

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



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Chapter One: Out with the old

“You what?” — OK, this wasn’t going well... “YOU FUCKING DID WHAT?”.

My boyfriend — or, I guess by this time: ex-boyfriend — yelled at me, his face just a few inches away from mine. This was new. He usually didn’t yell. He usually didn’t do much of anything. But somehow... like the straw which broke the camel’s back and stuff.

So what had I done? I had bought three dogs. Three wonderful, beautiful dogs. And I hadn’t told him. Hadn’t discussed it with him. Sure as hell hadn’t asked him. I paid most of the bills, I paid for the apartment, and I didn’t... fuck... who was I kidding? Of all our fights and arguments, of which there had been plenty in the last few weeks, with this one, I was in the wrong. Doesn’t matter who pays, we had been living together for months, and you discuss stuff like this with your roommate, boyfriend or whatever. You don’t just spring this on them. You just don’t. And just a few days ago, I wouldn’t have.

But now... things were different. For the first time in my life, I was in love. Yes, make fun of me all you want, but it’s as simple as that: I was in love. I was also horny as fuck.

Let’s get the judgment stuff out of the way and if you want to stop reading, now is the time:

I was in love with three dogs. I had had the best sex of my life with three dogs. I wanted to be with my dogs. I wanted them close, and I didn’t just want to fuck them, I wanted to live with them, take care of them, cuddle them, watch Netflix with them and tell them about my day.

They sure were better listeners than Mr. I’m-Right-Because-I’m-Yelling. Even if he was kinda right. But fuck it. I wanted this. I wanted it more than I have ever wanted anything in my life.

An angry silence. I didn’t know what to say because there was nothing to say. We were breaking up. He had been nothing but good to me. He was a loser hustling for ‘crypto consulting’ gigs, but to me, he had always been a good friend, a reliable partner. Also, a mediocre and selfish lover, but one who at least tried to make me feel good. Pathetic, but this had been the best relationship I had ever had. Not love, just a relationship: not coming home to an empty apartment, not going to friend’s birthday parties and weddings alone, someone to show to my parents so they would stop nagging.

And now it was over. He didn’t yell anymore. There were tears in his eyes, and I felt shitty. I still didn’t say anything. He looked down, walked by me, went to the door. Turned back around, grabbed his phone and laptop, and then he was out. No banging the door shut, he just closed it behind him. I looked at the small sideboard next to our door and his chargers were still plugged in. I smiled, but felt a tear rolling down my cheek, too. I hated this. And I was so relieved it was over.

Two of his friends came by later that day and grabbed most of his stuff. One came back later and picked up the things they forgot on the first raid. The atmosphere was surreal. We didn’t exchange a single word. They looked at me with disgust. Bros before hoes and all. When his friend finally left, I leaned against the door and needed a few minutes to breathe. Over.

I looked at the TV. An add for dog food. A German shepherd looked at the camera. I got so wet, it soaked through my panties and jeans. Time to roll... I was getting my dogs tomorrow. My dogs.

Chapter Two: In with the New

I'm not good at time management. Like, I really suck at it. I took the week off from work. For the first two days after Kennel Night (yes, that's the official name, and you can just shut up), I couldn't walk. I limbed. I had to get up from the couch by rolling over the armrest and pushing myself up. I didn't go out.

My boyfriend didn't even notice. He came home, I sat on the couch, he made his terrible "yes, this is food even though it looks like the world's most disgusting milkshake" drink, got on the couch next to me, gave me a pecker on the cheek (together with a possessive "Babe?"), switched the channel to some CSI-like show, and we watched in silence. He did ask about my day and I lied about having been at work. He never asked why I was out for a whole night without letting him know. Not sure if he had even noticed.

But now, I could walk. Like, barely, but still. Up and about. And I had shit to do. Like a lot of shit. And before the day had even started, I was already behind schedule. I had crossed off one item from my to-do list: "Make sure apartment lease allows pets (dogs!)". Yes, it did, and I rejoiced. One thing less to take care of.

All the other points on the list: open.

Get dog stuff (Baskets? Pillows? Do they even have anything for a dog the size of a pony? Dunno. Next. Toys. Bones? Dunno). Get dog food. Get leashes and collars. Find out if I have to take them to a vet. Find out where the next doggy park is. Find out what to do with dog poop, just in case the thought of picking it up through a thin plastic glove makes you gag. Find out if I need insurance. Find out if I have to pay taxes or need a license or something. And pick up my dogs. Today at 3pm. Easy-peasy. Better get going.

