

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Scenes from “the hills have eyes” were flashing through my mind as I considered my situation. I was stranded in the middle of the desert, my car was out of commission and the surrounding foothills were rather unnerving.

Like a typical horror-movie-fool I had taken a rarely used road across central Nevada, thinking I could save some time and that breaking down only happens in the movies. In the movies they are always, conveniently, driving a beat-up, old clunker that you know will cause the main character trouble as soon as it rolls into view before the end of the opening credits. My car,

however, was only a year old. A Toyota. Aren’t Toyota’s supposed to run forever? Don’t the Japanese make better cars than the U.S.? How could I possibly break down?

Well, that’s what I thought anyway.

As rarely used as this road was, it was actually paved. But that was of no possible advantage when there were no homes, businesses or any other signs of civilization other than the blacktop itself for a good hundred miles in any direction. I wasn’t panicking yet, though.

Someone who has such a new car, with its six CD changer, dual-zone climate controls, keyless entry and professionally installed, after market, remote control engine starter, sure enough has a cell-phone.

But, this was Nevada after all. So I wasn’t getting a signal where I was. All I figured I needed to do, though, was walk to where I would get one. I still wasn’t panicking.

Until I dropped the phone as I was getting out of the freakin’ car! The freakin’ car that, with all of its other fancy ass, technologically advanced gizmos didn’t have any kind of on-star service!

Panic was now present.

The phone completely cracked. It blinked once, then died. Cheap made piece of shit!

I didn’t know what the fuck to do. The lord only knows when a car might’ve come by, and no one direction was any better than another to start walking in. So, after cursing and kicking every tire on the damned Toyota at least three times over, I grabbed my last bottle of water from my little cooler that I always took on long road trips and headed in the same direction I had been driving in for the last three hours.

After less than three minutes of walking I stopped and paced in a circle, cursing and spitting. This was not what I wanted to be doing, walking down a hot Nevada road in the middle of July on a day when a five foot, one inch, taught-as-a-drum, little blonde bobcat-of-a-girl was waiting for me in Reno.

I could hear her purring from here.

I kicked at a small rock on the side of the road and called my boss every name I could think of. It had been his idea to send me to Vegas to meet with some potential buyers instead of going himself. That son-of-a-bitch!

Then, I thought of the girls in the shows I took in while in sin city for the last two days and the one I took back to my hotel room and decided my boss was an okay guy. I was the one who decided to

drive instead of flying after all. Oh, yes, I cheat on my girlfriend. Sue me.

After letting my mind relive for a few moments the things that show girl and I did, I tried to steel myself for the task at hand. I started walking again but only made another few steps when I noticed something in the distance. Something silvery was shining in the sun on top of a small hill, or, more accurately, a gentle rise in the desert floor that was set against a large, snow-capped mountain range a good hundred miles behind. It reflected the sun so brightly that it was hard to determine just what it could be.

My sunglasses helped a bit but it took walking a ways out into the sage brush to get the right angle, to counter the reflection, to realize what I was seeing. It was one of those silver Airstream travel trailers. Now images from the REMAKE of “the hills have eyes” were flashing through my mind.

It couldn't be someone camping, I thought. It had to be someone doing some sort of research or project. I didn't really care. The only thing that mattered was the possibility of them having a phone. Or a car that worked.

I spied a narrow road that took an awfully round-about way of reaching the trailer and figured a straight line was better. I'm a terrible judge of distance but I estimated that the trek to the Airstream would be at least a mile. A mile of sand and sage and searing sun. Still, this was all a less daunting prospect than following the highway for what could end up being fifty miles or more. So off I went.

The heat of the Nevada sun had me sweating within minutes of navigating the knee-high sage brush. Fortunately I had forgone my suit that morning for a t-shirt and cargo shorts, (I know, I am way out of style, I always have been) so I figured I could take my t-shirt off and work on my tan. I tucked the shirt into my back pocket, letting it hang out like a Bruce Springstien hankie, (don't ask how someone my age knows that cultural reference) and poured some of my water over my head. This was already a rougher journey than I ever wanted, and I had only been walking for about five minutes.

