

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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As the old bus ground noisily away from the No.27 stop, Rebecca Moore flipped her light duffel bag's drawstring over her shoulder and began to make her way into the large complex before her. The last rays of the setting sun were slowly dissolving ahead of a barmy summer twilight.

The petite, eighteen-year-old blonde, moist, red lips curled into a wicked little grin as a loud chorus of woof-whistling burst forth as a car full of teenage boys whizzed past. She'd had new blonde highlights added to her already fair hair just that morning, making her straight, mid-length hair easier to form into the alluring tendrils that framed her pretty face and made the smooth, sun-bronzed skin of her charming shoulders seem even more tanned.

"Keep to the right beside the race track, and you can't miss my place!" Rebecca recalled Sandra Orrick's directions as she entered the showground proper.

Some big racehorses lifted their massive male heads, snorting the air and nodding approvingly as the curvy girl past their holding stables.

Sandy was so lucky! She decided it must be exciting to live around the hustle and bustle of the city's favorite racing venue. Rebecca Moore was new in town, but she already knew, be it horse races, Gymkhanas, dog shows, greyhound racing, exhibitions, fairs, you name it, pretty much every event or display the city ever had was held right here. And Sandy's father was the chief groundskeeper for the whole thing.

She passed the various pavilions and concessions already thronging with early birds gathering for the Saturday night races. Men's heads turned here and there amongst the crowd, sneaking leaking glimpses of the shapely teenager passing by. Her close-fitting boob-tube accentuated the firm young breasts and perky teenage nipples beneath, and her lime-green cotton cutoffs outlined the part, athletically rounded ass that graced her smooth, shapely legs below.

Picking her way through the crowd, Rebecca eventually arrived at a bungalow style house that was the ground keeper's cottage. It was surrounded by a high paling fence, instantly recognizable, as per Sandra's description, as the Orrick family's home. Rebecca made for what appeared to be a wide-hinged gateway in the fence. When Suddenly;

"Whoo,Whoo, Whoo, Whoo!" Rebecca recoiled in shock as she heard a large, savage dog barking just beyond. Threatening snarls continued to vibrate the wooden fence as Rebecca recognized her school friend's sweet, contralto voice, commanding the agitated animal.

"Richter. Sit!" The voice ordered.

Rebecca regained her composure somewhat as the barking stopped, the gate swung in, and she was greeted by Sandra Orrick's pretty face, which had a dazzling, apologetic smile, beckoning her inside the Orricks' private yard.

"Hi, Becky. So you made it at last! Sandra greeted.

Her exquisite violet-grey eyes danced with happiness at Rebecca's arrival, putting Becky at ease, just as her new best girlfriend had done only a few weeks before when the two had first met at Becky's new school.

"Don't be afraid of ol' Richter here. His bark is worse than his bite.!" Sandra reassured as she patted the black, bony, skull-like head of the dangerous-looking Doberman dog beside her dismissively.

Beauty and the Beast! Becky mused to herself as she studied the odd-looking couple. Sandra, about a year older and an inch taller than Rebecca, had obviously been swimming recently. She wore only a skimpy polka dot bikini, which hid very little of the sexy teenage girl's ample cleavage, curvy hips, and generally statuesque physique. Her long brunette hair flicked up attractively well below her broad yet feminine shoulders and softly outlined her classically beautiful face. Becky had to admit, she was a little envious of her new girlfriend. The impeccably manicured eyebrows, the straight bridge of the girl's small, slightly upturned nose, and especially the deeply sensual fullness of her lips served in stark contrast to the menacing K9 figure crouching on its brawny haunches to her side.

Richter was a fearsome-looking Doberman. His small, black eyes gleamed intelligently above a long, snout-like mall. A powerful jaw sprouted long, sharp teeth above mottled black and pink gums. Formidable muscles rippled beneath the animal's short, well-groomed black and tan coat and twitched in his long, columned neck as he studied Rebecca Moore, his moist black nose straining the air for her scent.

Becky couldn't help noticing the well-hung male appendage that swayed slightly at the dog grey skinned groin area.

Yep. He's a boy doggy, alright! Becky confirmed to herself as she noted the bright pink tip of the animal's pointy penis protruding slightly from his leather-like sheaf and the dog fat, smooth ball-bag bloating heavily below.

"Come on inside and meet my folks before they leave," Sandra said as she started for the house.

Becky's eyes widened enviously as she viewed her friend's sexy back and rump. The bikini was "thong" style, she realized. From its tight beginnings at the sexy gap below her friend's bouncy round bum, the bikini's string disappeared within the deep, tawny crack of Sandra Orrick's smooth, firm buttocks, only emerging again above to bite gently into the nicely padded rounds of her curvaceous hips as they wiggled seductively side to side as the lovely creature led Becky up the garden path.

