

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



My name is Brian. I bet no one will believe this, but it may sound not that weird and strange at all if you know something about animal behaviour. I didn't know a word about it then, that's true, but now can understand things much better. Also I lived through it. And lived to tell.

I better tell directly what happened. I enjoy tracking, walking through forests, deserts and anything I between in the wilderness. Did it alone or with others, and did it for full weekends usually, sleeping on open air, of course always when having warm and dry weather.

That time I went somewhere in New Mexico. Not big forests there, but loved the desert. Bright stars at night and wonderful plants everywhere, also some little forests, some small hills to climb. There I was, getting ready for the night in my sleep sack, enjoying a little fire by a slow river, with a small forest nearby. All seemed perfect, even when heard the wolf howling. I heard that before, an always seemed some romantic, while watching the moon and the stars. Never had a trouble with that, so I didn't listen and got finally asleep, even if some worried.

It was past midnight when I got suddenly awake. The howling was much louder, and as it seemed much more closer, too. In fact, when I listened, I could hear other sounds too: grunting, scratchings. closer and closer. I was already way worried when saw the pack run out of the forest. Around fifteen, but not wolves as I thought. I saw they were wild dogs, all of mixed types, and acting together like a wolf pack. What was more strange, but didn't notice then: they were all males. They went directly to me, barking and groaning, showing me their jaws. I was still in my sack, lying by the already extinguished fire. The night was not too cold, so I was just in boxers and t-shirt in it. All happened so suddenly that I was still lying when they surrounded me; all I could do was crawl trying to go away from them.

By then, I thought my living days were past. They went closer and closer to me, all surrounded by them and without an escape. In fact, they started to bite my sleep sack, and in a few second they had it thorn in pieces. I thought the next was me, and prayed the Lord to live to see the next day. As it seems, I was heard. Because then their attitude changed a bit. They went sniffing, going closer to me, even touching me with their noses, then going away and letting others do the same. Then one of them went closer, looked around him, and for who knows what reason, the others went some away, but still around me. I was there still lying on my back, just in boxers and t-shirt, trying to keep them away from me. The one dog still interested in me was before me. He went groaning to me, first slowly, but louder and louder. Also started to show me his big teeth. Then I saw the opportunity to escape: there seemed to be an empty space in the pack surrounding me, rightly in the opposite direction he was in front of me. I tried to stand up, run. I failed miserably. The dog behind me jumped on me, the others went closer closing the emptiness in the pack. I fell to the ground, with the weight of the big dog all on me. I tried to stand up, but he started to groan directly into my ear. I stopped, and he stopped. I was on my hands and knees. Tried to walk from under his weight, he groaned wildly again. Things seemed in an impasse. But then I noticed he was moving a bit on me. Right then, with a shock of horror, I could feel something really hard hitting against the back of my boxers. I couldn't believe what he was trying to do! In fact I didn't really believe it by then, even if he kept doing, but the boxers protected me from his assault. After some more tries, he noticed what was happening, and he dismounted me. God thank, I though! But then felt he was sniffing under me, and in fact, was trying to bite my boxers and destroy them like he did with my sleep sack. That wasn't easy for him to do without biting me too, which he seemed not want to do. He then looked at me, at my eyes, and showed me his teeth very close, growling aggressively. Moved his nose up and down, like giving me some kind of order. He wanted me to drop my boxers for him! When I realized that, I tried to stand up again and run. In a second, all dogs were around, me almost biting me, getting me to the ground again. When that turmoil was over, I was on my hands and knees again,

with the same dog mounting my back. He groaned in my ear again, moved his nose up and down, telling me to submit or die. Slowly, I pulled my boxers down, feeling as scared as ever in my life, but knowing it was that or die in their jaws. As I did, the dog on me barked in victory, while the others around us howled loud. He took his hips forward, trying to hit my anus with his dog dick, and after a few tries he reached his goal.

Now it was time for me to howl, but in pain. His dick seemed hard as if made of wood. His humping shoved his dick deep up my ass, groaning in my ear, resting all his weight on me. I could hardly keep myself on my elbows and knees. The pumping he gave me didn't make things easier. His pace seemed fast at first, but then went faster and faster! I could feel he was having such a great time by feeling his warm slobbery saliva drip onto my neck. Also his dick seemed to go larger in my already full ass. And then I felt something hard and big hit my ass. It was his knot, big like an orange, trying to enter my bowels too. Lucky me I was too tight to let that enter, but since then I also had to take that big hard thing hit my ass with every thrust, trying to enter me. Things lasted for long, so long that I found myself wondering if that would ever end, or if I would faint before. But then I could feel a warm gushing up my ass, and my dog started to howl loud, still pumping me so very hard. His paws around my hips got me even closer to him, and then the rest of the pack howled too, as I felt the cum gushing out of my ass. He then rested still on my back, licked my neck for a bit, then dismounted me finally. When his dick slipped out off my ass, his cum gushed out. I didn't dare to move, supposing I could do. The dog walked around me for a while, as if inspecting me. He licked my face, my leaking dick, my cum-dripping anus. Then the rest of the pack approached, but he barked at them loud, and they went some away. I fainted then, totally exhausted.

It was almost dawn when I woke up. I was still surrounded by the pack, but they seemed all asleep. All were lying together, and in fact one of them was sleeping by my side. He was the dog who fucked me that night. I tried to crawl slowly away from them, trying not to touch or wake up them. But I couldn't even go on my hands and knees. They all suddenly woke up again, first of all the one who was sleeping against me. They all howled and barked loud. They approached to me slowly once again, but my dog barked at them and showed his jaws. Only one didn't listen. He went too close, showing his own jaws. The fight was short but intense. My dog bit him in the neck, and he went away again, lowering his head in submission. Then my dog took his reward: me. He growled at me, making that gesture with his nose. I obeyed, going on elbows and knees again for him. As it seemed, he was the head of the pack. And I was his bitch.

