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[Back to 1st Part](#)

Becky didn't wake up until late the next morning. Tim had already gotten up and gone to work. No kiss, but a message was waiting for her. "Unfortunately, I have to work late today. Don't wait for me. Love you." She didn't know that Tim was fucking another woman because he didn't find pregnant women sexy at all.

He simply found those round, fat asses, the perky milk-filled tits, and the extra weight repulsive. He was already looking forward to when Becky gave birth and looked the way she did before. As mentioned, Tim and Becky were both very naive.

Because of the pregnancy, Becky had become a woman. Her curves, the size of her tits, the enlarged areola, the longer nipples, and wider hips would remain forever. Her clitoris would be less sensitive, and her pussy would finally be ready for big, thick cocks. Becky could already tell.

She would train, apply creams, and massage, but her complete femininity would remain. She's no longer a girl, but a real woman. What Tim didn't realize was that he'd no longer be able to satisfy her with his masculine qualities. His attempts would come to nothing. But more on that later.

Upon getting up, Becky noticed a throaty, sperm-like taste in her mouth that she had never noticed before. She burped, and the smell reminded her of the animal shelter yesterday. Her throat was still burning a little from yesterday, and she couldn't figure out why. Perhaps an allergic reaction.

She brushed her teeth and gargled with mouthwash, and it got better. Interestingly, she wasn't hungry at all. She tried to remember when she'd last eaten, but only knew it was before the cuddle session with the dogs. Whatever she'd eaten must have been exceptionally nutritious.

The baby in her belly was unusually quiet and moving very little, which Becky found very pleasant. Becky noticed she still had the compresses on her breasts and removed them. When she removed them, she couldn't believe her eyes. Her nipples were very sensitive and somehow a little longer than usual.

Around her areola was a ring of small, delicate red dots. Becky was initially shocked and knew she needed to see a doctor. Was this another effect of the allergic reaction? Some milk was still dripping from her nipples, and Becky noticed that her breasts were still very full and firm.

She searched for her mobile and immediately called her doctor. Since Becky had no direct impairments, she wasn't able to get an appointment for another three days. The friendly assistant advised her to monitor everything and drink plenty of water. Becky hung up, dissatisfied, but what could she do? This advice unconsciously played into Jenna's hands, because Becky followed it only too diligently and, over the next few days, flushed her entire metabolism of sedatives and additional hormones. The doctor wouldn't find anything else, even if he looked for it.

Throughout the day, Becky drank a lot of fresh water every hour and had to pee like a horse shortly afterward. She still felt good and liberated. Since yesterday's visit to the animal shelter, Becky noticed that her pussy had changed. Was this because she had entered the next phase of her pregnancy or because she had peed on the floor with a woman she didn't really know, and she had given her direct feedback about her pussy? Had Jenna's comment sensitized her?

Had she also become more sensitive to the topic? She had indeed not taken care of herself and her little honeypot for far too long. During one of her trips to the bathroom, her pussy was squirting so

much that she had to clean her bush again. Now she knew what Jenna meant.

How could she let herself go like this? She used to be very particular about her pubic hair. Becky made a move and tried to shave, despite her huge belly. After the second bloody cut with the razor, she gave up, but now her pubic area looked even wilder. What could she do? She couldn't walk around like this.

She would have liked to ask one of her friends for help, but they were all far too prudish, so the only person she could think of was Jenna. Could she ask this woman for this favor? After all, she had first suggested the idea to Jenna, and she barely knew her. Becky was torn.

She overcame herself and called the animal shelter, but Jenna wasn't on duty at the time. She didn't get her cell phone number either, so she left it. Less than 20 minutes later, she received a message on her cell phone.

"Hi darling,..." like trusted friends, Becky thought, "...how are you? Are you okay? Nice to hear from you."

Becky wondered what to reply: "Everything's fine here. It's just that my body's acting up a bit. Pregnant, of course..."

"That's perfectly normal, babe. You were very emotional yesterday. For some people, intensive interaction with our four-legged friends triggers positive physical reactions. I quickly realized that you're that kind of person," wrote Jenna.

Becky immediately realized she was speaking to a professional. Jenna was able to logically tie up the loose ends of Becky's naive view of the world.

