

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

My name is Sandy, and I'm an eighteen-year-old with big dreams for a small business. I live with my parents in a sprawling house in the south of England, where the garden stretches out like a personal little park. It's nice here, but I've always wanted more, something of my own.

One evening, over dinner, I shared my latest idea with my parents. "Mum, Dad, I've been thinking. I love dogs, right? What if I started a dog care business? I could use part of the garden for kennels."

My mum, always supportive yet practical, looked at me with interest. "A dog care business? What would that involve?"

"Dog boarding when people go on holiday, dog walking, and home visits to feed and let dogs out," I explained eagerly. "I'd need a bit of a loan to get started, though. For a kennel building and a van to transport the dogs safely."

My dad, who always sees the financial side, nodded thoughtfully. "It could be lucrative, especially around holiday times. But remember, it's hard work."

"I'm ready for that," I assured them, my heart racing with excitement. "I really think I can make this work."

After some discussion, they agreed. "Alright, Sandy," my mum said with a smile. "We'll give you the loan and let you use the back garden. But we'll need to see a proper business plan."

The next few weeks were a whirlwind of planning and construction. I had blueprints drawn up for an eight-kennel setup, each with its own run, ensuring the dogs had both space and privacy. The van came next, a sturdy one with a caged back for safety.

Once everything was set up, I launched my dog care center. At first, it was quiet, too quiet. I posted flyers, used social media, and did everything I could to spread the word. Slowly, clients trickled in, and then, like a dam breaking, I was inundated with requests.

"I need someone to walk my labrador, he's too much for me to handle," one client, Mrs. Henderson, had said on my first dog-walking day.

"Sure, Mrs. Henderson, I'll take good care of him," I replied, feeling the weight of responsibility but also the thrill of entrepreneurship.

The kennels for holidaymakers became a goldmine, requiring little work but providing steady income. My bread and butter, though, were the home visits and dog walks - regular clients like Mr. Jenkins' beagle, Daisy, who I visited daily.

This particular summer day was unusually hot. I dressed in my uniform - a short-sleeved polo shirt with my logo, and for comfort in the heat, I chose a short skirt, trainer socks, and trainers, opting for no underwear as I often did when the weather was blistering.

After a quick breakfast, I headed out to the kennels. "Good morning, everyone!" I greeted the dogs. Each one had a personality - from Max, the silent observer, to Bella, who always jumped for joy. I fed and watered them, promising, "I'll be back for your playtime later, guys."

Then, it was off in my van for the morning dog walks. The sun was relentless, but the dogs loved it, tongues lolling out in happiness. After walking, I started the home visits. Each house had its own little quirks and dogs with different needs.

One of my last stops was at Harry's house, an energetic golden retriever with more enthusiasm than sense.

"Alright, Harry, let's get you sorted," I said as I let him out into the garden.

But today, Harry was in a particularly playful mood. He charged at me, and before I knew it, I was on the kitchen floor, laughing despite the shock. "Harry, you silly boy!" I scolded him playfully.

I tried to get up, turning onto my hands and knees when I felt the breeze under my skirt, a reminder of my choice of attire. "Honestly, Harry, you need to learn some manners," I chuckled.

I was on my hands and knees, the cool tiles pressing against my skin as I felt the breeze under my skirt, chuckling, "Honestly, Harry, you need to learn some manners," when suddenly, I felt a weight on my back. Harry, in all his exuberant energy, had jumped up, his paws wrapping around my waist, his claws slightly digging into my flesh. My heart skipped a beat as I tried to wriggle free, but he was heavy, his grip firm.

"Harry, no, get off!" I yelled, panic rising as I felt him adjust his position. My mind raced - Oh shit, what's happening? - but before I could do anything, I felt him, his hot breath on my neck, and then a sensation so unexpected, so primal, that I froze.

He entered me, and I gasped, the shock mingling with an instinctual fear. "Harry, stop!" I tried to shout, but it came out as a whisper, my body stiffening under his weight. I felt his cock, hard and hot, the pointed tip finding its way, the precum providing an unwanted, yet slick, lube as he began to thrust. Every movement sent a shiver through me, the sensation of his member pushing deeper, stretching my pussy in a way I'd never felt before, both terrifying and electric.

My mind was a whirlwind of panic and confusion, but beneath it, a darker, forbidden thrill was stirring. This can't be happening. Not like this. Not with a dog. But the reality was undeniable as I felt him, his movements relentless, his body doing what came naturally to him. The fullness was overwhelming, an invasion that was both wrong and weirdly intimate, his cock hammering into me, each thrust sending ripples of sensation through my body.

I was petrified, unable to move at first, but as the initial shock subsided, I found my limbs responding, albeit weakly. But by then, something was changing within me - a flush of warmth, a tightening in my core. I was ashamed, mortified by these reactions, yet my body was igniting in a way I'd never known. "No, no, no," I muttered, trying to convince myself this was wrong, but my body seemed to betray me, my pussy clenching around his cock, arousal mixing with fear, feeling every ridge and vein as he thrust.

He was fast, his movements almost mechanical, and I felt the buildup, intense and undeniable. My breath came in ragged gasps, my body responding in ways I couldn't control. I should stop this, but what if he bites? I rationalized, though deep down, I knew I was lying to myself. Maybe part of me was curious, or perhaps it was just easier to let this bizarre moment play out. My heart pounded, not just from fear but from an adrenaline rush, a twisted pleasure I couldn't comprehend, feeling his cock plunging deep inside me.

Harry's pace quickened, and I felt him swell within me, his knot pressing against my entrance, stretching it wider. My mind was torn between stopping this and the odd, unwelcome pleasure

coursing through me. I'm fucking losing it, I thought, my cheeks burning with shame and something else... a dark excitement. My body was betraying me, reacting in ways that made me question my sanity, my morals, feeling the stretch as his knot forced its way in, locking us together.

Then, it happened. He knotted with me, stretching me to the limit, and I couldn't help it; an orgasm ripped through me, my body shaking with the force of it. "Oh god, no," I whispered, as he thrust a few more times, his release echoing through me for what felt like an eternity. Ten minutes of pulsing, of him emptying himself inside me, his cum hot, thick, and copious, filling me up. The sensation was overwhelming, a mix of horror, shame, and an inexplicable, deep satisfaction, the warmth of his seed spreading inside, trickling down as he continued to pump.