During the day, things went clear to me. Four or five dogs would be there with me always, while the rest of the pack went away, hunting. If I tried to escape, or simply stand up, they would bark at me in warning, then run on me and even bite me if didn't obey. I was only allowed to walk on hands and knees. That way I could go to the riverside and drink and clean myself a bit. In the daylight I could see all my things were destroyed, including all my clothes but the t-shirt I had on. Anyway, it was scratched all along, presumably from my dog's loving activities. He wasn't there, but away with the pack. Surprisingly enough, the dogs who were keeping an eye on me didn't try to take advantage of his absence. Later in the day, he came back with the rest of the pack. He had a dead hare in his jaws. He came to me and threw it in front of me. He was feeding his bitch. Of course I couldn't even think of eating that dead bloody thing. The thought of it almost made me vomit. After a while, my owner and master made his gestures, and I did as expected. In fact, this time I opened my asscheeks wide for him. His hard dick trying to enter me hit my balls the night before, giving me such pain, so since he was going to score, why not let him have it easy. It also seemed right to offer myself that way for him, since he was my protector and owner, and I was his bitch. He royally mounted me again, this time under the bright sun. In fact, this time he seemed to wish all the rest of the pack to watch it well, so they knew I was his and only his. He pushed hard and deep, and this time he could

shove his big knot up my already stretched hole. I screamed in renewed pain, and he kept fucking me for so really long, to let them all see. After such a long fucking he finally came again, and dismounted me, but this time we were attached by his knot. We were ass to ass. That way, he forced me to crawl behind him, screaming in pain and showing them all I was his bitch. That went on for long without giving me a time to rest, making me crawl backwards behind him and all around the pack. After his knot finally popped out of my ass I fainted again.

It was at night again when I woke up. Many different sensations filled me up. First, that wetness was still dripping out of my ass, my owner's seed. Then, the terrible hunger. I didn't eat for a whole day, and the dead hare had disappeared. Also, the coldness. All I had on was the almost-thorn-in-pieces t-shirt, and the night was getting cold. But the dogs slept all together, and in fact my owner was sleeping next to me, his nose right by my crotch. All I could do then was get closer and try to sleep again. After all the last day's action, I couldn't stand up even if I was allowed to.

The next morning all went the same way. My owner and pack's head woke up, sniffing my crotch and licking it, so I woke up moaning and hard. From there, he went to my sphincter. As I woke up completely, I got myself into submission position (on knees, head to the ground) and he mounted me right away. I didn't think of doing that, just acted. I was his bitch and deep down I knew that, so I didn't think, just did the natural thing. He fucked me some nicer then. Maybe because he wasn't as horny as before, maybe because he was sure that everyone in the pack knew already I was his bitch. Without thinking of what I was doing, I found myself fucking back against his some slower pace, opening my asscheeks to accept his knot easier. Sighs and moans escaped from my throat at the rhythm of his pumpings. After a long while of that, I felt his dick grow in my ass and his pace go faster, and I knew he would fill me again soon. The sensation overwhelmed me and my erect dick shot its big load in the air, as if it had its own reactions. Soon after that, I received his own load up my anus. We both collapsed, with him still on and inside me. Then for some reason my brain started to work again, and thought about what had happened, with my owner still breathing hard on me. I had reacted as his dog bitch, assuming his right over me and getting my first bitch orgasm. I had accepted him and he knew that well. After a short time, he got up again, popped his knot out of his bitch's ass and gave me some ass and dick lickings in reward. Then he went away for the day hunting, leaving me there under the monitoring of four other dogs of the pack.

As before, they won't let me stand up on my feet. If I tried to, they would bark and act threateningly to me. Anyway, I felt too weak for that, not to talk about trying to escape. All I could do was crawl to the river and drink. At least they let me use my hand to do that like a human, and not lick as they did. The day went warm and slow, with only one incident. One of my keepers approached to me wagging his tail, and started to sniff my ass. He even licked it, my balls too, while I wondered if he was going to mount me. What should I do then? Let him? Would my owner get mad about that? Not knowing what to do, and scared about it, I did nothing. Finally he didn't mount me, and went some away again, so the whole thing went to nothing.

In between, I was starving. Didn't eat a thing for almost two days. So when the whole pack came back by late afternoon, and my owner dropped another beheaded hare at me, I took it and eat. As I did that, he sniffed my ass for a long time. He got his ears up, went sniffing more and more, looked around, sniffed some more. Then he took up one of his back legs and pissed over my ass. He had noticed the intrusion of the sniffing dog, and that way he took possession of me again, with his scent. Right after that he went through the pack, looking for the violator. The poor dog whined and got his head low, but that didn't help him. My owner took his neck in his jaws and shacked him well, until he threw him away whining and getting himself in an exaggerated submission position.

Right after that it was my time for the submission position, as I knew while seeing him walk directly to me. He jumped right on me and gave me what I only can call a punishment fuck. He grasped my

hips, fucked me very hard from start to finish, shoved his knot wildly in me, and even gave me some bites in my neck. After he gushed his load in my ass, he dismounted and forced me to crawl fast behind him, pulling my ass with his way-too-hard knot and making me walk that way for a long time all around the pack. The message was clear to all: I was his bitch, and no one else's.

A week went by in that way. I felt too weak to run away, and anyway I couldn't run as fast as they do. Also had nowhere to go. I kept eating the hares and birds my owner brought me, plus a few berries from the near forest. I kept letting him mount me as he wished, usually in the morning short after we awoke, and again later in the evening after he came back from hunting. I got no more advances from the rest of the pack, so that way he was happy, and fucked me much better. He liked to sniff my ass and dick, lick it a bit as if gave me some previous reward for my services. When he was ready to mount me he liked me to lower my head in a gesture of submission, raising my ass and opening myself for him at the time. Then he would mount me, taking me from my hips with his paws toward his dick. I lowered my ass then to help him, also getting my ass back onto his dick. That way I also spared getting my hips scratched. Once he was all the way he kept humping me close, so he could get me knotted, and I helped him opening my asscheeks wide. Soon I could even take that big thing easily, and after it popped inside he went fucking me much slower than when he gave me the punishment fuck. I could swear he liked to hear me sigh and moan, because he went faster when I did so. He also enjoyed me to orgasm, which I did usually when he fucked me that way. After he filled me with his seed he rested on me for a bit, then dismounted and we went ass to ass. But didn't pull me with his knot. Instead of that he just waited until it popped out, something that happened much sooner since I was way stretched by then. Then he gave me some reward-lickings as his cum dripped from my ass, and even licked my face after, as if I was his love pet.