"That's right, it was like that for me even as a child," wrote Becky.

"Well, you see, as I said. How can I help you, honey?" Jenna asked bluntly.

Becky didn't know how to begin and wrote: "Actually, I just wanted to get in touch after yesterday :). What you told me got me thinking."

Jenna noticed that Becky didn't want to or couldn't come clean: "So, did you enjoy it yesterday?"

Becky: "Yes, very..."

Jenna: "Well, that's good, then we'll plan the next session right away," Jenna urged.

Becky was a little taken aback, because she didn't really want to, but she couldn't say no: "Absolutely, Mistress."

Jenna was on her way to getting what she wanted: "You're such a talent. You should consider doing this regularly, honey."

Beck was confused: "What exactly do you mean?"

Jenna: "You have a natural talent for connecting with the rascals. You and your body interacted very naturally with the dogs yesterday. Don't you remember?"

Becky, who had only very vague memories, was very flattered: "Do you really think so?"

Jenna toyed with Becky: "We'll do it like this: I'll come through your house today or tomorrow and bring a dog with me, and I'll show you what I mean."

Becky thought that would be a good fit: "Better today, I have something else you need to help me with, please."

Jenna pricked up her ears: "Yes, of course, honey, but what?"

Becky: "Please not here, I'll tell you when you get here."

Jenna: "Becky, don't be so rude, I want to know. Spit it out. Now!"

Becky was a little taken aback by Jenna's directness: "Okay, but please don't make fun of me. I tried shaving my pussy on your advice and it went wrong. Can you help me? I don't have anyone else to ask."

Jenna was in seventh heaven. The stupid bitch thinks they're really friends, perfect: "Darling, but of course, I'll help you, but I need to see what you've done first."

Becky: "What do you mean?"

Jenna: "Send a picture or video of your work. Your beautiful baby bump will make it difficult to get good pictures, so it's best to follow my professional instructions: squat in front of a mirror, spread your legs properly, and take several clear photos. I need to see you in full view."

Becky was very shocked and reserved: "But I don't normally send around nude photos, Mistress Jenna."

Jenna: "I completely understand, and that's usually very right and good, but should I help you or not? It's just between us. I've already seen your bush, and we want to solve this together, right, sweetheart?"

Becky, still not entirely convinced: "Okay, okay... give me a few minutes."

Jenna: "Take all the time you need."

Becky made sure the lighting was right and that her pussy was well captured in the photo. She also fixed her hair and changed her shirt beforehand. She wanted to look her best, so she took several photos in her bedroom. Then she uploaded the photos and sent them to Jenna.

Jenna: "You're so beautiful with your round belly, Mommy Becky <3, and your bush is huge and very messed up. How did you do that?"

While Becky was still replying, Jenna posted the unfiltered nude photos on various appropriate portals. Even before Becky's reply reached Jenna, the pictures had already received several likes from many happy users around the world. Jenna also quickly received some very positive comments. She would have loved to share this first success with Becky, but that wasn't possible yet.

Becky: "Yes, I'm sorry, it's really difficult with the belly, and the little one is also active in there."

Jenna: "Next time, call right away! I'll come over and take care of you. I'll stop by the animal shelter first and bring one of the rascals with me. I want coffee when I get there, and the dog needs water. Get everything ready."

Becky was so happy: "Really? You're such a good person, Jenna."

Jenna immediately corrected Becky: "MISTRESS Jenna."

Becky: "Sorry, that's right, Mistress Jenna <3."

Jenna: "You're such a nice person with a quick grasp. See you in 20 minutes."

Becky felt flattered, happy, and had to grin, even though Jenna had just dismissed her. Jenna noticed that Becky had low self-esteem and that she could easily push her in the direction she wanted her to go. A diabolical plan formed in Jenna's mind.

Jenna picked up the beautiful, strong Rottweiler from the animal shelter. He was the best-trained fuck dog and obeyed every command. He also had a nice, big cock, even if not the biggest as far as she knew. But his strength enabled him to control the bitch extremely well and bind her to him. This was also clearly evident with Becky yesterday. In addition, he fucks significantly longer than most dogs. He had the talent to inseminate his bitches longer, thus ensuring they would get pregnant. Darwin sends his regards.