Before I left, I checked my bank account. OK, no toys. Probably no baskets or pillows but a few old blankets. Added "Find out if I have old blankets. Ask M&D" to the list.

The owner of the pet shop loved me. I bought everything. Yes, collars and leashes and two big doggy beds and one ridiculously large doggy bed ("Up to three dogs"... yes, three... or one Kong). 9 bowls ("Some dogs don't like to share their bowls... better get three for each" Sure.) Toys and chewing bones. Little stuffed animals for the dogs to love and cuddle. (I wanted them to love and cuddle me, but I will be away for most of the day - which just added another item to my list, one I had totally forgotten about: "Find out if I can leave dogs alone at home. If not, what?" Dunno).

Dog food. Two big sacks of kibble and 3 trays of canned food, 16 cans each. "Should be enough to get you through the first one or two weeks, and then you have to make a plan". I added it to the list. 10 packs of doggy treats, different brands, different tastes.

The last shred of rationality prevented me from buying three tiaras. Yes, they had dog tiaras. Yes, I dreamed about a selfie of me with my tiara-wearing dogs. \$19.99 each and I let it go and felt incredibly proud of myself.

Almost 800 dollars. I paid without flinching, no biggie for me, sir, and I'll be back for those tiaras. Two people from the store helped me to carry my stuff out to the car and cramped it in there. There was barely enough room for me in the driver's seat. I couldn't look out of the passenger window because the passenger seat was the only place left for the sacks of kibble and trays of dog food - and I'm so small I couldn't look over them. I could see the sky through the passenger window, which was

nice.

“Thank you” – “For a customer like you, any time”. A big smile. I smiled back. Great, I’m broke.

I unloaded the stuff at home, carried everything up to my apartment. I met the neighbor downstairs on one of my trips. I didn’t know her name, even though we lived under the same roof and I had seen her dozens of times. Latina, dark skin, late 20s or something, her little boy, maybe 1 or 2 in her arm. She’s pretty, the way only South Americans can be pretty. Dolled up without looking dolled up. Big ass, big tits, big smile. I thought I would like her, and she offered to help. But with a kid on her arm and me not wanting to explain about three dogs and running out of time, I smiled back and politely declined. She nodded and went her way. I carried the dog food upstairs and got a very painful reminder of how much my back had hurt the first days after Kennel Night.

There’s not enough room in my apartment. I cramped the dog baskets into one corner, had to move the couch and the TV stand, and now everything looked out of balance. Three dogs, no feng shui for me. Fuck it. Next.

Dog food went next to the refrigerator, and I threw some of Jeb’s old stuff out. A rice cooker with a Wi-Fi connection. Some thing that’s supposed to make soy milk or yogurt or whatever. A leg trainer that was bought but never used.

Toys went into an old laundry basket next to the couch. I taped a few hooks to the door and hung the leashes. For a brief moment, I closed my eyes and imagined three tiaras on the sideboard next to the door. And I saw Kong with a tiara. I had to steady myself because my pussy was pulsing. Two hours. Mac. Gandhi. Kong. Two hours.

I do need dog licenses and they cost money. A lot of money. Which I didn’t have. It would be cheaper if the dogs were neutered. Ok, skip that. No way. I put it on the list.

I also got a list of required vaccinations. When I told the lady that I don’t know if the dogs are vaccinated and which vaccinations they have or don’t have, she took a long look at me. “Find a good vet that doesn’t screw you over. These things are expensive enough, even when they don’t scam you”. I put it on the list.

Insurance. It’s recommended, but not required. But strongly recommended. Like in “Save a penny, lose a pound” recommended. But no, not now. I had no idea how to pay the license fees, let alone vaccinations (if needed). I had to turn the piece of paper with my list because I was running out of space.

I called my parents on the way back, asking for a loan. Told them about the break-up and lied that Jeb had paid part of the rent, and now I had to ‘readjust my finances’. I felt bad about this. My parents are good people. I love them. We don’t talk that often, but they always had my back (together with constant inquiries about grandchildren and suchlike). Lying to them felt wrong. Not telling them about the dogs felt wrong. But there were only so many things I could put on my list, and “Tell parents I fuck dogs” would have to wait.

I found a doggy park on the way back – well, Google Maps found it. It looked nice, it was like a 20-minute walk from my apartment and to my great relief, they had like a giant sandpit for dogs to relieve themselves. No picking up dog shit here. Everywhere else in town: pick it up or pay a fine.