But then one day I could feel them all way excited when the evening was coming to the night. Then came sundown, and almost same time the full moon came up. They immediately started to howl, all at time. All but my owner. Instead of that he licked my face a lot, looked at me and then went way. I didn't understand what was happening. All I could tell was my owner was away and the rest of the pack was fucking excited, running around and howling to the moon. As I later understood, the full moon was the night for the whole pack. My owner went away so he wouldn't notice what was going to happen, leaving me for a night available to the whole pack's will.

I didn't know that then, but started to suspect it soon. They all ran around me, howling, stopping by me to sniff my ass or dick, start running like mad again. Their attentions became more intimate, with some of them jumping on my back but leaving again. I could see they were sexually aroused, with their dicks out of their sheaths. I was in the position they let me be, on my elbows and knees, and was so afraid I didn't dare to move. One of them jumped on my back again, but this time I could feel his paws trying to get my hips closer, and his dick trying to hit my anus. Again, I didn't dare to move, so I took his dick passively. He was way aroused, because he humped me for a short while and then spurted his load before his knot could enter me. He dismounted right away and went howling to the moon, like in triumph. Right after, two other dogs went sniffing my dripping anus. They stopped suddenly, looked each other, and there was a short riot between them. The winner took his place on me and mounted me right after. By then I got a glimpse of what was going on: full moon nights is the time when everyone can have his way with the pack's bitch. So I tried to make things some easier for me, and opened myself to his clumsy assault. Once I had his dick buried in me I closed my asscheeks, to avoid taking his knot. If I was knotted by them all, I would probably die before daylight. That second dog humped me for longer, trying to knot me to him all the time, something I could barely avoid. By then, most of the rest of the pack had stopped running and howling, and were all around us looking at the action with a demented look in their eyes. I could see their hard dicks waiting for their turn and dripping precum. My second assaulter finally came up my ass and

dismounted right away, only to let his place to another dog. That one seemed to know my trick and penetrated me brutally, knotting me before I could do something to avoid it. He groaned in triumph, letting his warm saliva drip on my neck. He even bit me there shortly, and in his enthusiasm, went all the way on my back, making me drop to the ground. After a long hard fuck, he added his cum to his fellow's in my ass, making me feel way too full. After dismounted, his knot made me go ass to ass with him, not being able to let others fuck me but adding more discomfort and pain to my bowels.

At that point, I thought I should do something to avoid them all to fuck and maybe knot my ass. They were very close around me, all waiting excited to my last lover's knot to leave my ass. So I took one that was closer to my face, brought him even closer and started to lick his hard dick under him. I also massaged him, and seems as if he liked it, because went even closer to me. I started to suck his dick, and he definitely loved that, because he put his front paws around my shoulders, and started to fuck my face. In that situation, I couldn't see anything at all, but after a while I felt the knot in my ass pop out, and a big load of cum gush out of it. Before I knew it, another dog had jumped behind me and went to fuck me right away. I was being tagteamed by two dogs, having my both holes humped wildly. At that point, all I could do was take the double fuck; but that way I couldn't help my ass to be knotted again. Shortly after, I could feel the dick in my mouth grow, and my mouth fucker get near to orgasm. My mouth was totally filled with dog dick, so when he spurted his big load, all I could do was drink or drown. In fact, some of the cum gush managed to escape from my mouth, but I took almost all of it. As it seemed, they learned new tricks soon, because right after he dismounted my front side, another dog went on me, offering his dick for to me to suck. I licked it, hoping to make him cum that way, and he seemed to enjoy that, but after a while he got impatient and humped my mouth too. Like in a no-end nightmare, I felt another gush of warm cum up my ass right after got mouth-stuffed, and then the dog behind me dismounting and trying to get his knot out of me. There was a short struggle with me in the middle, because the dog fucking my mouth tried to keep me by his side using his front paws on my shoulders, while the other pulled me from his knot in the opposite direction. I would have screamed if my mouth wasn't stuffed with dog dick. Lucky me, by then my ass was almost all opened, and the knot popped finally out, letting the usual cum gush down to my balls and thighs.

The rest of the night went almost the same way, and I'm not sure if everyone had a turn on the pack's bitch or even if some of them got a second time. All I can remember is waking up in the early morning, with my ass hurting like hell and surrounded with dogs slept by my side. The sun was near dawn, and the moon couldn't be seen anywhere in the sky. My face, shoulders, ass and thighs were all covered in cum and my ass felt all opened and still dripping some of their juices. Also, my stomach felt way full and warm, something unusual since I got captured by the pack. At least, and for first time since, I didn't feel much hunger. Being tired to death and not hungry for the first time after long, I got asleep again.

I knew their full moon ritual would be repeated each month. And I also knew I might not survive to the next canine gang-bang. Except for the occasional dog-cum feeding, I would be starved to death the next time, weaker and not able to resist that again. But I had no clue of how could I escape from the pack. In fact, the next morning I couldn't get myself on my hands and knees. My husband, now my exclusive owner again, tried to mount me, as did every morning, but he could see I was too weak for that. He licked my face a bit, and went away. I think I could see some concern on his face.

Anyway, I got my dog watch as the others went away hunting. Later in the evening, my husband brought me two fat pigeons I devoured like a dog. I could see he was happy that I recovered, and made his usual moves right after I ate. I raised my ass high for him with my last efforts, and he mounted me happily. My ass had been so wide stretched that me penetrated and knotted me with his

fist hump. Of course that made him last for a long long time, but finally I could feel his seed fill me again. He dismounted, and after a few tries, he unknotted me way easily. I could sleep peacefully that night and recover a little bit.

After a week with nothing noticeable, I learned something new from the pack's behaving. Once they had hunted a zone, they would move away to a new hunt field. I learned that the hard way, as usual. One morning, instead of going away to hunt, they all howled loud. Then I was pushed my many of them in some direction. Their gestures with their noses were easy to understand: they wanted me to follow the pack.

I walked on my hands and knees, since they wouldn't let me go on my feet, not even then. I walked and walked, always surrounded and watched by the whole pack. My hands and specially my knees were scratched til they would bleed. But if I tried to rest, they would bite my legs and sides, and was forced to keep following the pack. After a long trip of constant pain, we reached our new home: a nice and small forest by a small riverside.

The new place was much better than the previous. I could rest during the day under the trees, and the leafs were great to sleep on at night. I even found some mushrooms I risked to eat. Nothing happened, and since then I had my own new food. When I found some blackberries too, I thought I couldn't be happier. My luck seemed to have changed, and then I found out that was true.

