

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



"Mom, what are you doing?" her 19-year-old daughter called out from the kitchen door with her knapsack still slung over one shoulder.

Collette's eyes sprung open in surprise, and her heart stopped momentarily. Before she even tried to respond, she pushed the black Labrador's muzzle away from her dripping pussy and clamped her knees together in surprise.

"Still hooked on the way Bo licks you down there too, Mom?" the nineteen-year-old continued as she dropped her knapsack and started petting the dog's head as his muzzle pushed back between her mother's spread thighs. The wet sounds of his rough supple tongue dragging through dog slobber and cunt honey, so familiar to Cathy's ears, were still an exciting siren song to the teenager.

"You shouldn't startle me like that," Collette finally managed to gasp as her daughter's wavy auburn hair, piercing green eyes, and mischievous smile came into focus, "and why are you home from college so early?"

"They sent us home because of a water leak," the teen replied as she continued petting the big dog, her hand moving inexorably toward the red and purple cock that poked halfway out of the animal's furry sheath. "You know, love the way he's been licking my pussy too since almost the first day the neighbors brought him home, right after that first time I saw him with his muzzle between your legs a few months ago."

"Have you done more than let him lick lately?" Collette asked with an evil smile, watching her daughter's fingers expertly wrap around the dog's increasingly stiff cock.

"What do you think, Mom?" Her daughter grinned wickedly as she dropped to her knees, leaned forward, and took the tip of the dog's throbbing dick into her mouth. Collette's clit thrilled as she saw the delicate ivory curve of the teen's throat gulp down the dog's pungent pre-cum.

"What I think is you need to get out of your skirt and panties, baby," Collette giggled in response, even as her pussy twitched and dripped as she focused on more and more of the animal's thick cock vanishing down her daughter's throat. The youngster's occasional soft gags now punctuated the ongoing leitmotif of the animal's long tongue lewdly working Cassie's increasingly sloppy cunt. "Let's see can see if Bo here can manage to fuck us both before the neighbors get home."

She stood in her kitchen window wistfully watching her next-door neighbors pull away in the large box truck filled with their possessions. They were nice enough people and had been decent neighbors, if a bit standoffish, but that's not why Collette was saddened by their departure. Rather, she would miss her morning trysts with their almost six-year-old Labrador Retriever, Bo. The hunky, friendly black Labrador Retriever had not only become her first animal lover, but he was also her daughter's. Young Cathy had taken up sexual activity with the dog almost immediately after finding out her mother had been secretly sucking and fucking him for weeks, always while Cathy was out of the house on college days.

Over the next few weeks of Bo's absence, the redheaded mother's unsatisfied needs grew beyond the temporary relief provided by her fingers, her daughter's talented tongue, or their shared collection of toys. She'd always told herself the activities with Bo were an exciting experiment, nothing more. Yet, as deep feelings grew in her canine lover's absence, she was forced to admit she craved more.

She'd taken her time giving in to Bo exactly because a voice warned that giving in would mean more

than exciting play. Even as a young girl, she'd always loved dogs and dogs had seemed inordinately attracted to her. As a preschooler, random dogs on the street would sniff between her legs, embarrassing her mother but eliciting little more than a chuckle and a mild, almost pleasant rebuke of the animal from her father. Her mom didn't like dogs, but her dad seemed to have a natural way with them.

As Collette grew into her preteen and teen years, dogs always seemed to sniff her first, last, and longest among any group of people. Over time, her college friends noticed this, of course. Her leggy physical appearance—tall for a girl, with flaming red hair and nicely developing breasts for her age—set her apart from most of her peers. Her seeming disinterest in boys and her propensity for getting excellent grades in college provoked jealousy among both boys and girls.

By the time she was a freshman in college, peers could often be heard referring to her as “the bitch,” “dog queen,” or “the Irish setter.” The name-calling stung, but she reacted by ignoring the offenders and hiding her feelings. Secretly, though, she felt confused by the fact that, in some way, she didn't seem to mind. Something deep inside her wanted to own those words.

It might have had something to do with the fact she'd taken to snooping after college in the considerable stash of pornography that was hidden away less than securely in her father's study at home. Adult novels and magazines were rife with glossy photographs, often with foreign language text, whose meaning she could only partly make out.

Much of the material was rather plain straight sex, with men and women together. The more she snooped, the more she found her father had a penchant for two unconventional themes: incest between parents and children, particularly mothers with daughters, and ... even more startling to her ... girls and women enjoying sex with dogs.