Half an hour and I could pick up my dogs. My dogs. I shivered.

I felt guilty... I hadn’t seen them since Kennel Night. What’s the rule? Call within three days, or it’s

off? Did they think the nice lady was just there for a one-night stand? Did they miss me? Thought about me? Or maybe... didn't care? Like I was just a fuck and now they are on to other things? No... no way. I remembered how Mac looked at me. His kind eyes. The way Gandhi put his big head in my lap. And Kong... don't ask me why, but I know. He does. I do.

I got in the car, the back seats were still turned over from today's shopping spree. I had bought a doggy blanket for the car (\$78.99) and I spread it out over the trunk and back seats. I had no idea if three dogs... well, two dogs and one Kong, could fit in there. It didn't go on the list. No time.

I drove to the kennel. I remembered how I felt the first time I made this drive. Excited. Hopeful. Now... I almost trembled with anticipation. I imagined three dogs jumping up and down when they saw me. I imagined three dogs looking at me with hurt and pain in their eyes. You left us alone. I imagined three dogs not giving a fuck about who I was and if or why I was back.

This time I didn't park in front of the compound, I drove up to the main house, stopped about 20 yards away from the small kennel with my dogs. My dogs. I took a deep breath. I got out of the car.

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### **Chapter Three: Reunion**

Now. It's now. Another deep breath.

"You're late". The hoarse voice I remember from my embarrassing morning at the kennel.

"I'm sorry, I had..."

Before I can finish, I hear Mac barking. My heart skips a beat. All I want to do is run to the kennel and...

"Thought you really liked those dogs, and you'd be early if anything". There's a mischievous tone to her voice. Of course, she knows. There wasn't much room for interpretation on this morning. My clothes in tatters, dried dog semen all over me... and me lying between three dogs, Gandhi as the world's most comfortable cushion, Mac's head on my belly and Kong's giant paw on my shoulder and tits.

"I had a lot of stuff to take care of... I want them to come home to... a home...". This makes very little sense, but I know what I mean, and that's enough.

Mac's barking gets louder, and now I can hear Gandhi joining in. No sound from Kong, of course not. I would be worried if he got emotional.

She walks towards me, a stack of papers in her hand. I walk sideways... I want to see my dogs. Her smile gets bigger. "Don't worry... they've been waiting for you. They haven't eaten much for days, and they stare out of the kennel all day."

I'm so happy I could cry... I walk further, now I can almost see the first kennel on the left... Gandhi...

"Seems you left quite an impression..."

I ignore her and walk faster. Gandhi... he stands still when he sees me and then throws his whole body against the bars of his kennel... another three steps and I see Mac... my panties get wet and my cleavage itches. Mac... standing there, tilting his head, like the first time I saw him. My heart is filled

with so much joy I can't even say anything, and I know I'm smiling like an idiot. Mac barks. Three more steps. Kong. Kong. Sitting there. Motionless. As close to the bars as possible. He puts one paw up on the lowest horizontal bar. Looks at me. His eyes. I gasp when a mini orgasm hits me. This has never happened before. Like ever. I tumble and feel a scrawny hand catching me.

"Easy there, hun. Seems y'all missed each other." She giggles and this makes my skin crawl.

"All the paperworks here... and..." She looks at me. "...but maybe I give y'all a minute".

And with this, she turns around and walks away.

I walk towards Mac, like in a trance. He's wagging his tail and yes, it does look like he is jumping up and down. Gandhi's head follows my path, and he walks to the bars separating his kennel from Mac's. It's hard to see, but behind his fat body, he's wagging his short tail as well. Kong is staring off into the distance, like he's ignoring me... but I can see that his eyes are following me.

I'm standing right in front of Mac, and he pushes his snout through the bars... it takes me a second, but then I go down on my knees and even while I'm crouching down, I feel his tongue all over my face... another powerful jolt goes through my pussy, not an orgasm, mini or not, just a little flash of pleasure. I kiss Mac's nose. Ruffle his fur. Lean my forehead against him.

"I missed you. I missed you so much. And I'm sorry." I kiss him. Just a small pecker on the side of his flews. "But now I'm here. And I will take you home with me". Mac barks. I don't know what he thinks I said... but maybe he picked up the tone of my voice. "Good boy". I lick a drop of his spit from his fangs and tickle him behind his ear. "You're coming home with mommy."

I turn to Gandhi. It looks like he's pushing himself through the bars, like he's bending them with the whole weight of his fat, plump body.

