

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

Brrr! Here I am, slinking through my garden gate at six o'clock on a Saturday morning, in nothing but my housecoat and slippers. I should have told Doc I couldn't look after his monster dog - Geez, the thing is nearly as big as me. So what if his Auntie is sick? Aren't German Shepherds supposed to be good with sick people or something? But I guess that would be kinda crummy, what with Doc having only just rented this cool cottage to me for cheap. And no hanky-panky, either. He's a proper old gentleman. Not like Charlie. Good riddance to you, Dude. And good luck finding me in this town.

Okay, there's Fritz's kennel. I'm not afraid of him. Just have to show him who's boss.

"Hey, Fritz! I'm not afraid of you!"

This dog-sitting gig is no big deal, really. Crappy feeding schedule, though. I should've cheated - Fritz looks like he coulda have gone another couple of hours before breakfast. Oh well, I'm here now.

"Here you go, dog, two cups of the finest of kibble. Enjoy - You'll get a walk later."

Cause right now, I'm gonna jump back into bed and pretend I'm still sleeping in.

"Good, huh? Oof! Hey, stop! Come back here!"

You won't get very far, you big dope. The yard's fenced. That's right, come over ...

"Hey! Gimme back, my slipper!"

Cheeky goof. Go ahead. Dance around all you like. I am SO not chasing after you!

"That's it ... closer ... closer ... gotchya! Oh, shit!"

Ouch. That hurt, ya dumb dog. Huh. It's all fun until someone slams face-first into the grass.

"Stop bouncing around me, bonehead!"

There. That's a start. I'm back up on my hands and knees. But my housecoat is so rucked up. I can feel a cold breeze on my tush ...

"Whoa!"

Get your cold, bristly dog-snout out of there ... it tickles!

"Hey, stop pushing! Fritz, no! No licking!"

Oh my God ... that hot tongue feels so good polishing my ... shit, now I'm lubing ... but, German Shepherd ... Yuck!

"Fritz, stop that right now! Hey! Let go of my waist. Stop fooling around!"

Oh, SHIT! He's poking at me with his cock!

"Fritz! Help! No! Stop!"

No... he's got me by the back of my neck ... stop growling ... please, don't hurt me! Look. See? I've stopped struggling! Christ! Now the tip of his tool is lodged in my pussy. This can't be happening! I'm so wet from that tonguing; he'll be able to ... Oh, fuck, that slid inside me easily! He's starting to hump me!! Shit! Every stroke is going deeper ... and deeper ... how long is this dog's wang? It just keeps coming ... where was he hiding it all? It's reaching places Charlie never did ... it's gonna do me an injury!

Maybe if I lift my rump... like this ... and press my breasts on the grass ... there, that's better.

Thank God, he's slowing down ... I might survive this, after all ... oh, no! His shaft is growing! How could it ... ? Oof! Please, no - that's not gonna fit ... whoa! Christ! He got it back in me ... all of it, balls-deep ... and I can feel the base of that sucker swelling inside me even more! It must be the size of a softball ... stop growing anytime!

Oh. My. God. Now Fritz is cumming! I can feel it ... so hot ... flooding all through my belly!

Whew. That's odd ... I can practically feel the panic drain out of me. It's all over.

O-kay ... Fritz shot his load into me, but here we are, still locked together... thanks to that huge knob at the base of his cock ... my poor stretched pussy lips have clamped behind it, tight. The rest of his tool is still hard, too ... I can feel my pussy walls squeezing it ... God, I'm working over the length of it in waves ... I'm like a human milking machine ... I can't seem to make myself stop.

I'm not trying that hard, though, am I? This is so fucked up ... I should be doing something or other. But I've been positively mellow ever since Fritz came inside me. Totally relaxed ... except for this pulsating pussy grip I have on his dog-cock ... kinda nice, really.

So what happens now? How long are we gonna be stuck together like this? 'Till tomorrow when Doc gets home? That would be sort of embarrassing ... in the meantime ... uh... I may as well go with the flow... I'm so close to coming, myself ... now that I'm not scared ... oh...

"OH! Yes! Yes! Fuck YES!"

Pussy, do your stuff! Yes! Strip the last drop of cum out of Fritz's fuck stick!

Mmmm ... that was so good ... I can't believe this! I just came for a German Shepherd ... and my pussy is still gripping his big hard cock ... it's so tight ... I can feel the pressure of all his doggie juices trapped deep inside me ... uh... Geez! I think I'm gonna come again ...

Hey! Fritz - what are you doing? No, wait! I still have your pecker clamped tight ... stop squirming around ... that pulls. Yow, don't do that! You can't... oh ... there you are, facing the other way. Not very sociable, ya know. Fine. I'll just kneel here, then. Right now, I feel too good to care.