I kept trudging on, though, and eventually I was at the door to the trailer. I knocked on the little door as I poured the rest of my bottle of water over my head. I waited a minute or so and knocked again.

“Please, God, let there be someone around here,” I thought aloud.

But the door never opened. I tried the handle, hoping I could at least steal some more water, but it was locked. I was totally deflated. I sat down on the little retractable steps and held my face in my hands.

“Shit!” I said through clenched teeth. I spat between my feet and looked up. I could see my car glinting in the sun down on the highway. It looked twice as far away as the trailer had looked from the other direction. I looked up at the sky; not a cloud to be seen. The heat was really depressing me.

But, I had to get going. I couldn't sit there forever. I stood up and dropped my bottle. It rolled a few feet and I scurried after it. I don't know why, it was empty and there wasn't anywhere to refill it. But just as my hand gripped the stupid thing my eyes caught sight of something about ten feet away. My mind instantly abandoned the task at hand, causing me to stumble and drop the bottle again and nearly bite the dust. I managed to keep from belly flopping across the sand and sage, and a few rogue tumbleweeds, but I ended up stepping on the end of the water bottle before I could

steady myself. Fortunately, the damage was minor. I could pop it back into shape easily. This, though amazing in itself, was an ordinary occurrence compared to the miraculous sight before me.

There, sprouting out of the desert floor, like a submarine's periscope rising out of the ocean, was a faucet.

Yes, a faucet.

Yes, one of those things that releases water from an underground well.

It quickly occurred to me that whoever lived here must be planning to build a more permanent structure. They were surely living in the silver trailer till they got their house, or whatever, completed. It was a rather lonely place to live, I thought. They must really want to get away from it all. Or maybe they had just gotten it real cheap. Either way, I was just glad that drilling a well had been their first order of business.

I manipulated the plastic till my bottle once again resembled a bottle and eased over to the faucet. I pulled up on the pump-style handle and let the water gush for several seconds. Then I eased the handle down till the water was flowing at an appropriate rate so as to get it into the small opening of the bottle.

I refilled the bottle several times, drinking some and pouring some over my head and face and down my chest. I filled it one last time and screwed the cap down tight. I shut the faucet off and ran my fingers through my wet, crew cut hair and wiped the water that was dripping down over my eyes with my upper arm. I finally focused on my surroundings again and found my self facing away from the highway at what lay behind the little trailer. I stood there staring at more surprises.

First: starting about fifty yards from the silver AirStream there was a barn-like building and a pen. The pen was essentially an extension of the building, closing in the immediate area in front of the large, double-doors. This created an enclosure of about twenty by forty feet and was constructed of a six-foot chain-link fence. The building was a rustic barn-style structure, though much shorter than a typical barn. There was obviously no hay loft. I realized that the subtle rise in the desert floor that the little trailer sat atop began to descend almost immediately, dropping enough to hide the barn from view from the highway.

The second surprise was right in front of me. It was a dog. A large, huffing, wringing-wet rottweiler stood staring up at me from just beyond the length of my shadow. Water drained off of the stocky k-9 as though it had just crawled out of a swimming pool. It suddenly started shaking, its whole body rocking back and forth violently, flinging beads of water across the sagebrush and darkening the arid ground for several feet in two directions. Then, with a look of complete disinterest it simply stared at me and continued to pant.

"How in the world did you get so wet?" I wondered aloud. Then I got the third surprise when saw that the trail of water the dog had left across the sand led to an awning attached to the back of the silver trailer. It was a cloth awning that ran the length of the AirStream and extended out about eight feet. It looked homemade and was supported by posts on the outer corners. It was closed in on the sides by blue plastic tarps that were fastened by ropes and grommets. It seemed very illogical to me that whoever lived here had parked the trailer with the door facing the highway and put the awning on the other side. It made more sense to have the door open to the shade of the covering. But

what do I know?