When the devilish couple arrived at Becky's, it was already late morning. Jenna held the Rottweiler on a short leash when Becky opened the door. Jenna immediately hugged Becky, who was a bit taken aback by the Rottweiler's chance to sniff Becky's crotch. Becky didn't notice, but the Rottweiler immediately remembered the scent and became very excited.

They went into the house, and the dog's tail was already showing, but only Jenna noticed and gave him positive feedback. So he knew it was the right thing to do. Becky didn't notice, so she invited Jenna into the kitchen and offered her a coffee.

Jenna, however, wanted to get straight to the point: "Thanks, Becky, but I have to go back to work in about two hours and don't have the luxury of spending time at home. So let's get on with what's important."

Becky was embarrassed and thought she'd done something wrong: "Please excuse me, you stupid thing."

Jenna raised her eyebrows, rolled her eyes, and simply nodded, which only made Becky more unsettled. Then she smiled at Becky again, gently stroked her arm, hugged her tightly, and looked deep into her eyes: "Let's do it, babe, and let's not waste any time."

Becky's uncertainty disappeared in Jenna's eyes, and she led her upstairs to the bedroom bathroom. Before that, however, Jenna let the dog off its leash, and it immediately began to wander around. Its tail was still hanging out a bit, and now Becky noticed it too.

Becky asked, "Is the dog okay? I think its penis is hanging out. Is that normal?"

Jenna replied on her way upstairs: "Of course that's normal. You're a walking hormone and pheromone blaster. Your estrogen levels are significantly elevated, and the dog is trained to inseminate bitches and notices that. What he'd love to do most now is fuck you. Can you blame him? Look at you, you're a sexy woman with a scent that's super attractive to male dogs, emanating from every pore."

Becky said incredulously: "You're exaggerating, Mistress Jenna."

Jenna: "As soon as we get on top, you get on all fours and I'll show you."

Becky was startled: "What do you mean? I should let him mount me?"

Jenna: "Just a quick proof, sweetie. Come on, don't be so prudish. It's not like YOU want to, or even can, fuck a dog. You lack the mental and physical strength for that," Jenna joked.

That hit home. Becky felt a slight: "What do you mean? I'm a strong, smart, and attractive woman," she protested.

Jenna: "Well, get down then, bitch, if you dare," she winked at Becky.

Now Becky couldn't go back. She was only wearing her shirt and thin underwear, but it covered her entire ass and pussy. When Becky was finally on all fours, Jenna, quite annoyed by Becky's slowness, grabbed her panties and pulled them hard into her ass crack, exposing her pussy and bush to the sides. Becky wanted to protest, but Jenna commanded the Rotti with a wave of her hand, and he mounted Becky in one fell swoop.

Jenna: "So, what did I tell you?"

Becky was speechless, and her mind was a rollercoaster of emotions, ranging from disgust, revulsion, arousal, and curiosity. What was this? It was somehow familiar. Tim used to often fuck her in this position, her favorite position. Whatever had happened to their relationship? She loved Tim and his cock. When he licked her, rubbed his cock against her pussy, massaged her mound gently and hard, and just from that she had a powerful orgasm. She was completely lost in thought, which gave Jenna time to quickly take a few beautiful photos that will be posted online later.

As if in a trance, Becky's muscles began to twitch all over her body, her hands clenched into fists, her eyes rolled back, and her toes curled violently. The Rottweiler's cock, meanwhile, had grown to its full size, and because it couldn't fuck Becky's pussy, it rubbed vigorously over her mons pubis in rhythmic movements, gently rubbing it along her clitoris. His precum saturated Becky's panties, which were now very wet with her own juices and made that typical fucking flip-flop sound.

Jenna deliberately pulled Becky out of her thoughts so she could hear what was happening. "Are you coming, little bitch?"

At that moment, Becky woke up and came violently from the Rottweiler's cock. She was so aware of this that she began to cry. She wanted to lie down on the floor in shame, but Jenna objected.

Jenna: "Don't you dare lie down!" she commanded. "Stay, stay, the dog isn't ready yet. Get your ass up, bitch."

