while Logan worked. Baxter curled up at her feet and occasionally flipped pages while spying on Logan working. Who sees a woman defiling herself underneath a rottweiler and doesn't bat an eye? She wondered if he was crazy, then she laughed. Who was she to judge crazy? She fucked a dog, and part of her was begging to let him knot her again.

She'd read most of a chapter in between glances at the yard. She'd realized Logan must be looking her way frequently, and they'd been making fleeting eye contact all afternoon. His face lit up each time their eyes met.

Baxter occasionally got up to supervise Logan's work or chase a bird before returning to Val. The afternoon passed in relative peace, and birds chirped on the telephone line above them when Logan turned off the trimmer. He moved on to the roses, trimming them carefully and collecting the rosehips in a basket. With his final snip, he cut one long-stemmed rose that was mid-bloom and set his shears down before approaching Val on the porch. She set her book on the side table and gave him her attention. Logan extended his arm, offering her the deep orange flower. She couldn't hide her smile as she took it.

"You didn't have to stay out here the whole time I worked," he didn't seem upset that she had.

"I didn't know if I could trust you with unsupervised access to the shed."

He laughed like he understood where she was coming from. "Fair enough. Well, I'm happy to have the company. Landscaping isn't the most social side hustle." He began cleaning his tools as he talked.

"What's your main hustle?" She asked, letting herself relax back into her chair and the conversation.

"Mechanic. I work at Mike's Auto over by the mall, and it's just me, one other guy, and the owner, Mike. Compared to those guys, you're a breath of fresh air. A lot prettier, too."

They continued chatting while he cleaned up, and Val thought he took longer to put away his things to keep talking to her. She learned that he was taking night classes at the local community college, and he'd just moved into a duplex in the neighborhood with a classmate. She told him she grew up in the neighborhood and was home for the summer. She gradually began to believe he wasn't just waiting to bring up what he'd seen but that he really wouldn't mention it, and she chose to just accept it for now rather than wonder at his motivations.

Eventually, his tools were cleaned and packed up, and he couldn't put off leaving any longer. "Do you think.. Do you have any plans tonight? Would you like to go to dinner?" He met her eyes as he asked, hope all over his face. He smiled wide when she agreed.

"Great. Okay. Yeah, I should go home and clean up. Can I come back to pick you up at 7?"

"See you at 7," she said, holding the rose to her nose as he left. She took a deep breath before heading back into the house with Baxter.

The doorbell made her jump, and Baxter barked from his bed across the room. Val grabbed her jacket and opened the door, not at all surprised to find out that Logan looked incredible after a shower. He'd swapped the grass-stained clothes for khakis and a cerulean button-up that matched his eyes. Does he look nervous?

"Jeez, Val, you look incredible." He reached out to take her coat and helped her slide it over her bare shoulders and thin black dress. "I mean, you're beautiful."

"Wow, thank you," she smiled as she replied. She always thought she was decently attractive but wasn't used to the sort of flattery at a college with plenty of pretty girls. And she wasn't used to it from a man as handsome as him. And his apparent nervousness in her presence was endearing.

They walked down the driveway to his CR-V parked on the street. Logan held the door open for her to climb in. It was clear it had also been cleaned recently, with a few tools neatly organized in the back. The drive to the restaurant was mostly a comfortable silence, except for Logan telling her about the reservation and asking how the rest of her afternoon went.

When they got to the table, Logan ordered an appetizer for them and quizzed her on her school. He asked about her classes and dorm, but mostly, he asked about what she did for fun and how she spent her time. She had no problem telling him about her cooking and outdoor hobbies and quizzed him right back about his night classes for his associate degree and what it was like doing two different manual labor jobs. Their conversation only paused while ordering main courses, and Val

felt carefree in his company like she felt in the bath when she'd realized she had the whole house to herself and couldn't be judged.

Dinner ended before their conversation, and they strolled through downtown afterward. When she stumbled on an uneven sidewalk, Logan put an arm around her for support, and he left it there to hold her against him as they walked. When they finally got back to the car, she was reluctant to let go, and she held his hand on the drive home.

He helped her out of his car and walked her up the porch, pausing on the last step as she went on ahead. He gently grabbed her hand and spun her so she faced him, head at almost the same height. He looked into her eyes, asking for permission, and she nodded slightly before he leaned down to kiss her.