Shit - did I really doze off? Fritz's cock must have finally shrunk - he's popped free. Sure - go snooze under that tree - see if I care. Contented with a job well done, are ya? Hmph - how long has it been since he jumped me? The sun's come up over the trees, and it's beginning to warm up.

Okay, on your feet, Val. I wonder if old Miss Norton saw us out her kitchen window. Only, I don't seem to care. I should be freaked. Or at least conflicted. What just happened is plain wrong on a whole bunch of levels - isn't it? I'm pretty sure Miss Norton would think so. But right now, I just feel

like I do after a big Thanksgiving dinner – satisfied, tired, and a little too full. Okay, plus I’m a bit sore, so maybe this is more like how I feel after dinner and a hot date. Definitely tired either way. I’m going back to bed. Fritz can look after himself for a while.

Mmm ... that grass feels nice on my bare feet ... and there’s still that pleasant, warm sensation washing deep in my belly. Must sleep.

Huh. Awake ... more or less. Feeling a bit muzzy-headed. What time is it? I remember ... a weird, whacked dream. Only ... I still have that all-over warm glow like a mild fever ... but nicer. And my muscles are stiff. Even ones I didn’t know I had. Maybe ... oh, shit. My dressing gown’s all muddy.

Right. Out of bed, Val ... and straight for the shower. There. Full bore and hot... that stings ... ought to wake me up nicely. Damn, my legs are getting positively shaggy. I coulda sworn I just shaved them. Well, it’ll just have to keep. I’m starving.

Mmm. Gotta love a good toweling. Crap. I must have picked up a rash from the grass this morning. There are a half dozen red spots on my chest below my breasts. And on my belly. Mosquito bites, maybe. Odd they’re in two vertical rows, though. Whatever. No calamine around, anyway.

I’ll just wrap this big towel around myself ... and clack off down the hall to the kitchen. Gonna have to trim those nails soon, too. Anyhow, I’m not that stiff now. I’ve got a positive spring in my step. I’m actually bouncing along on my toes. Well, I always did feel good after a nice roll in the hay. Heh – heh. Only usually Charlie was still hanging around the place afterward. God! Gotta get a grip! What happened this morning was so twisted. We shall never speak of it again.

Hmm. I must add cleaning out this fridge to the ‘to-do’ list. Nothing in here appeals. Oh, wait – sausages. They smell good. I’ll just toss one of those little pink devils in my mouth ... that was great! Can’t imagine why I ever bothered to cook ‘em. They slide right down. Rats, there were only a dozen. Still, that feels better.

I need some water to chase them, though. Damn, not everything has loosened up – my hands are still really stiff. No matter, I can bop the ‘cold’ tap open. Nuts, look at my hairy arms. I’m definitely going to have to find that razor later. There. Why dirty a glass? I can put my head under the faucet and lap up my fill. Oh, hey, there’s Fritz, mooching around the azaleas. I forgot to close the gate between our yards.

Shit! Just the sight of that handsome beast is making my pussy wet. No! Not again. That was just some sort of a fluke. But – I still have to go out and put some food down for him. Ha! Heard me push open the screen door, did you? I see you like me! Well, you should, shouldn’t you? Shoot, now I’m wagging back. Must play it cool!

“Down off the deck, big guy. And you can stop with the circling and sniffing. No. No way. Forget it, Buster. Don’t even think it. Not a chance. Well, okay, just this once more.”

Okay, Val, just crouch down and present your ass. Who will ever know?

Enough with the licking. I’m ready already. Get down to business. That’s it, climb aboard and drive that wonderful cock of yours deep into my vitals. Yes! Oh, God, this time is even better than the last. Before, it sort of happened to me, but now I want it ... need it! That’s it ... pump away. Here, I’ll push my backside up to help. Ooh yeah ... I can feel that beastie-cock growing. I’m almost there already!

I must be comfortably stretched down below ... you drove that knot into me with no problem. Right. Now it's my turn ... feel my pussy clamp down on you? Ha! No way are you going anywhere for a while!

That's it! Yes! Pump another flood of your doggy cum into me! Mmmmm! I can feel that same warm sensation spread right through me ... it's even stronger than when we fucked this morning. Hang on ... here I come ... gangbusters! Must stifle my howling scream with the corner of this towel!

It feels sooo good ... I'll just hunker here and pant for a while ... and let my pussy do the work. Fuck! These rippling clenches ... mmm ... I think I'm still ... coming!

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

It just keeps on ... oh, yeah ... that stuff about ... mmmm ... multiple orgasms ... wasn't bullshit ... after all ... Yes! Yes! ... Hey! ... Sure ... turn yourself around ... again ... like butt-to-butt is so ... romantic ... it doesn't matter ... I'll just stand here ... and milk your hot tool!