After a few days there, one day they came back way too soon, in fact still in the morning. They seemed really excited, and their gestures meant what I already knew: follow us. After a short walk on my hands and knees, I could see in the distance what got them so excited: a small farm, obviously inhabited from the smoke I could see rising in the air. I was so very excited I didn't know what to do. My dirty cheek was ran by my tears. And then, to my excitement, a young guy went out of the farm. I could see he was very blond, and ws wearing jeans and a flannel shirt. Short after, a younger guy, obviously his brother from his blond hair, went out also.

I knew my opportunity was there. I tried to scream. Almost nothing came out off my throat, but then I tried again. Help!, y yelled. None of the guys seemed to hear me, but the pack surely did. In a moment, the pack surrounded me and forced me to run from the place with them, biting me for my treason all along the way back.

All that next night long I kept thinking of that place and the guys there. Even while my dog husband was mounting me I kept thinking of them, and how I could go there. I still had no idea, but the next morning brought me a new surprise.

Early in the morning, the pack forced me to march again. To my despair, I thought they were trying to move away of the farm. And to my surprise, after a while we went back there. I couldn't understand why they had taken me back there. But then I saw the two guys go out off the farm again. Then I noticed the gestures of the dogs around me. After all that time, I learned to read those canine expressions. And to my surprise, I slowly understood why they were all looking at the farm, with their jaws open and dripping and their eyes and noses wide open too. They had learned to like the taste of human bitch. And they wanted those guys as their bitches.

I didn't know why I was there too. But then I understood. They wanted me to shout for help again. Then the guys would run in our direction, and then they would be surrounded by the pack and turned into the new human bitches.

I thought about for a while. Then I thought, what can I lose. If the canine plan failed, I would be probably rescued. And if it didn't, those guys surely had parents who would look for them. So, again, what could I lose. Even at its worst, I would have their help during the next full moon orgy. I knew I wouldn't probably survive to the next one, if didn't have some other bitch's help to share the pack's ravaging.

Feeling a bit guilty but smiling at my own evil wisdom, I yelled softly. Hey! Again, no one heard me. Some louder: Hello! One of the guys turned his head in our direction. Now, soon before they lost interest: I'm here!

To my own excitement, the oldest guy walked in our direction. The youngest did the same after a while. Then his brother told him something. They argued, and after a while they both walked again towards to us.

The pack's excitement was also easily noticeable. They soon forced me to run with them, right into our small forest. There they all would hide between the trees, waiting with increasing excitement. I could even see some of them getting hard, they dog dicks and knots hanging and dripping in animal anticipation.

Short after, both guys walked stupidly into the forest, following our steps. I couldn't believe they would do that without a weapon. They seemed younger than I thought before. Right after they entered the forest, the pack surrounded them. Howling, barking, close showing of jaws! The guys walked together, terrified by the sudden attack. Then the dogs went in a close circle, and one after another went biting them, making the guys even more terrified. I knew what I should do then.

I crawled as near as could, and then shouted: - Go on your hands and knees! Soon, before they make you into pieces! - They looked at me, and their horror was replaced by deep surprise. I bet I didn't look really human by then, naked, scratched and dirty, like a Were-Wolf. I knew I had to break their paralyzed minds. - Now, soon before they kill you, do as I tell! On your hands and knees!

They slowly did as told. That seemed to calm the pack. They wouldn't keep barking, but the circle went closer. Almost any of them sniffed the newcomers, recognizing their gesture of submission. But then there had to be a new alpha male, or better said, a beta and a gamma. Some of the biggest dogs were involved in a short but wild fight. Two big dogs emerged as winners, and they went on sniffing the guys, now just by them. After a while, one of them tried to mount the oldest guy. But of course his jeans avoided the penetration. He seemed frustrated, dismounted and inspected his new bitch. Then he started to bite him, specially his clothes, ripping some of them. The second dog did the same with his bitch.

Both guys were terrified by them, but didn't seem to understand what what the purpose of those activities. But they thought the biting was intended to kill them, and tried to escape, without any success. Then I knew I should give some more help.

- Now, you both, better take your pants down! They want to mount you, so you better drop your pants enough before they rip your clothes and your skin also!

Once again, the terrified expression was replaced by surprise, and then, when started to understand, by an even deeper horror.

- Now, its your only chance, believe me! I know that well! - I shouted.

Then the younger guy gave in, and slowly dropped his pants, still in the submission position. He didn't lower them much, as if that would make a difference. His new dog husband shook his tail and went sniffing his new bitch's behind happily. After some sniffing and licking, he mounted him right away. I could see the guy's expression go from horror to surprise, and then to big pain as his owner penetrated him. I felt sorry for the poor guy, but also some cruelly happy for having someone else to go through what I did.

Meanwhile, the other guy kept resisting. His clothes were broken into pieces, and his neck was bited and shaken. Once his clothes left him open way, his new dog husband went from biting his neck to mount him wildly, without any preliminaries.

Also, my own dog husband went to me, feeling the excitement of the moment. He sniffed my behind and licked my dick as always, and I knew what I should do. I lowered my head, put my ass in his reach and let him mount me. I guess that was the best teaching for the other guys, and let them know my place in the pack, and then also theirs. We three were fucked at time there at the forest, surrounded by the howling pack. Both guys took it with deep expressions and screams of pain, even if I knew by self-experience that their tight asses hadn't been knotted yet.

After they were fucked, and I was unknotted, half of the pack including our husbands went hunting. The other half was left there to watch us.

- I was captured by them while camping around, - I started my conversation with the newcomers, at first too shocked by their first dog experience to talk. - Right from the beginning I was raped by one of them and turned into his private bitch. - I finished.

- A-are you serious about that? - the older guy asked. - How can such a thing happen?

- You saw it. You got it the same way I did. It simply happened suddenly. At a moment I was asleep in the night, and then I was surrounded by them. You know the rest.

- W-w-why? - the younger guy asked, almost crying.

- That's easy: they are horny, and their costume is that, making the weakest member of the pack into their bitch. I guess it's pretty natural thing. Only thing that makes me wonder is why there are just males in the pack. Maybe they escaped from a training farm.

- What's gonna happen now? - the first asked.