When he finally withdrew, there was a wet pop, and I felt his ejaculation spill down my thighs, a mixture of our fluids creating a mess on the floor. I sat there, stunned, my skirt hitched up, my dignity somewhere lost between the kitchen tiles. I was confused, not disgusted, but utterly bewildered by the mix of sensations and emotions. What the hell is wrong with me? I thought, feeling a strange emptiness where there had been chaos, a void filled with the echoes of pleasure.

Looking at the floor, I muttered to myself, "What the fuck was that?" My job, which had been about joy, companionship, and care, now had this dark, twisted moment attached to it. I looked at Harry, who seemed oblivious to the gravity of what just happened, wagging his tail as if we'd just played a game.

I stood up slowly, my legs shaky, my mind racing. My heart was heavy with confusion and a new, dark curiosity about my own reactions. "I need to... rethink everything," I said aloud, the reality of my situation dawning on me. I cleaned myself up in a daze, my thoughts a mess of vulgar realizations and new, erotic perspectives.

As I left Harry's house, I glanced back at my van, at the logo that once symbolized my dream. Now, it was a reminder of something so unexpected, something that would change how I saw my job, how I saw myself, forever. A knot of fear, shame, and something dangerously close to excitement twisted in my gut as I contemplated what this meant for me, for my future.

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## **Part Two**

The morning light was an unwelcome intrusion through my bedroom window, pulling me from a night of restless sleep, my mind haunted by the memories of yesterday with Harry. The mix of shame, curiosity, and an undeniable thrill had me tossing and turning. Today, I decided, I would explore this curiosity further, driven by both trepidation and an emerging excitement.

I dressed with purpose, slipping into my uniform - the polo shirt with my business logo, and chose a short, flirty skirt, the fabric teasing against my skin, a constant reminder of my choice to go without underwear. As I ate breakfast, my mind was not on the food but on the day ahead, on Harry. I went through the motions of feeding and watering the dogs in the kennels at home, my hands moving automatically while my mind was already at Harry's house.

Once the morning dog walks were completed, I drove towards his home, my heart pounding with each turn of the wheel, the anticipation building. I parked outside, took a deep, steadying breath, and walked up to the door, my finger trembling slightly as I pressed the doorbell. Mr. Jenkins answered, his face lighting up with his usual warm smile, unaware of the storm brewing within me.

"Morning, Mr. Jenkins, here for Harry's visit," I said, managing to keep my voice steady.

"Ah, Sandy, thank you. He's been a bit restless today. Have fun!" Mr. Jenkins replied, stepping aside to let me pass.

Inside, Harry greeted me with his typical enthusiasm, tail wagging, eyes bright with recognition. "Hey, buddy," I said softly, guiding him into the garden for a brief romp. My eyes tracked his movements, but my mind was on what would happen once we returned inside. After some time, I called him back, my heart racing as I closed the door, sealing us in our little world of secrets.

"Come here, Harry," I whispered, sitting down on the cool kitchen floor, my skirt naturally lifting, revealing my intentions. Harry, sensing the shift, trotted over, his nose sniffing with curiosity. I positioned myself on my hands and knees, feeling the familiar chill of the tiles against my skin, my body already responding to the anticipation of what was to come.

"Come on, boy," I murmured, my voice low and inviting, almost coaxing. "Let's see if you remember yesterday." Harry didn't hesitate; he leaped up, his paws landing on my back, his weight now a familiar pressure. "Good boy," I cooed, my voice a mix of encouragement and dark excitement.

His cock found its place with ease this time, the slickness from my own arousal aiding his entry. "Oh, fuck," I gasped, feeling him push inside, the pointed tip of his cock stretching me open, the sensation of fullness overwhelming. "You like that, don't you, Harry?" I whispered, my voice husky with desire.

There was no shock this time, only a rush of adrenaline and the thrill of the forbidden. I felt him, every inch, as he thrust into me, his cock stretching my pussy, the sensation of being filled by him both alien and exhilarating. My moans were soft but filled the room, each one a testament to my surrender to this moment.

"Fuck, Harry, just like that," I gasped, the vulgarity of my words adding to the intensity, urging him on. I pushed back against him, meeting each thrust, my body craving the climax that was building. The rhythm was intoxicating, his cock sliding in and out, the friction sending waves of pleasure through me. The first orgasm came quickly, washing over me like a wave, my body shuddering, my hands gripping the tiles as pleasure coursed through me, my pussy clenching around his cock.

"God, yes," I moaned, feeling my body react, the pleasure almost too much. But this time, I didn't want it to end there. I was more relaxed, more open to the experience. "Don't stop, boy, keep going," I encouraged, my voice laced with lust.

Harry continued his relentless pace, and I felt the second build-up, my body now in tune with this forbidden dance. His cock was hard, hot, every vein felt as he moved inside me. "Feel that, Harry? You're making me come again," I whispered, my voice thick with arousal. When the second orgasm hit, it was deeper, more encompassing, my moans louder, my body shaking with the force of it, feeling my pussy squeeze him with each wave of pleasure.

I knew there was one more left in me, my body now greedy for every sensation. "Just a little more, boy," I encouraged with soft, husky words. "Let's make this one count." And then it hit - the third orgasm, the most intense yet, leaving me gasping, my vision blurring with the force of it. The sensation of his knot locking us together, the pulsing of his ejaculation filling me, it all felt like an extension of my own pleasure. I could feel each pulse of his cum, hot and thick, as he continued to pump, my pussy milking him.

"You feel so good, Harry," I panted, feeling the knot stretch me further, the fullness almost overwhelming. "Keep going, don't stop," I urged as he thrust a few more times, his cum continuing to spill into me.

When he finally withdrew, there was a distinct pop, followed by the warm spill of his cum down my thighs, creating a mess on the floor. I sat back, catching my breath, my mind a chaotic blend of guilt, excitement, and a new, raw understanding of my desires. I did it again... and I wanted it, every bit of it.

I cleaned up mechanically, my actions on autopilot while my thoughts raced. I looked at Harry, now lying down, his panting slowing, his tail giving a lazy thump on the floor. "What am I doing?" I whispered to myself, the question hanging in the air, questioning not just my actions but the new desires that had awakened within me.

"Did you enjoy that, boy?" I asked Harry, half in jest, half in earnest, knowing he couldn't answer but feeling the need to vocalize my thoughts. "What does this make me?"

