

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



"Oh, come on, Becky, you're not seriously considering bringing home another stray?" Mark's voice was a mix of skepticism and resignation as he followed his wife into the local dog shelter.

Becky turned to him, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "You know I can't resist those puppy dog eyes. Besides, with the baby on the way, I thought it might be nice to have a furry little nanny around." She winked at him, her belly gently protruding under her loose-fitting shirt.

The couple was very happy and were already looking forward to their child. It was the first baby for the young Becky. Mark and Becky were both somewhat naive, but they enjoyed their lives and it was clear that this wouldn't be the last child they would have. She was eight months pregnant, yet they both still had a very active sex life.

However, both had already noticed that Becky's body odor had changed for the better. They researched what this meant on various social networks and discovered that women produce pheromones toward the end of pregnancy to further bond with their male partners and encourage them to impregnate them again. This increases the psychosocial bond in all mammals. They were somewhat surprised at how fundamentally animalistic humans still are.

The moment they stepped through the doors of the dog shelter, the sound of barking grew louder. The dogs, confined in their kennels, went wild, tails wagging and paws scratching at the bars. As Becky approached the first row of cages, the dogs' excitement became palpable. They seemed to sense something about her, something that made them completely lose control. One by one, their behavior changed from playful to downright furious, their eyes fixed on Becky, her round belly and her wide hips. A sturdy Rottweiler in the second cage practically vibrated with desire, his hind legs kicking in the air, making it clear what he intended.

The shelter worker, a young woman wearing a name tag that read "Jenna," smiled at them knowingly. "The dogs can get pretty excited in her condition," she said, her tone suggesting something Becky and Mark didn't quite understand. At that moment, Mark's phone vibrated in his pocket, saving him from this awkward situation. "Honey, I have to take care of this. Please take care of it. I'll wait outside in the car and see what happens," he said, retreating into the quiet of the parking lot with a kiss and a wink. "Don't get too attached to her, okay," he added, and disappeared.

Becky nodded, watching him go before turning her attention back to the row of eager dogs. As she approached, she noticed that the Rottweiler's cage was strangely silent. The dog stared at her intently, his eyes smoldering with a primal hunger.

"So, Jenna," Becky said, trying to keep her voice light, "why do you say they're so excited about my condition?"

Jenna's smile widened, almost slyly. "Well," she began, leaning forward conspiratorially, "most of our dogs come from less than ideal circumstances. Some were trained for breeding and nothing else. We're a special home. All the dogs here, both male and female, are pure breeding machines. So they're always a little confused when they smell a bitch in heat."

Becky's hand shot to her mouth, her eyes wide with horror. "But, but I'm pregnant!" she squealed.

"I know," Jenna grinned.

"You missed the sign saying pregnant women aren't actually allowed in here," Jenna said.

Jenna's grin remained unbroken. "Oh, honey, you're really pregnant," she said in a deep, throaty voice. "I assume you're at the end of your pregnancy?" Jenna asked. Becky nodded diligently.

"Then you're practically a walking, talking, fragrant birthing machine for our sweet little rascals here. And they can't get enough of you, honey."

"But that means all of them here are suffering terribly, the poor little dogs, because they can't have sex with me," said Becky. Jenna couldn't believe her ears; could this young woman really be that stupid or naive?

"Exactly right, my sweetie, but you can ease her suffering," said Jenna, full of anticipation for what was to come.

Becky was confused. How could she possibly alleviate it? Jenna noticed the confusion: "I see you're confused, but it's quite simple. You could give each of them some love by letting them sniff you and petting and stroking them. But you certainly don't have the time. After all, your husband is waiting outside."

"No problem," said Becky, "I can tell him it'll take longer and he should pick me up later." Jenna could hardly believe her luck; what a stupid Becky was.

"You're such a kind-hearted person. But it'll take us several hours. You see, we have some friends here. I can drive you home too. Your husband doesn't need to pick you up."

Becky laughed with joy, went out to the parking lot, and reported to Mark. He just shook his head, wished her a good time, and said he had to go to work anyway and wouldn't be there all evening.

When Becky returned, Jenna was still standing in the room and welcomed Becky with a warm and exuberant hug. "Since we're colleagues for a few hours, I'd like to introduce myself. I'm Jenna. Everyone here calls me "Mistress Jenna." Okay with you?"