She'd spent hours poring over the kinkiest of her Daddy's collection, masturbating to orgasm after orgasm, before hurriedly packing the material away just as she'd found it, as best she could, before her parents arrived home from their workdays. She couldn't help wondering if her daddy ever thought of her when he looked at that porn. Maybe he imagined her being in those scenes, watching as his daughter parted her lanky teen legs to openly offer some mutt on the street a smell and taste of her excited young pussy.

With Bo's departure, Collette had taken more and more solitary walks through the large, forested park along the lake-front beach a few blocks from the home where she and Cathy lived. The city had long ago developed a play area, dog park, and parking lot near the street. That left an additional eleven acres of forested area, mostly overgrown with large trees and tangled shrubs. The seemingly wild forest area was threaded with old paths and scattered benches from the 1920s or '30s when the park was initially built. Some trails near the waterfront were maintained and beaten clear with use. Still, the remainder of the forested acreage further from the water was only occasionally used by stray dogs from the surrounding neighborhoods or a few kids who explored the overgrown paths on weekends and summer evenings.

She first met the big chocolate Labrador Retriever while resting on an old, moss-covered cement bench at the junction of three abandoned trails in a small grassy clearing in the forest. It was an ideal locale to intercept stray dogs wandering through, peeing their marks along the way. She and Cathy had stumbled on the spot on a previous walk. During pleasant weather, it had become Collette's favorite spot to sit and read, with at least a small chance of encountering a passing dog or two or three on a good day.

Many days, nothing more happened than making progress in an enjoyable book. But one day, that

chocolate lab showed up. He was padding along with a buddy, a small brown nondescript mutt who instinctively shied away from her. The skittish mutt looked startled to see her there. She assumed the mutt was a he, barked once, and, with his tail held low, immediately hightailed it down the farthest path.

The chocolate Lab, though, after calmly watching his buddy take off, stood there and turned his gaze to her, obviously curious, staring with confident, deep brown eyes. He was stout, tall, strong-legged, wide, built like a bus. His face seemed to her somehow regal. It took her breath away when his inquiring eyes locked with her deep blues.

The big dog seemed to be thinking about what she wanted and whether it might somehow involve him. She knew dogs could gather much more information than people with noses. She felt sure he could easily smell the heat and pungent aroma of her cunt. By then, she had thought to expose that cunt, putting it on display for him.

Wearing no panties, she tugged the hem of her short leather skirt up around her hips and parted her knees less than demurely in a wide vee in his direction. He most likely detected the increase in her heart rate, the catch in her breathing, and her body's strong animal interest in him. He surely also sensed the faint natural edge of fear that tinged her heady swirl of feelings, including growing lust.

No doubt, he also smelled the fact she had squatted fifteen minutes earlier to pee at a spot near the junction of the paths. This wasn't the first time she'd done so when visiting that site. She knew of dogs that served as a signpost of interest and suspected most dogs who traveled there had smelled her advertisement more than once. This big dog stared unblinkingly into her wide blue eyes with his deep browns, his head slightly tilted. Working up her courage, she breathlessly uttered the first two words that came into her head.

"Hi, baby."

The lab stared back. He was big, so broad in the shoulders, so muscled, his head blocky and strong. When he stood square in front of her, his wet black nose was level with her boobs. She was tall and not slightly built, but she was sure he came close to her weight and could easily out-muscle her. The glimpse of his balls as he loped into the clearing, big and swinging in a tan-brown velveteen sac, had given her a full-body shiver. His cock would surely be the biggest she would have ever wrapped her hands around or taken inside of her mouth or cunt should she be so lucky.

When he stepped close, sniffing first toward her face and then between her wide-open legs, she reached out tentatively, gently touching the ruff of his shoulder and neck. He had a collar and rabies tag but no name tag. Big Motherfucker was what she should call him, giggling out loud at the thought. She felt a full-body shudder of anticipation when his cold nose moved to press against her bare mound and slightly gaping cunt. She moaned out loud, her body surrendering in heart, mind, and body to the animal as his snout pressed to her mound, his breath hot and humid on her sensitive clit and pink pussy slit.

She never knew him by any other name.