The dog suddenly turned and headed back to the solace of shade beneath the awning. I didn't blame him. I wouldn't want to stand out in the direct sun either, especially if I were covered in black fur. I wanted to follow him, to see what was behind those blue tarps. But, I knew I should just get going. I was lucky that dog hadn't been mean, considering the reputation of rottweilers. So I should be thankful that I had a full bottle of water and no flesh wounds and be on my

merry way.

But then I heard a splash. In the middle of the friggin' desert I heard a splash! Like a splash of water! This intrigued me too much. I had to see what was back there. So I eased up to the corner post and craned my neck around. In the middle of the shaded recess, on a cement patio, was a kiddie-pool, and right in the middle of the pool was the rottweiler. I guess it did just climb out of a swimming pool, go figure. It lay with its head draped over the side, panting and drooling.

I glanced around at the rest of the patio. There were several lawn chairs that were glommed together in one of the back corners. There was an ice chest along the opposite side from where I stood, and on a small table against the trailer was yet another surprise. Along with a towel and some random household junk, were both sections of a two-piece woman's bathing suit dangling over the edge. The sight of this little white bikini was as welcome as the faucet had been. That is until the thought came to me that it could possibly belong to some big fat woman, or worse, a cross-dressing man. Ugh!

I was just about to step away when I heard a noise. Or at least I thought I did. I wasn't sure. The dog hadn't moved from the pool and I couldn't see anything else that could have generated sound. But then I heard it again. I realized that there was more panting coming from somewhere. Then one of the lawn chairs in the jumbled congregation scooted. It was only about an inch of movement, but it was movement.

"What in the hot ass hell?" I whispered aloud.

As I said a quick prayer that the rottweiler was still in an agreeable mood I took a step onto the cement. I slowly moved further into the cloth-covered cove. I looked at the dog in the pool; it didn't seem to care what I was doing. I took another couple of steps toward the chairs. As soon as I was close enough to see over them I got the biggest surprise yet. In fact, it was the biggest surprise of my life!

Behind the convergence of lawn chairs and against the side of the trailer was a stark naked girl!

She was on her hands and knees with her face against the plastic tarp. Another rottweiler was behind her, standing ass to ass with her. I immediately realized that he wasn't just standing there, he was in her! Fucking her! They were mated!

His tail lay across her smooth back as he panted and drooled. If I didn't know better I'd have sworn the dog was grinning and that the drool wasn't from the heavy panting and the heat but from blissful oblivion.

The girl appeared to be around eighteen or nineteen and nothing short of sexy. She may not have been the classic knockout with long legs, ample breasts and pouty lips and the air of a ditz, but in her own way she would never fail to make a man whimper. Though it was hard to tell with her being on her hands and knees I estimated her height at a petite five foot. She was slender and firm and had a great tan. The suntan wasn't

overly dark but enough to create a pleasing contrast to the milky white skin around her ass and over

her tits. She obviously wore that white bikini around the desert but refused to go completely nude. I guess even if you are someone who fucks dogs you have to preserve some modesty. Oh well, it didn't matter. I have always loved tan lines.

Her hair was blonde and silky and a little more than shoulder length. Those milky white tits were only of modest size but so firm that even in this position they didn't flop around like those of an old lady.

The dog she was hooked up with began to get restless. It tried to move away from her and she gasped. She reached back and grabbed its hind leg and spoke firmly: "No, Gomer... Still!"

"Gomer?" I thought to myself. Well, a name for a dog is just a name for a dog, I decided.

As the dog fidgeted I could hear the squelching of their coupling. I actually found it to be an erotic sound and realized that I was enjoying what I was witnessing.

I quickly shook those thoughts from my head. I stared for another minute or so then it suddenly occurred to me that maybe she hadn't planned this and needed some help. I had never been faced with a more difficult task than trying to decide how to let her know I was there. How do you address someone who's being bred by a

rottweiler? I mean, "excuse me, I don't mean to bother you." just didn't seem right.