Leaving Harry's house, I felt as if I was leaving behind the Sandy I knew, stepping into a new, uncertain territory of self-discovery and possibly self-destruction. The van logo, once a proud emblem of my ambition, now seemed like a secret mark only I could read. I drove back to my daily routine, but the day was different, colored by the intensity of what had just transpired.

In the days to follow, I knew I'd have to confront these feelings, these actions. Would this be a one-time exploration, or was it the beginning of something I couldn't control? My job, my identity, everything felt upended by this new, dark curiosity. I couldn't shake the thrill, the taboo, nor could I deny the part of me that craved more.

As I pulled up at home, the kennel dogs barking in welcome, I realized that today was not just another day in my entrepreneurial journey; it was a pivot point, a moment where I had to decide if I could reconcile this new side of myself with the Sandy everyone knew, or if I'd have to forge a new path, one filled with shadows and secrets. Each bark, each wag of a tail seemed to echo my internal turmoil, my future hanging in the balance between the world I knew and the one I was stepping into.

I spent the rest of the day in a haze, my mind replaying every moment, every sensation. I knew I had to think, to plan, to understand this new part of me. The dogs I cared for, the business I had built, it all seemed intertwined now with this secret life, this new craving for something so taboo yet so exhilarating.

The night fell, and with it, the weight of my decisions. I lay in bed, the darkness offering no answers, only more questions about who I was becoming. Would I continue down this path, or would I revert to the Sandy everyone knew, the one who loved dogs but in a way that was pure, simple, and understood? The night was long, and my sleep, when it came, was filled with dreams of Harry, of pleasure, and of the unknown future waiting for me.

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Part Three

The house was a temple of silence, its quietness a stark contrast to the tumult of my thoughts. With my parents out for the weekend, I had the entire place to myself—myself, and the two Rottweilers, Zeus and Thor, whose presence in my kennels had been a source of both fascination and fright for me. Their muscular bodies, their intense gazes, they had been on my mind constantly since my last encounter with Harry.

I led Zeus and Thor into the house, their heavy steps echoing through the empty halls. The living room became our arena, where I laid down numerous thick, soft blankets, preparing for what was to come. I chose my uniform, the one with the short skirt that fluttered around my thighs, my legs bare,

no underwear to hinder what I knew was going to be an intense night. My body was already reacting, a mix of fear, anticipation, and a deep, primal lust.

Once in the living room, I got down on all fours, feeling the cool air tease under my skirt. "Come on, Zeus, show me what you've got," I murmured, my voice husky with desire. Zeus, the more assertive of the two, didn't need further invitation. His paws clamped around my waist, his weight heavy and commanding. His cock found me with an ease that was both alarming and thrilling, his size making me gasp. "Fuck, Zeus, you're going to split me," I gasped as he began to push in, the stretch of my pussy a mix of pain and pleasure so intense it made my head spin.

His thrusts were deep, each one sending a jolt through my body. "Yes, fuck me, Zeus, harder," I begged, my words laced with a vulgar honesty I'd never known. His knot began to swell, locking us together, and the sensation was overwhelming. I felt his ejaculation like a hot, relentless flood, his cum filling me, dripping out around his knot, down my legs. The raw, animalistic feel of it sent me into the first of many orgasms, my body quaking, my pussy clenching around him.

As Zeus was locked to me, I called Thor. "Thor, come here, boy, let's see if you're as good as your brother," I teased, my voice thick with lust. Thor approached from the front, his cock already half-erect, eager for his turn. He mounted my face, his cock brushing against my lips before I took him into my mouth. His taste, mixed with the smell of his arousal, was intoxicating. "Oh, Thor, you're so big," I managed to say around his girth, my words vibrating against him.

Thor thrust into my mouth, his movements matching Zeus's from behind. I could feel his knot swelling, pressing against my lips, making it hard to breathe but enhancing the erotic thrill. His release came like a burst, his cum pouring into my mouth, hot and thick. I swallowed, some escaping down my chin, the taste and texture pushing me into another orgasm, my moans muffled by his cock.

After what felt like an eternity, their knots deflated, and they withdrew. I lay there, panting, covered in sweat and cum, but my body was screaming for more. "Switch, boys, let's do this again," I commanded, my voice hoarse but filled with need.

Zeus moved to my front, his cock still slick from our earlier encounter, while Thor positioned himself behind me. Thor's entry was brutal, his cock stretching me further, making me cry out in a mix of agony and ecstasy. "Yes, Thor, fuck me like you mean it," I urged, my pussy gripping him, my body rocked by another wave of climax as his knot expanded inside me. His ejaculation was just as intense, the heat of his cum spreading through me, each spurt feeling like it was hitting my very core, sending me into a cascade of orgasms.

With Thor knotted inside me, Zeus took my mouth again. His cock, still hard and hungry, pressed against my lips. "Mmm, Zeus, give it to me," I moaned before taking him in, feeling the mix of flavors from our previous session. He came with the same force, his cum flooding my mouth, my throat working to take it all in, some of it spilling down my chin in a lewd display.

Exhausted but not yet sated, I lay there, my body a canvas of our debauchery. I didn't want this to end. "Stay with me, boys," I whispered, deciding in that moment that this wasn't just an act; it was an experience to be savored. I dragged more blankets around, creating a makeshift bed on the floor, lying down with Zeus and Thor.

The dogs, now calm, lay beside me, their warm bodies a comfort after the intensity of our encounter. I could feel the stickiness of cum on my skin, the soreness in my body, but there was also a profound sense of satisfaction, of having explored something so taboo and yet so thrilling.

As I lay there, sandwiched between them, I couldn't help but reflect on what this meant. "What have

I turned into?" I murmured to myself, the question lost in the darkness. My mind was a mess of emotions—guilt, excitement, and an undeniable pull towards this new side of me.

Throughout the night, I woke intermittently, feeling their bodies move, their warmth against my skin, their breathing a constant reminder of what had transpired. Each time, there was a part of me that wanted to repeat the experience, to feel that primal connection again.

I spoke to them in the quiet, "Did you like that, Zeus, Thor? Do you want more?" My voice was a mix of playfulness and genuine curiosity. There was no response, of course, but their presence was answer enough.

Morning came with light filtering through the windows, highlighting the mess we had made, the stains on the blankets a testament to our night. I felt a mix of shame and exhilaration as I looked at them, sleeping peacefully. "We should do this again, huh?" I whispered, knowing I was talking to myself as much as to them.