Becky obeyed without saying a word, not knowing why.

Jenna: "Good, very good..." Jenna patted Becky's head. "Hold on, sweetie, that was beautiful. You should have seen yourself. You're a true beauty when you come. But you have to learn that the cock always comes first. You could have hurt the animal."

Becky: "That wasn't my intention. I'm sorry, Mistress Jenna. I'm just so embarrassed."

Jenna: "Why is that? That's only normal. You seem very hungry. When was the last time you fucked your husband?"

This question was unexpected and yet hit the nail on the head.

Becky replied: "Can I trust you, Mistress Jenna, to keep that to yourself?"

Jenna: "Honey, we're friends, I would never betray you, that wouldn't be fair. Come on tell me." Jenna knew this was a godsend for her porn followers.

Becky plucked up the courage: "Okay, since I got a belly and gained weight. Like, half a year ago."

Jenna smiled at her: "No wonder your husband doesn't fuck you anymore if you're so selfish."

Becky was close to tears: "Why would you say that, Mistress Jenna?"

Jenna: "Because it's true. When was the last time you worshipped him and his cock? Swallowed his cock and his cum? When did you properly prepare yourself and your honeypot? When did you offer him your ass to fuck? When did you truly show that you're worth fucking? Pregnant or not. I assume not really even before the pregnancy. Right? You're a terrible wife and life partner." This from a woman who hasn't had a partner in ages.

Becky was deeply hurt and wounded, but at the same time, she knew deep down that Jenna was right. She burst into tears and began to sob heartbreakingly.

Jenna: "If you keep going like this, you'll lose him, and then you'll have to raise your child alone. You'll be lonely and alone, and you won't have enough money to provide anything for your child. You'll become impoverished."

She mercilessly played with Becky's fears and emotions. Fear was Jenna's tool for success, and she used it skillfully. Manipulating Becky was fun and fulfilling for her.

In a very short time, Becky experienced a rollercoaster of emotions, from the best orgasm of the last few months to the deepest emotional low of the last few months. While she was crying to herself, Tim let his colleague give her a blowjob in the office. His cock was buried deep in her throat, and she felt very comfortable there. Tim enjoyed it because his wife never wanted to suck his cock. "This will probably take a while again today," Tim thought, and immediately texted Becky.

When Becky received the message, she was still crying on all fours on the first floor with the Rottweiler on top of her, trying to fuck her.

Jenna: "If I were to pull your panties aside just a little bit, a thick cock would disappear inside you very quickly, Becky. This is your chance to finally begin to become a real wife and partner."

Becky, completely tearful and sobbing, said, "Mistress Jenna, please take it off me. I'm not ready. I need time to prepare. Please. Please... Mistress."

Jenna: "Very good start, Becky. It's not a done deal, right?" Jenna grinned. Becky just nodded. "Okay, then, sweetie, your bush needs trimming. Come into the bathroom, I don't have forever."

When they got to the bathroom, Becky still didn't say a word, Jenna continued to boss her around, and Becky followed.

Jenna: "First, clean your face. All your makeup has run. You're so much prettier when you're not crying. Laugh again, darling. I'm here for you. We'll get through this together."

Becky, for some reason, regained some hope.

Jenna: "Take your panties off. Come on. Wait, I'll help you. You're too fat, babe, this is taking too long."

Becky went from one high to the next low. Why did Jenna call her fat? Was she really fat? Her frustration was endless.

Jenna: "Don't look like that, sweetie, feedback is a gift. We'll work on it together, you just have to believe in it. Do you trust me? Becky... do you trust me?"

Becky just nodded.

Jenna: "No, no, I want to hear it. Do you trust your best friend? Say YES, Mistress Jenna."

Becky: "Yes, Mistress Jenna."

Jenna: "Well, you see, the two of us can do this," Jenna grinned at Becky from ear to ear.

At that moment, she pulled down her panties, soaked with Rotti's pre-cum and Becky's own cum, balled them up, rubbed the cum all over her pussy, and pushed the panties, which had formed into a small ball, into Becky's open cunt.

Becky was simply shocked. What was Jenna doing?