Big Motherfucker was the first of a dozen or so dogs she would successfully "meet" at that overgrown park bench over the next few years. By the time Big Motherfucker came along, she already had learned that with most strays, she would be lucky to get a bare touch of inquiring nose, even less often a few licks of her pussy, and even more rarely a chance to cop a feel of their firming cock in its furry sheath before they lost confidence and skittered away. Big Motherfucker was one of the special few and the first who seemed to know just what a redheaded cock, cum, and dog-loving

slut wanted and, yes, needed. Big Motherfucker breathed, pissed, and shit confidence.

Right there in the park, he confidently lapped her from her knees to her cunt to her belly and muscled her legs wider to clean between her ass cheeks. He then licked her cunt hole deeply as she bucked and gasped in an intense orgasm, her pelvic muscles firmly milking that long, marvelous, buried tongue while pulling him closer by his ears. Some dogs shy away when a woman cums so hard, shaking and shrieking, growling or grunting her pleasure but not Big Motherfucker. He woofed, lightly sneezed a little of her cum out of his nostrils, licked his chops, and dove in to clean up the remaining spoils as she gasped out loud and another spray of her pussy juices erupted on his muzzle.

After her quaking orgasm, the big lab stood there patiently between her spread knees and let her hands stroke him, eagerly feeling him up. She cupped and weighed his lovely balls, then the huge hard missile packed into his furry sheath with just a cherry-red tip barely poking into sight. Her mouth watered, but by then, Collette knew that few dogs would let a stranger lick or suck their cock without a little trust-building.

She had learned well that a trust builder for any dog is the important gesture of sniffing ass. It's kind of a doggy handshake but if it goes on a few seconds, with maybe two or three tries to signal persistent interest, it quickly becomes something more like the equivalent of an exploratory groping hug. So looking around to ensure no prying eyes were nearby, she slid to her knees on the cool grass as he calmly stood there with his tail politely lifted. Setting any sense of dignity aside, she moved in close for a sniff of his anal pucker.

He smelled clean ... earthy ... of dog and testosterone. His tail lightly brushed over her forehead. She inhaled again more deeply, her eyes lidded, surrendering herself to the intoxication of her growing lust for him. Big Motherfucker took a single step forward, then turned and looked back at her, tail lifted helpfully again. She followed, nosed in again, and inhaled. This time the very tip of her nose touched his anal pucker. His tail began to wag faster, brushing her forehead. She felt a sudden head rush, nearly fainting, when she realized they quickly bonded, accepting each other as potential lovers.

Suddenly, the lab turned, his huge, hot, rough-slick tongue taking a wide, washing lick across her face. That warm, impossibly supple-smooth-but-rough tongue dragged wetly from her right cheek, crossed her lips and mouth, and curled to a finish at her left cheek, leaving a sheen of drool behind. She knelt in the dirt and grass on her hands and knees, trembling as she offered her face to him.

He took another lick and another, one washing across her nose, the next covering her mouth and chin. Her lips parted on the fourth lick, and she let her tongue out to nestle with his. His much larger pink slab curled around hers before slipping between her lips. His tongue curled inside her mouth, gaping to lick the inside of her cheeks. She moaned around it, smelling cunt on his snout.

He had her. She knew she was his bitch right then and there.

Unfortunately, for an unescorted woman, fucking in the park wasn't safe. Getting knotted to a cock Big Motherfucker's size was a non-trivial and not-easily-ended proposition. Moreover, this dog was big enough that she was fairly sure she wouldn't be the one who decided whether they knotted or when they were finished. She knew she had to get him home where it would be safe to get naked and open to him, her body available to his throbbing cock, enormous knot, and pungent, hot watery cum.

She learned from previous walks in the park to keep fried bacon bits in a Ziploc bag in her pocket,

handy for just such an opportunity. When she was fully prepared, as she was that day, the bag also included a thumb-sized dab of bacon grease to help with the bribery of leading a dog from the park several blocks to her home. As a rule, strays are loathe to be leashed and won't cooperate if they see a leash in your hand.

But if there's one thing all dogs love, it's bacon.

A little square for a snack, a second bit when he nosed your ass. A little dab of grease on the backs of her thighs just below the hem kept his nose close while she ambled toward her goal. If he seemed to lose his focus, threatened to wander aside, or stopped too long to sniff and pee on a fire hydrant, another bite of bacon usually did the trick. Dogs have certain priorities like men, and she was convinced bacon must be at the top of both lists.

"Head is great, pussy is better, but give me more of that heavenly bacon, bitch!"

She knew that many people driving by or looking out their front windows on her street had seen her striding on the sidewalk with some strange dog or other following very closely, always just behind her. At the same time, she occasionally turned to bend low and offer him something from her fingers. If they watched long enough, they surely saw her jump with a slight blush when a cold nose bumped the top of her bare thigh or ass cheek or pushed under her skirt.