Jenna looked deep into Becky's doe-brown eyes, and Becky replied, "Yes, of course, Jenna, I'm Becky."

"Mistress Jenna," Jenna corrected her harshly.

Becky was confused, but played along. "Understood, Mistress Jenna," she replied, saluting.

Jenna just gave her a cold smile and said, "Don't worry darling, you'll get used to it. Let's go back to the our rascals; they're eagerly waiting for you, Becky." Jenna smiled again and maybe it hadn't been a good idea after all Becky thought. Doubts began to arise.

When Becky returned to the main room, the animals were still very nervous and the Rottie let out a deep, throaty growl and immediately began to stand on his hind legs again. Becky felt a wetness between her legs, a mixture of fear and something she couldn't quite identify. The other dogs in the shelter took notice, their barks turning into a cacophony of desperate whines and howls. The air grew thick with the scent of aroused canines, making Becky's head swim.

Jenna giggled. "It's like they can smell the sweetness of your fertility," she said, her eyes twinkling.

"They just want to contribute to your pregnancy, you understand, Becky? Every single one of them. So how do you want to start?"

Becky took a step back, her heart racing. She felt an overwhelming urge to leave, but her legs wouldn't obey. The animals' gazes bored into her, their lecherous intentions unmistakable.

"I don't know exactly. What would you do, Mistress Jenna?" Becky asked.

"Very well done, you're learning quickly, Becky," Jenna said, and Becky felt very appreciated.

"We have a special room here where you will retreat, because, as I said, pregnant women are not actually allowed here and should be undisturbed for what is to come, my dear."

"What do you mean, Mistress Jenna?" asked Becky.

"First, look at the room and then you'll know what I mean, Becky," Jenna said in a directive tone.

Becky followed Jenna into a room with artificial light in the basement of the building. It smelled strongly of chlorine, and in the middle was something resembling a half-tube about 4 feet long and 1.6 feet high with a large circular recess in the middle.

"Don't be surprised, that's our "Buck", we need it to inseminate the bitches in heat." said Jenna.

"I take it you haven't seen anything like this before?" Jenna asked. Becky shook her head.

"Perfect, learned something new, sweetie." Jenna grinned with delight.

In one corner of the room was an area that clearly served as a dog bed. There was also a large double sink and a drain in the middle of the room. Four straps were anchored to the floor around the central buck. A coat rack was attached to the wall, on which several lab coats hung. One bore Jenna's name.

Cameras were installed in all four corners, capturing every angle of the room. "Why are there so many cameras here, Mistress Jenna?" Becky asked. "Don't worry about the cameras, they're just for security, darling," Jenna explained harshly. The rest of the furniture consisted of a metal chair, a metal table, and a metal locker. Several loops hung from the ceiling of the room, forming something like a swing. There was also an operating room light mounted, so Becky, in her naivety, thought it was a completely normal operating room.

"You'd better make yourself comfortable, because this is where you'll be taking care of the poor little dogs for the next few hours," Jenna said.

"Here?" Becky asked.

"All the dogs know this room, feel comfortable here, have a lot of fun here, and the room is soundproof, so all the yelling and screaming won't bother anyone," Jenna said.

"Screaming?" Becky asked.

"Don't worry, this is our normal business here. The bitches sometimes get penetrated so deeply when one of those huge cocks is up there inside them that they start screaming. Not that the males care. They just fuck them harder. Give me your purse, I'll hang it on the coat rack," Jenna said.

Becky wanted to protest, but Jenna immediately interrupted her: "There's no mobile phone reception down here anyways honey, so you don't need your purse. Give it to me and get ready!" Becky was very confused but did as she was told. Jenna just thought what a stupid bitch Becky is, literally. She will fit well into the working environment here.

Jenna left the room and closed the heavy door behind her. Silence and loneliness suddenly surrounded Becky, and she began to feel afraid. The door had no handle inside, just a viewing slit and a smaller opening below, through which only a child or a dog could fit.

"Mistress Jenna, what should I do now?" Becky called.

Suddenly, Jenna's voice echoed from speakers hidden in the room. "Sit on the chair. I'm going to turn up the heat now, because we need to get your body temperature up to that of a dog so that this is a healthy and enjoyable experience for the animals. If you and the baby get too hot, just take your clothes off. We're just girls here. The less you wear, the more natural the interaction with the animals will be."