I finally decided on a way to go and went with it. It took a few restarts but it finally succeeded in breaking out of my throat.

"Uh are you okay, miss?" it not only sounded totally ridiculous, but it startled the holy heck out of her.

Her gasp was nearly a full-throttle scream. Then she let loose with the profanities. "Shit! Who the fuck are you? Get the fuck out here! Now! Now! Get! Get the fuck out of here!"

"I'm sorry... I was just... I -"

"Just get the fuck out of here, now! Go on, get out of here! Fuck! Just get! Go!" She was near panic mode, and this was agitating the dog. He started pulling, trying to disengage. "Owe, shit! Gomer stop!" She had a hold of his leg but this wasn't deterring him. She had to crawl backward to keep up with him and they ended up turning about one hundred and eighty degrees and knocking into the chairs. "Dammit Gomer! Shit! Ahhh!"

At this near scream I charged forward. "No, get the fuck back!" she commanded, her voice not nearly as forceful as her words. Her breathing was short and rapid. I couldn't tell whether it was due to pain or ecstasy. Either way, I still felt compelled to do something.

"Can I do something for you, miss?" I croaked. Geez, I was sounding so lame.

"Grab his head," she said.

"Huh?" I responded, caught off guard. I wasn't really expecting her to have any requests.

"Just grab his head, for fuck's sake! Shit! Just hold him, don't let him pull away!"

I quickly obeyed, kneeling down in front of the dog and gripping his collar. His breath as he panted in my face was gawd-awful. Being so close to the drooling pooch made me realize just how big his

head and mouth was. That's when it dawned on me that I should have been a little more cautious about getting right down in the dog's face, especially while he was breeding. He could have bitten my own face clean off. I gently scratched behind his ears and called him a good dog. Any dog that doesn't mutilate me is a good dog in my book. A damn good dog.

As I continued to pet the big brute I also continued to steal glances at the girl, lustfully admiring the skin on her thighs. Suddenly her body started to shudder while soft moans and sighs began flowing from her mouth. I could see juices streaming down the insides of her legs as the squelching became even more audible.

She finally relaxed and her arms collapsed down to her elbows. She lowered her head to the floor. Her back arched severely in its effort to keep her ass as high as the dog's. I tried to grab a glimpse of her breasts and saw her looking back at me. Her eyes went from my face to my crotch.

"I see you are enjoying this," she snipped, "blew your load already, shit!"

I looked down and my pants. Though my cock had tingled a bit at the sound of her moans and the squelching, I hadn't developed an erection yet. But the water I had poured over my head had darkened the front of my kaki-colored cargo-shorts.

"Oh, uh no, I was just using your hose to -"

"Oh, please," she sighed.

"No, really!" I defended myself. "I broke down on the highway and was just -"

"Yeah, yeah, whatever So you didn't get off yet, you will. You'll go home and beat off or something."

"No I won't... I mean... I wouldn't -"

"Don't give me that shit!"

I didn't know what to say. I didn't blame her for being snotty. I don't think I could have found it in myself to be friendly in that situation either.

"I'm sorry; I didn't mean to embarrass you... I'll just go," I said and started to stand.

"Wait!" she hissed. I paused. "Not till he's done. Wait till he's done, please?"

"Sure," I said. I slowly squatted back down and resumed the task of petting Gomer. A few minutes passed when a question arose in my head. "Did you " My voice faltered.

"Did I what?"

"Did you... you know, uh... do this... uh -"

"On purpose? Of course I did, shit!"

"Well I didn't know sorry."

"Oh don't act so innocent."

"I'm not, I mean, that is I'm not innocent. Or trying to act like I am."

"Whatever, just shut up would ya? Just be quiet, shit!"