If so, they had no doubt seen her turn to lightly scold the animal but mitigating the words with another little bite of bacon. Although she'd never been approached, she was sure that many of those people wondered about what they saw, and some might even have accurately suspected.

She was an unapologetic dog-cock-and-cum-loving slut.

Big Motherfucker patiently followed her those few blocks to her home. She stripped quickly for him, and they made out in her living room. He let her suck his cock while he lapped her cunt. When he mounted and fucked her from behind, the knot split her entry hole and filled her cunt canal to its limit of stretch and to her limit of cumming multiple times in a row. When he pulled out of her cunt, she licked his cock and balls clean. She cooed her adoration and nearly came again when he returned her post-coital attention, lapping up his watery cum oozing from her still gaping pussy slit.

He flopped down for a rest while she took the chance to recover with a glass of chilled wine. After a few minutes, she scooted closer to him on the living room rug and fed him some slices of leftover steak from dinner the night before with her fingers. Full-body tremors shook her every time his tongue slipped into the sensitive places between her fingers. By the time the last steak was gone and her fingers licked clean, her sticky cunt was clutching, clit swollen and vibrating with need.

She gasped when he moved closer and curled his tongue across her erect, sensitive nipples, sending electric jolts of desire through her body. She took his chin in her hand, bent her mouth close, and kissed him full. Their tongues were tangling in no time, their bodies in close contact and curling passionately against each other. Both of them now openly panted with heated need to please the other.

Getting on all fours, she presented her ass, tail if she had one, held high in invitation. He didn't need to see a tail to recognize her need or her gaping dripping cunt and quickly mounted. They fucked again and cleaned each other once more. When it was done this time, he immediately whined to be let out. She kissed him, asking him to promise to come back for her. He licked her neck and face in answer. When she let him out the kitchen door, he turned, gave one happy bark, and bounded off the way they had come.

After that, she saw him four more times over the next three months. Each time, he showed up at that back door, announcing himself with a happy "Let's fuck!" bark that made her clit instantly snap to turgid attention. The one time her teenage daughter was home at the same time, they happily shared Big Motherfucker's cock, balls, and cum. After two hours of intense fucking, blow jobs, and cunt licking and the dog's big brown balls visibly lighter, Big Motherfucker licked their sex-slick faces, let out a satisfied bark, and strode to the door, asking to leave again. Collette and Cathy regretfully complied.

Neither of them felt spent. For the next two hours, they consoled each other in bed, guzzling the big dog's cum, as well as their own, from each other's dripping pussies. Both climaxed repeatedly until, at last, they were completely exhausted.

"We need a dog of our own," young Cathy groused while idly fingering her pussy on a kitchen chair while her mother made dinner. "I miss Bo, and Big Motherfucker hasn't been back in weeks."

"Maybe we can try taking another walk in the park where I found him and see if he's around," her mother smiled in response without looking up, smiling when she heard her daughter gasp in a short, quick orgasm. "I've almost always run into strays there, and we could get lucky. You never know."

"When can we go?"

"Well, how strong does your happy little cunt smell after you finger-fuck yourself before getting out of bed in the morning?" her mother laughed. "The stronger the scent, the more likely to get a stray to come close for a better whiff and even a lick."

"Mom, jeez, like I don't know that by now. So I'll cum at least twice then," the redhead giggled as she licked off some of the pussy juices that glistened on her index finger, "and again when we get to your bench."

"We both will, then," her mother grinned as she felt the natural competitive sexual instinct she always felt with her young daughter kicking in. "Before getting out of bed and when we get there."

By mid-morning of the next day, the late spring air was warm enough for both to wear short skirts and light, cropped t-shirts, with just a light jacket. Neither bothered with a bra or panties. Cathy wanted to wear heels, but Collette scoffed, telling her daughter heels were meant for impressing men, dogs didn't give a shit, and besides, were impractical on the rough trails.

"I'm wearing my sneakers, and you should too, unless you want to be the one that falls behind if some creep tries to grab us."

Cathy reluctantly agreed, even though sandals with heels made her feel sexy, and she deeply wanted to feel that way today. She tugged on a pair of bright pink high-top tennis shoes but did not snug or tie the laces. She ignored Collette when her mother rolled her eyes, and they stepped out into the sunny day, locking the door behind them.