As I got up to clean myself and the area, I realized I had crossed a threshold. This was no longer just about dog care or a business; it was about exploring the darkest corners of my desires. The day ahead would be spent in contemplation, but one thing was certain—I had found something wild, something that I wasn't sure I could—or wanted to—give up.

The house, once just a backdrop to my life, now held secrets, a silent witness to my descent into this new, intense world where my identity was shifting, and my future was as unpredictable as the next encounter with Zeus and Thor.

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## **Part Four**

The morning sun poured through the windows, painting Sandy's room in hues of gold and amber. She awoke with a body that ached in places she didn't know could hurt, yet the sensation was tinged with a deep, satisfying pleasure. The memory of last night with Zeus and Thor lingered, an erotic echo in her mind.

After a moment of contemplation, Sandy rose from her bed, her movements slow and deliberate. She tidied the living room, folding the blankets that had seen so much action the night before, her heart racing as she recalled each touch, each thrust. Once the room was back to its usual state, she slipped into a large, comfortable t-shirt nightie that hung loosely around her, offering a sense of normalcy in an otherwise surreal moment.

She made her way to the kitchen, her hunger more for normalcy than food, but she prepared a light breakfast nonetheless. As she ate, she glanced out the window, seeing Zeus and Thor in their kennel, calm and composed, a stark contrast to their wild, passionate selves from the night before.

After breakfast, she returned them to their kennel, then turned her attention to the other dogs. Saturdays were generally quiet, with no dog walking or home visits needed, so her focus was solely on the care of the kenneled dogs. She went about her routine, feeding each one, refilling water bowls, and ensuring they were all comfortable.

Once her chores were done, Sandy decided to let all the dogs out for a run in the garden. The air was crisp, the grass still dewy, as nine dogs, including Thor and Zeus, scampered out, their tails wagging with joy. Watching them, she felt a rush of exhilaration, their freedom mirroring her own sense of liberation.



The dogs, sensing her heightened state, were particularly playful. Max, a sleek greyhound, was the first to approach, his nose delving between her legs. The sensation sent a thrill through Sandy, her body reacting with a flush of warmth. "Oh, Max, you naughty boy," she giggled, feeling the first stirrings of arousal.

One by one, more dogs came, drawn by her scent. She decided, with the garden shielded from prying eyes, to shed her nightie, letting the morning sun kiss her bare skin. She ran with the dogs, her laughter filling the air as they playfully chased her.

Then, in a moment of chaos, she was tumbled to the ground, dogs licking her enthusiastically. Their tongues were everywhere — on her nipples, which hardened under their rough, wet touch, across her stomach, and between her legs, where every lick sent a jolt of pleasure through her. "Oh, yes, right there," she moaned as one of the dogs, a playful spaniel named Charlie, focused his attention on her clit, his tongue relentless.

The sensation was overwhelming; Sandy spread her legs wider, inviting them all to partake in her pleasure. Each dog took turns, their tongues lapping at her pussy, driving her to her first orgasm. "Fuck, yes, keep going," she gasped, her hips bucking against the wet, eager tongues. The orgasm hit like a wave, her body shuddering, her moans loud and unabashed.

Feeling emboldened, she moved to the small bench in the garden, lying down so her legs hung off one end and her head off the other. The first to mount her was Brutus, a muscular bulldog. His cock found her entrance with surprising accuracy, sliding into her with a stretch that was both painful and exquisite. "Oh, God, Brutus, you're so big," Sandy moaned, feeling every inch of him push inside her, stretching her pussy in a way that made her toes curl.

His thrusts were deep, each one hitting a spot that made her see stars. "Harder, Brutus, fuck me harder," she begged, her voice hoarse with desire. Then came the knot, swelling inside her, locking them together. The sensation was intense, filling her to the brink, each pulse of his cock sending shivers up her spine as he began to ejaculate. His cum was hot, thick, flooding her already sensitive passage. "Yes, fill me up," she panted, her pussy clenching around his knot, milking him as another orgasm crashed over her, her legs trembling, her breath catching in her throat.

Simultaneously, another dog, a golden retriever named Leo, positioned himself over her head. His cock nudged her lips, and she took him in, the taste of him, the feel of his hardness in her mouth, adding to her arousal. His movements were urgent, his knot pressing against her lips as he thrust. "Mmm, Leo, you're so good," she hummed around his girth, her words vibrating against him. He came with a force that made her swallow quickly, his cum warm and salty, some spilling down her chin as she struggled to take it all.

One by one, all seven male dogs took their turns, each penetration feeling like a revelation. With each new dog, there was the initial sharp stretch, followed by the deep, fulfilling thrust. The sensation of being knotted was a unique blend of pain and pleasure; the stretch was immense, making her feel full, stretched, and owned by the moment. Each knot brought a new wave of ejaculation, the hot spill inside her adding to her ecstasy, her pussy clamping down, her body writhing in the throes of continuous orgasms.

"More, I want more," she found herself saying, lost in the sea of sensations. Each dog's approach was different — some gentle, some aggressive, but all were driven by instinct.

Sandy lost count after a while, her body a playground of pleasure, her moans a continuous melody of "Yes, yes, oh fuck, yes," as each dog entered her. She felt the hot cum of each one, the knot locking

her to them, creating a bond of primal intimacy. Her orgasms were relentless, each one building on the last, her body shaking, her mind floating in a haze of lust and satisfaction.

As the morning turned into early afternoon, the dogs, one by one, seemed sated, lying down around her, panting. Sandy lay there, her body slick with sweat, cum, and dog saliva, her mind a whirl of conflicting emotions. The garden, once just a place for play, had become a sacred ground where she had explored the darkest, most thrilling corners of her desires.

Cleaning herself up, she felt the remnants of their cum still trickling out, a physical reminder of what had transpired. As she put the dogs back into their kennels, her thoughts were a mix of guilt, exhilaration, and a burgeoning acceptance of this new facet of her identity. She knew this day would forever change her; her business was no longer just about caring for dogs but about embracing a part of her that was wild, untamed, and deeply erotic.

As she walked back to the house, her steps were slow, each one a step further into a life where her identity was shifting, where her future was as unpredictable as the next encounter with her canine companions.

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Part Five

The ringing of the phone cut through Sandy's morning tranquility on a quiet Saturday. She picked it up, her voice light and expectant.