I complied and shut my mouth. I stroked the dog's head and tried to concentrate on something else. Anything else. A few minutes passed when, as I was looking over my shoulder at the other dog, the two that were mating began moving. It was the girl who was initiating things. She was pulling forward, slow and easy. Finally, after several seconds of hissing through clinched teeth, she was able to dislodge Gomer's cock. It came out with a liquid-laden "splat." A waterfall I'd once seen on a trip to Yosemite national park came to mind as I watched the k-9 cum cascade down the girl's legs, creating a puddle on the cement.

I released Gomer's head and stood up. I watched him as he walked away to the other side of the patio and began cleaning himself. I was stunned at the size of his equipment. It had to be at least eight inches long and as thick as a cucumber and there was a bulbous expansion at its base the size of a tomato. I couldn't believe she'd had that thing in her pussy. Not many men, I thought to myself, were ever going to be able to satisfy this girl after experiencing that.

I looked back at the girl; she was sitting back on her haunches but still hadn't stood up. I finally got a look at her face. It was not the face you'd expect from someone who's into something so twisted as dog-sex. It wasn't the face of a toothless hag or awkward, anti-social geek. It was, plain and simple, angelic. Eyes of amber, a button nose, round, dimpled cheeks and all of it covered in the smoothest, most flawless sun-kissed skin. It was the face I pictured for her body, but not for her behavior.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

"I'm fine," she sighed.

"Can I help you up?" I reached out a hand but she waved me off. I pulled my t-shirt from my back pocket and offered it to her, thinking that she might want to cover up. But she waved me off again. I used the shirt to wipe the sweat from my forehead and chest and turned to leave.

"Well, I'll go... Again, I'm sorry I, uh... you know interrupted -"

"Wait!" she said, urgently but not loudly. I turned back. "Could you do me a favor?" she asked.

"Uh... I don't -"

"Please!"

She was just a stranger in a strange place doing a strange thing and I didn't feel I had any obligation to stick around and do anything for her. But, I've never been able to say no to a naked girl.

"What do you need?" I said, relenting to her.

"Can you stay? I need some help."

This was strange. "Help with what?" I asked, uneasy.

"With Sampson," she said and called the other dog over to her with kissing noises.

Sampson? Well, it certainly wasn't as lame as Gomer, but I would've bet money that its name was Goober. Gomer and Goober? Oh, well, I guess that comes from watching too much TV Land. Yes, a guy with a sexy girl friend, and who cheats on her with Vegas show-girls, goes home and watches TV Land. And Nick and Nite. Hey, there are worse things to judge me on.

The big galoot-of-a-dog stumbled its way out of the pool and lumbered over to the girl. She scratched his ears and looked at me. "If I don't let him get his now, he'll get aggressive. He'll try to fight Gomer he'll even try to bite my dad when he comes home The scent is in the air, basically so I need you to help me like you did with Gomer. You know, hold his head? Don't let him

try to pull away too quick."

I was speechless and motionless as I took it all in. If I was still able to put two and two together (and maybe I wasn't anymore after all this, who knows?), then I had just concluded that she not only had done this before, enough times that it had a routine element for the dogs, but she was about to do it again, right in front of me!

I also understood that she had a father who could be coming home any minute. I really wasn't sure about this. Getting out of there was certainly the wisest thing to do.

"Sure," I said. Of course that's what I said. I'm a young horny guy with the opportunity to see a sexy young girl have sex in front of me. Now matter how taboo the sex may be it's hard for a guy to pass it up, to even pass up the chance to watch it.

The girl then reached beneath Sampson's belly and started pushing the sheath around his soft cock back and forth. Once she got the dog's red meat to grow she suddenly resumed an all-fours position. Sampson sniffed at her cunt and began licking. I could see him becoming more excited by the second. He licked his fellow rottweiler's cum from the inside of her thighs, the sight of which, along with her now less inhibited sighs, spoke directly to my cock. I felt my member begin to stiffen. I wanted to push that dog out of the way and clean that cum off of her smooth inner legs with my own tongue.

Dear, lord! Where did that thought come from? I mean, cum is something I've never had any desire to taste, I am straight after all, and dog cum really wasn't my cup of tea. But I had the thought. And it didn't leave.