However, no sooner had Becky taken a step to follow her sexy friend than the suddenly active Doberman stopped her in her tracks.

Richter had darted forward, blocking the teenager's path. Before Becky could even react, he had his pointy snout between her tightly clamping thighs as he inhaled the rich female aroma of her pure young vagina. Becky was quite off balance as she tried to evade the curious animal's indecent inspection. A sudden blush of embarrassment warmed her cheeks as Sandra came to her rescue. She took the crotch-rutting dog by the collar and calmed him into submission once again. As Rebecca steadied her nerves again, Sandra made light of the situation.

"Sorry about that, Becky. Richter's only trying to get to know you. He still does the old "crotch sniff" to me, Mom, all the time. Don't worry. You'll get used to him!" Sandra grinned.

It was how one might speak while admonishing a naughty little boy, Becky imagined. By this time, they had reached the front door, just as Sandra's parents were on their way out. Sandra introduced everyone. Mr. Orrick was a tall, slightly weathered-looking man in his mid-forties. He must have been a good looking guy when he was younger, Becky decided. His hand seemed pleasantly roughened by hard work as he shook Becky's own politely. Mrs. Orrick was like an older version of her Daughter. Shorter and with larger, heavier breasts, but a very attractive woman just the same and perhaps a couple of years younger than her husband.

"Well, you girls have fun now! And remember Sandy, use the beeper if you need us," Mrs. Orrick waved back as the couple hurried past.

They were on their way to tend to their various duties around the racetrack for the night. Sandra's Dad was "Clark-of-the-coarse" during races, and her mom did whatever she could to help. During the day, they did all sorts of tasks around the showground, from cleaning the stables and kennels, to leveling the race track and maintaining the buildings. That's why the city paid for them to live here inside the showground full-time, Sandra explained as they went inside.

A young, red-headed boy greeted them as they entered the sparsely furnished living room through glass sliding doors. He was much shorter than either girl. Sandra introduced the boy as her little brother, Denis. He was about eighteen, Becky guessed. He was kind of scruffy looking, mostly bones. His pale skin was covered with freckles. He had green eyes, and his carrot orange hair was coarsely cropped and spiky looking. He'd also been swimming recently. He was almost naked, except for a pair of dark blue trunks that wrapped around his skinny hips and boney pelvis, bulging only slightly at the front where they formed a smallish lump to house his little pecker.

"How ya going, Becky? Hey. You weren't kidding, sis. She's a real sexy chicky-baby!" Denis said as he ogled Becky's sexy body.

"Ignore my uncouth little brother Becky. Let's go for a swim!" Sandra laughed as she noticed the look of bemusement on Becky's pretty face.

"You can get changed in my room back there Becky, we'll meet you in the pool," Sandra instructed as both she and the boy headed outside, giggling. Becky soon found Sandra's bedroom. She pulled her bikini from her bag and changed hurriedly. Her friend's bedroom had all the usual teenage stuff, including a DVD player and portable TV. Wow. Sandra must like dogs! Becky mused as she realized the many posters that decorated the small bedroom consisted of various big dogs in action shots. There was even a framed photo beside the bed that showed Sandra hugging Richter. Sandy was kissing his cheek and Richter had a blue sash which read "1st Prize" around his muscular neck.

Denis let out a shrill woof-whistle and Sandy clapped as Rebecca rejoined them poolside in a hot pink bikini. The duo were already swimming merrily about in the deliciously cool water as the warm summer evening swallowed up the last glowing sparks of twilight. Soon all three were splashing and giggling with delight. The noises of excited folk attending the race meeting nearby were plainly audible. However, the high, sturdy fence made the Orrick family's yard a private sanctuary, safe from the prying eyes of the great unwashed public belong. Becky was thoroughly enjoying herself as she swam about, despite Sandra's little brother sneaking peeks at her skimpily clad body whenever he reckoned the pretty teen wouldn't notice. The girls made chit chat and small talk as they swam, but soon they had all had enough and Sandra disappear inside the house to fetch some food from the oven.

Becky stretched out on a lounge-like deck chair beside the pool. Sandy's little brother sat on the edge of another close by, almost leaning over her and grinning enjoyment as his wide green eyes rolled brashly from head to toe along the supine girls shapely body.

"I like the bikini ya wearing!" He leered as his eyes fixed shamelessly on the firm, uplifted swellings of her firm young breasts.

"It looks really, really, good on ya now its wet!" He continued, causing Becky to become conscious of effect the cool water had made on her pert young nipples. Her stiff little nubs were quite obvious now beneath the thin damp material of her bikini.

“What do you think Richter?” The obnoxious kid asked into nearby shadows. Startled, Becky was suddenly aware of the black, hulking form of the big Doberman against the darkened backdrop of the yard, only a few feet away.