- They will keep us as their bitches forever, unless we're rescued. There's no way to escape that I could find out. They are faster than us on open field, and would make us into peaces before we could reach any place. Anyway, they never let me go on my feet. You better don't try that, if don't want to get bited badly again. By the way, what's your names? Who else with you there in the farm?

The older guy sighed and took some time to answer. - We're brothers. I'm Dan, my brother is Johnny. Our parents died one year ago on a car crash. We've been living alone in the farm since.

My heart sunk to the floor. - I'm Brian - I sighed after a while. Brian, the first bitch of the pack, for what it seemed to be a long, long time.

It was almost at night when the pack turned, and our husbands threw our food before us. - Are you gonna eat that? - Dan asked. - I guess you're not hungry enough by now. Don't worry, you will - I answered while devouring my piece of meat. Meanwhile, my husband started with his licking rituals, and I positioned myself for him. The bitches looked at me disgusted, but right after I was mounted I told them, while easing him his way: - If you're not gonna eat, you better get yourself available. They are gonna mount you, if you like it or not. - I said, while my head went back and forth at the rhythm of my fucker.

Even if looking scared, Johnny reluctantly did the same I did, and also dropped his pants. His husband sniffed his ass excited, shaking his tail. His brother tried to resist again, and was bited badly and the rest of his clothes stripped. Then he was mounted also.

From their expressions of sadness, I could see they hadn't been knotted yet. I was sure you have such a funny face when first feel that big hard thing invade you. They didn't get that yet. I was knotted and filled long before they were dismounted: my husband and I had a long practice with our moves by then. The others had a difficult time fucking such new bitches. Then my husband pulled me around a bit from the knot, as he wanted to show that things may change in the pack, but others don't. I could see the surprise in the faces of the new bitches; they didn't know what was happening to me then, but I didn't find a reason to tell them; they would find out soon.

After that, I learned something new from the pack's rules. My husband was the alpha male, of course. That mean he was the only one to mount me, with that shocking full moon exception. But Dan was the bitch for the beta male; Johnny for the gamma. How did I find that out? Because my husband went to sniff Dan's ass and dick, right after he unknotted me. He then gently took him from his neck, and positioned him again. He was too tired and broken to resist, I guess, so he was mounted again by the alpha male. In between, the beta, who had fucked Dan, went right to sniff Johnny. The gamma male simply went away. - You better go in position. - I whispered to him. He was lying on his stomach, tired and shocked, but he understood me well. He raised his ass high, and then the beta male mounted him too. I have to say I liked Johnny's attitude. He seemed to be adapting very well, and was smart enough to do as was expected to. He was rewarded by a third fuck from my husband, something that left him lying almost unconscious and with his ass spurting lots of dog juices. After that, we went all around together for the night, and we went all asleep. As it seemed, I was only available to be mounted by the alpha male. For some reason, Dan was the beta bitch, available for alpha and beta. Poor Johnny was to be used by any of alpha, beta and gamma males. I felt a bit sorry for him, since he seemed so really willing to accept his place in the pack, not like his brother. For some reason, I couldn't help but feel proud of him. And also of myself: after all, I was the alpha bitch.

Johnny was soon finally knotted. Not to wonder since he was the most frequently fucked bitch. I had been mounted right on, and in fact it was my husband who was on him, when I saw in his eyes that the knot had been finally pushed inside him. His eyes went suddenly all open and bright, something to notice since his usual expression while fucked was with his eyes and mouth half-closed. His mouth formed an "O" too and shouted: -Ohhhmy! What's that?

I crawled before him, stroked his hair and said: - It's the knot hon. Your male will use it to have you closely tied to him. Don't you try to escape, it would really hurt you.

- Ohmy... - he simply whispered.

I smiled in sympathy: - Don't worry, it's a natural thing. He simply wants to keep his bitch close to

him. But don't forget this: once he fills you up you will be tied to him for some more time. If he pulls you from the knot, you better crawl back and follow him. After a while it will pop out and you'll be fine.

- Ohmy... that's why you crawled backwards after... after your... your...

- My husband, yes, after he mounted me. You'll soon get used to that as I did, don't worry.

I have to say he was a brave guy. His male proudly pulled him from the knot all around the pack, and he obediently crawled behind him, without a protest. Since he was still tight, at least for the knot, it took a long time for him to get it out. Once it did, he moaned really loud in relief and fell on the floor, his open hole gushing all the love juices he had kept there for so long.

His brother was way different. He kept resisting and putting himself in troubles, and getting the males angry. That didn't help anyone, and we got some extra bitings and scratches also, since he left the males so nervous and angry after having to dominate him everytime they mounted him.

After a really difficult morning session that left us three exhausted and scratched badly, I told Dan:

- If you keep resisting they will end killing us all. Can't you simply relax and accept the unavoidable?

- You are their bitch! - he shouted angrily - Their fucking willing bitch! You expect us to simply raise our asses and offer ourselves to those filthy dogs whenever they want a fuck? Go to hell!

- I don't expect a thing. Since your husband is gonna mount you anyway, best thing you can do is keep him happy. Otherwise he will probably stop providing you with food. We simply have to do what's needed to survive.

- What the hell is that about "husband" and all that shit? You think you're his wife bitch or what?

I tried not to go as angry as he did. I replied trying to keep a reasonable mood: - It doesn't matter how you call it. It's the same. Look at your brother. He is having a much harder time than you, and he is being reasonable enough. He let them mount and after a short time it's all over. You could do the same, and then they will be happy and we will be able to survive. If we're not alive, we won't be able to escape.

- Escape? - he screamed, making our watchers get their ears high. - What are you talking about? You never did a single thing to escape! You just raise your fucking cunt for your fucking "husband", and LOVE every minute he breeds you as HIS bitch! I doubt you would ever try to escape, not even if they ever left us alone!

I was deeply humiliated by his words, even if wasn't true at all. But I lowered my head and turned around on my hands and knees. I didn't know what to say, but then Johnny talked instead:

- What can we do? We can't go anywhere, they are always watching us. They would reach and kill us anytime on open field. Also, you talk a lot, but what you did to escape?

- At least I don't offer myself as their bitch anytime they want a fuck! Also... - he seemed to think deeply - See, on open field they could reach us anytime, that's true. But there's a way we could go out of their reach. - He looked at the trees.

- You think... - his brother said.

- Yes! We could walk on the trees, and how they would reach us then? We would be out of their reach!

I sighed. - And what then? Where we go? What do we eat?