The dog lapped eagerly at the coupling cream, drooling away more than he was swallowing. Every time he slid his large pink tongue across the girl's pussy she would hiss and shudder. She neared orgasm when the dog paused over her cunt and tried, repeatedly, to drive his nose into her, his tongue lashing out and penetrating her,

further and further. But just before she was treated to the body-rocking sensations of an orgasm, the dog pulled away and circled her. Sampson strutted around her, the two of them panting just as loudly as the other. Each time he passed her pussy, he would lap at it with that big flopping tongue, drawing breathy moans from the girl from deep within her libido.

I had been falsely accused of sporting wood a few minutes earlier, but was now as guilty as hell. My rod throbbed inside my shorts. My heart was hitting the inside of my chest the way one of my junior high buddies used to slap my shoulder during the money shot of a porn video we'd once gotten a hold of.

Finally, as he made another trip around, he reared up from along side of her and clasped his front legs around her narrow little waist, swinging his rear into position behind her in the same motion. His ass was hunching away even before he completed this surprisingly quick maneuver. The girls head lowered some as she reached back with one hand to help guide Sampson's prick into her already ravaged cunt. As soon as their combined efforts were successful, and his cock had breached the threshold, Sampson cinched himself up tight against her ass with the powerful grip of his front legs. His humping was hurried and uncontrolled. There was certainly no subtlety to his method. It

was simply rapid-fire short-range thrusts with no rhythm or finesse, just brute strength and the basic, primordial instinct to procreate by the bluntest of means.

The staccato drumming of the dog's loins was driving the girl across the cement and sending visible ripples through the flesh of her torso. Sampson forced her up against the wooden skirting of the trailer where she braced herself with her shoulder and did her best to push back against the force of the dog's frantic ramming. Her moaning was escalating into an endless series of short, high-pitched squeals. Drool from Sampson's mouth pooled in the middle of her back, then over flowed and streamed down her sides where, by the drop, it repelled down to the floor on long glimmering strings that fluttered with the jiggling of her body. Saliva from her own mouth was spotting the concrete as well beneath her face as she lost herself in the blissful ecstasy of their coitus.

Suddenly her lustful squeals turned to cries of pain. She lowered her self to her elbows and clutched her own hair with her hands, pulling on her roots to override the pain in her pussy. I stepped forward, wanting to do something.

"Are you okay, uh Miss?" I asked, knowing it was a dumb thing to say.

"yeeeeessss!" she screamed. It sounded like a profession of pleasure more than any answer to my question.

If she was just voicing her passion, she seemed to reconsider when another cry of pain burst from her throat. It didn't occur to me at that moment that one of those same bulbous knobs I had seen on Gomer's dark red cock was trying to violently drill its way into her vaginal cavity. I simply figured that the roughness of Sampson's fucking technique was provoking this display of distress. With another yelp she reached beneath herself with one hand to try to somehow ease the assault on her cunt. It appeared to work for her agony-addled wails softened and even the dog began to slowly decrease his onslaught. His thrusting slowed until it completely ceased. They both panted exhaustedly with Sampson resting across her back. More drool drained from their mouths. Beneath the dog's stubby tail I could see the ring of his ass expanding and closing furiously as his cock blasted away at the girl's pussy like a cum-shooting Tommy gun.

I heard it before I saw it. Cum bubbled out from around Sampson's massive member once again coating the girl's thighs with reproductive fluids. As the watery semen rolled down her thighs the dog suddenly began to heave himself around. His front paws reached for the floor beside the girl and his left rear leg stepped over her back. He jockeyed till he was ass to ass with her as Gomer had been when I first arrived. As soon as he was facing away from the girl, Sampson made a strong effort to pull away, unceremoniously dragging her about a foot across the concrete.

"Ahhhh! Grab him!" she screamed. "Grab him, shit!"