She sat forward quickly as Richter moved in close beside her. Becky was painfully aware of her sudden vulnerability. With Richter’s close pressed bulk to her right and Sandra’s brother wedged thoughtlessly between the deck chairs to her left, the only way she could escape would be to slide off the front edge.

However, before she could react, the big dogs head was stretching slightly over her flat belly. His bright black eyes gleamed mischievously as they roamed the young girls tantalizingly feminine body.

“Check em out eh boy? Sandy’s headlights are on full beam!” The bratty little boy chuckled as he pointed at Becky’s proud young breasts. As if on cue, Richter suddenly nuzzled his boney snout under Becky’s closest boob and nudged it strongly upwards, as if feeling its weight.

“Bad dog!” Becky snapped, raising a hand to slap the curious brute. In an instant the dogs demeanor changed. Lips curled back, baring the sharp fangs beneath, as a spine tingling growl erupted from the beast.

“Don’t do that!” Denis cautioned the visibly shaken girl as she recoiled.

“Richter’s a trained guard dog. He don’t like no big sudden movements. He’s just being friendly. Aren’t you boy?”

Becky was paralyzed with indecision. She didn’t dare provoke the dog. She found herself mentally repeating, He’s not going to hurt me! He’s not going to hurt me! As the dog swapped his interest from her ample tits to the lusciously inviting valleys of her scantily clad pelvis.

Becky had already crossed her legs, clamping them together defensively, especially where her creamy inner thighs joined the cupped, fork space around her young vagina. Even so, Richter seemed to have little trouble as he drove his long, barrel shaped snout and visibly quivering nose between them deeply at Becky’s crotch. He nudged forcefully within the tight confines of her warm fleshy leg meat, easily jimmying enough room in-between to bump his snorting nostrils down the clinging crotch band of the frightened girls skimpy bikini bottoms to where her tightly puckering sphincter cringed below.

Richter’s highly tuned K9 sense of smell savored the warm, slightly tart, feminine odor of Becky’s anus before rooting his snout upward again. His pulsing nasal probe devoured the heady aroma of the girls tightly packed, virgin pussy furrow. Ancient chemicals bubble in his brain and inflaming his inhuman sex urge.

Meanwhile, Denis hadn’t lifted a finger to curb the dogs outrageous behavior. Pinned by the dogs exploring head, Becky continued squirming her ass about on the chair and alternatively crisscrossing her legs in a vain attempt to prevent the dog from buffeting away at her most private feminine area. Indeed, the boy seemed fascinated by the bawdy spectacle.

He looks like he’s enjoying this! Becky told herself as she appealed to the motionless boy to come to her assistance with a cross, embarrassed expression all over her pretty face.

At that moment, the dogs growing frustration caused him to nip to the soft, plumpness of Becky’s thinly covered, humid pussy mound, sending a sharp jolt of tingling pain rippling through her taunted young body. Instinctively, the molested teen struck a slapping blow to the frisky dogs back, causing

him to withdraw his K9 proboscis and fix his beady, pig eyes with a threatening glint on Becky's own

Suddenly, almost as if she had been waiting in the shadows, Sandra was back.

"Cool. Foods ready!" Denis blurted as he jumped up and headed for a plastic table setting nearby.

"Richter. You naughty boy. Have you been trying to make friends with Becky again?" Sandy laughed, placing down the tray she had returned with and flipping a small morsel of food at the big dogs feet.

Becky took the opportunity to escape and join Sandra and Denis at the table.

"That dog of yours scares me a bit Sandy! And Denis didn't try to stop him hassling me either." Becky pouted, agitatedly, whilst eyeing the greedily munching eighteen year old opposite her reproachfully as he scoffed down his meal.

"Awe, I'm sorry Becky! You just gotta learn to relax around old Richter. He don't mean to hurt ya" Denis mumbled around a mouthful of food.

"Speaking of relaxing," Sandra interrupted. "I've got a little surprise for you after dinner I think you'll really like Becky!"

She flashed her pearly whites reassuringly and Becky started to feel better again. Oh well. At least no one seems to think what the dog did was funny. I guess I'm just not used to having dogs around the house. Becky decided as she finished up her diner. Soon, they had eaten and Sandra cleared the table, dropping the empty paper plates in a bin and returning to her seat.

"Now for the surprise.!" She announced.

"Do you know Paul Masters from school Becky?" Becky thought hard for a second as she sieved through a jumble of new names and faces she'd only recently met while attending her new high-school.

"Oh yeah!" She recalled. Paul Masters was a weird gothic kind of guy from school. A loner type boy, a couple of years ahead of them at school. She recollected his black greasy hair, supper pale skin and pimply face. Becky couldn't imagine why a nice girl like Sandy would even know a kid like that.

"Anyway." Sandy continued with an excited look in her eyes.

"I was telling him you where coming over here tonight, and he gave me a little present to share with you."