Whew. I think I'm settling down, finally. I can still feel the pressure of all your jism-balm inside me, Fritz ... it's kinda comforting. I bet our being locked together like this is like putting a cork in a bottle ... nature's way of making sure your seed reaches my womb first. As long as you're still stuck in there, nobody else can fuck me. Like the Rottweiler across the road ... who'd definitely do me if he could and is probably hung like a racehorse... or that big Labrador, Max, next to the corner store, who always runs out to greet me ... I bet he could fuck me silly, or Miss Norton's sexy Dalmatian ... but of course the joke is on you all because I'm a girl, not a dog. Although, now that I think of it, I dimly recall having bigger tits ... and fewer of 'em. Whatever.

Oof. There you go, Fritz, you're free ... for now! You do like to lie under that tree, don't you? Shit ... my hips are way too stiff to stand upright. It must be from having spent all that time bent over. Hey! That cum-soaked cock of yours is still sticking out. So that's what it looks like. Here ... let me help you lick it clean. I'll just get over there using my hands and feet ... well, okay, fingertips and toes then ... give me some room to sprawl on my belly, here, so I can help you tidy up that tool. Mmm ... tasty work. That leftover cum is warming my mouth ... the same odd way that it warms my pussy.

Okay, Fritzie, you're all done. Time for a stretch, myself. I'll just turn around in a circle a few times ... there. Ooh, itchy ear. I can just reach it with my back foot. That's better. Now to get down to business and take care of my hygiene. Just need to sit down on my haunches ... and a bit of a twist ... there, got my snout into my crotch. That pup must have fired a ton of sperm into me cause there's sure lots leaking back out onto my fur and down the inside my legs. It tastes fine, though.

Good - all cleaned and groomed down there. I'll just nibble that burr off my hock. Oops, watch the teeth. I wonder? I bet I could slip a good length of tongue inside my pussy to score a few more drops of cum. Oh, yeah! Why haven't I ever tried that before?

Well, that was nice! I'll just scrub my whiskers with a forepaw ... and finish up by licking my nose clean. Funny, though. Even sitting here in the warm afterglow of sex, I can't get over the notion that something is not quite right.

I know. Lunchtime. That's it. Come on, Fritz, let's check out the shed by your kennel, where your kibble bin is ... the doors open, and the lid's off. I was sorta in a rush before. Right, we'll both jump up and put all our weight on the top edge ... like this. See? Over goes the bin.

Hey! Give me a little room here - it's been quite a while since those breakfast sausages.

That's better. Lead on, and we'll score a nap under your favorite tree ... right here. No ... maybe like this. Well, how about with my head on your butt? Crap. Sorry, Fritzie, I'm too restless to sleep just yet. I gotta check out your yard. It goes all the way down to the creek at the back. There are a lot of smells out here I never noticed before. Hmm ... that one was a message. And this one, too: 'Fritz was here.' Seeing as we're dating now, I think I'm entitled to add a little pee-mail of my own ... there. Val was here, too.

There's a bunch of other smells out here, too. I'll just check out the ravine. Whoa! I had no idea there was all this good stuff down ... SQUIRREL! SQUIRREL!

Shit! How'd you get up there so fast? Oh. I seem to be standing upright again, sort of, with my front paws on the trunk of this big maple. It isn't actually very comfortable. Fine. Stay up there, you chittering little bugger. I'm going back up to where Fritz is still lying in the shade.

Come on, Fritz ... let's play! A tail nip should do the trick ... tag, you're it! That's the way ... catch me if you can ... wait! I gotta chase my tail for a bit ... it just seems to need doing. Anyway, all this rolling around is helping me clean off the last of the long hair I've been shedding. Which is good, because I wouldn't have wanted to vacuum all that lot out of the rug.

Thirsty now! Back to the creek. Hey! You're making it all muddy ... oh, well - it'll do.

Tired at last! Let's curl up together for a serious nap in the shade.

Mff. That was nice, but now I'm wide awake. Fritz is still snoring. Looks like it's late afternoon. And I'm restless again. I still have the nagging feeling that something is out of kilter in some way. Think I'll wander back to my cottage.

The kitchen door is still open. I'm a bit hungry, but there's nothing left in the fridge, as I recall - just vegetables and yogurt. Check out the living room. Nah. Nothing's ever on TV on a Saturday, and I don't feel like driving to the movie rental shop, so that's off, too. I could head for the bedroom, but I'm all slept out. Close, though. So, what am I? I'm one horny bitch, that's what! Time to wake Fritz.

Crap! The kitchen door swung shut behind me on the way out. I used the key from under the doormat back on Thursday, and it's still on the kitchen counter. A fat lot of good it does me there. On the other hand, Fritz's pad actually looked kind of comfortable. I could bunk in with him. After supper and another fuck, of course.