After about 20 minutes, the room had heated up to 102 degrees Fahrenheit or 39 degrees Celsius, and Becky removed her shirt, pants, and socks. She thought, "What have I gotten myself into here? I'm going to see this through and then I'm out of here."

"Mistress Jenna, could I have something to drink please? It's very warm," Becky said.

Jenna had been waiting for this. "Of course, honey, I'll bring you something right away."

After a long 10 minutes, Jenna finally reached the door. Jenna opened the viewing slit and the stifling warmth of the air-conditioned room hit her.

"How are you, Becky? I can see from the sensors that your body temperature is now high enough," Jenna said.

"I'm feeling a little dizzy and desperately need something to drink," Becky begged.

"Not so fast, we need to make sure your electrolytes go down to create a perfect situation for our animals. We have a huge responsibility for the animals here." Jenna grinned from ear to ear.

"But I'm already not feeling well and I feel sick," said Becky.

"That's very good, honey. Now please go to the sink and start throwing up. We need to drastically lower your electrolyte levels so the water can work. As soon as you've done that, I'll give you something to drink," said Jenna.

Becky was at a loss. She just wanted to get it over with and back into Mark's arms. He had already arrived at the office, where his young female colleague was immediately taking care of Mark again. Becky quickly disappeared from his thoughts.

Becky stuck her finger down her throat and immediately began vomiting profusely. Once, twice, three times. She was completely exhausted and collapsed in front of the sink. Her muscles were cramping, and she was extremely confused. Jenna continued to increase the temperature and let Becky stew in the heat for another 15 minutes before finally joining her in the room. She carefully closed the door behind her to keep the warmth in. Using a code, she started the faucet on the sink and removed the vomit. Then she took care of the limp, sweating, and completely confused Becky.

"Where am I?" Becky asked.

"At the pediatrician's, Becky," Jenna replied. "You and the child are fine, we're taking care of you. Please drink this so you can regain your strength," Jenna said.

Becky drank the water Jenna gave her, and her body rapidly absorbed the water and the sedatives, hormones, and pheromones it contained.

"Drink, drink, Becky. As soon as you're finished, we'll examine you. Everything's fine, trust us," Jenna said.

"I'm going to lay you on the new examination table, Becky, and restrain you," Jenna said.

"Are you okay with that?" Jenna asked.

Becky nodded, completely stunned. Jenna maneuvered Becky onto the buck in the middle of the room, her belly fitting perfectly into the recess in the middle. Her legs and arms were securely strapped into the restraints fixed to the floor.

"Okay, we're ready for the examination, Becky. We're going to remove your panties and bra now. We're going to attach two pumps to your breasts, as we need to check the quality of your breast milk. Next, we're going to open your vagina wide using two clamps. I see you have very long labia that are in the way. We're going to secure them to your thighs with small chains. Do you understand, and are you okay with that?" asked Jenna.

Becky didn't understand, but she nodded, drooling.

The sedatives had already started to take effect and the hormones and pheromones were also kicking in. Jenna gave Becky another half a bottle of water just to be on the safe side, because Becky's pussy was oozing with juice. Jenna was pleased that everything was working so well.

To test how sensitive Becky already was, she firmly grabbed Becky's clitoris, which immediately made Becky flinch. Jenna noticed that the straps were too loose and tightened them. Becky could no longer move. Her tits hung dripping down the sides of the rack and milk was dripping out. Becky's ass and pussy were perfectly positioned and completely exposed.

Jenna went to the locker and pulled out two homemade breast pumps with very large collection cups. She attached them to Becky's breasts and immediately began pumping very hard. Additionally, small barbs were attached to the top, firmly connecting the pump to her breast and preventing it from slipping off.

Becky felt only the pain as the small hooks dug into her flesh. A little blood mixed with the milk on the floor, but the wounds healed quickly because the hooks weren't large. They were more like earrings or small piercings. But they did their job. The milk container began to fill steadily and Becky's fully erected nipples turned a majestic blue.

Next came the pussy clamps. Jenna fastened them with great joy and a steady hand. With each of Becky's breaths, she could see deep into her pussy and see her already well-dilated cervix. Jenna thought this would be a feast, and the baby would also benefit from it. A typical win-win situation, just like she learned in college.

It's worth mentioning here that Jenna has never been pregnant and doesn't have a partner. Her ability to empathize with others has always been underdeveloped, and thus she cared little about how others were doing. All that mattered to her was her own well-being.