"Awesome!" Denis blurted almost jumping up and down in his seat as Becky starred at her pretty older friend with a perplexed, quizzical, expression. During which time, Sandra, smiling like a cheesier cat, placed a slim white object on the table top and said;

"Surprise!"

"Oh my God. Its a frigging joint!" Rebecca swore in astonishment.

Denis was clapping his boney little hands together in undisguised glee while Sandra brought the marijuana cigarette to her sexy lips, produced a lighter from somewhere and lit it up, taking several large inhalations.

‘Denis?’ she offered, gesturing toward her little brother with the joint after holding its sweet, sticky smoke in her lungs and then exhaling mightily.

The excited boy snatched the fatly rolled fag and started puffing away at it as Becky gaped. This evening was turning out a lot different to the hanging out, watching movies or listening to music Sandy had imagined it would be. She’d never have guessed a pretty, intelligent girl like Sandra Orrick would be a marijuana smoking “party girl”. Still. She hadn’t known Sandra that long she told herself.

Becky was indecisive when Denis offered her a turn on the cigarette. God. What would your parents say Becky? She asked herself as she imagined their disapproval. On the other hand, I don’t want my new, and until now, only, best friend thinking I’m a “prude” do I? Besides which, she admitted to herself, the idea of doing something so blatantly against the law was thrilling a side of herself she had hardly even knew existed until now. The boy helped make up her mind by suddenly pushing the warm, smoldering butt between her reluctant fingers.

“Go on Becky. Its really good SHIT!’ Becky heard her older, wiser, girlfriend encouraging her.

Oh well. When in Rome I guess! Becky told herself as she took a first, tentative, drag on the pungently fuming cigarette and the acrid, intoxicating smoke filled her inexperienced lungs.

She coughed violently as she handed it over to Sandra. Her next turn, she managed to get a lot more of the thick smoke in without coughing and by her fourth try, everything was feeling quite smooth.

Indeed she felt much more relaxed, just as Sandra had promised. A warm glow spread from her lungs to her finger tips as Becky took yet another deep drag on the roach. Sandy felt a gentle breeze caress her skin and the world seemed such a lovely place to be. Happy voices echoing from the distant race stands reminded her of carnivals with Ferris wheels and toffee apples.

What a lovely, kind wonderful girlfriend, Becky told herself, as she gazed hypnotically at her gorgeous friend opposite, she was enjoying yet another hit on the rapidly disappearing cigarette. God she’s a sexy girl! Becky found herself thinking as she recalled the various reactions the boys at school made as they ogled the enchanting eighteen-year-old’s wiggly walk, or the firm bounce of her breasts while playing volley ball in scanty gym cloths. Yep. She would only need snap her fingers and any boy at school would fall between her feet and worship her, Becky decided as an odd thought occurred.

“Why’d Paul Masters give you a joint anyway Sandy?” Becky blurted, surprised and suddenly giggling at herself for no reason.

“Hah! Sandra coughed while raising a finger to the sky. A reaction that made the intoxicated company spew giggles uproariously.

“Well. Let’s just say I know what that guy likes! She stated with an upraised eyebrow and giggled even harder, causing an un-beckoned vision of Sandra on her knees, doing unspeakable things to Paul Masters private parts as the boy grunted and wheezed above her, in Becky’s fetid imagination. Could that how Sandy earned the “present”? The vivid hallucination shocked Becky’s warm, fuzzy feeling brain, causing her to jolt physically in her seat. Sandy noticed the inexplicable little jump as her little friend struggled vainly to clear her thinking and burst out laughing.

“Hey Denis! I think Miss. Rebecca is a teeny weenie bit stoned now.” She smirked as Denis looked across the table and agreed.

He reminded Rebecca of “Denis the menus” at that moment. Its him! She found her self thinking: The little bratty kid who’s always up to something naughty and loving it. She burst out laughing as if she’d just been told a riotously funny joke.

“Yep I reckon she’s good and stoned now. That’s for sure!” The young lad giggled.

“Hey. I got an idea. How about we play a game? How about we play Truth Or Dare!” Denis suggested, grinning from ear to ear and giggling manically.

“That’s a pretty funny idea Denis!” Sandra replied laughingly with a hand on her chin, exaggerating a look of modesty.

“But I’ll only play if Becky does. How about it Becky? Will you play? Sandy urged her slightly dazed friend while sniggering.

Rebecca had never even heard of the strange game before and told them so.

“Don’t worry I’ll explain everything girlfriend! But we better go inside to play.” The older girl cautioned.

A few moments later they were back in the Orrick’s living room. As Sandra directed, Becky took a seat on the floor, “Denis the menus” (giggle) sat across from her while Sandy ran around the house pulling down window shades. What’s she doing? Becky wonder to herself. Its not sunny out? But Sandy was older and wiser than she was, she reasoned. She’d been a true friend to the new girl at school. Staying close by her side, ever since that first day and helping her get adjusted. Becky felt a real love for Sandy welling up inside her. She wanted to give her friend a big thank you hug for befriending her so quickly, and..