Jenna: "Whaaat? It stabilizes your little pussy while shaving. We need to compensate for the pressure of your big belly."

That was complete nonsense, of course, but it somehow made sense to Becky.

Jenna: "So let's start, little one. Lie on the floor, bend your legs and spread them. Don't move, no matter what. Understood?"

Becky: "Yes, Mistress."

She lay down on the floor and did everything she was told. The Rottweiler sat attentively next to her, his cock standing tall and erect. It was just waiting for its turn. Jenna found Tim's razor and the foam. She rubbed Becky's private area thoroughly with the foam, making sure to massage her clitoris repeatedly. Becky twitched and twitched, but didn't say a word.

Jenna: "Are you okay, Becky?"

Becky: "Yes, Mistress Jenna. But it would be... uhh (twitch)... good if you were a little more careful... uuuhh (twitch)... with my clitoris... uhh... uhhh... uhhh... uuuhh."

Becky couldn't say much more.

Jenna: "That won't work. The big thing is always in the way. Come on with it, bitch. By the way, it would be good if you started worshipping a cock. Eyes to the right and on the dog's cock. Describe it while worshipping it."

Then she started shaving. Becky turned her head and twitched, twitched, twitched again and again. She didn't know what was happening to her. What should she say about the penis? Should she talk to the penis?

Jenna: "I can't hear anything, bitch. Just start. Describe it and then talk to it."

Becky thought this was so crazy. How did she get into this situation?

"What a beautiful, large, red, and fleshy penis. Lots of little veins and a small tip on the glans. What is this Mistress for?"

Jenna: "Now we're talking. Very nice... The small tip is part of the penis bone and also serves to direct semen directly into the uterus. Dog cocks grow even more strongly in the vagina and directly penetrate the bitch's uterus, which causes her pain. The knot at the end then holds the penis in place for 15-30 minutes. Which means that this pain is intended by nature. Similar to us humans in many positive situations. Childbirth, for example."

Becky: "You're telling me this big cock gets even bigger inside the bitch."

Jenna knew her interest was piqued. She made sure to quickly massage her clitoris again. Becky moaned before Jenna could respond.

Jenna: "Exactly. What you see is just the beginning. Imagine it's inside you now. Deep, hard, big, and tight."

She planted this thought in Jenna's mind as she repeatedly stimulated her super-sensitive clitoris and now also had three fingers in Becky's cunt, searching for her G-spot. Becky didn't know what was happening and closed her eyes. Jenna noticed right away.

Jenna: "Keep your eyes on that cock, babe!" Jenna admonished.

Becky immediately opened her eyes again and stared at the red, well-circulated dog cock.

Jenna: "This could be all yours. Soft and hard at the same time. In, out, in, out... always massaging the inside of your cunt. Always hitting the right spots. If your husband doesn't want you, this one wants you, and you want him, right?"

Becky didn't react, just moaned and twitched.

Jenna: "Hey, bitch, RIGHT?"

Becky was breathing very fast and heavily, moaning and twitching and nodding and nodding vigorously. At that moment, Jenna stopped stimulating her, and the erotic flow suddenly stopped. Becky fell into a hole.

Becky: "Why are you stopping, Mistress?"

Jenna: "I'm just shaving your cunt here, babe. I'm not a cock. If you want a cock, let me fuck you properly. Here's the opportunity right in front of your face. Your chance, and it'll stay between us, as always."

Becky was so horny, and she would have loved to have wonderful sex with Tim right now, but with a dog? Her mommy told her, it doesn't matter, a cock is a cock, but her head said, it's a dog, not a human. That's not possible. Who would win this fight? She was on the edge, and it only needed a little nudge, one way or the other.

Jenna: "OMG, you're a prudish girl. I thought you were a bit cooler. People always say our generation is so adventurous, but I don't see that at all here. So, your pussy is now clean and shaved. I'll take my little rascal and better go now. You can just let me know, or not." She stood up,

washed her hands, and prepared to leave. As she did so, she signaled to the Rottweiler to stay where he was. The Rottweiler just watched and didn't make a sound.

Becky didn't move an inch, her legs still bent, her pussy exposed. Her right hand went to her face and placed it over her eyes. In a tearful, slightly pleading tone, she said, "Wait, please... don't go." A leaden silence fell over everyone in the room at that moment, the only sound being the whir of the air conditioner.