- You can stay here and raise your fucking cunt for your fucking "husband" and much as you like. - He answered. - We will try to escape, at least. I bet they will howl around for a while, then loose interest. After they are gone, we will simply wal down the trees and walk away. Are you with me, Johnny?

- I don't know... Ok, why not try. But I think it would be better if we did that all three at time. That way they might go away sooner, to look for other bitches or whatever. What you say, Brian?

I doubted that could work. But I didn't want to seem a willing bitch; that hurt me a lot. I feared they would get us somehow, and then they would be very very angry. But I finally agreed: - Ok... When do we try that?

- Right now! We have only a watch now, and the others will come back much later in the evening. - Dan said. - Lets walk to the trees!

- First lets drink a lot of water. - I sighed. The plan didn't seem a good idea at any point.

We went to the river, drank as much water as we could, eated some muchrooms and blackberries and took the rest with us. Then we walked like casually to the nearest trees. Our watch went behind us, but not too close. Once we reached the forest, Dan shouted: - Now!

We climbed each on a different tree, as fast as we could. Our dog watch ran immediately to us, and in fact they scratched Johnny and almost got him down. But finally we were sitting on high branches and were out of their reach.

Our watch started to howl as loud as I ever heard them, walking around our trees like mad. As it seemed, the howling was heard at long distance, because after a while, the whole pack was there too. They all seemed very excited, and kept howling and barking to us, showing their jaws in deep anger. They even tried to reach us, but of course they couldn't. Was a frightening show anyway.

To our increasing despair, their mood seemed never to get calmed. We were sourrounded there all day, and them all night long. They didn't go anywhere; in fact they stopped hunting, and the whole pack was always around us. The second day was exactly the same, and so was the following night. At the third day we were desperte and very hungry; also very thirsty too. The cold of the night, there by the wind and away from the pack's heat, was very disappointing too. After a really terrible third night, I thought I would give up.

- I'm gonna walk down. This is nonsense. They won't go anywhere, not til we're dead.

- But... - Dan whispered. He could barely speak. - What's gonna happen...

- I don't know. They might kill us for our treason. - I said. - I will go down first, and if they kill me, try to run in the opposite direction. If they don't, I suggest you walk down too and act deeply submissive. You already know whats that's like.

I slowly walked down the tree. They surrounded me immediately, even if I went on my hands and knees and lowered my head to the ground. But none of them bit me. Once they knew I wouldn't run or fight, they let my husband approach to me instead. He growled at me, and used my gesture of submission to bite my neck. I didn't move, accepting my punishment. He then walked behind me and mounted me, but only to bite my neck again from there. Also scratched my hips and shoulders a lot, til I couldn't help but whine. I tried not to scream; they thing that's a confrontation sound. But then I felt his hard dick hitting my ass in his usual fucking start. I lowered and opened my ass to him, and so he entered me al the way with a hard hump. After that, the biting stopped and all went as before. He gave me a hard though fuck, and then after he pulled me wildly from his knot around, showing he rejoined his possession. But then after his knot popped out of me, I realized everything was as before, when I felt his tongue licking my ravaged and cum filled ass again. Once I felt sure enough, I slowly walked to the river and drank the best water I ever had. When I walked back, I saw that both Johnny and Dan had submitted to their husbands again and were getting the same comeback treatment I got. Which was lucky thing enough, considering what could have happened. I tried to become more forgiven by walking to my husband, rubbing my side to his and putting my head under him to lick his dick. I could feel he was calmed and happy again, because he mounted me again right on. That wasn't a punishment fuck again, in fact it was one of the best ones he ever gave me. He fucked me slowly and nice, and after 3 days without sex, I shot such a huge load too while he fucked me so good.

After that, Dan went along some better. He still seemed to hate everything, from his husband's food to his attentions. But he lowered his head when supposed to, and raised his ass when required. To a certain point, we all seemed to want to forget the tree adventure.

But of course, after a few days, the full moon raised in the air at dawn. I didn't tell the other bitches about that. First, they might not believe it, and second, didn't want to scare them. But then the big bright moon was back again, and the whole pack's howlings gave their welcome. Our husbands walked discreetly away, so they wouldn't have to notice what came next.

- See... - I whispered to the other bitches. I didn't know how to tell that to them. - Tonight is full moon... and they run very wild during it.

- W-what's gonna happen now? - Johnny asked, with a terrified look on his lovely eyes. The whole pack was howling to the moon already and running around us like mad.

- You see, our... our husbands went away. That means there are no rules during full moon. That means a free time for the whole pack.

- For the whole.!? - Dan shouted, making the dogs around him go even more nervous. - What are you telling!?! You mean the whole pack is gonna rape us all night long??

- Yes right that - I sighed. - No matter what you think, you better not try to resist. They can go really mad during full moon, and I don't think you'd survive if you got them angry on their only time in a month to have a bitch.

- Why. why don't our husbands defend us? - Johnny asked, nearly to tears, as if his confidence in our breeders was broken.

- They go away all night long so they don't need to notice what happens then. That way they can keep their status and also let the pack have a good time. I guess they don't need to defend their status all the time, if the pack is sexually happy.

- Now, you both better look at me and do everything I do, no matter how wicked it seems. - I continued, while my ass was being already licked and I positioned myself for the upcoming mounting. - Try to please as many as you can without being mounted and knotted, cos you'll get that a lot all night long. But don't take many initiatives. They don't like that. - My first lover of the night hopped right on me and with a fierce thrust he penetrated me deep. A wild pulling back with his paws on my hips and he knotted me right away. That stopped me from giving more advices.

Of course the other bitches were mounted too right after. I could see them both had submitted well, even Dan did. I thought he would put on some resistance, and feared what could that imply for all of us during such a wild night. But I could see he had positioned himself well for his first lover. Many more were to come over the night.

I was able to hand-please one of the dogs while taking my first fuck. He kept rubbing his side to mine as I was being humped. I managed to put my right hand under him, feeling his hard throbbing cock. I stroked him well, and I was rewarded by some licking on my face. Once he started to cum in my hand, he jumped on my side so he could shoot his wad on my back. Right then my fucker emptied his balls inside me and dismounted, pulling me away from him. At least I could avoid one knot fucking that I spared myself for the night.

After being fucked and pulled around from the knot for another time, I ended side by side with Johnny. That way I could speak with him.