“Ok. These are the rules.” Sandra interrupted Becky’s fond reverie as she plopped down on her sexy, bikini clad ass ,cross-legged, completing a rough ring between the “players” in the center of the room.

“The game is played in rounds. On the 1st round the 1st player asks the 2nd player a “Truth” question. If the 2nd player refuses to answer the 1st players question, the 1st player gets to ask a “Dare” question. You can’t refuse a dare question ever! The 2nd player than questions the 3rd player, and so on, until the next round which is all “Dare” questions. Understood?”

Rebecca burst out laughing. She couldn’t even believe Sandra had said all that just now, let alone expect her to understand it all. But what the hell. I’m sure I’ll figure it out as I go along. When in Rome! She told herself again, tinkling with mirth.

“Ok. I’m going first!” Denis announced excitedly. He looked straight at Rebecca as he asked;

“Rebecca, Have you ever wanted to French kiss another girl and if so. Who?”

Wow. This new game is pretty wild! Becky realized, as she struggled for the best way to answer the unexpectedly adult question.

“I’ll take a dare instead!” She blushed. Denis looked delighted, it was almost as if he’d anticipated her refusal, Becky mused.

“Ok, I dare you to take your bikini off and play the rest of the game in the raw!” The excited eighteen year rascal ordered the sexy older girl imperiously.

Rebecca's slightly buzzing mind pondered the naughty request for a moment. She was vaguely aware that exposing herself in public was something she had been too modest to do in the past. But despite that, she soon found herself on unsteady feet, trying to appear brave as her clumsy fingers fumbled to untie the loose bow of her bikini's bra.

In another moment, unhooked, it slid from her smooth shoulders, falling to the floor and allowing her proud young breasts to spring fully into view. Becky blushed a mischievous little grin at her approving friends' catcalls. The cooler air around her soft, creamy boob flesh felt delicious, and the sheer naughtiness she felt by revealing her bare breasts made her crinkly, pink areola tingle erotically.

Meanwhile, Sandra and her little brother were praising Becky, shouting enthusiasm for her to remove the bikini's bottoms. She hooked her elegant thumbs into the small, pink briefs and striped them seductively down the full sweeping length of her downy thighs before stepping out of them completely.

All her most private feminine secrets were now fully exposed before her excited young audience, making her feel giddy and deliciously wicked.

It's funny. She considered. Earlier she'd felt annoyed when Sandra's little brother had ogled her swim suited body, yet now, she was letting the bratty kid get a good hard look at her completely naked anatomy. She even felt a little thrill of pride at having provoked the obvious hard-on that bulged forward from the boys' trunks as his eyes roamed hungrily over Sandy's body. Denis obviously admired her poochy vagina lips protruding gently through her sparsely covered blond mons and the tingling pink nubs of her fine young boobs.

"Fuck. You're so fucking sexy Becky!" Denis crowed lustily as he leered. Even Sandra was clapping and congratulating Becky. Then, she told Becky it was time to take her turn at the game.

Becky was feeling deviously free and adult as she tried to concoct a totally naughty question to ask Rebecca next. However, she found the soft buzzing of her drugged mind made thinking clearly difficult, so she settled for;

"Sandra. Have YOU ever wanted to French kiss another girl and if so. Who?"

Sandra grinned wickedly and nodded her pretty head in the affirmative. Denis whooped and made raucous catcalls in obvious delight as she fixed her sultry eyes on Becky's own and half whispered;

"Can you guess which girl I'm thinking about kissing right now?"

The honesty of her female school chums' erotic confession made Becky feel a little awkward and she blushed hotly. Their eyes held long enough for Becky to become aware of a tremendous desire to go to Sandra just then, tell her how grateful she was to, that the lovely girl was her best friend.

Her fetid mind swam with images of soft, feminine red lips meeting, glistening, dainty tongues dancing wildly together. She had never seriously contemplated lesbianism before, but wasn't surprised to find the idea of tongue kissing with Sandra Orrick appealing to her now. Still, she opted to feign embarrassment and merely pretended to laugh her girlfriend off.

Meanwhile, Sandra had already turned to her little brother and was asking him a "Truth" question:

"Denis. Is it true you have a stiffy right now. And if so. What would you like to do about it?" Every one guffawed hilariously for a moment, before the lad answered.

"Awe shit. That's to easy!" He snickered as he indicated toward the hugely bulging trouser tent in his Speedos. The thin material clung partially to his small, but fully engorged penis beneath, as it stood out rigidly from his pelvis.

"Sure I got a boner. And its been stiff all afternoon with Becky around."