But back to our couple in the basement. Jenna placed a medium-sized butt plug soaked in a special hormone gel designed to make Becky even softer and more compliant in Becky's wet hole. Additionally, Becky was given a drip to compensate for the expected fluid loss, avoid harm to the

baby, and further stimulate milk production. Jenna wanted to get at least 1-2 liters of milk out of Becky.

Now everything was ready. Becky was well and firmly positioned, the breast pumps were running and producing milk for the animal shelter, Becky's cunt was well-oiled and wide open, and Becky herself was so mentally absent that she only partially realized what was happening to her.

Jenna was really proud of herself and looking forward to what lay ahead: several hours of wild fucking full of ecstasy, orgasms, and entertainment. Each of the 25 dogs one floor above them would finally be able to let off some steam. The poor things desperately needed it.

Meanwhile, Mark was having a great time at the company party, flirting with his young colleague and enjoying the attention. While this was only an upcoming adventure, as he loved his wife, he couldn't and didn't want to miss out on this young mare.

Mark enjoyed the evening and sent Becky several messages, without receiving a reply. He knew she was in her element with all those cute little puppies and would be back to telling stories. He hoped she didn't bring any of them home. Thoughts of Becky quickly vanished as the young colleague looked deep into his eyes and gently ran her hand down his back.

Time didn't fly by so quickly at the animal shelter, but here too, the party had already begun. Jenna ran her fingers down Becky's back. The whirring of the pumps filled the room. Becky stammered incomprehensible words. Jenna took her chin, raised her head, and looked demandingly into Becky's glassy eyes. Their eyes met, and Jenna spoke to Becky:

"We're starting your examination now, Becky. We're using the latest instruments adapted to the human body. These will feel uncomfortable at first, but if you completely relax and unwind, you'll quickly get used to them. The examination will take several hours today because we need to make sure you and the child are okay. Do you understand? May we begin?" Becky understood only part of it and nodded.

"Very, very good, Becky. Unwind and relax. We're starting now," said Jenna.

Jenna led one dog after the other into the basement. She had complete control over each of them. She wasn't Mistress Jenna for nothing. After about two hours, all 25 dogs had cum once in Becky's honeypot. Many of the cocks were so big that they had released their cum directly through the already dilated cervix into her womb.

Becky's lower abdomen ached, and after all the knots, her cunt wouldn't close. Jenna examined her work of art and praised Becky for her wonderful cooperation. Her cunt hung like a large gaping hole in the air, ready for a second round. Jenna took a few pictures for her friends beforehand and made sure that the dog sperm was sucked out of Becky's hole, collected, and then fed to Becky.

"Becky, good news, your baby is doing very well. The amniotic fluid has improved after our treatment, and your baby is floating in an additional warm fluid. We have a nutritious cocktail here (Jenna grinned mischievously) that you must drink so that the baby can finally receive all the nutrients through your blood."

Jenna took a funnel with a long, soft tube from the locker, rubbed the tube with the hormone gel, lifted Becky's head, and pushed the tube deep into Becky's throat. Becky swallowed and twitched, but Jenna showed no mercy. With a firm hand, Jenna held Becky's head and throat and poured the mixture of dog semen, pussy juice, hormone gel, and sweat into Becky. A good half liter of liquid, so that it still remained at the bottom.

"Becky, you have to take it all in. It's for the child. Try hard," Jenna ordered.

The mixture disappeared very slowly into Becky's stomach. Jenna slid a hand under Becky's belly and massaged her stomach to speed things up. Becky hung in the air like a stuffed goose, and when Jenna pulled the tube out, every drop stayed inside Becky.

"Well done, Becky. You're already a great mother," Jenna joked.

At that moment the pumps started beeping, which was the signal that they were full. Jenna changed the containers and started the pumps again. Becky's tits had turned a deep blue and, thanks to the hormones, had already switched to continuous production. Jenna was always amazed at how quickly something like that happens. Just like with the bitches.

She took the two half liters of milk, labeled them with the date and production number (B1.2025 and B2.2025), and put them in the top of the fridge. When she returned, the new containers were already filled with a small puddle of milk. Just to be on the safe side, Jenna rubbed Becky's firm, rock-hard breasts again with the hormone gel. Maybe she could even collect 3 liters of rich, human mare's milk this way. That would be great for the puppies.