Actually, I think I'll go for the fuck first. Ha! How about a nip on the nose, sleepyhead? See you in the front yard. Check me out. All coy and hard to get! It never hurts to flirt. Is that dope coming or

not? Oh well, time out – full bladder, here. I'll just squat under this rosebush.

"You're not Fritz!"

Is that...? It is, wassisname, Chris, from across the road. Stunning observation, Einstein. Now fuck off! I'm trying to pee here.

"New Shepherd?"

What? Oh, you're talking to Doc. Hey! When did he get home? It's only Saturday.

"Hello, Chris. This is, um, Sally."

It's me – Val! Surely, you guys can tell.

"Looks like a smart one."

Smarter than you, Chris!

"Chris, you've got no idea. I just acquired Sally this morning to breed with Fritz."

Huh? What that's supposed to mean? Oh, shit, here comes Fritz. Looks like he's keen to accept my invitation, too. Wait. Put that pecker away. Something weird has come up! No, Fritz, don't lick me back there ...

I don't particularly want to fuck in front of these guys ... on the other hand, I'm hugely hot to get more of your fine cum inside me. So that's settled, then. Go for it, Fritz! Fuck me now! That's it, climb aboard and drive your wonderful cock back in there! Oh, yeah! Look, Chris! He's doing me better than you probably could, you asshole. And Doc. What are you doing back home, anyway?

Oh my God, there's that fat knot inside me ... I'm locked to my stud again ... Fuck! ... I'm gonna lose it ... I can feel my eyes rolling back in my head ... and my tongue's lolling out ... Crap, I'm drooling! ... Here it comes ...

"Ahhh...Wooooooooo!"

Yes! More doggy elixir ... pumping into my already flooded pussy... I can feel my belly stretching ... to take it all!

"Wow!"

Liked that, did you, Chris? ... Check out my pussy... going to work ... milking the seed ... out of Fritz's fine cock!

"Hm, yes. They've been copulating like that all day."

And just how ... would you know, Doc?

"Great. Put me down for one of her puppies."

Puppies? Puppies? ... Oh, shit yeah ... gonna come again ...

"Wooo...Oooo ... oooooo!"

Mmmm. Floating ... kinda dazed ... my pussy's still massaging Fritz's tool. Musta zoned out there. Chris's gone, but the Doc is leaning against the front gate. He's smiling at us like he knows something we don't. Fuck him.

That was very nice. I see the Doc's gone back inside. Okay, Fritz, let's clean up ... yummy!

Hungry! Let's check out the mother lode of kibble, out by the kennel ... hey, Fritz, where are you going? The Doc's backdoor is closed ... Whoa! A doggy door? How come nobody mentioned a doggie door? Wait for me! Oh, sure, you're already nose-deep into a dish of tinned glop. Oh ... hi, Doctor. Is that bowl-full for me?

"Sit!"

Well, sure, don't mind if I do. That stuff smells so wonderful. My tail is wagging up a storm.

"Good girl!"

That's what I've been telling you, Doctor. Set that bowl down ... oh, yeah ... it tastes even better than it smells.

"Had an interesting day then, Val?"

Let me get these last meaty motes off of my muzzle ... that was lovely. Now ... where are you hiding, Sir? Oh, there you are, behind me. Damn straight, it was an interesting day!

"Ah! So there's a spark of Valerie still in there. I can see it in your eyes, just as I predicted. Marvellous!"

Huh? What are you on about? And why are you looking at me like that?

"I told you I'd find you a mate, didn't I, Fritz? Ha! My semen-vectored viral transmogrification therapy works! And even more quickly than I expected! Wait until they see the real-time video. They won't be laughing, then! Mwah-ha-ha-ha-ha ... er, harrumph. Excuse me."

No problem, Doctor ... you put on a good spread. What are you getting now? More glop for dessert?

"Here you go, Sally."

Sally, again. Well, you can call me anything you like, except late for dinner. Hello - a rhinestone-studded leather collar. Sparkly! Ooh - and it has a shiny brass tag.

"I took the liberty of buying these gifts for you - to give to my new Weibchen. See - it has your name on it."

A rhinestone choker is not the sort of thing I usually wear. On the other hand, it looks like it might just suit me ... and it was awfully sweet of you to pick it out, Sir. For some reason, I simply can't help liking a guy who serves such good food.

"Allow me to fasten it around your neck ... and secure the leash that goes with it. I see you approve."

It's pretty obvious ... I'm wagging so hard my backside is rocking. Thank you, Master!

"Now, the big question is, how intelligent will your puppies be, eh girl? Just think what the military will pay us to create a super-intelligent canine squad."