She felt sparks where his lips brushed her own, so gentle she barely felt them. She let out a high-pitched breath and leaned into the kiss, pressing closer to him. He took her response as an invitation to deepen the kiss and put one hand on her cheek, sliding his tongue across the edge of her lip caught between his own. She parted her lips for his tongue to press further.

She could feel her chest leaning into his, and her nipples tingled against the fabric of her bra. He wrapped an arm around her waist to pull her in further at the same time that his tongue plunged further into her mouth. She let out a startled moan.

He chuckled, pulling back to look at her but still holding her close. "I better be going before we get carried away," he said, moving his hand from her back to under her chin to kiss her again softly. "I had an incredible night with you, Val."

"But... what if I wanted to get carried away?" Val whispered. She was feeling bold, and she didn't want their night to be over. She saw the barely held-back lust in his eyes and knew she must look the same.

"Who am I to deny a beautiful woman?" Logan replied, a devilish look appearing in his eyes. She leaned up to kiss him hard again, running her hands along his buzzed hair. She bit his lip slightly, and he stepped up from the last step onto the porch to bring his body closer to hers. His hands found her lower back, and one moved lower to cup her ass. He guided them towards the entry as they made out, restricting her movement as he backed her into the door. Val breathed hard, fumbling for keys between them, grabbing at each other. At last, they managed to stumble through the doorway, slamming the door behind them.

Logan must have been inside Morgan and Evelyn's house before because he seamlessly emptied his pockets at their entry table and kicked his shoes off on the mat without taking his attention away from Val. He held her tight against him, hand gripping her thick ass as he guided them to the living room where Baxter had fucked her earlier that day. She blushed at the memory, heat reaching her face but also down into her belly and between her legs. She was glad it was too dark for him to see her expression.

Logan guided them to the couch where he sat down and pulled her into his lap so she straddled him. She briefly worried about crushing him with her body but abandoned the fear when he pulled her firmly down on his lap. Her short dress rose, and she could feel his erection between her legs, held at bay by his jeans. She moved against him, so he pushed against her panty-covered mound and smiled when his eyes fluttered closed, and he leaned his head back. She kissed his stubble-covered jaw before returning her lips to his.

As they made out, his hands roamed Val's body, moving between grabbing her ass and hips and gliding over her soft stomach, up her arms, and across her chest. He found one of her nipples through the dress and pinched it slightly while he kneaded her other breast, causing her to moan against his mouth. He traced his fingers up to her shoulders and slid the dress's straps down, exposing the tops of her breasts and slowly revealing her nipples.

His fingers again found the sensitive buds and pinched slightly, and he drew back from her lips to kiss her jaw, neck, collarbone, and down to her nipples, where his lips replaced his hand. Val wrapped her arms around his head, cradling him to her as Logan sucked and nibbled at her breast. She kissed the top of his head, hissing in a combination of pain and pleasure as he nipped harder.

He released her nipple with a "pop" and smiled up at her before taking her other nipple between his lips, repeating the enthusiastic sucking and biting. Her arms held tighter as his soft bites grew sharper, and she let out a yelp that turned into a groan, grinding her soaked pussy against his crotch. "Yesss.." she moaned while he flicked one nipple between his teeth, twisting the other between his fingers.

Logan leaned back against the couch, letting her saliva-slicked nipples form goosebumps and moving his hands down to her hips. She looked between them at his lap, where a puddle was forming in his pants, no doubt from her juices leaking through her cotton bikini as she humped against him. She made eye contact, silently asking for permission as she reached to undo his belt, then quickly removed and unbuttoned his khakis when he nodded.

Val stood up, and he lifted his hips as she pulled, grabbing his boxer briefs and pants together. His cock strained against the fabric as she lowered them over his hips, jumping to attention against his stomach as she yanked the clothes lower and off. She threw them to the side and got on her knees to look more closely at Logan's cock. He kept the dark curls between his legs trimmed, which showed off the average length and much larger-than-average girth of his uncut penis. Precum was leaking out of his foreskin-covered head, and she leaned forward. She touched the tip of her tongue to the head of his cock, drawing the slippery liquid into her mouth and sliding her tongue between the thin layer of the foreskin and the head of his cock to collect the rest.

Logan ran one hand through her hair as she licked him clean, sliding her tongue down his length to get the bit of precum that had escaped and dripped down to his balls. She followed that up by carefully sucking each ball into her mouth, stretching his sack slightly before letting go and returning her attention to his cock. He held his hand to her head as she took his shaft in her mouth, an inch or two at first, while she got accustomed to his girth before lowering her head to take more.