"Becky, are you ready for round two?" Jenna asked.

Becky, who still thought she was at the pediatrician's, nodded and smiled kindly.

"Relax and let us work. Open up completely and try not to resist it may hurt you. You're already well trained and dilated; this time it should go faster and deeper. You have to cooperate," Jenna emphasized her instructions.

Becky just mumbled and then went completely limp. She had completely surrendered.

The dogs were already full of anticipation when Jenna arrived. Before leading them to Becky, she smeared a generous portion of Becky's pussy juice around each of their snouts, which only made them more eager to fuck. Even before they reached the basement, their cocks were already sticking out, so all Jenna had to do was lead them to Becky and maneuver their cocks into Becky's wide-open cunt.

Each of them fucked Becky hard and without mercy. The cum spurted, the cocks and knots went in and out effortlessly, and Becky's cunt vibrated in an animalistic way. Her pussy now acted completely detached from the rest of her body and brain and took complete control.

Extremely well-circulated with blood, pleasantly swollen and seeking male attention, her cunt surrendered itself to the dog cocks. Her clitoris stretched longingly toward every slight touch of the knot, the cock, or the dog's balls. As soon as her clit experienced the stimulation, it sent a pleasant shiver through Becky's spinal cord and into her brain, sending Becky into further ecstasy.

Becky's body was now completely in animalistic mode. Every trace of civilized behavior was erased. Becky's cerebellum and spinal cord transported her back to the Stone Age, relishing the suppressed attention. Becky only grunted and moaned with pleasure with every new cock she experienced.

Physically, she had reached the point where nature and biology had placed her evolutionarily, and Jenna noticed how Becky's body was enjoying it. Jenna realized what a gift she had given Becky. She knew that subconsciously, Becky would never forget this and would be eternally grateful. She was very proud of herself and her service to humanity.



It was already late evening when all the dogs had completed their second round, and Becky lay exhausted on the buck. Jenna fed her another generous dose of sperm mix, which Becky happily and quickly swallowed this time, without the need for a tube. Jenna noticed that the sedatives were wearing off and ensured that Becky was returned to her original state. When Becky fully regained consciousness, she noticed the IV in her arm and asked Jenna why she had it.

"You just collapsed after all that cuddling and snuggling with the dogs, so I put in a sodium chloride IV. Don't worry, honey, it's just water."

"You're such a nice person, Mistress Jenna," said Becky.

"I'm glad you remember and respect my title. It's very welcome, of course. You can come back anytime, sweetheart," said Jenna.

"I'd love to although I don't remember much." replied Becky.

"No wonder you were unconscious for quite a while. That's what happens during pregnancy. Believe me, I know," said Jenna, who, of course, had no idea.

Suddenly, Becky's shirt was soaked, because her tits were still producing milk like crazy.

"Oh dear, what is that?" Becky asked, astonished and very embarrassed. She knew she was leaking milk.

"Don't worry, you're just having a heavy milk let-down. It's always like that with our bitches when they've been mounted by males."

"But I'm not a bitch," Becky protested.

"Of course, that's absolutely true," Jenna said, grinning. Becky looked at her, confused.

"I can make you a compress, that should help," Jenna offered. Becky was hesitant, but Jenna already had the compress in her hand.

"Take off your shirt and your bra," Jenna ordered.

As if in a trance, Becky followed the instructions, and her still-swollen, soft-blue tits hung dripping from Jenna. The punctures from the small pump hooks were clearly visible, but they had already healed very well. Becky couldn't look out of shame, so Jenna had nothing to fear.

"I'll coat the compresses with a special healing gel just to be safe, so don't be surprised," Jenna said. Becky nodded, still unable to look.

"Leave this on your breasts for a few hours. Your milk production should decrease soon. By the way, you have wonderfully large breasts. I wish mine were as beautiful," Jenna said kindly.

Becky blushed and thanked her for the compliment.

"Your child will love them once they start producing properly. You'll be a great mother, Becky," Jenna said.

"You're such a nice person, Mistress Jenna. You're welcome to come and visit us sometime," Becky offered.

Jenna laughed kindly and said, "I'd love to, and I'll bring some of the rascals along so they can play with you." Becky laughed, and they shook hands.

Now let's go, Becky, it's getting late. As she got up, Becky felt a strong urge to pee and asked Jenna where the bathroom was. Jenna explained that it was in the other house and a long way away.