"Hello, this is Sandy's Dog Care Services."

"Hi, Sandy, my name is Miss Cranshaw. I've heard wonderful things about your business, and I'm in need of kennel services for my dog while I go on vacation," the voice on the other end was crisp yet warm.

Sandy's interest piqued. "Of course, Miss Cranshaw. What kind of dog do you have?"

"He's a Great Dane, his name is Chance."

The words 'Great Dane' made Sandy's knees buckle slightly. She leaned against the wall, her mind racing with images of a massive, majestic beast. "Oh, a Great Dane," she managed, her voice a touch too eager. "That's... that's wonderful. How long will you be away?"

"Two weeks. I'll be back on the 16th."

Sandy's mind was already swirling with fantasies, her body responding with an involuntary warmth. "We'd be delighted to have Chance. Let's discuss the details."

They agreed on terms, and Sandy noted the date in her calendar with a trembling hand. The thought of having such a large dog in her care was both thrilling and daunting. This would be her first encounter with a Great Dane, and the anticipation was almost tangible.

Sunday morning arrived, the sun casting long shadows across Sandy's driveway as Miss Cranshaw approached, leading Chance by a leash. Sandy stepped out, her heart pounding at the sight of him. Chance was enormous, his coat a glossy black, his eyes bright with intelligence. Sandy felt an immediate, visceral reaction, her panties already dampening at the sight.

"Hello, Miss Cranshaw," Sandy greeted, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Hi, Sandy. This is Chance. He's really sweet and very loving, but he's a big boy," Miss Cranshaw said, handing over the leash. Sandy's fingers brushed against Chance's fur, feeling the strength beneath it.

"He's magnificent," Sandy said, her eyes wide as she took in his size.

"He's never had any issues in kennels before, but I'll feel much better knowing he's with someone who clearly loves dogs as much as you do," Miss Cranshaw smiled, giving Chance a parting pat before she turned to leave.

Once alone with Chance, Sandy spent the day stealing glances at him, her mind filled with a mix of professional responsibility and personal curiosity. The presence of her parents, however, kept her from acting on her impulses.

Monday morning couldn't come soon enough. As soon as her parents left for work, Sandy was out of bed, her body bare except for the anticipation that covered her like a second skin. She walked out to the kennels, her heart racing with each step.

"Chance," she whispered, her voice a mix of command and seduction as she led him back to the house. The living room, now their private arena, seemed smaller with him in it.

To accommodate his height, Sandy knelt on the settee, her body on display, her arousal making the air thick with her scent. "Come on, boy, let's see what you've got," she murmured, her voice trembling with excitement.

Chance didn't need much encouragement. His instincts took over as he leaped up, his front paws landing on either side of her on the couch. His cock, already beginning to emerge from its sheath, was unlike anything Sandy had experienced; it was thick, long, and intimidating.

He thrust awkwardly at first, missing his mark several times, but each attempt sent a thrill through Sandy. "Oh, Chance, you're so big," she gasped, feeling the brush of his cock against her skin, the sensation of his warmth, his size.

Finally, the tip of his cock found her entrance, and Sandy felt an immediate surge of pleasure mixed with the sharp pain of being stretched so wide. "Oh fuck, yes!" she cried out, her pussy clenching around him, her first orgasm hitting her like a tidal wave. Her body shook, her juices making his entry smoother.

His thrusts were powerful, each one driving deep, filling her in a way that was both overwhelming and exhilarating. "More, Chance, give it to me," she moaned, her voice thick with lust as she pushed back against him, trying to take more of him in.

The size of him was a challenge, and Sandy felt every inch of him, her pussy stretching beyond what she thought possible. The pain was there, but it was eclipsed by the pleasure, her second orgasm building with each deep, rhythmic thrust. "Fuck, you're going to split me open," she gasped, her words a mix of fear and desire.

Then came the knot, swelling at the base of his cock, forcing its way inside her. The sensation was alarming, his knot growing inside her, locking them together. "Oh God, it's too big! What are you doing to me?" she screamed, the fear in her voice real as the knot expanded, stretching her to her limits.

The pain was sharp, but as the knot fully seated itself, pleasure took over. Sandy's body, now accustomed to the intrusion, began to respond with another orgasm, this one deeper, more intense. "Yes, oh yes, Chance, I'm coming again," she moaned, her pussy convulsing around his knot, the pressure inside her driving her wild.

Chance, meanwhile, continued with smaller, precise strokes, his knot holding him in place. Sandy felt every pulse of his cock, the heat, the fullness, like nothing she had ever experienced. "Don't stop, don't you dare stop," she whispered, her voice hoarse from her screams.

Then, he stopped moving, his body tense as he began to ejaculate. The feeling was indescribable; his cum was hot, flooding her in waves, each spurt sending her into another climax. "Oh, fuck, I can feel you, all of you," she cried out, her body shaking with the force of her orgasms, feeling each pulse of his release inside her, stretching her, filling her.

They remained locked together for what felt like an eternity, Sandy's body milking him, her orgasms coming in ripples, each one less intense but no less pleasurable. "You're incredible, Chance," she panted, her body now limp with satisfaction, the combination of pain and pleasure leaving her in a state of dazed bliss.

When finally the knot subsided enough for him to pull out, there was a loud, wet pop, followed by a rush of his cum spilling from her, leaving her feeling empty yet fulfilled. She collapsed onto the couch, her breath ragged, her mind a whirl of sensations.

"That was... too much," Sandy murmured to herself, but even as she said it, she knew she wanted it again. The size, the power, the way he had taken her, it was an experience she craved to repeat.

As she lay there, catching her breath, she knew this encounter with Chance would change her, would make her question her limits, her desires. The day stretched ahead, filled with work and care, but in her mind, she was already planning her next moment alone with him, eager to explore this new, wild dimension of her life.

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## **Part Six**

The two weeks following Sandy's introduction to Chance were a blur of secret liaisons, each encounter more intense than the last. Every morning her parents left for work, Sandy would find herself at the kennel, her heart pounding with a mix of anticipation and desire. The sheer size, the raw power of Chance, became her own private thrill, an obsession she couldn't resist. But as the 16th dawned, the day Vicki was to return, Sandy felt a pang of both excitement and loss.

The morning sun was gentle, casting long shadows over the kennel as Vicki's car pulled up. She stepped out, her elegance contrasting sharply with the rough setting of the kennel. Her eyes, sharp and discerning, found Sandy immediately.