"And you... come here..." Gandhi's bark feels like a hair-dryer aimed at my face, and I can smell that he ate something I don't really want to know. But I still hug him with both arms, kiss him below his eyes and kiss my way to his cold nose. His tongue laps at my face and I can feel his paws pulling at my t-shirt. "Not now, buddy, not now... but when we're home"... I whisper into his ear: "We're going home, buddy. Home". Another bark, another lick, and I have to force myself to get up.

I walk to Kong. He is pretending to stare at some point down on the main road, but I can see his eyes are so far turned to the side that he looks goofy.

I'm standing in front of him, my breasts touching the bars separating us.

I nod. "Sir." Kong looks at me. Puts his other paw on the horizontal bar and is now towering over me. I lean forward and lick his throat, from his chest all the way up to his chin. Is it called a chin? I dunno, but Kong shudders. Pretends not to care, but I look down and see his cock swelling. It's pushing out of its pouch, or whatever it is called.

"Get down here, you big ol' softie. You missed me, too." Kong doesn't get down, but I step on the bar above his, and now I'm taller than him. I look into his eyes, and he doesn't look away. I open my mouth and let a bit of spit drip out of my mouth. Kong catches it as it is falling. He pushes the top of his nose through the bar and I give it a soft kiss. He growls. I move a bit down and catch his tongue between my lips. I suck it in... slowly... and let it go.

"You're coming home with me. And we will work on our communication and your attitude. Sir."

And with this, I step down and step back. Kong lets out a growl so loud and deep that all of us take a step back, Gandhi, Mac and I.

"Told you, if you find your dog, you'll know. But three... well, I guess that's your problem now, innit?"

I turn to her. She's standing a few meters away. I don't know how much she has seen. I also don't care. She knows. I know she knows.

"As I said, paperwork's all here. I'm making you a good price because... well, hun, you're the only one who wants those three. And it seems you're the only one they want. Any other shelter would've probably given them the shot long ago. They eat like one of 'dem Jurassic things, and they don't let anybody come near them. Last year, Kong almost bit the arm off one of 'dem Proud Boys who wanted a scary dog. Was too scary for him and he got a bulldog..."

"Thank you, I appreciate that. And... you're right. They were... waiting for me... and I was waiting for them."

"Now, aren't you a romantic, hun."

"About... like... vaccinations..."

"It's all here. They got every single one, even the ones that are not required. We take good care of our dogs. Vet had to take Kong out because he's scared of needles." I have to smile. Big ol' softie.

I feel like hugging her, and the account balance in my head goes from 'deep red' to 'just red'.

I pay her. Another 600 bucks. In cash. I don't get a receipt. I don't sign anything. I just get the papers. These are my dogs now. My dogs.

"They don't like leashes. Mac, maybe, but don't even try with Gandhi, let alone the big fella. But I guess that's your problem now." Indeed.

She opens Mac's kennel. He stands there, not sure what's happening. He starts to walk, keeping an eye on the lady... I kneel down and open my arms. And then Mac is all over me, almost toppling me over and just when I have steadied myself and want to hug him, Gandhi crashes into both of us, from the side, and we all fall over.

From the corner of my eyes, I can see Kong walking out of his kennel, and then he just sits there. Of course.

Getting the dogs into the car is... a challenge. Mac jumps into the trunk as soon as I open it and point at the big blanket. Gandhi... oh well. I don't know if he has ever seen a car. Even when I push him, he can't get up on the bumper. The old lady and I both lift him and push, and he's not exactly helping. Encouraging barks from Mac, but it doesn't help. He's hanging there, half inside the trunk, half outside. It takes us a good 10 minutes to somehow maneuver him in, and then he just falls over, lies on his side, panting heavily, like he did all the work.

I'm sweating. My t-shirt is soaked. The lady is holding on to the side of the car.

"Good luck when you have to do this on your own. Or do you have a fella to help you?"

"No, no fella"

"Of course not." There's that smile again. She knows. And I still don't care.

We take a look into the trunk. Mac is lying in the far corner, behind the passenger seat, curled up, head on his paws. Gandhi is lying on the left side, taking up all the space from behind the driver's seat down to the trunk lid. No way Kong is fitting in there. Even if I get Mac back out, still no way. And he doesn't look like he wants to go anywhere. He knows he's home. Home.