I snapped out of the trance I'd slipped into while watching the obscene proceeding and charged forward and grabbed Sampson's head.

"Sorry," I said. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, shit! Would you quit asking me that?"

"S-sorry, I -"

"Fuck, would you quit being sorry! Just shut up!"

I lowered down to my knees and sat back on my haunches as I stroked Sampson's head and neck. He

huffed away in my face, his breath even more repulsive than Gomer's as it carried the odor of his buddy's sperm he'd licked from the girl.

My own cock was still straining against my shorts. If not for the wetness of the water I'd poured over myself, a pre-cum stain surely would've been visible. I couldn't believe I was turned on by something like this. I mean, I had viewed some rather bizarre and taboo things on the internet in my day but I had never really gotten off on it. But, here I was, hard as a fucking rock over the sight of a young woman being bred by a dog. I tried to tell myself that it was just the sight of a gorgeous girl in her birthday suit and the sounds she was making. After all, whenever I'm fucking a woman, I don't blow my load until, and usually right as, she begins moaning and screaming. These same noises coming from this girl's mouth were sure to trigger subconscious reflexes.

Along with this reassurance I tried to focus on something other than Sampson and the girl. The girl. The girl? I suddenly occurred to me that I knew the names of the dogs but not the girl. I wanted to ask her name, to introduce myself, but she had asked me to shut up. Still...

"I didn't catch your name," I said, immediately cringing. What was wrong with me? I was usually rather smooth around women. Downright suave. But now, with this girl, I was like an awkward teenager on the first day of high school.

"I didn't tell you my name, dumbshit!" she spat.

"Sorry, I was just -"

"Penny it's Penny, for fuck's sake Shit, I got Mr. Sorry over here."

Again, I would be as snotty hell, too, if I was her. So I didn't take it too harshly.

"I see you are getting into it now," she said, and I could see her once again looking at my crotch.

I guiltily looked down to see the very noticeable bulge between my legs. "S-sorry," I started to say. "I mean... yeah... Well... this is all a bit... uh..." I didn't know how to describe it.

"Hot?" she asked. That would be the word.

"Well, yeah But not just that it's -"

"Yeah," she said. Her voice was serious, almost ashamed.

"How long I mean, when did uh you know, when did you first -"

"Ever since the first time I felt horny."

"Oh," I said, shocked. "How uh how old are you now?"

"Nineteen."

Hey, I finally got something right!

"I see," I said, trying to continue the awkward conversation for the sake of conversation. "Does your you know your dad uh Does he -"

"No, of course not!" she snapped. It was a stupid question. I decided to just remain silent.

"You still haven't told me your name," she said after a few moments, her voice struggling for steadiness as her body tensed again, seemingly building to another crescendo of pain or pleasure or both.

"Davey, uh, David, Dave! I'm Dave," I answered. Shit, my mind was flipping out. No one had called me Davey since I was ten years old and I hadn't thought of myself as Davey since long before that.

"Are you sure, or do you need more time to decide?" she asked and actually giggled. It was a strange sound, a giggle that was book ended with soft grunts.

"I'm sure," I said with a smile.

After a few more speechless moments I remembered that there was something else I wanted to know. Needed to know.

"Your... uh... you know... you said your dad is coming."

"Don't worry about it... It'll be a while."

I was just about to ask how much longer this was going to take when Penny started doing something that was in no way a remedy for my raging hard-on. She began fucking herself back on Sampson's cock, grinding on it and calling out to the sexual heavens.

"Yeeeeesss! Oh, gawd yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh! Ahh! Ahh! Yes! Gawd, yes! Oh, gawd yes!"

Man, I wanted to yank that dog out of the way and ram my own dripping, pulsating prick into that pleading pussy. I was actually getting close to climaxing in my cargos just listening to her and looking at this once-in-a-lifetime sight. After a good minute and a half, Penny suddenly halted her lustful actions. She panted and huffed and gasped for air. My own breathing was elevated and I was sweating from more than just the heat of the Nevada desert.