"How was he?" Vicki asked, her voice carrying a hint of something more than mere curiosity.

"He was wonderful," Sandy replied, her voice thick with emotion. "I loved having him around. He's just..." She paused, her hand lingering on Chance's back, her mind replaying the intimate moments. "Amazing."

Vicki watched, her smile knowing, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "I can bet you did enjoy him. He is amazing, isn't he?" she teased, her voice lowering in a confidential tone.

Sandy's blush was immediate, her mind racing with panic. Does she know? How could she?

"I love having him around," Vicki continued, her tone now playful, "it's better than having a guy around, don't you think?"

The words hung in the air, loaded with implications. Sandy's heart skipped a beat. "Oh, yeah, I mean, yes, he was fantastic. I'd love to have him again," she confessed, her voice trembling with the weight of her secret.

"Well," Vicki said, stepping closer, her voice a whisper of secrets shared, "I was thinking of having you over for a home visit once a week. What do you think?"

The invitation was both thrilling and terrifying. Sandy nodded, "That sounds great!"

Vicki's smile widened, "Well, my name is Victoria, but I'd like you to call me Vicki. Miss Cranshaw is far too formal, especially as I think we'll be getting to know each other much more." She winked, and Sandy felt a surge of warmth between her legs.

"Let's start tomorrow, shall we?" Vicki proposed with enthusiasm.

The next day, Sandy awoke to a morning so perfect it seemed to promise adventure. After a quick breakfast and attending to the kennels, she drove to Vicki's, her mind swirling with possibilities.

Vicki greeted her, dressed in a light, breezy summer dress that seemed almost transparent under the morning light, her body subtly on display. "Good morning, Sandy," she said, her voice like honey.

"You look... breathtaking," Sandy managed, her voice shaking slightly.

"Thank you," Vicki twirled, the dress lifting, teasing with glimpses of her thighs. "I thought I'd keep it casual for our... special day."

Before Sandy could respond, Chance bounded over, his snout diving under her skirt, directly to her sex. "Oh my God, Chance!" Sandy gasped, her face aflame with embarrassment.

"Oh come now, Sandy," Vicki laughed, her eyes dancing with delight, "we both know why, and we both enjoy his company very much, I'm guessing."

Sandy, flustered, struggled with her words, "I-I don't... he never did that before... I mean, I don't know why he..."

Vicki leaned in, her breath warm against Sandy's ear, "I loooove having him too." She then kissed Sandy, a quick, possessive peck on the lips. "C'mon, I have a little something planned that I'm sure you'll enjoy."

They walked to a luxurious outbuilding, the interior more like a plush retreat than a shed. In the middle was a strange piece of furniture, a bench with two narrow seats and a supportive back, tailored for a very specific kind of encounter.

Vicki moved to it, her movements fluid. "Okay, I'll go first." She positioned herself, her dress flipping up to reveal her bare ass. She called Chance, who responded with eagerness, his cock already emerging, thick and dark from its sheath.

Sandy watched, her breath catching as Vicki guided Chance. His thrusts were powerful, each one slamming into Vicki, who moaned loudly with each stroke. "Oh, fuck, yes, Chance!" she cried out,

her body rocking. Chance's movements were rhythmic, his cock sliding in and out, the sound of their coupling filling the room. Vicki's pussy stretched around his girth, her moans escalating until she shuddered, her orgasm clear as Chance's knot expanded, locking them together, his cum flooding her, visible as it dripped down.

After they separated, Vicki, still panting, looked at Sandy with a wicked grin. "Your turn?"

Sandy nodded, her body trembling with anticipation. She took her place, the cool leather against her skin contrasting with her heated flesh. Chance approached, his nose sniffing, then licking her already wet pussy. When he mounted her, his cock found her entrance, sliding in with a force that made Sandy gasp. His thrusts were hard, each one deep, pushing her to the edge of pain and pleasure.

"Oh God, yes, Chance, fuck me!" Sandy moaned, her voice echoing in the room. The sensation of his cock, so thick, stretching her, was overwhelming. Vicki moved closer, her hands on Sandy's breasts, her lips on Sandy's, kissing her deeply as Chance fucked her. The double stimulation was too much; Sandy felt her orgasm building, her pussy clenching around Chance's cock just as his knot began to swell inside her, locking them in a tight, wet embrace.

The sensation was intense, the pressure of his knot against her G-spot sending her into another orgasm, one that made her scream, her body shaking as Chance's cum filled her, warm and copious, until they were finally able to separate with a loud, wet sound.

After, as Sandy was still reeling from the intensity, Vicki took her hand, leading her to another barn. Inside, a magnificent stallion stood, his presence both intimidating and arousing. "This is King, he's my BIG boy," Vicki said, her voice thick with innuendo, her eyes on Sandy, watching her reaction.

Sandy's eyes widened, her mind already racing with the possibility of what was to come. "He's... he's huge," she whispered, her body responding with a mix of fear and excitement.

"And he's just as capable as Chance. Think you're ready for something new?" Vicki's challenge hung in the air, her smile both inviting and daring.

Sandy swallowed, her voice barely a whisper, "I... I think I might be," as she looked at the majestic creature, her body tingling with the thought of what might happen next.

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Part Seven

The air in the room was thick with anticipation as Vicki led Sandy indoors, away from the barn where King stood. The sunlight filtered through the windows, casting a warm glow that seemed to enhance Vicki's allure. Once inside, she turned to Sandy, her eyes filled with a mixture of desire and affection.

Without a word, Vicki stepped closer, her hands gently cupping Sandy's face before pulling her into a passionate kiss. Sandy, initially taken aback by the sudden intimacy, found herself responding, her body igniting with a new kind of heat. This was her first time with another woman, and the curiosity mixed with raw lust overwhelmed her. Vicki's lips were soft yet demanding, her tongue exploring Sandy's mouth with an expertise that sent shivers down her spine.

They stumbled backward, finding their way to the plush couch in Vicki's tastefully decorated living room. Clothes were discarded hastily, both women eager to explore the other's body. Vicki's hands

roamed over Sandy's skin, each touch sending electric pulses through her. Sandy, feeling both overwhelmed and liberated, mirrored Vicki's actions, her fingers tracing the curves of Vicki's body, learning, exploring.