Becky took a deep breath, and while Jenna unnoticed, she took some photos of the scene, noticing how Becky was slowly but steadily plunging over the imaginary cliff in her head into the inevitable. Becky had to take this step alone, and she did, like most women in her life. There's a reason why most women prefer males, and Jenna knew that too. Becky slowly took her hand away from her eyes, and their eyes met. Jenna just smiled at her kindly and gave her a knowing look.

Becky: "Okay... (heavy breath)... okay, I want to try. But it has to be safe for my child, Mistress Jenna. It has to be safe, because that's the most important thing to me," she pleaded.

Jenna got on her knees in front of Becky and stroked her face, their gaze locked on hers. "Don't worry, this Rottweiler instinctively knows exactly what he's doing and that he mustn't hurt you." Which was complete nonsense, because he would just fuck Becky like crazy, mercilessly and relentlessly, like any other bitch, only it would last much longer.

Jenna: "Besides, you can count on me, honey. I know what I'm doing. You just have to do exactly what I tell you, and this will be a truly wonderful experience for you, him, and me. I'm your friend and only want the best for everyone present." Jenna, of course, only had her own interests in mind.

Becky seemed relieved and agreed. At that moment, Jenna began massaging Becky's clitoris again, which was still wet from the mixture of pussy juice and dog precum. Becky immediately regained that good feeling from before. Jenna commanded the dog over, stopped her massage, and the Rottweiler immediately began licking her pussy. Becky experienced sensations she'd never experienced before. A pleasant shiver ran through her entire body. The dog's tongue was rough, very rough but not unpleasant, and he repeatedly massaged her clitoris with his cold nose as he licked.

Becky closed her eyes and let him work. Again and again, her pussy released small portions of juice, encouraging him to continue. It was automatic. Jenna savored the scene before her and took a short video of Becky in seventh heaven. She twitched with every male stimulus, her hands deeply entwined in her flokati, her legs in the air, her toes also curling in pleasure. It became abundantly clear that Becky was enjoying it more than anything.

The Rottweiler buried his snout deep into Becky's intimate area and his tongue began to dig deep into her birth canal. This pushed Becky beyond her limits, and she came harder and harder. The dog was electrified and intensified his actions, licking deeper and harder. Becky's synapses fired wildly, and she was flooded with oxytocin, prolactin, and other hormones. Her large, perky tits began to produce milk again on their own, and her nipples swelled violently. What a picture of lust, ecstasy, and devotion. This is exactly how nature intended it, Jenna thought.

Becky, the little hormone blaster, lay exhausted on the ground. Her legs stretched out wide, exposing her belly. The Rottweiler was paying attention to her very sensitive, milky nipples, and she wanted to push him away, but Jenna had a say.

Jenna: "Hey, bitch, stop! What's going on? Aren't you grateful for the gift from just now? We talked about it. Don't be so selfish and leave him something as a reward. How can anyone be so selfish?"

Becky was startled and realized what she had supposedly done. Even though she didn't like it, Jenna was right, and she let him have his way. Jenna realized that Becky was now like putty in her hands, and she tightened the reins.

Jenna: "Enough, now we should get moving. I have to go to work soon, and before that, you should get what you want and, of course, absolutely deserve, bitch. I'd say fucking in missionary position in your condition is impossible. You're way too weak. I say we go into the bedroom, you kneel in front of the bed and lie down on it. This rascal and I will do the rest. You just have to relax and enjoy. Let's go!"

Jenna gave Becky her hand, and Becky gave hers, and Jenna pulled her up. Becky was maneuvered into the bedroom, where she knelt on Tim's side of the bed and lay down. The bed was the perfect height to expose her ass and pussy. Both holes were still well lubricated with Becky's own juices. With a firm grip, Jenna pushed three fingers into Becky's crotch and pulled her completely soaked panties out of her.

Jenna: "We don't need these anymore, sweetie."

Becky: "I'm scared and very excited. Are you sure the dog won't hurt my baby? Please tell me that's true," she whispered shyly.