I open the passenger door. I say a quiet thank you to my dad who had shown me car stuff when I thought I'd never need it and had zero interest in changing oil, checking tire pressure or... taking out car seats. Loosen two screws, move the seat forward, lift it from the back... and it was out. Mac looked at me and barked. Good job. Well, thank you.

"I'll pick this up later"

"Be my guest. Now see if you can make the big fella get in there. I guess that's your problem now."

I sigh.

"This is also against the law. But..."

"I guess that's my problem now." I feel a little taller when I say it out loud. Well, as tall as 5'1 gets, but still.

I look at Kong. He's sitting on his hind legs, relaxed, again staring into the distance while secretly keeping an eye on everything that's going on.

"After you, Sir". I point to the open door. Nothing. "Get in. Now." Nothing.

I'm getting annoyed. I know it's an act and right now, I'm sick of it. But I'm keeping my cool.

I walk over to Kong. Hug him. I can see the old lady tense up. Almost bit an arm off a Nazi. Yes, but that's also like an excuse.

"Come on. Please. Pretty please. We're going home."

I look into his eyes and tickle him under his chin (and I still don't know if it's called a chin...).

"Home."

I kiss him and I hear the lady gasp. OK, at least that means she hadn't watched our little make-out session half an hour ago.

I grab the skin on the back of his neck and drag him to the car. Even when he's walking, he's almost as tall as I am. I might get him into the car. But I'm not sure if I will still fit in. Shit.

He doesn't get into the car. Of course not. I push, and I whisper to him and cuddle him and push more, but nothing.

I'm now so sweaty that I have to blink to see clearly. I take a deep breath. I take Kong's head and bend it towards me. No staring off into the distance while not getting into cars and stuff, Mister.

"Listen to me." Kong closes his eyes, like he's bored.

I yell at him: "Listen to me, dammit". He opens his eyes, his ears go up. He growls. It's a growl you



can hear and feel. The old lady is taking a step back.

"You either get in or I'm leaving you here. Do you understand?"

Kong looks away.

I yell again, but this time it comes out as a high-pitched, girly scream, and I'm embarrassed:

"DO YOU UNDERSTAND? NOW GET IN OR..."

I feel like crying, but I'm holding his gaze. I don't back down. I don't know what he sees in my eyes, but... he barks. Once. This sounds like something out of a Jurassic Park movie.

And...he looks away, lowers his head and gets into the car.

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Chapter Four: Going Home

The drive home... Two dogs roaming around in the back, barking at pretty much everything they see, especially traffic lights. Kong's big head is on my lap, and this feels so good that I can't concentrate on driving. I'm taking my dogs home, and I'm making a puddle on my seat because I can feel Kong's hot breath even through my jeans. Kong pretends he doesn't care and this is merely the only comfortable position... with his giant head in my lap. He's breathing slowly... tense... and he's... sniffing. He can smell what is happening to me. He can smell... me...

Gandhi is so excited that he farts and... oh... my... god... I lower both front windows, I don't dare to lower the rear windows... but the stench is like the ultimate pussy dryer. Any kind of excitement goes out of the window (like literally) when Gandhi's stench whiffs by me. Mac whelps. Kong growls. I gag.

I stop at the doggy park. If there is any business they have to do, better do it now. If Gandhi has one more of those nerve gas attacks inside him, please, god, let him do it now.

To my complete and utter surprise, getting out of the car is no drama at all. They all just get out. OK, with Gandhi it looks more like falling out, but it's fine.

I didn't bring the leashes. Or collars. Crap. But none of the other dogs I see is on a leash, so I think it's fine. I realize that I have no idea how to handle dogs. Like really none. Zero. How can I make sure that they stay by my side? Don't run away? Come back when we need to leave? That Kong doesn't eat some of the smaller dogs?

People are standing in small groups, some sit on benches by themselves. About a dozen dogs are running around, playing, sniffing... and for the first time today, I'm scared. Really scared. I have no idea what I'm doing. Three dogs, sitting left and right of me, they don't run away, they don't pay much attention to the other dogs or people.

"OK, everybody follow me." I take a deep breath and start walking towards the sandpit. Two other dogs are there, doing their business. It smells. I can see them... well, you know. It ain't pretty. The dogs stay by my side. I realize they are as scared as I am. They haven't been out in... months? Years?

We get there, and it's another "Now, what?". I point towards the sandpit. "Go and... like do stuff".

MacGyver is the first to figure shit out. Literally. He walks into the sandpit, looking back at me to

make sure I'm not going away, leaving him. My heart is so filled with love I'm almost able to ignore the stench of dozens of dog piles.