- How are you taking it? You ok? Think you can stand it? - I asked, sympathetic, as we were both humped by our third lovers of the night.

- Ohhmy. - he sighed, biting his lips. - I don't think I can take this all over the night. "Why is this happening to me? - he almost cried.

For some wild moment, a thought went through my head: "It's because you're so good at it, like you were born to be bred this way". But of course I didn't say that. I tried to encourage and give him some hope: - You better don't think in what's to come next. Just try to take whatever at the moment. You're doing it well. - I couldn't help but say for last, while stroked his blond hair in sympathy.

- But it's so hard to take... - he sighed again. - I feel so full, so uncomfortable. Like I'm going to explode at any time.

That gave me an idea. I looked under him, and yes, what I thought was there. His dickie, originally of small size, was all hard by then. It didn't hang, didn't almost swing with the thrusts of his lover. It was fully erect, pulsating with his lovers rhythm and dripping and impressive amount of precum.

I knew I should help him, at least with that. After my third lover dismounted me, he managed to get his knot out way easily, so I could change my position for the next to come. I turned around so I was still side to side with Johnny, but in opposite directions. As I did, my next dog mounted me, but I knew I could take him easy. Once he got on his pace, I lowered my head under Johnny, reaching his way too hard dick. I massaged his balls, licking and kissing his dick at time, while his ass was ravaged with dog's cock. I was rewarded by some lovely sighs and moans, as I sucked his cock the best I could, considering the circumstances. He then started to pulsate more and more, til he shot wad after wad of his too full balls. I licked as many as I could, enjoying his louder moans of pleasure. His anus contractions made his dog lover shoot his own way inside him, and then he just mumbled: - Ohhh... thanks...

The night was long, of course, and for a while I didn't see Dan. I hoped he was being well attended anyway, and I had my own job to do also. When the moon was at its highest, I was pulled from a really big knot all around, and could see him then. He was being mounted by a specially big and mean dog I knew well. He would fuck you like he hated you, scratch your hips and shoulders badly as he did, and even bite your neck during the mounting. I could see Dan was being well submissive to him; that was a good thing because his lover had no patience. But from the distance, I could also see Dan was struggling with something under him. I looked with more attention, and then I understood. He was stroking himself! It seemed as if he felt the same discomfort as his brother did, but he knew what to do about it! Both bitches were still too tight and getting too much pain from being fucked to be able to relax and cum from their lover's fuck. But they were close. They felt the urge, that for sure. I tried him not to see me, since I guessed he would be embarrassed if I saw him stroking under his lover's weight. But soon I heard clear sounds of his own orgasm; he was really loud with that. After a while I managed to approach to him a bit. He didn't seem to need much advice nor help from me, but anyway I did.

- Hey... - I said. - are you ok? Think you can stand it?

- Ohhhgod... don't know. When will this end? - he asked, while being mounted. I thought I better didn't mention his previous activities with his previous lover. In fact his dick was semi-hard again and still dripping, but I thought he would be deeply embarrassed if I pointed that.

- Don't worry - I replied instead. - Sundawn is close, and then everything will go back to normal.

Since the pack had three bitches to mount, they weren't as impatient as the first time just with me. Until then, no one had tried to mount my mouth and ass at time, like before. And I guess the other bitches neither received that treatment, or they would have told me. But then with sundown close, some got impatient. In fact it was Dan who was mounted from his shoulders while was being fucked from his hips, right there by my side. As he saw the dog's cock go towards his face, he yelled: - What the fuck!? Brian, please, ww-what's... this...?

- He wants to mount your face. He is impatient and won't wait for his turn to mount your ass. You better open your mouth and accomplish. It's better to take it there than being knotted one more time.

He kept his lips tightly closed for a while, getting hit by his lover's hard dick on his face and being scratched by his lover's paws wildly on his shoulders. But after a bit of resistance, he greedily opened his mouth and was stuffed with dog's cock. Since then he took the double fuck like a pro, not one time but three, one after another. Of course I was double mounted too once the others saw that, so I didn't have much opportunities to see how he was handling it, but seemed like everything was fine. In fact I think that his dick was all hard again while used wildly from both ends.

The sun finally emerged, and the canine frenzy came to an end. I could see we were totally covered and filled with cum, as we three got to wash ourselves by the river. But I thought I wasn't as thorn and broken like the first time. They had three bitches to share their attentions, and that made things easier for us. Seemed like we altogether could survive to their monthly orgies. That was good news after all.

We could sleep and rest over the next day, till was late evening and the pack came back from hunting and our husbands met us again for first time after being the whole pack's bitches. As usual, they

sniffed us a lot, and then pissed on us to rejoin their property. All as usual, but then I knew that old dogs can learn new tricks after all. My husband was very playful, as if he was very happy so I was still his bitch. After his comeback ritual and a rejoining fuck, he kept around me. I was lying on my back, still tired and sleepy. But he kept licking me all over, specially my face. I tried to playfully push him back a bit, but before I knew, I had my knees onto my chest, and he was on me. He was hard again, and he then lowered his hips to reach my hole. I couldn't believe he was trying to fuck me missionary. Nothing like that happened before, but after some efforts he penetrated me and with a deep thrust he also knotted me. I had to pull my legs closer to my chest so I would be in a better position for the fuck. Then he happily fucked me face to face, with his front paws around me. He kept licking playfully my face as he did, looking right into his bitch's eyes for the first time during a fuck. I was totally his love pet then, with my legs spread around his body like a whore on bed. The others, dogs and bitches, looked at the show as if they couldn't believe it either. They seemed both fascinated and disgusted, the bitches specially. The fuck took for long, but then I felt him getting closer, and then his load filled me again, while his saliva dripped on my face from his jaws. He took his knot off almost right after, and his still dripping cock left a long trace of cum on my body. He gave me a few more rewarding licks on my face and finally went away.

Since then, our husbands used to like the missionary way. If they found us lying on our backs, something usual after they came back hunting, they wouldn't let us in the usual position, and instead of that they went right on us, licking our faces. We had to pull our legs onto our chests then, and they would lower their hips to find our love holes. In fact, the day after that, our three husbands took us that way right after hunting. So there we were all three of us, side by side and legs spreaded, with our dog lovers fucking us like humans. The sight was almost unbelievable, and I knew they would like it that way a lot from then on.