Jenna: "Of course. Trust me and Mother Nature. You and he were made for this. Man and woman, no matter what species. It's not for nothing that the dog is man's best friend," she hypocritically muttered.

Becky: "Okay, let's go then. I want to fuck, but properly, please. It's been ages."

Jenna: "That's finally the right attitude we need, honey. Wohooo... go for it, babe. Tell me, would it be okay if I recorded your first time for you? It's something very special after all. I'll send it to you, and you can delete it from my phone if you want." After it had already been automatically uploaded to the cloud ;).

Becky was undecided, but then agreed: "But really just for us, Mistress Jenna."

Jenna: "Who can you trust?"

Becky looked at Jenna and smiled at her new best friend. Jenna grinned from ear to ear with joy, patted Becky on the head again, quickly tied her hair up in a sloppy bun and gave the Rotti the sign (a violently painful slap with her bare hand on Becky's round buttocks) that he had been waiting for for what felt like hours.

The Rotti knew exactly what he was doing, and Becky noticed it right away. In a few seconds, that beautiful, big, red, hot cock would be inside her, and he'd finally be able to fuck her properly again. How long had she had to suffer because her stupid husband didn't find her attractive while pregnant? How stupid was that? She was the same woman, and she was about to give him a child. Like a thirsty man in the desert, an oasis of ecstasy awaited her.

Meanwhile, it was midday, and Tim had arranged to meet his young colleague at the office. A quickie at midday would revive them both. So they disappeared into a secluded office. Tim laid the little slut on the table, pulled down her panties, and a tight, wet, and firm cunt was revealed. With a firm hand, he slapped her ass painfully, causing her to moan. Then he buried his cock inside her, repeatedly hitting her cervix. She enjoyed it. What Tim didn't know was that she was ovulating and not on the pill. He was about to become a father for the second time.

Meanwhile, in the bedroom at home, the Rottweiler clung to Becky's wide hips, and Jenna skillfully guided his cock toward her pregnant pussy. She vigorously massaged Becky's clitoris again before, shortly afterwards, the dog's cock disappeared inside her with a firm jerk. Becky moaned loudly. She hadn't expected this unbridled power. This animalistic energy, violence, and ruthlessness.

She was scared and incredibly horny at the same time. The child, which had previously been the most important thought in her mind, disappeared for a while, and she began to completely surrender herself mentally as well. She swung into the rhythm of the thrusts, and waves of ecstasy flowed through her. Jenna captured everything on video and knew it was cash money.

Jenna: "Keep going, babe, keep going... you're doing great. What a talent you have. You were made for this. You make a great couple, and you, Becky, are a true beauty. If you could see each other, if you weren't already pregnant, he'd be doing this by now," Jenna grinned.

With every hard, merciless thrust, a physical wave coursed through Becky's swollen, pregnant body. Her satisfaction and his horniness became visible wave after wave. Becky moaned with each thrust... uhhh... uhhh... uh... uhh. Then a throaty sigh from Becky, and the dog, whose head was right next to Becky's, panted wildly. For some reason, the bad breath didn't bother Becky. Her mind and body were far too busy uniting with her furry lover and his big cock.

Becky was in seventh heaven. Finally, someone wanted her body again, wanted to unite with her, wanted to be let in by her. It wasn't Tim, but a living being, which she, as a woman, appreciated. The Rottweiler just wanted to fuck and make Becky his slut. Mission accomplished. At that moment, the dog paused briefly, a pause that came at just the right time for Becky, and Jenna knew what was coming next... the knot.

Jenna grabbed Becky firmly by the neck with one hand and pressed her down forcefully into the bed, because what was about to happen would frighten Becky and initially be painful. The knot formed hard and fast in Becky's birth canal, causing the entire cock to swell significantly. She tried to free herself in a panic, but Jenna was stronger. The tip of the penis docked firmly against her uterus, and the knot began to massage her G-spot. Becky lost all senses, her resistance quickly diminished, and the cocktail of pain, pleasure, and ecstasy began to take its intense effect.

Jenna loosened her grip and let go, because Becky was just grunting and gasping. She walked behind Becky and her furry lover and pressed the dog against Becky's buttocks from behind. Becky moaned loudly as the shaft penetrated her several centimeters further. She felt the pain in her cervix, which seemed strangely familiar. The pressure on her amniotic sac increased, and she became ecstatically panicked.