Puppies? Right – good idea, Master. I really ought to get on with making babies, then. Come on, Fritzie! Give me some more of that bone juice of yours!

"Well, well. I do believe you may be permanently in heat. I must build a higher fence."

Whatever. Unclip this leash and let me at Fritz. Yes!

"Go and have fun now, you two. I have to place a fresh 'house for rent' advertisement in the newspaper now that Sally will be moving in with us. Perhaps we shall all have another nice young friend soon."

Part Two

She woke to find herself lying naked on a mat. Blinking her eyes against the bright morning sun, she tried to clear away the cobwebs of a dream that seemed to involve chasing bunnies. The sunshine held no warmth yet. She felt both groggy and cold – her skin was all goose-bumpy, and her nipples were stiff.

The last time this had happened, she'd found herself next to her future ex-boyfriend, Charlie. At the time, he'd been quite excited and had told her it was his first close call with a coyote fuck. He'd had to explain himself, of course – about how he'd risked having to gnaw his arm off rather than wake whomever he'd found himself next to in the clear light of day. Luckily for him, he'd added, she was super-sexy. What a goof, she thought now. Why she'd put up with him for so long, she couldn't imagine.

Well, he'd been her first, too. First fuck, coyote or otherwise. Now, as she gradually registered her mat-mate's hairy back pressing against her spine, she wondered if it was time for her to start chewing.

Wait – hairy back? Her eyes snapped open wide, and she found she was facing a chain-link fence. That focused her mind enormously, and she suddenly recognized her location – inside Doctor Werner's dog kennel.

Abruptly, she rolled to her feet. Too fast: she staggered a little, the dizzying sparks in her vision briefly obscuring her view of the Doctor's sleeping German shepherd, Fritz.

What the fuck? How did I get in here? She saw she couldn't easily climb out – even if she hadn't been in the buff – so, embarrassing as it was, she would have to get some help somehow.

"Doc – hey, Doc." It came out a raspy whisper the first time, but she managed better the next. "Doc – HEY, DOC! Get me out here!"

She waited, then yelled again, and was rewarded by the startled face of her landlord peeking out of a back window. He immediately disappeared for a longish time – long enough that she yelled again.

This time, a young woman's face appeared at a window of the house that was, from her present point of view, just next door. Who the fuck is in my bedroom? Before she could call out to the intruder, Werner himself appeared carrying a black satchel.

"This really is most unexpected," the man muttered in a slightly accusatory manner. "It doesn't follow from my theory at all unless ..."

She tried to cover herself, a flustered Venus with an arm across her chest and her opposite hand over her sex. "I don't understand how I got here, honest to God ..." She was close to tears.

"And quite lucid. Extraordinary." He reached into his bag, but instead of a key, he extracted a sizable handgun, which he pointed at her.

She managed to gasp out, "Wait ..." before he shot her.

She woke to find herself lying naked on a bare mattress, feeling groggy and cold. The last time anything like this had happened ... her eyes shot open.

She was now in a small, windowless room. It didn't take long to take stock. The dimly lit space contained little to save her, the disreputable mattress and a bucket by the door. Also - most surprisingly - another unclothed girl who was huddled in a corner. There was also a quantity of chain, which she didn't count as a plus because each of them had one ankle zap-strapped to her ten-foot length of the stuff, which was, in turn, bolted to a sturdy-looking drainpipe. Both were thereby crude but effectively secured.

She was reasonably sure her fellow captive, a redhead, was the girl she'd seen in her bedroom window - although the pretty face that had looked surprised back then now appeared seriously dazed and confused.

Fair enough. So was she. First things first, though. She climbed to her feet and made her clanking way, slightly bow-legged, to the bucket. Having peed, she returned to sit where she'd first woken. No longer distracted by her bladder, she studied her new companion, who had now returned her stare.

Oddly, the first thing she noticed was that the girl was nearly the same size as herself - which is to say, rather small. Charlie used to say he liked to set her down on his cock and give her a spin. She liked it, too, but she'd never said as much to all her friends. Asshole.

She shook her head. She was here because she'd left Charlie - which was his fault, but still. Presently she seemed to be in deep shit. After a long minute, she said, "The Doctor - he shot me."

"Yeah," said the trespasser. "It was one of the tranquilizer guns. You dropped, just like in the movies. I must have gasped cause he turned around and spotted me. I didn't know what to do ... He seemed like such a nice old man."

Like a father - no, more than that. Why ... "He shot me."

"Yeah, well. With a dart gun. Get over it. Anyway, I ran to the front door ..."

"But the lock sticks."

"Right - how'd you know? Anyway, by the time I got to the back door, there he was, with that gun. He marched me here ..."

"Where's here?"