As two redheads strolled into the park, it was evident plenty of other people were taking advantage of the nice weekend day. Many kids romped on and around the playground equipment while their parents and others lay back in the grass to take in the sun. A few other people were watching their dogs of assorted sizes and breeds cavort in the enclosed area for them, an owner occasionally ducking in to pull their dogs apart when an altercation or humping began. Collette and Cathy stopped briefly to admire the dogs through the fence.

"Do you think any of these other women play with their dogs the way we like to do, Mom," the



teenager asked quietly, her hard pink nipples just barely visible as they pressed out against the thin cotton of the tee under her light denim jacket.

"Maybe, maybe not. It's not exactly something you openly discuss with others whom you aren't sure are into the same thing," her mother answered, smiling slightly, hearing the excitement in her daughter's voice and seeing the obvious manifestation with her erect nipples. "It's hard to broach the subject even with someone you know pretty well."

"I remember the first time Bo licked my pussy. After I walked in to see his muzzle buried between your legs as you moaned and quivered until you climaxed," the teenager continued, her arousal growing when her mother caught a brief whiff of her daughter's pussy. "Remember?"

"How could I forget, Collette replied. "But, I did give you a chance, too," her mother laughed. "As I recall, you screamed through at least two orgasms before I showed you how to suck and jerk him off and then let you watch him fuck me. Oh lord, the things a girl has to do these days to be a good mother."

"Oh god, Mom, you know I still masturbate thinking about that day and all the other times he licked me, I sucked him, or he fucked me," the teenager murmured, her arousal showing on her flushed face. "Do you remember the first time you played with a dog like that?"

"Well, yes, because it was Bo," her mother laughed again, "a it was only a few weeks before you caught me at it with him."

"Wow, so you never did it before?"

"No, I thought about it before I was your age, but I didn't have the courage or whatever it takes to try it. Dogs have always sniffed me, even when I was little, and I always felt, or unconsciously knew, there was something sexual about it. Then, as a teen, I found pictures and stories of girls and their moms having sex with dogs in your grandfather's pornography stash."

"Mom! What? Everyone says you were like a 'goody-two-shoes' back then!"

Yeah, well, I was a straight-As bad girl. I snooped in my daddy's office after college. Honestly, I looked for hours at those mommies and daughters sucking off the family dogs, getting fucked, and eating each other out. At the same time, their daddies masturbated over them and urged them on. I would jill off on Daddy's office floor and cum sooo good, then hurriedly replace it all into the back of the desk drawer as best I could before my parents got home from work."

"God, Mom, that's sick ... and so hot! I can imagine it though, coz I know you ... bitch." Cathy grinned and kissed her mom on the cheek lovingly.

"There are some sexy dogs here. Sometimes I wonder if a few of these owners might be receptive if we just walked up to them and fawned over their animal for a few minutes, then outright asked them if we could fuck him. But it's kind of dangerous, baby. A guy could negotiate things the way we couldn't. If we had a grown man with us, I think I'd screw my courage to the sticking point and just do it."

"I don't think that's what they had in mind when they say that in the Nike commercials, Mom," Cathy laughed, "but more power to you for having your sport."

Both girls watched the dogs a bit longer, aware of their clits twitching under each other's skirts.



"Hey, maybe Grandpa would!" Cathy suddenly said, the idea just then taking shape in her head. "If we let Grandpa in on what we do with dogs, I bet he would help us. You know he likes it, right? I bet he'd love it if he knew we were cool with his knowing and watching."

"God baby, you're crazy! I suppose you think we should take care of him, too, when he gets hard and horny over it. Sometimes I can't believe where your devious mind goes," Collette laughed as if dismissing the idea.

"Fuck though, Mom, it would be so hot. We'd be like, his bitches," Cathy replied, squirming visibly. "Grandpa would be pimping his dog whores. Fuck that is so hot, it would be great!"

"Be that as it may," Collette sighed. "Let's go see if we can find a friendly stray. I don't think it's a particularly clever idea for you to go finger-fucking yourself right here in front of everyone like a little cunt monkey, and it looks like that's exactly what you're about to do. I do get that if you need to cum again soon. Fuck, so does mommy."

Cathy frowned but didn't say anything. She always felt miffed when her mom called her a 'cunt monkey,' but she had to admit it was kind of cool. Compared to most, the teen did realize she had a pretty cool mom, even if she didn't want to admit it too often and risk Collette getting a Supermom complex or something.