"I'm afraid I can't do that," said Becky.

"Then pee in the drain here, I do that often," Jenna replied.

"Come on, let's pee together. I have to go too," said Jenna.

Becky was positively confused because she felt a connection with Jenna. Jenna had already pulled down her pants, and Becky was staring at Jenna's bare pussy with a large clitoris.

"What? Never seen another pussy?" Jenna asked.

"Honestly, not recently," Becky replied.

"And what do you think, do you like it?" Jenna asked. Becky blushed deeply, not knowing what to say.

"Come on, preggo girl, take your pants off and show me yours. We're peeing here together, and I'd like to see yours too," Jenna said.

Becky didn't know what was happening to her, so she slowly pulled her pants down, squatted more or less awkwardly, spread her legs, and began to pee in a long stream.

"Well, you see, it's working, darling. You have a nice big cunt, honey. But you should shave it properly. It can't be healthy and it's probably hard to clean," Jenna winked at her. She knew exactly what she was talking about, of course.

Becky apologized to Jenna, saying that she was pregnant and couldn't take care of it as well. Jenna reminded her that that's no excuse for a real woman, and Becky bowed her head in resignation.

"Now we really have to go. I'll clean this up tomorrow," Jenna said.

Becky walked out of the room with her legs wide apart. Jenna watched the scene with amusement and knew exactly why she was walking.

"Are you okay, Becky?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, I think the baby is just pressing down hard. My lower abdomen hurts, and I need to train my sphincter muscles and pelvic floor muscles better," Becky replied.

"I can recommend some good pelvic floor exercises," Jenna said.

Becky pricked up her ears and wanted to know what she recommended.

"Studies have shown that a large plug, love balls or a dildo in the shape of a large dog penis with a knot, worn permanently in the pussy, significantly strengthens the pelvic floor," Jenna said.

"Really, but I think it's too late for that for me, and I can't even fit a dildo that long, especially that shape, down there right now," Becky confided in Jenna.

"I don't think you know what your body is capable of," Jenna replied knowingly on her way upstairs.

Becky looked at her and had the feeling that Jenna knew her better than she knew herself.

"Okay, I trust you, Mistress Jenna. Where should I start from your perspective?" Becky wanted to know.

"I wonder where, you silly girl? I saw your cunt earlier, and the only thing that'll do is a dog dildo. If you want, I'll get you the right one and show you how to use it properly. Believe me, I know a thing or two about dog cocks," Jenna laughed, and Becky laughed with her.

Another handshake sealed their deal. "I think we can be real friends," Becky said out of the blue.

"I think so too," Jenna said, and hugged her so tightly that Becky's breasts began to ache.

Becky flinched, and Jenna squeezed even tighter. When she released her grip, Jenna looked Becky deep in the eyes and said,

"Look around, little one, how peacefully everyone is sleeping. This is all your doing."

Becky looked around proudly, pleased to have done such a good thing for the poor dogs.

"I'd love to do that again soon," said Becky, and Jenna agreed amicably.

"I'd rather do it while you're still pregnant, my dear, because that's how the rascals know you now." said Jenna.

That sounded absolutely plausible, and they agreed on another session in two weeks.

"Should I do anything differently next time?" Becky asked, seeking advice.

"Just be yourself, but shave your cunt. If you have to pee in the basement again, I don't want to have to look at a big bush again," giggled Jenna, and Becky giggled back at me.

"Deal," said Becky.

It was already deep night when Becky arrived home. Mark was already in bed and dreaming about the previous fuck with his colleague. Becky went into the bathroom and only then noticed the severe scratches on her hip. She thought to herself that it must have been some very intense cuddling with the dogs. She also couldn't explain why her pussy was still so wide open. She blamed it on the pregnancy.

Mark came into the bathroom briefly to pee, kissed his wife, and said, "Babe, you smell like dogs and sex, maybe you should shower before you come to bed."

Becky was surprised. She's supposed to smell like sex? Well, maybe one of the dogs was horny and that's why. They sat down on the toilet for a moment to pee, and at that moment a gush of milky fluid poured from her pussy. Surprised, she felt her stomach, but her water was fine. Very strange, she thought, and went to bed. That night she slept more deeply, soundly, and peacefully than ever before. She dreamed gentle dreams of sweet, large dogs all around her, on her, and somehow inside her.

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