Val could tell Logan was gentle with her, and she worked hard to take him into her mouth and throat to show him she could handle it. She managed to touch her lips to his pelvis and held her head there before raising her head and lowering herself again. Logan wrapped his fingers tighter in her hair but still let her set the pace, so she reached up to put her hand on his at the back of her head and pushed tight, showing him what she wanted. He got the message and put both hands on her head, pushing her face into his crotch as he thrust his hips up. She gagged but quickly composed herself, relaxing her throat muscles as he held her head in place while he fucked her throat. She covered him with saliva while she was bent over his lap, still on her knees in front of the couch.

Just as the tip of his dick hit the back of her mouth again, Val felt pressure against the thin fabric covering her pussy, then a more insistent nuzzling that she realized must have been Baxter trying to get at her sex. She tried to snap her legs together and get away, but Logan groaned and held her in place, whispering, "It's okay, let him.". She gagged and drooled, and she felt one of Logan's hands sliding down her back to her ass and shoving her panties down as far as he could reach. With the

thin cotton out of the way, Baxter stuck his muzzle deep in her pussy lips, slurping up her juices and thrusting his tongue in her hot hole.

Logan's hand had returned to her head, and he let her back off and breath but never took his cock out of her mouth. Val whimpered and whined as Baxter licked from her clit to her asshole, shaking from both embarrassment and pure lust. She was in disbelief that she was letting this happen, but she also couldn't stop, nor did she want to. "That's it, Val, fuuucck," Logan groaned, watching Baxter work.

When Baxter pulled his tongue out of her pussy Logan patted her lower back, signaling for the Rottweiler to climb on and claim her. Baxter wasted no time, front paws digging into her hips and ripping her dress. His cock found her hole quickly this time, and Val let out a loud groan around Logan's cock as the dog began mercilessly thrusting into her canal.

She could feel his cock growing with each thrust, and if possible, she thought he was stretching her out even more than that morning. Her pussy felt like it would split in two and only grew more stuffed as she felt rope after rope of Baxter's cum fill her, his knot plugging her so tight it was almost painful.

Her orgasm bubbled up quickly, and the knot pressed against the walls of her pussy as it contracted around the huge cock filling her up. She panted and moaned like a bitch in heat, and Logan clearly understood what was happening because he returned his hands to her head and started fucking her face hard and fast. She could barely breathe and felt like she might pass out from the pleasure when Logan grunted and held himself as deep in her throat as he could, filling her up at her other end with his cum. She swallowed eagerly, tasting the cum that lingered in her mouth as Logan gently lifted her face off his lap and met her eyes.

She lay with her chest against his knees as she worked to catch her breath, suddenly self-conscious about the fact that she was covered in sweat and cum and still had Baxter laying on her back, tied to her by their genitals.

Val blushed before reaching down and very gently helping Baxter free himself. She heard the suction break as he slid out and felt his cum run down her legs before she sat back on her heels.

"Wow. I mean, holy fucking shit, wow," Logan breathed.

"I should go get cleaned up," Val said as she moved to pull her ripped dress down, turning away to hide her reddening face. Her post-orgasm embarrassment made her want to run from the room, but he grabbed her wrist as she moved to leave.

"You don't have to hide. Why don't you let me?" He gently took her hips and guided her to the couch, kissing her gently and melting away her fear. He had her lay down, her legs in his lap, and guided her knees apart to expose the runny cum covering her pussy and smeared across her inner thighs. He positioned his upper body between her legs and kissed her thigh, dipping lower to suck gently at the pool of Baxter's cum gathered there.

The sensation sent shivers up her spine, and she could feel her body reacting as Logan trailed kisses up her body toward her slit, cleaning the cum off her as he went. When he finally brought his tongue to her cunt she arched her back and spread her legs further, eager for more. Each stroke of Logan's tongue brought him closer to her clit, and she could feel another orgasm encroaching.

Logan's lips closed over her clit, and she screamed his name, hands finding his head and holding him there as she bucked against him. He slid two fingers inside her hole, curling them slightly as he

flicked her clit with his tongue. Her orgasm crashed over her like a wave, pushing more of the dog's cum out of her and into Logan's eager mouth.

She shivered as her orgasm subsided, and Logan raised to get the blanket off the couch and cover her. He kissed her forehead, and she heard him say she'd been a good girl just before her eyes fluttered closed, and she drifted to sleep.

The End?