"Oh, shit! Oh, shit! Oh, fuck!" she babbled

breathlessly.

Through it all, Sampson merely panted and stared through me with a glazed look on his droopy face. It took a few minutes for everything to settle back down to what passed as normal beneath this homemade awning. I assumed that she would be disengaging from the contented rottweiler any minute but the minutes kept ticking by with the two of them locked together.

"Uh how uh long uh does this usually -"

"Up to a half an hour."

"Really?" I asked in genuine disbelief. "So I take it then that... uh... Gomer... has an... uh... you know... a quicker release?"

"Not really."

"Then how come he... uh... you... you know... pulled apart so quick?"

"Are you kidding? We were tied for twenty minutes or more before you showed up," she said, her

tone the most civil it had been since I found her.

"Oh So we have a ways to go here, then?" I mumbled.

"Uh huh You know, speaking of you showing up, you haven't told me what you are doing here," she said. Her voice was as steady as could be, altogether conversational, all things considered.

"Oh... I... Uh... I broke down on the highway and thought hoped you had a phone or something." I had all but forgotten why I had come here or that I'd come here for a reason.

"Well then it's my turn to be sorry," she said, all the time looking straight ahead.

"There's no phone here. Cost too much to have lines put in way out here."

"What about a cell phone?"

"No service for several miles in any direction, so what's the use?"

"You could always get a satellite phone," I said.

"Does it look like we can afford such things?" she said. Her tone seemed to be tightening again.

"Uh, sorr... I mean, I was just making conversation."

"Yeah, I know," she sighed.

"I don't suppose you... Uh... have a way to give me a ride to the nearest Uh... town or phone?" I asked.

"Not till my dad gets home."

"When will -"

"Late this evening," she said, looking over her shoulder at me. There was a tinge of apprehension in her voice.

I let out a sigh of my own, one of defeat. Several quiet moments passed. I finally unfolded my legs out in front of me and rested my ass directly on the cement. My cock was still tenting the front of my cargo shorts and made no effort to hide it. I continued to pet Sampson, stroking his broad, muscular chest, and stared at the growing puddle of dog cum beneath his and Penny's union. Every now and again one of them would make a slight motion that would result in more squelching or a soft moan from Penny.

I don't know how much time passed as I sat there, bare-chested, erection throbbing, sweat dripping, staring out across the sagebrush. All I know is, my pants dried from the water I'd poured on myself, leaving only the spot near the tip of my prick as the only darkened fabric. Gomer had finally finished cleaning himself and took his turn in the pool. He lay in the water with his chin on the edge, watching his buddy get his rocks off. Penny had offered me a refreshment from the little ice chest along the side of the little covered cove. I was able to reach it without letting go of the dog and snatched myself a Pepsi. Penny didn't want anything just yet and we resorted back to silence.

At last, I heard the hissing. I looked over and saw Penny pulling gently away from Sampson. It was slow and easy going but, eventually, the distended dog dick dissevered itself. The same kind of "splat" that signalled Gomer's separation told me that penny was once again freed. I allowed

Sampson to lumber away and rose to my feet. Penny remained on her knees. She asked me to hand her the towel from the little table, which I did obediently. She wiped the fuck juices from her legs and her crotch. Watching this was as erotic as hell in its own right.

When she was done she tossed the towel aside and stared up at me from her knees. Her eyes alternated between my face and the large protrusion in the front of my shorts.

"I can take care of that for you if you want?" she said more as though she was a maid obligated to remind me of one of the included services of the hotel than in the vein of a come on.

"Uh, no. That's okay. You don't have to do--"

"It's the least I can do," she winked.

It wasn't right. I didn't really believe she wanted to do it. She certainly had no duty to, or obligation. I didn't want to feel as though I had taken advantage of someone who was simply feeling guilty and embarrassed and looking for a way to dilute the negative image she figured I held of her. Maybe even looking for a way to punish herself.

It was just plain wrong.

But, I was tempted.

I was very tempted.