Becky: "My child... is my child okay?"

Jenna reached under her belly with one hand and pretended to feel it: "Don't worry, bitch, it'll be fine, and it's doing very well." This time, Jenna knew what she was talking about, because yesterday Becky had fucked significantly more and bigger cocks.

She pushed the dog again with more pressure, and in that moment, Becky came harder and more violently than ever before in her life. Her whole body vibrated as the knot hit exactly the spot her husband had never hit. She felt so full, so incredibly full and desired like never before. She'd never felt these feelings before. Never before had she come so intensely and yet felt so ashamed, because she was feeling these feelings on a dog's cock and not her husband's. How could this be?

At the same time, Tim came deep inside his colleague's sweet little cunt. She was now lying on her back, her legs tightly wrapped around Tim, and pushed his cock deeper into her pussy with

pressure. She moaned lustfully as he came, and shortly after, in complete ecstasy, she received his seed and thus his child. Tim just twitched, and his hairy ass pushed his cock even deeper into her pussy until he, too, kissed her cervix. Well, finally, she thought. After all, he did it.

At home, the tip of the dog's cock was still deep inside her uterus. The dog pumped and pumped, and Becky felt the pressure rise slightly.

Jenna: "How are you feeling, my best friend?"

Becky: "Unbelievable, truly unbelievable... and if I'm honest, scared and ashamed," she whispered shyly.

Jenna: "Why is that? Because you were brought to climax by a graceful creature, or because I watched?"

Becky: "Both. I never would have thought that about myself, and this big cock is still inside me, and I don't really want to let it go. But it's so deep inside that I'm afraid it'll hurt my child."

Jenna: "Now stop it. Your child is fine, and you just had the most amazing experience of your life, didn't you?"

Becky: "It was truly incredible. How much longer can I enjoy this cock inside me, Mistress?"

Jenna: "Normally a good half hour, but we have to go. So we'll undock you quickly now. Ready?"

Before Becky could answer, Jenna whistled, and the Rottweiler pulled his entire long cock out of Becky's cunt in one leap. Her pussy hung gaping in the air, just like the long, dripping dog shaft, and suddenly a huge gush of dog cum poured onto the Flokati.

Jenna: "Stay like that, don't move!" she commanded. "I want to enjoy the sight of your wonderful pussy for a moment, and our hero here will definitely want to lick you clean. Take your hands and spread your ass cheeks so he can get a good access."

Jenna quickly and secretly took a few more photos of Becky's spread and wet holes before letting the dog get to her. Becky immediately started breathing heavily and moaning again. Jenna could hardly believe it.

Jenna: "Tell me, do you want to fuck again? I have the feeling YOU're not finished, darling."

Becky just nodded: "It was really crazy and intense. I'd love to do it again, please, Mistress."

Jenna was delighted: "You and I, my new best friend, are going to have a lot of fun together. But not now. I will give you a call, don't miss it."

She slapped Becky's soft ass hard with the flat of her hand, leaving a clear handprint. She grabbed Becky by the bun, pulled her head up, and kissed her directly on the mouth. Her tongue wandered deep into her mouth.

Then she stopped and looked Becky deep in the eyes: "Friends forever?"

Becky just gave her a long, deep kiss back.

Then Jenna signaled to the Rotti, and they moved on, ignoring Becky. Becky tried to sit up, but her knees were still as soft as butter and juice was running down her inner thighs. What a crazy

morning, she thought, and sank limply back onto the wet bed. Her tits had produced so much milk that Tim's side was completely soaked. The Flokati had enough time to absorb the mixture of sperm and female ejaculate and spread the pleasant scent of hard, hot sex. Her belly felt good, and the baby was moving happily. Becky was blissfully calm.

Thoughts raced through her head. Was this a one-time thing? Would and could she do it again? What would she do if Tim found out? He would be devastated. He's so sensitive, considerate, and loyal. She didn't know how to proceed. Maybe Jenna had an idea, she thought, and fell asleep, exhausted.

[Go to next Part](#)