A few days after the pack orgy we were conducted to a new hunting territory again. With the last pieces of the clothes of Dan and Johnny we made some protection for our hands and knees. The voyage was really long, and it took in fact two days with a night stop in between. That got us way far from the farm, and our last hopes to be rescued vanished. Someone would find they disappeared, but won't ever guess what happened. Also, our new home had more trees and forests and less open space, and seemed an even wilder country. The nights were colder, and we really needed to be all surrounded by the pack to give us some heat. The only good thing was that the forest was full of different things we could eat: lots of acorns, different kinds of mushrooms I knew well, and lots of berries of any kind. That got us healthier; the fresh water was good too.

Our routine went on there for a long time. They seemed to find a lot of different animals to hunt. That made them healthier too, and their sexual drive went even higher. Our husbands started to be part of our day watch sometimes, so they could fuck us over the whole day. They were more affectionate to us too, maybe perceiving we were accepting our status better. They brought us more hunt food, and gave us lots of reward licks, before, after and even without sex. The alpha male, my husband, even liked to take me a bit apart from the pack, into the near forest. There, in some kind of privacy, gave me long and affectionate love sessions. It was like there, away from the pack, he didn't need to show himself in the usual dominant way. Then he could show both lust and affection to his bitch. He would mount me on hands and knees, long and slow, licking my neck a lot, then after came, dismounted and unknotted me he would give me lots of rewarding licks on my dripping ass and dick. He rubbed his side to mine, showing me he wanted me missionary then. Once I lifted my legs onto my chest he would lower his hips to penetrate me again, and even lowered his front paws so he could fuck me with a total body contact, licking my ears, mouth and neck all the time as he

humped me slow and long. Those private love sessions became so regular that the other bitches started to make fun about them, and could see a few times them spying. I felt some humiliated about, but on the other hand I have to say that it was really pleasurable for me too. In fact I used to orgasm as much as my husband did, and sometimes even more. But the others were treated the usual way, and were mounted surrounded by the whole pack as usual, by their husbands or by mine. I started to become a little jealous that my husband would mount the other bitches too. But anyway he never took them to private; I also had to admit that he was the alpha male and had his privileges, and his male needs also. Was a natural thing for him to spread his seed.

I had another quarrel with Dan after one of those love sessions in the forest with my husband. It was a specially long and great time, and after I walked back to the pack, Dan spoke to me.

- Damn... I told you that you were a willing bitch before, but I guess I didn't really mean it then... But now, wow. It's kind of scary, you know.

- What are you talking about now? You know how things are. We have to accomplish.- I replied angrily.

- Accomplish? - he yelled. - Did you hear yourself for the last hours? Ohh, yes, yes, fuck, fuck, do it! Do it, do it, faster, faster, faster!! - he screamed, imitating me loud, making the whole pack get their ears up. - Do me, do me, ohh yess! Fuck me, yes, yes, ohh yes, YES, YESSSSSS!!! - he finished.

I was deeply embarrassed and humiliated by that. He may be right, but, what could I do? Johnny looked down embarrassed, but didn't argue against his brother. Since I didn't know what to say, I threw his attack back to him.

- C'mon! What about you? Did you see your hips fucking back when you get mounted? Did you see your dick spurting cum as you get fucked? Seems like you don't need to stroke then anymore, do you?

For a moment he seemed humiliated enough not to reply, but then he did: - Have you seen your cunt recently? Ok I bet you can't. But it's a cunt anyway, looks like one, and a well fucked one indeed. And not just that. We know when you're being mouth stuffed by your "hubby" there in the forest! It's the only time you stop screaming 'FUCK ME'!!

After that I crawled away from him. All that would bring to nothing, simply make us feel more and more degraded. As if we needed more of that.

Then came the full moon again. All of us bitches were ready for it, and things went as wild as usual, but we could take it much better. Missionary fucking was the main matter then. Almost every male wanted to try it at least once. They also learned they could fuck our mouths while we were lying on our backs, so we took loads and loads just lying on the ground. We recovered soon after, and our husbands seemed happy to see us ok.

Short after Johnny was involved in a pack quarrel. His husband was challenged by another dog, and lost the fight. So the second dog became his new husband and the gamma male, with the usual privileges. But the defeated one didn't accept things well, and kept wandering around his former bitch. Everytime the gamma was away, he would mount Johnny, and of course that was sniffed after. Johnny was punished and pissed all over for that, and his former husband got some bitings too. But

he kept doing anyway, til Johnny became desperate.

- What can I do? - he asked me one time. - If I don't accept him, he will bite me. And if I do, my new husband will. Oh damn.

- Don't know - I replied. - As their bitches, we have no say.

- I know! But it's not my fault!

- He simply senses you weren't faithful to him, and that gets him mad. I don't think he thinks about that, simply reacts. Maybe you should act totally submissive and willing towards your new husband. Make him know you're his true bitch. You could start sucking him even when he's not initiating sex. That way he will know you want him as your lover, and not the other one.

Then Dan surprised me by giving his own advice: - Maybe you should also take him to the forest, like Brian does with his husband. Just wiggle your ass for him and crawl slowly into the forest, and make him walk behind you. He may like to have you there for a private session. That will sure make him happy.

Since then things went some better, even if didn't stop his former husband. Johnny wiggled his ass seductively to his husband, walking slowly to the forest and smiling at him over his shoulders. They spent hours there, fucking and sucking non-stop, as we could hear, or not, depending on what hole of Johnny was being used at the moment. Then his husband walked back shaking happily his tail. Johnny came back some later, not waking that fast, but I think he seemed happy in his own way too. Since then, most of the quarrel went on between the males, and Johnny was simply pissed on everytime he had no other option but be unfaithful to his husband.

After two moons something unusual happened. The pack came back early from hunting, and we could sense they were all way nervous. Finally, my husband arrived with something hanging from his jaws, that he dropped before me. It was a backpack, in blue. I slowly opened it, my heart beating fast while thinking there could be something that could help us. Apart from some human food, there was nothing like a cell phone or anything like that. But I found a plastic bottle, a pencil and some paper sheets. Then I started writing this, and now that I finally got it done, I'm going to put it up the bottle and let it flow down the closest river. If you ever find and read this, please help us. We will be somewhere up the river where you found it. I know you may not believe what happened to us, but please do. Your help is our only hope to be rescued. If it's not too late for us.