"His basement. He left me in here for a while, and then he came back, still with the gun. He told me to lose the bathrobe and get on my hands and knees. I figured he was planning to rape me - and if he darted me, he could obviously do whatever he liked. But if I did what he asked, well, maybe when he got closer, I could fight him off. I took one of those self-defense courses once, right? So I got down, but then that big Alsatian of his came bounding in and jumped on my back. I tried to shake the thing off, but he was a monster, and he was already poking me with his wang. Before I knew it, he was inside me ..."

The girl paused and shuddered, then tried to continue her story. "After a while, his cock started to grow - I thought I was gonna burst. And then he came, but he was still stuck inside me ..." Another long pause. "The thing is, up 'till then, I'd been scared silly, but ..."

"But then it felt really nice." Her cellmate's story had been making her unaccountably hot. She had no idea why she'd finished the girl's sentence in such a twisted way ... but she knew she was right.

"Yeah."

"Yeah." She had to cross her legs, lose her leg over the chained one, to hide the fact that she was leaking as she thought about Fritz. "My name is ..." This should be an easy one. "Um, my name is ... Sally." Yeah. That's it.

"I know. It, uh, it says so on your collar."

"Oh. Right."

"I'm Sandra."

"Pleased to meet you."

"Likewise." Yet another long pause. Sandra's look of confusion had now changed to something approaching desperation. "I feel so restless."

"You mean horny."

"Yeah. That." She shivered visibly and then said, "It's cold in here, isn't it?"

"It is," agreed Sally, although it wasn't particularly.

Sandra crawled onto the mattress, dragging her chain until she was within cuddling range. Once there, she was surprised to discover something concerning Sally's breasts that she had missed from across the room, given the dim light. They were remarkable not for quality (although they were, she thought, quite nice) but for quantity. Immediately below a lovely pert set, which was mounted in the usual location, were to be found a second pair, slightly smaller; and below those, on Sally's belly, were yet another pair, smaller still. Finally, just above her pubis were two more nipples, each mounted on its own barely discernible puffy rise of flesh.

Each brace of boobies was mounted closer together than the duo above, forming an open V pointing towards the pussy still hidden between crossed legs. The array reminded Sandra of a collected set of

her breasts, displaying how she'd expanded through puberty. "Can I touch one?"

"Of course."

Sandra tugged gently on the second nipple up on the left. It responded by protruding even more than it already had been, and both Sandra's own did the same in sympathy. She couldn't remember ever having been so aroused.

Trembling, she shifted herself until her body lay tight against that of her cellmate. Gazing at Sally's ever-so-slightly pointed ears, her short thick hair, and her somewhat oversized canine teeth - to say nothing of the way, earlier, she'd successfully licked her nether regions clean after peeing in the bucket- Sandra said, "I think maybe I scratched you behind the ears last week when I first arrived."

Sally whispered, "I think you might have. And I think I licked your face. Can I do it again?"

At some point in the subsequent proceedings, Sandra discovered, to her delight, another of Sally's attributes as the girl's doggy tongue plunged deep into her pussy. She was much too excited to notice anything odd about being able to lick excess juices from her nose (which was just within range of Sally's squirting girl-cum). Nor did she pay any attention to the circular pink 'bug bites' that had symmetrically appeared on her ribs and belly, and which gradually began to swell and grow as the day wore on ... at the modest expense of her breasts, above, which were becoming correspondingly smaller.

When the Doctor came in late that afternoon, the girls were dozing together in a tangled heap.

"Ah, there you are," he said - as if they could be anywhere else. "This is most embarrassing. It seems my original theories were slightly off. However, I have re-examined the data, and I am now convinced that I have inadvertently created an equi-modal lycanthrope variant."

"Say what now?"

"Um. I think he said you're a werewolf," said Sandra.

"Very good, my dear. Although the variation I refer to is not precisely based on *Canis lupus*, but on *Canis familiaris*. Your new friend is a were-dog if you like. My revised calculations suggest that, rather than the canine form manifesting merely during the full moon, it should last fully half the lunar month. For the balance of the month, she reverts to the mostly human state you see now."

"Mostly human?" Sally sounded genuinely confused.

"Indeed. And you," he continued to Sandra, "have now been successfully inoculated, as well. I expect your transmogrification to proceed synchronously with Sally's."

Sandra didn't follow past the first bit: "What? Me? Inoculated?"

"Quite so - my method utilizes Fritz as a vector. To grossly oversimplify, he is a transmitter of cellular packets of my unique genetic coding. And of his own, of course," he added with a chuckle. "Of course, continued boosters should optimize the effect."

Sandra visibly shook. "Boosters?" Her question had a hopeful quality to it.

The Doctor smiled and watched as Sandra diddled her clit with no apparent awareness of the fact.