The lovemaking was intense, a dance of mutual discovery. Vicki guided Sandy, showing her the pleasures of a woman's touch, her mouth trailing kisses down Sandy's neck, across her breasts, and lower still. Sandy's breath hitched as Vicki's tongue found her core, the sensation unlike anything she'd experienced before, sending waves of pleasure through her. Encouraged by Sandy's moans, Vicki continued, her fingers joining in, pushing Sandy towards an explosive climax that left her trembling.

Not long after, Vicki positioned herself above Sandy, their bodies pressed close, seeking mutual pleasure. Sandy, emboldened by her own desires and Vicki's encouragement, explored Vicki in return, finding a rhythm that soon had both women gasping, their climaxes cresting at nearly the same moment, their shared ecstasy filling the room.

Afterwards, as they lay intertwined, catching their breath, Vicki spoke softly, "You know, when I first dropped Chance off at your kennel, I fancied you. I hoped you might feel the same, and maybe share my... unusual interests."

Sandy blushed, the confession mixing with the afterglow of their intimacy. "I... I guess I do," she admitted, her voice a whisper of new discovery.

Vicki chuckled, her hand stroking Sandy's hair. "I was delighted to find out you also enjoy the company of animals in such a... unique way."

Eager, Sandy turned towards Vicki, her mind still on the earlier encounter in the barn. "What about King? When can we...?"

"All in good time, sweetheart," Vicki reassured her with a playful smile.

Then, Vicki's expression turned more serious but excited as she shared her plan. "While I was on holiday, I thought about us becoming business partners. Not just business, though," she paused, her eyes searching Sandy's for a reaction, "I was hoping for something possibly romantic between us as well."

She outlined her vision, "I want you to move your dog care business here to my property. We could expand, start offering services for horses too. A place where owners can leave their horses while on vacation. Eventually, we could even provide breeding services."

Vicki's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. "I'll front the cash we need. Consider it my investment in our future together."

Sandy was overwhelmed, her dreams of expanding her business aligning perfectly with this new, unexpected path. The idea of working with both dogs and horses, coupled with the burgeoning relationship with Vicki, seemed almost too good to be true.

"Really? You'd do that for us?" Sandy asked, her voice thick with emotion.

"Absolutely," Vicki replied, her hand finding Sandy's, squeezing it gently. "I think this could be the start of something incredible, both in business and personally."

Sandy's heart swelled with excitement and gratitude. Here she was, on the cusp of a new life, one

where her wildest, most secretive desires could not only be fulfilled but celebrated. She couldn't believe her luck, feeling as if she'd stepped into a dream where passion, love, and ambition were all intertwined.

Vicki looked deeply into Sandy's eyes, her voice firm yet gentle. "Listen, Sandy, if things don't work out romantically, we'll stay professional. We'll run this business together, no matter what happens between us."

Sandy nodded, her heart pounding with both excitement and apprehension. "I've never been with a woman before, but I'm not just flattered, I'm... thrilled that you feel this way. And, fuck, I fancied you too when you first walked in."

Vicki's smile was warm as she poured two bourbons over ice. "Cheers," she said, clinking their glasses together, "here's to us, and hopefully to something fucking amazing and lasting."

They sipped their drinks, the bourbon warming them from the inside. Vicki's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Drink up, you're going to need it. We're about to see what King's really made of."

With that, Vicki took Sandy's hand, leading her back to the barn. The air was thick with anticipation, the barn's dim light casting long shadows. Vicki guided Sandy to a hay bale, helping her lie down, her body now fully exposed.

"Trust me, Sandy," Vicki whispered, her voice a mix of command and care as she brought King over. Sandy's breath hitched, her body shivering with a cocktail of nerves and lust.

"Jesus, he's fucking huge," Sandy whispered, her eyes wide with both fear and desire.

Vicki chuckled softly, guiding King. "He's trained well, won't hurt you. Just relax, let him in slowly." As she positioned King, Vicki's hands were steady, ensuring his movements were gentle. "Feel him, Sandy, feel how he fills you up."

King's cock, massive and imposing, began to enter Sandy. Vicki was there, guiding him, her voice soothing. "Easy, easy, King. Just half, that's good for now."

"Oh fuck, Vicki, it's so much," Sandy gasped, her body stretching around King's enormous girth. The slow, deliberate thrusts sent waves of pleasure through her, her pussy clenching with each one. "God, yes, more, give me more."

Vicki watched, her own arousal evident as she guided King. "You're taking it so well, Sandy. Let it happen, let yourself come for him."

Sandy's moans turned into cries as the first orgasm hit, her body trembling. "Fuck, I'm coming! Oh shit, don't stop!"

King's rhythm was steady, his thrusts slow but deep, each one driving Sandy closer to the edge again. "You feel that, Sandy? Feel him deep inside you?"

"Yes, fuck, yes!" Sandy's voice was hoarse with pleasure, her body quivering under King's weight. The pressure built again, and she felt another orgasm rip through her. "Oh god, I'm gonna come again!"

As King's climax approached, Vicki whispered, "Here it comes, Sandy. Feel him fill you up."

With a deep, almost human sound, King ejaculated, his cum flooding Sandy, triggering an orgasm so intense it left her screaming, "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Her body shook, overwhelmed by the sensation, the warmth, the sheer volume of his release driving her into a state of ecstatic oblivion.

Vicki watched, her eyes dark with desire, her voice soft, "That's it, Sandy. Feel every drop. You're fucking beautiful like this."

As King stepped back, Vicki was there to help Sandy sit up, wrapping her in a blanket. "Holy shit, that was... beyond anything," Sandy panted, her body still trembling from the aftershocks of her orgasms.

Vicki kissed her gently, her voice a warm murmur, "Yes, it was. And this is just the beginning. For us, for everything." She smiled, her hand caressing Sandy's cheek. "Ready for what's next, partner?"

Sandy, still catching her breath, managed a weak laugh. "With you and King? I think I'm ready for anything."

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## **Part Eight**

As the night deepened, the air in Vicki's bedroom grew thick with anticipation. The earlier discussions about their future had only heightened the sexual tension between them, each word, each touch, a prelude to more intimate explorations.

Vicki, with a knowing smile, moved to the bed, her body fluid and inviting under the dim light of the bedside lamp. She pulled Sandy down with her, their bodies aligning on the soft, silk sheets, the fabric cool against their heated skin. Vicki's hands were everywhere, tracing the contours of Sandy's body, her fingers dancing over sensitive nipples, eliciting soft gasps from Sandy.