For the next ten or fifteen minutes, they wended their way through the lesser visited parts of the park, pushing the occasional branch or bush that encroached on the slowly disappearing path out of the way until they reached the familiar small clearing and the familiar mossy cement bench.

As soon as they sat down, the teenager slipped a hand under her skirt and began rubbing her pussy. Her mother watched and shook her head in disbelief but not very convincingly.

"You're such a little slut," she said and laughed.

A moment later, Collette did the same thing, leaned back, and tugged her skirt around her waist. Her knees parted to expose a pink mommy cunt, slick with the juices stirred by their conversation and their present state of public exposure. It only took a few moments for both mother and daughter to groan and shiver with heated orgasms, the electricity of lust charging and rippling incestuously through their bodies in their sunlit little forest nook.

"Now, pay attention, dear. Mommy has learned a lot while you've been busy in college. When a stray dog comes along, take some bacon bits from this baggie and hold them on your finger."

"Ooooooh, what's this gooey stuff in here?" the girl asked, sniffing at the glob of congealed grease in the baggie.

"Bacon grease, baby girl. Rub a little on your pussy mound and in your slit so he'll want to lick it off once he's close enough. It's a game changer."

Cathy, looking unsure, watched her mother spread a generous, two-finger dab of the pungent grease in her slit and over her entire mound before sliding two fingers into her cunt to cover the first few inches inside her canal as well. Finally making up her mind, the girl grinned devilishly and followed suit, quickly bringing herself to the brink of another climax as her mother watched.

"The sweet aroma of your aroused cunt works, too," her mother grinned, watching her daughter moan through another quick orgasm. "I really don't know, but from the way dogs have reacted to my wet pussy before, we must smell about the same as a bitch in heat ... and from the way you're acting

today, you pretty much are one.”

“I’m surprised you even think you must cheat with this pig grease, Mom. I’ve seen enough dogs around you to know you’re a canine magnet. Canines love your pussy, mother dear. You’ve got bitch magic.”

Collette chuckled as they both sat, fingers sliding and scissoring over proudly inflamed clit bumps slick with bacon grease.

They sat there for a good thirty or forty minutes talking quietly, giggling every so often and edging to the brink of orgasm several more times as they casually fingered themselves. Suddenly, the first stray dogs of the day trotted into the clearing, panting and sniffing the air. Both were mutts with a touch of Labrador Retriever mixed with German Shepard and god knew what else. It wasn’t the dogs’ lineage that interested the two women. The fact that both were intact males made Cathy and Collette sit up straight with nervous anticipation.

Both dogs had thick furry sheaths with full-looking ball sacs. One was mostly black, and the other brown. Neither wore a collar. The two stopped dead center in the clearing, eyes locked on the two females unexpectedly occupying the bench they were used to using as nothing more than a convenient landmark to pee on. Both dogs sniffed in their direction, nostrils flaring wide to sort out the scents.

“Steady, baby. We don’t want to scare them. Just follow my lead and do what I do,” her mother told the teen as she held out a hand with a small chunk of bacon in her fingers. The dogs eyed them suspiciously but crucially stood their ground. Collette felt a rush, visibly heating at the fact the dogs hadn’t turned tail. That was good—exceptionally good. Cathy sensed her mother’s excitement and could feel her heart rate rising.

The redheaded mother talked to the dogs quietly and soothingly as she offered them the snack. When her daughter held her hand with a second bit of bacon, the two animals stepped forward, sniffing intently again. Collette held her breath to keep from gasping in excitement when both dogs warily stepped closer until close enough to snatch the bacon from their fingers quickly. The dogs stepped backward, licking their lips and eyeing the women with expectant brown eyes.

“Now, baby, move slowly. Get a second piece and offer it up in your fingers, but don’t extend your arm as far so they have to get a little closer,” her mother said, speaking steadily. “They can smell our cunts, but right now, they’ve got bacon on the brain. When you get them in closer in, though, that’s when you can see their priorities start to shift.”

She noticed her daughter had her cropped tee tugged up, exposing the creamy, perky breasts, nipples poking out hard as her greasy fingers unselfconsciously tugging at them. The girl bit her lip, slowly reached for another bacon bite from the baggie, and, looking focused and determined, gradually held her hand out next to her mother’s. Sitting close, their bare knees touched and trembled against each other.

Over the next ten minutes, the mother and daughter coaxed the dogs closer until the animals almost touched their spread legs. The mostly black one in front of the teenager smelled her pussy first and was curious or brave enough to give her gaping slit a quick lick with his rough tongue.