The blatantly naughty confession made the blushful Becky giggle uncontrollably, he never took his eyes off her as he continued.

"And sure, if I had my way right now, I'd bend Becky over right here on the floor, spread her nice tight ass-cheeks apart and shove my cock right up her tight little asshole!"

Rebecca was amazed that an eighteen year old boy could even think such obscene things, let alone say them to her face. More surprising were the hot tingles the obscene flattery had instantly ignited in her immature pussy. She imagined Denis behind her at that moment, pushing his hard little weenie in-between the spreading rounds of her passive young bottom. She could almost feel his pencil like dick punching its way through her little brown sphincter, and sliding delightfully to-and-fro inside. The obscene thought made her shiver fitfully and wiggle her ass against the carpet.

However, although Rebecca hadn't minded playing the raunchy game that much so far, Denis's next question struck her an icy mental blow, even through the drug induced confidence the marijuana in her system had afforded her so far.

"Rebecca. I dare you to let Richter lick your pussy out" The wicked young boy demanded.

Becky's confused mind whirled, un-comprehendingly, at the filthy little boys amoral suggestion. Fun is fun! But surely Sandra would finally tell her bratty little brother to pull his head in now. She told herself.

Sure enough, her older friend had already moved defensively to her side, embracing her comfortingly and reassuringly.

"I bet Denis shocked you pretty bad eh Becky?" She whispered soothingly as Becky nuzzled her head onto the other girls shoulder and received a comforting, pecking kiss on the forehead. She was quickly relaxing again as she snuggled happily into her supportive older friends plump young bosom.

"But don't be scared Becky. You'll love it once you've tried it!" Sandra cooed as she made a small nodding gesture to her horny little brother. He hurried from the room, returning almost immediately with the inquisitive Doberman dog by his side.

"But..uhhhhhh?" Becky mouthed, trying to comprehend what was happening as she suddenly became aware of her girlfriend's cool hands sliding gently over the silky skin of her taught young body. Smoothing delightfully down into her lap, they gently uncrossed the beautiful young girls legs, spreading them open, right in front of the interested dog's ardent gaze with a firm, but gentle pressure, as she spoke earnestly in Becky's trusting ear;

"Richter really likes you Becky. When you let him get to know you properly he'll show you just how much, I promise Ok?"

"Ahh.." Was all Becky could mutter bewilderedly as Sandra kissed her forehead, as if in acceptance, while at the same time, adjusting the young girls position. She was cradling her younger friend from behind now, between her own lovely, widely spreading legs, as Becky's firm round ass and spine backed snugly against the reassuring pillow of her body.

"Here boy, come and get it!" Sandra encouraged the anxious K9.

She spread the unresisting eighteen-year-old's legs still further, in invitation, as she pressed her chin at Becky's shoulder in time to watch her well trained pet crowding quickly in-between the girl's wide flung knees.

Richter's primitive brain shivered with primal lust as it analyzed the multiple feminine odors his quivering nostrils vacuumed in. His keen eyes acknowledged the invitingly spread condition of this new female's unprotected twat. His sensitive olfactory confirmed her feminine ripeness. There was also the familiar, reassuring aroma of his young mistresses permanently in-heat cunt, otherwise unseen, as it pressed snugly in behind the blond's ass, drooling its tasty butter-sauce into her bikini's sopping crotch band.

Sandra spoke gentle words of encouragement as the dog brushed his cold wet nose through the crisp blonde curls of Becky's helplessly exposed vagina, causing the girl's breath to catch, as she mewled softly.

Meanwhile, any fears Rebecca had held before, had evaporated completely. She gazed down between her own obscenely wide spread thighs and watched her school friends big dog taking his initial liberties with her passively accepting pussy.

She was blissfully aware of Sandra's smooth, cooling hands, gently sliding to her breasts, quickly finding the stiff tingling nubs of her buzzing nipples and expertly rolling and pinching them with stroking thumbs. Becky marveled. It was as if her girlfriend responded to her needs with the knowing understanding of a lover many more years experienced than those a normal eighteen-year-old girl could possibly possess.

"Yeah. Lick that juicy blond cunt, boy!" Sandy's little brother heckled excitedly as he leaned in from close by.

He's playing with himself! Becky realized as she noticed the boy's small, but fully engorged cock was now free of his trunks and visibly twisting in his sweaty little hand as he urged his dog to devour Becky's willing upturned box.

At the same moment, Richter dove his bristling snout into the readily yielding blond-fringed gash with gusto. His searing pink tongue pressed its way wildly through the salty folds and excitingly stinky creases of Becky's immature, human pussy, like a hot iron on an ironing board, stripping her sparse blonde pubes of their salty, cuntle encrustations with his greedy K9 lips as he went.