"Excellent! It seems that a secondary prediction of my revised theory can be confirmed. The new amalgam should incorporate the canine estrus response to amplify the original human female receptiveness greatly."

"Huh?"

"I'm afraid you are both permanently in heat," he translated. Then he swept his arm around the room in which the stunned girls sat and abruptly changed the subject. "This won't do at all. If you promise to behave, and to stay in the yard, I shall endeavor to attend to your various hungers. Agreed?"

The girls processed this last bit of information, and then Sandra said, "Sure."

"Yes, sir," agreed Sally, who had already been largely domesticated.

"Say it, please, Meine Weibchen."

"I promise to behave," the girls responded in unison.

"Excellent." The Doctor conjured a pair of side cutters from his pocket and clipped the plastic loops, binding them to the now seriously tangled chains. Then he disappeared out the door, quickly returning with two cereal bowls of what looked like a cold, congealed stew. Another trip and two bowls of water joined the others on the floor by the door.

Sally picked up a lump-filled bowl and plunged her face in to eat while Sandra self-consciously scooped the meaty contents out with her hands. "Not bad," she said.

Sally just grunted.

After, Sandra licked her bowl and then her fingers; Sally licked her greasy face clean but missed a few spots, which Sandra felt compelled to lick for her. This grooming session soon got out of hand, and they had already progressed to nibbling one another's nipples (Sandra having by now developed a full array) when the Doctor returned with a huge young Rottweiler.

"I'm afraid Carl, here, has gotten to be a bit too much for Mrs. Morris down the street. This afternoon, I told her that my new young tenant had started a new business and would love the opportunity to help her out by exercising her dog each morning and evening. I assume you, Sally, will be willing to take over this duty for the time being."

Sally whimpered her agreement.

To Sandra, the Doctor said, "This is for you, my dear. It has your new name inscribed on it. You are now Molly." He held out a collar similar to the one Sally wore.

Sandra barely heard the Doctor's words - while he'd been speaking, Sally had assumed the position on the floor right beside her, ass high, and Carl had happily climbed aboard. He'd made a few miss-aimed prods until she'd guided his probing tool to its well-lubricated target.

And now ... now, at each of his strokes, she was grunting as he drove the air out of her. And then, each time, as his piston withdrew from her slippery bore, she sucked back her breath with a whistle an octave higher. It was the music of Carl's making: "HUH - heh - HUH - huh - HUH - heh - HUH - ohhhhh ... "

At the moment, he was going with *allegro agitato*, in 2/4 time. It was the most erotic thing Sandra had ever heard.

She glanced at the sparkly collar in her hand – she couldn't even remember having taken it. Part of her was not quite ready for this development, but the Doctor had said her fate was already sealed, and anyway, done deal or not, the randy part of her wanted Fritz again so badly she could taste him.

"HUH - heh - HUH - heh - HUH - heh - HUH - heh ..." continued Sally.

Case closed. "I'm Molly," she whispered.

"Well done, Molly. I shall go and bring Fritz."

Molly was left to watch Carl hump Sally. After a while, the Rottie rammed hard and stayed deeply embedded as he pumped his load into his mostly lady lover. Her nipple-studded belly swelled visibly to accommodate the volume.

There's a job well done, he evidently thought, as afterward he tried to dismount. He seemed nonplussed that he couldn't release his tackle – clearly, he was new at this game. After a moment of confusion, he elected to hop sideways off her back. He finished up standing awkwardly with his front end alongside her, and his cock still engaged. He made another attempt to pull clear, but Sally braced herself, dropping her chest onto the ground and growling.

At this juncture (so to speak), Carl affected an attitude that suggested that, while he wouldn't ordinarily leave his cock in a vice, under the circumstances, he chose to tolerate the imposition.

Molly, on the other hand, was not quite so laid back. Still waiting for Fritz, she'd put on her collar and was passing the time by churning three fingers inside herself.

"You gotta come over here if you want some help with that," Sally laughed once her orgasms had eased their grip on her senses. "I'm kinda nailed to the spot."

Molly wasted no time pivoting her bum around and spreading her legs wide to present her leaking pussy to her friend.

"That's better," said Sally, and she began to drive her remarkable tongue deep into her friend, lapping out the juicy goodness within.

Molly came immediately and had come twice more by the time the door opened to admit Fritz. Even so, the sound (and scent) of his arrival jolted her into action, and she performed an elaborate tuck and roll to present him with her backside.

She gasped as his weight landed on her back, and his forelegs clasped her sides. She gasped again as Fritz, being more experienced than Carl in coitus, both canine and human, drove home in one smooth maneuver.