“Oh god, Mom, this is fucking awesome,” she gasped and visibly shivered from her P.F. Fliers to the top of her auburn bangs. Cathy squirmed after the dog took two steps backward, still eyeing her with suspicion and deep curiosity.

Collette lured the brownish one in close to her cunt and couldn't help but moan out loud at the contact of his cold nose on her mound and clit, the hot animal breath on her slit, and when she felt the first wicked flick of his tongue there. Then, like his buddy, the dog retreated a few steps, wary but not breaking eye contact.

The girls lured them back with more bacon chunks. After two more handouts, they had both dogs back between their knees, feeling hot animal breath again on their needy cunts. The dog tongues flicked, and this time, both dogs seemed to latch onto the flavor of bacon grease slathered there. With the dogs finally comfortable enough to lick both their pussies repeatedly, mother and daughter shook and moaned, their bodies swiftly feeling at the mercy of those magic tongues.

Although by craning her neck, Collette could see that both animals' bright pink cocks had begun to push from their furry sheaths, neither animal was yet relaxed enough to let the women do more than pet their heads and murmur soft but lewd encouragements.

"Fuck, baby, this is going great. You're doing perfectly. Maybe we can take the next step to gain their trust completely. Stay put until I say to do like I do."

Cathy watched as her mother eased from the bench and slowly dropped to her knees beside the brown dog before her. She smiled at him and spoke a few words Cathy couldn't understand. Cathy sucked in a breath when her mom pushed her face under the dog's slowly wagging tail, nose intent on his asshole.

"Oh my god, Mom ... really?" the teenager squeaked as she watched and heard the distinct sounds of her mother sniffing the big dog's asshole.

"If you want to feel that dog's cock, knot, and cum filling your cunt, you'll do exactly what I'm doing," her mother glanced up long enough to say. "It's the animal's way of saying hello and recognizing you while you let him know you're interested in and receptive to his sex. Bo already knew both of us, so it wasn't necessary with him."

After a moment's hesitation, the teenager eased to her knees in the grass next to the black dog and leaned her nose forward to sniff his ass. She was surprised that the earthy aroma aroused her and moved closer to inhale. She suppressed a squeal when she felt the dog's cold nose press between her ass cheeks.

From the corner of her eye, Cathy spied her mother close by, on all fours, with her tongue hanging out like a bitch dog as her animal also nosed between her curvy ass cheeks. She thought she saw the dog's tongue slide through the crease of her mom's ass. She was sure it had when Collette moaned into the grass, head hanging, then curled around, tits now sliding from her too-short tee and exposed to the air, and pushed her nose under her dog's tail again.

"I just can't wait any longer, Mom. This is too fucking hot!" the nineteen-year-old complained feverishly after a couple of minutes on all fours, the dogs and women alike circling and 'shaking hands' as it were. Her mom had even taken a lick or two at Cathy's ass during the proceedings.

Impatiently, the teen crawled back up on the bench, spread her long, creamy legs as wide as she could, and coaxed the dog between her knees with more bacon treats. Once he was a few inches away from her throbbing pussy, the animal gave a soft growl and began tentatively licking her dripping slit. In a few moments, his tongue could be seen and heard hungrily lapping the full length of the teenager's pussy slit.

When Collette glanced over, she could see that long tongue delving nicely between her young

daughter's smooth cunt lips. With another climax quickly building, Cathy grabbed the dog's ears and thrust her burning cunt eagerly into his mouth.

Her mother didn't even bother to get back on the bench. She just flopped on her back in the grass with her knees pulled up and let the dog feast on the pungent mixture of bacon grease and cunt juices coating her pussy. Collette's climax rippled through her body just moments after her daughter started loudly shrieking hers, the teen's grip on the dog's ears unrelenting but unnecessary. By now, both strays were working well past bacon grease and feasting heartily on cunt juices.

By the time daughter and mother had begun to come down from their orgasms, they found both dogs' dicks extended well outside their sheaths. After a quick exchange of looks, the daughter moved to close a soft young hand around the extended cock of the dog that had just eaten her orgasm. She began jerking it, eyes closely watching the tip for discharges.

More assertively, her mother was still laid out on the ground, now noisily sucking the other dog's cock as her left hand fondled his heavy ball sac. Collette's right hand rubbed her cunt. Cathy saw and heard her mother gag and begin swallowing as the dog's back arched. A trickle of watery cum squirted from between her lips, encasing his cock, and her mom's hips and crotch bucked against the hand, working her cunt.