Becky was visibly shaking in Sandra's ardent embrace as the dog started corkscrewing his firm, muscular tongue deeply between Becky's plump outer labia, stretching the sensitive inner ones below violently aside and plunging into the super tight, virgin confines of her pure pink girl tunnel beyond.

Becky aided the animal as best she could, instinctively humping her groin onto the dogs intruding cunt-plunger by clenching her athletic buttocks rhythmically against the floor, allowing the straining brute to force his tongue forward grudgingly, inch by squelching inch, deeper with each pumping action of his boney head, until finally it reached the intact flower of her unclaimed virginity.

The young female groaned in deep satisfaction as Richter growled his own out of growing frustration. He desperately longed to sink his fluted tongue to the hilt in his willing new bitch and scoop out her lust inflaming nectar, but he found full access to his intruding oral appendage inexplicably blocked now by something beyond his inhuman understanding.

He twisted and strained his slobbery, fluttering tongue even harder as he tried to drive in deeper into Becky's tight tube which, despite the dogs strenuous efforts, remained firmly barred by the maddening barrier of the eighteen-year-old virgin's protective hymen.

"Fuck. What's up with him? It's like his tongue's stuck in the bitch or something?" Denis blurted, questioning his older sister worriedly.

"Are you still a virgin Becky?" Sandra asked sweetly into the quivery, rutting, girls ear.

"Uhh Huh!" Becky confirmed, groaning deliriously within the warm, tingly depths of her passion inflamed, drug assisted stupor.

"Denis, Hold him back for a second!" Sandra ordered as her brother darted in, grabbed Richter by the collar and pulled him away, causing the animals long sticky tongue to withdrawal from the young virgins cunt-mouth with and audible sucking smack.

Becky's disappointment was sudden and obvious. She questioned Sandra desperately with needful blue eyes while rubbing ineffectually at her ruddily inflamed cunt-lips and mightily aroused clit with two very unsatisfactory fingers.

"I told you you'd love it didn't I Becky! You don't want him to stop it now. Do you eh?" Sandra mocked a little teasingly, giggling again.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm.Yeah!" Was all Becky could manage while looking somewhat slightly dazed. Her older, wiser friend took charge of the situation. Guiding her with words of affection and soothing tones to the softly sprung couch nearby. Loving hands made the needed corrections, positioning the trusting young girl to kneel by its edge. The shaky young blond supported her upper torso on her elbows wonderingly. Sandra whispered hotly in her ear ;

"You lucky girl! I wish I could loose my cherry to Richter again." And before Becky had fully absorbed her girlfriends words, Sandra had motioned her brother to let the whining, frustrated Doberman loose.

Richter's K9 brain was raging with fuck lust. He already knew what was expected of him now. How many times had naked human females knelt submissively, just as Becky was now, as they supported themselves on the Orrick family's couch with their smooth buttocks splayed invitingly before him? He'd lost count. Even Sandra and her Mother still often mated with him this way when the mood struck them. And then, although less frequently, there were the other, often young females, like this new blonde one, which although they may resist initially, would eventually be persuaded to satisfy his burning animal desire to fill them with his soupy puppy seed.

On his mistresses queue, Richter closed the distance between himself and the dutifully kneeling virgin teens invitingly upturned buttocks with just two powerful pumps of his finely conditioned hindquarters. He tackled the surprised young human from the rear so violently that he knocked her plump chest flat across the sagging lounge.

"Oh GOD!" Becky managed to blurt as she tried desperately to regain the breath the animals weight had knocked from of her. His heavily muscled, bristly upper body had landed fully on her lower back with a meaty thump.

"Arrghhg. Help! The terrified teen begged Sandra, who, still by her side, had grabber the girls upper arm, quite possibly stopping the frightened girl from being torn physically from the couch.

'Sshh. Everything's going to be ok!" Sandra shushed.

Richter clamped his powerful forepaws in a vice like grip around Rebecca's slender waist and in the same motion dragged her curvaceous young hips and ass in and under his already violently humping hindquarters.

During the next few minutes Becky could only prey for survival as her drug impaired brain tried to process the coliderscope of sensory stimulation it received. There were sounds of sexual frenzy all around. Sandra's younger brothers raucous shouting was a steady tirade of obesities like:

"Yeah fuck it boy! Fuck her good!", "Fuck her tight little cunt!" and "Fuck that little bitch!" while Sandra's beautiful soothing contralto contrasted by imploring her to "Just relax", "Don't fight it!" and "Just go with the flow!" As she kneeled beside Becky and did her best to add stability to the straining waif, struggling beneath her hulky K9 lover.

Meanwhile, Richter snorted and puffed like a rattling locomotive above Becky's swaying back as he stabbed his cock purposefully at Becky's exposed rear with his shiny hips.