"Let's make this night unforgettable," Vicki whispered, her breath hot against Sandy's ear. She kissed down Sandy's neck, her lips leaving a trail of fire, her tongue teasing the hollows with deliberate slowness. Sandy's skin prickled with goosebumps, her body responding to Vicki's every touch.

Vicki's mouth found Sandy's breasts, her tongue swirling around each nipple, hardening them further. Sandy arched into Vicki, her own hands roaming, exploring the curves of Vicki's back, slipping down to cup her ass, pulling her closer. Their kisses deepened, tongues dueling, tasting the lingering bourbon on each other's lips.

"I want to taste you," Vicki murmured, her voice a seductive purr. She moved down Sandy's body, her kisses marking a path to her core. Vicki's breath was warm against Sandy's inner thighs, her tongue tracing patterns that made Sandy squirm with anticipation. When Vicki finally touched her, it was with a skilled, probing tongue that sent waves of pleasure through Sandy, her fingers joining in to enhance the sensation.

Sandy's moans filled the room, her fingers tangling in Vicki's hair, guiding her, wanting more. Vicki's fingers worked in tandem with her tongue, finding that perfect rhythm that had Sandy bucking against her, her climax building like a storm about to break.

As Sandy came, her voice was a symphony of pleasure, her body trembling under Vicki's expert ministrations. But Vicki didn't stop there; she continued, drawing out Sandy's orgasm, her fingers curling inside, pressing against the spot that made Sandy see stars.

When Sandy could breathe again, Vicki moved up, kissing her way back to Sandy's mouth, letting her taste herself on Vicki's lips. "Your turn," Sandy whispered, her voice husky with desire.

Sandy flipped Vicki onto her back, her own approach more tentative but no less passionate. She mimicked Vicki's earlier actions, her kisses tentative at first but growing bolder. The taste of Vicki was intoxicating, her scent driving Sandy wild. Her tongue explored, finding Vicki's clit, flicking it with just the right pressure. Vicki's legs spread wider, encouraging Sandy, her moans a guide for Sandy's exploration.

As Sandy's confidence grew, so did Vicki's pleasure, her hips moving in rhythm with Sandy's tongue and fingers. "Yes, just like that," Vicki gasped, her body tensing, her orgasm building.

Sandy felt Vicki's body clench, her thighs tightening around Sandy's head as she came, her cries loud, uninhibited. Sandy didn't relent until Vicki gently pushed her away, laughing breathlessly, "Enough, enough, you're amazing."

They lay there, catching their breath, but the night was still young, and Vicki had one more surprise. "Chance," she called softly, her voice still thick with arousal.

Chance bounded into the room, his presence immediately shifting the erotic charge. Vicki moved to the edge of the bed, positioning herself on all fours, her ass high in the air, an invitation clear in her posture. She looked back at Sandy, her eyes gleaming with mischief and desire.

"Watch closely," Vicki said, her voice low as she guided Chance to her. Sandy watched, her breath catching as Chance mounted Vicki, his cock sliding into her with an ease that spoke of familiarity. Vicki's moan was deep, her body rocking back to meet his thrusts, her pleasure palpable.

Sandy, unable to resist, moved closer, her hands caressing Vicki's back, feeling the muscles tense with each movement. She reached underneath, her fingers teasing Vicki's clit, adding to the stimulation. Vicki's cries grew louder, her body shaking with the force of her pleasure, the sight of Chance's cock moving in and out of her, slick with her arousal, driving Sandy wild.

Vicki's orgasm was explosive, her body convulsing, her voice echoing around the room. But Chance wasn't done; his knot began to swell, locking him inside Vicki, who gasped at the sensation, her body milking him as he came, his cum filling her, visible as it leaked out around his still-thrusting cock.

As they separated, Vicki turned to Sandy, her face flushed, her eyes dark with lust. "Now you," she breathed, her hand guiding Sandy into position.

Sandy felt a rush of excitement and slight trepidation as she positioned herself on hands and knees, her body trembling with anticipation. Chance approached, his nose sniffing the air, his tongue lapping at Sandy's already wet pussy, sending shivers through her. His cock, now fully erect and dripping, found her entrance with practiced precision.

As he entered her, Sandy felt the immense stretch, her breath hitching with the mix of pain and pleasure. Chance's thrusts were powerful, each one deep and deliberate, his cock filling her completely. Sandy could feel every vein, every throb of his member, her pussy accommodating his size with a mix of awe and ecstasy.

"Oh God, Vicki, he's so big," Sandy moaned, her voice trembling as she felt him inside her, his movements becoming more urgent. Vicki watched, her own arousal evident as she whispered encouragements, her hands roaming over Sandy's body, one hand squeezing her breasts, the other sliding down to press against her clit.

Chance's movements were rhythmic, each thrust hitting deep, making Sandy's body rock forward, her breasts swaying with the force. She felt his knot begin to swell, the pressure building inside her, stretching her further, a sensation both frightening and exhilarating.

"Feel him, Sandy, feel how he fills you," Vicki urged, her voice a mix of command and care. Sandy's moans turned into cries as she felt the knot lock them together, his cock pulsing, filling her with his seed. The feeling was overwhelming; the heat, the volume, the constant pulsing inside her drove her to the edge.

"Oh fuck, I'm coming!" Sandy screamed, her body trembling violently under the weight of her orgasm, her pussy contracting around Chance's knot, amplifying the pleasure with each contraction. Vicki's fingers continued their dance on Sandy's clit, drawing out her orgasm until she was panting, nearly collapsing under the intensity.

Chance stayed locked with her, his body shuddering with his own release, his cum warm, flooding her in waves that seemed endless. Sandy felt every spurt, each one pushing her into another small climax, her body overwhelmed, yet craving more.

When they finally separated, the sound was wet and loud, a testament to their intense union. Sandy collapsed forward, her legs weak, her body still trembling from the aftershocks. Vicki was there, pulling her into a comforting embrace, kissing her neck, whispering sweet nothings as they both caught their breath.

"I think we're going to make a great team," Vicki whispered, her voice a promise of endless nights like this one, filled with passion, business, and their shared, unique desires.

Sandy, nestled against Vicki, felt a profound sense of belonging, her body and soul satiated, ready for whatever adventures awaited them together.

*To be continued...(?)*