Suddenly her dog stopped humping the teen girl's hand, his back humping in that telltale arch. In seconds two strong, hot jets of cum splayed across Cathy's face and tits. Quickly she clamped her mouth over the end of the dick to gulp and swallow, relishing the several more shots of jizz the stray gave up to her as she now finger-fucked herself through her shattering orgasm. The climax cum was much creamier and tastier than the brassy pre-cum she had been lapping up and swallowing as she stroked the animal's cock.

"That's a girl, good girl baby, get all that yummy stuff," Cathy heard her mom softly encouraging, the parental praises intensifying and extending the hot flush of her orgasm.

"Can we take them home?" the teenager asked a few minutes later as she licked a dollop of cum from her chin and tried unsuccessfully to remove the dog jism staining her t-shirt and seeping through to her right nipple.

Collette chuckled as she watched her daughter try to regain some semblance of composure. "Yeah," she replied, "if they'll follow us all the way there."

She then instructed the teenager how to rub a small dab of bacon grease on the backs of her thighs, just below her ass cheeks, and keep offering the remainder of the bacon dog treats, metering them out carefully to make sure they'd last the several blocks they needed to go. It took a bit longer than the walk to the park, but both dogs did follow the two females in heat the entire way home.

As soon as they stepped inside the house and closed the door behind them, mother and daughter took a long, hot, grinning look at each other and closed for a hug and intense, passionate victory kiss. Then, breaking their embrace, they unceremoniously stripped off their meager, now grass-grease-and-cum-stained clothing right there in the kitchen.

The two quickly dropped to their knees with asses in the air. To their delight and excitement, the strays naturally knew exactly what to do. Both women shrieked when the animals wrapped their fore paws around their sides, their dew claws searing small pink scratches into their flanks and the soft side-boob flesh of their tits. Almost as if choreographed, mother and daughter, side-by-side, reached between their thighs to grasp and angle the dogs' red, thrusting cocks into the proper orifice. Within a quick few seconds, both dogs' stiff red dicks were plunging deep into the two cunts with hard,

jack-hammering thrusts.

The brown dog that her mother sucked off in the park knotted the teenager first, eliciting a sharp shriek of pain that quickly morphed into squeals of intense pleasure as the tennis-ball-sized knot plugged and split her entry hole.

She squealed each time the big cock swelled inside her and injected another stream of hot puppy cum into her overflowing cunt. Next to her on the hard kitchen floor, her mother shrieked and grunted in a nearly continuous ebb and flow of multiple orgasms for the full seven minutes it took before her dog unceremoniously unplugged his cock, with a splatter of cum and cunt juice and found a corner to plop down and clean himself.

Now also unmounted, her own usually compact cunt was now raw, pink, creamed, and drooling with animal jism. Cathy turned toward her mom. She felt dog cum sticky between her ass and thighs and the floor. She reached a hand down and slid her fingers through what she found there, then brought them to her lips and licked them clean as her mother watched.

"Can we keep them?" the teenager asked when their breathing began to return to something normal. They were still sitting on the kitchen floor.

The wet lapping of the two animals cleaning their cocks and balls and the ragged breathing of mother and daughter were the only sounds in the room. Her mother looked back at her, an inscrutable expression on her face.

"We should be doing that for them. Cleaning them up," Collette finally said.

Cathy stared back, uncertain, then saw her mother's mouth draw into a slight smile. They burst out together in a fit of delighted laughter.

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"I got great news," she said to her daughter when the freshman college girl got home.

"Oh yeah, what?" the nineteen-year-old asked as she absentmindedly patted the black dog's head. At the same time, the brown one casually shoved his nose under her skirt and up between her legs, with his tongue flicking across her pussy slit through her panties.

"I took Frick and Frack to the vet today," her mother told her with a bright smile. "Neither has a microchip so that we can keep them."

"Let me guess," the teenager laughed as she stripped naked and sat in a chair so the brown dog could easily lick her pussy. "You celebrated by fucking them both when you got home."

"Only once..." her mother grinned back at her as she dropped to one knee to fondle the black dog's rapidly swelling cock, "... each."

"Bitch," Cathy smirked.

"Slut," her mother replied with a smile.

"Dog-loving cunt," retorted the teen.

"Fuck yeah!" her mother responded with a long hearty laugh as she moved her nose to Frack's now familiar asshole.

*The End*