Sandra marveled at her virile pet's bright pink prodder, its wickedly pointy end was already in a direct line of fire with the passively lipped entrance to Becky's virgin funnel. She almost felt sorry for the squealing little girl as Richter's "practice stabs" punched his male spear savagely into her wiggly inner thighs and bouncing butt meat. She reached beneath to Becky's juddering boobs, giving a quick, reassuring squeeze of female solidarity as her friend endured the necessary pain of becoming the dog's newest human bitch. Just then, Richter's knocking prick-head found Becky's virgin cunt-door.

"Ooooooh GOD! Becky bellowed in pain as all of Richter's body parts acted simultaneously with the explicit purpose of impaling the struggling human bitch beneath his humping carcass with his piercing animal cock.

The synchronized convulsion rammed his skewering cock-shaft all the way through Becky's fluttering fuck-mouth and shredded the obstructive virgin membrane of her hymen forever, sweeping aside its ruined taters as the wild fucker continued to flense a searing path to the furthest reaches of Becky's now deflowered fuck tunnel.

Sandra stroked Richter's rutting flank in admiration as small streaks of crimson appeared on Becky's wildly shaking, creamy thighs, a sure sign to Sandra that her beloved pet's cock had triumphed over her silly young friend's irritating cunt blockage. Richter now had all the pleasure giving access Becky's tight young cunt could give him.

"Good boy, Now fuck her pain away." Sandra encouraged her pet as he sawed his long, deeply buried cunt-rasp back and forward inside the tight ravaged tube of Becky's now thoroughly defiled canal.

Meanwhile, Becky had already recovered from the brutal initial onslaught of the inhuman fucking. As the dog's plugging tool found its stride within her, she found the pain she'd experienced as the dog popped her cherry fading rapidly, replaced instead with a rapidly building pleasure deep within her previously untapped innards.

She was aware, now and then, of Sandra stroking her cheek or tweaking her wildly tingling nipples as she felt the dog's quickly bloating penis within her. Pressuring apart the virginal walls of her vaginal canal, the dog's pre-cum leaked out around his expanding knot and trickled down between her quaking thighs.

"Don't worry Becky! He'll cum in you soon!" The knowing eightenn-year-old observed. The dog had

changed his stroke. He continued to poke Rebecca, unfurling her wrinkled inner cunt tract as it stretched elastically around the fully expanded dog cock.

“Arrrgh,” Becky moaned. “It feels so good!” She wheezed as the first pulsing squirts of Richter’s dog cum erupted deep within her, baptizing her never before fucked pussy with his acrid, inhuman sperm. It spewed hot, gushing puppy-batter into her gratefully clenching womb, triggering the most powerful orgasm of her young life at that same moment.

After several minutes of dog and girl pulsing in mutual orgasm, Richter had finally emptied several quarts of his cum into his new bitch. Quite satisfied with himself, he plopped his shriveling prong from the moaning, thoroughly fucked ex-virgin and sauntered off to his kennel to lick himself clean of her stinky blood and drying juices.

Meanwhile, Sandra, still slumped across the couch, felt a sudden pressure at her rear. For a moment she thought the dog had returned for more, but then she felt boney figures at her hips, turning in time to realize Sandy’s bratty brother was behind her, fully naked.

Before she could raise an objection, and no doubt aided by the greasy dog goo that already lubricated her spread ass cheeks and winking but hole, Denis pumped his slender penis easily through Becky’s puckering anal ring. She started to complain, but before his small ball-sack had bumped her ass cleft more than a few times, the young lad, already well beyond white-hot with fuck lust, jetted his thick white sperm in to Becky’s tightly gripping shit shoot.

“You dirty little bastard!” Becky spat as the youth pulled out his rigid-digit while it was still squirting cum. A thick white glob splattered on Becky’s back as he did so.

“Denis you naughty boy!” Sandra scolded as the kid pumped the last few squirts of his cum from his rapidly dissipating hard-on with his hand.

“Sorry Becky. I just really needed that, especially after we’d talked about it in the game!” He giggled.

“Oh Yeah! I’d forgotten all about the game!” Becky managed to reply, still in a daze from everything that had happened to her in the last few minutes. Damn! Becky told herself. I’ve just lost my vaginal virginity to a fucking dog and my anal virginity to a bratty little boy whose even younger than I am! She knew she should feel humiliated. But somehow, that isn’t how she felt.

“Well, I guess we all won something from the game after all?” Becky said after she’d caught her breath for a few moments. The after glow of her recent orgasm and the remnants of marijuana coursing through her bloodstream, mixing pleasantly in sparkling embers within her well fucked body.

“Not quite. There was the French kissing remember?” Sandra reminded, moving in to cuddle her from close by.

“But don’t worry Becky. Tonight you’re sleeping in my bed with me and we’ll make that dream come true to, just as much as you want.” Sandra promised as she kissed Becky’s beatific, sweaty, smiling face.

“And tomorrow, I’ll show you what other fun we can get up to around the showground!”

The End