He filled her deeply and completely with a comfortably even stretch that she knew was absolutely the best sensation she'd ever experienced. Her body, she decided, was tailor-made to receive him – which, thanks to the Doctor's formula, was precisely the case.

She was soon gasping out time to Fritz's cunnie concerto, beginning with a slightly slower tempo – he seemed to enjoy a longer, more varied melody. Indeed, Molly's occasional squeaks and yips and the rhythmic sound of her chest smacking the floor testified to his virtuosity.

In the event, Fritz had docked tightly and come before Sally had released Carl. Although the girls were both now tied to their mates, they were near enough to one another that Sally could nuzzle cheeks with the still-ecstatic Molly. She smiled as she licked the drool from the vacant staring girl's chin.

Sometime later, the Doctor collected the dogs. "Gute Nacht, Meine kleinen Welpen," he murmured as he closed the door.

The next morning, the girls woke in each other's arms. Sally looked at her new friend's sticky, disheveled appearance – the girl's long hair had fallen out in the night and now stuck to them both in clumps – and smiled. "Well, you look like you've been riding hard and put to bed wet."

"You look pretty rough, yourself," Molly answered with a laugh. She tilted her newly fur-topped head at the distant sound of a can opener. "Sounds like breakfast."

"Great! I could eat a horse!"

"I'm not sure we're not – I haven't figured out what's in that stew."

"Chunky beef, actually. I remember reading the tin."

Molly considered that. "Right ... What else, exactly, do you remember?"

Sally reviewed her still fragmented memories of the past few weeks. Largely, they touched on the high points: chasing squirrels, bunnies, and birds – eating Alpo – doing tricks to please her master – and romping around the yard with Fritz. Plus, of course, she distinctly recalled Fritz fucking the daylights out of her.

Before she had emerged from her reverie and got around to answering Molly, the Doctor showed up.

"Good morning, Weibchen. Breakfast time." Observing their ragged condition, he added, "Your bathroom privileges shall commence immediately – second door on your right, down the hall."

After their morning stew feed, they hustled to the bathroom in question. Molly won the race to the toilet, but Sally simply shrugged and stepped into the adjacent shower stall. Once there, she took hold of the curtainless curtain rod in one hand, then bent and lifted her opposite leg, whereupon she proceeded to wizz against the inside wall.

Having finished up herself, Molly reached for toilet paper and, finding none bent forward to lick away the last drops of urine.

"Don't need to do that, silly," said Sally. "Just join me for a shower."

They were still there, happily lathering each other, when the Doctor returned. "I have brought you some blankets and also Molly's clothing. Your effects, Sally, I am afraid, have already been disposed of. Nevertheless, you are both the same size – Alsatian-sized, to be exact, mwah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha ... ahem. You can share, I am sure. You must wear something when you go outside so as not to alarm the neighbors. Oh, and wear scarves over your collars, as well. "

Eager to get out into the sun, they finished up in the shower and quickly towed each other dry. They then picked through the box of clothes, both of them tossing the jeans and underwear aside as

restrictive—and, in the case of the bras, somewhat pointless. Molly picked out a blouse and short skirt while Sally settled on a tube top that only served to highlight her octet of nipples, which pressed against the tight fabric.

The Doctor was pruning his roses when they emerged out of the basement doorway. “Hmm, yes. Sally, the scarf is fine, but I believe some sort of skirt would be in order. However, Carl is already here for you to exercise, so for now, you may take care of him down in the back ravine, out of the view of Miss Norton. No need to upset her unduly.”

“Thank you, sir.”

As she hurried off to retrieve the dog out of the pen, the Doctor called after her, “I believe I shall expand your exercise business to service more of the neighborhood – you could probably fit Mr. Wilson’s Labrador and Miss Norton’s Dalmatian, into your, ah, agenda.”

“So that’s what yer calling it,” sniped Molly.

“As for your duties, Molly, you must confine yourself to Fritz’s company for the time being until I have ascertained that you’ve been impregnated. Until then, I can’t risk one of my first breeders being serviced by just any dog. Understand?”

Actually, the whole ‘fuck the dog and sell the puppies’ concept had got past Molly up until this point. However, the notion of spending more time under Fritz was the one that loomed largest in her mind just then.

“Not that there is much risk,” the Doctor continued. “Fritz is remarkably fertile. Incidentally – and I’m quite excited about this – seven weeks from now, Sally will whelp whilst in her canine form. But you, my dear, will have cycled around to your present state for your birthing. I shall film that groundbreaking event, as well, for posterity.”

Sandra had been quite shy and would undoubtedly have focused on the ‘as well’ bit near the end. As well as, say, filming all the shagging steps along the way? Using creepy hidden cameras everywhere, sort of thing? Having become Molly, however, she said, “Yeah. Cool. Puppies. So bring on Fritz!”

The End