Gandhi follows him, even more careful, he's walking sideways and doesn't let me out of his sight.

I turn to Kong. He's by my side. Close. Like really close. I touch his flank and can feel that he's trembling. He looks at me. I've never seen him look like this. Yes, he's scared. And embarrassed that he's scared. And he leans against me. My heart is overflowing. Big ol' softie. I love you.

I walk with him to the sandpit. It's a whole new level of disgusting. I can see that both Mac and Gandhi have found spots which aren't covered in dog poop, and they're doing their business. I look away. I find a spot for Kong and ruffle his fur.

"Now, here we are... do... your thing..."

He looks at me. Tilts his head. This is the first time I see him do that. It's like: "Really?" Then I understand.

"Oh, sorry, privacy". I turn around and look in the other direction. I'm not really comfortable with the fact that Kong is still leaning against my back when... well... I can hear that we're good to go.

You can love a dog with all your heart and soul - and still, the sound of his bowel movements will test this love more than you like to admit. I close my eyes. How much longer? Well, much longer. I can't even take a deep breath. Not here. Not now.

I walk back to the grass, Kong by my side. A young man walks by, casually, like he's looking for something. When you are a woman, you know that a guy casually looking for something often means a guy trying to get closer to you. Sigh.

"You're a walker, too?"

"A what?"

"Dog walker?"

"No, they're mine". And again, I feel taller. Like 5'2 at least.

"Wow, they are... big."

"My boyfriend likes them big. He's big, too."

I look at him. Friendly, but...

"Oh, ok... guess I have to bring mine back.. to... "

"Yeah, you better. Looks like a storm is gathering".

The sky is blue. Not a cloud. He looks up. Looks back at me. Turns around without a word and leaves.

I realize Kong hasn't made a peep. But he's tense. And he's sitting upright. Showing his teeth. Good boy.

Mac and Gandhi come back to us. They sniff around a bit, they run a bit, but they're both staying

close to Kong and me. We walk back to the car. Kong on my right, Gandhi on my left and Mac running in circles around us.

Change of layout. I push Gandhi through the passenger door. No way I can lift him into the trunk on my own. Mac gets into the trunk and Kong looks at me. Hurt. The place next to mine is his. Not Gandhi's. For what feels like the 10th time today, I hug him, kiss his nose and point to the trunk.

"For me, ok? I helped you shit, goddammit. Come one. Please. Don't make me yell at you again."

I kiss him again, give his tongue a quick lick, and almost faint when I taste him. Kong sneezes and hops into the trunk. Just like that. The whole car shakes, Mac has to squeeze into a corner, and Kong lays down. Perfect. I close the trunk.

We're going home.

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## **Chapter Five: Welcome Home**

I dunno, I expected them to get excited when we turn into my street. No: our street. When we stop in front of the house. But: nothing. Gandhi is looking out the passenger window, and everybody we pass does a double take when they spot him. Nothing to see here. Just a dog riding shotgun. Proceed.

Mac and Kong are dozing in the trunk, I can hear soft snoring and an occasional deep growl from Kong when Mac moves. Anger management. I put it on my mental list.

I stop in front of the house. "We're home". My voice is higher than usual, I really don't want to squeak like a girlie girl, but... fuck it. I get out and open the trunk. Two sets of tired eyes are looking at me. Five more minutes, mommy. No. "Get out. We're home. Home!".

I walk around the car to the passenger door. Open it. Gandhi looks at me. Puzzled. No green lawn, no sandpit, nothing that looks even remotely like fun. "Out. Now." He gets out with his hind legs first, and this looks so ridiculous that I snort. Not very ladylike.

The car shakes and wobbles and creaks when Kong gets out. He stands there and looks at me. Walks slowly towards me, cautiously looking left and right. Mac gets out and barks. He gets it.

Nobody on the street, and I'm relived. Dogs are supposed to be on a leash at all times. Residential neighborhood, no arguing that. The leashes are hanging on my door up in the apartment. Fuck it. I close the passenger door, close the trunk. Three dogs, so close to me that it feels like I'm moving through a crowd.

I open the main door, the hallway is dark, only the emergency light is on. My dogs press against me, but they walk with me when I lead the way, down a dark corridor, past the elevator (no way, not with two dogs and a pony) and then we go up the stairs. First floor. Excited barking when they look out the floor-to-ceiling window and see that we are high up. Second floor. Higher up. More barking. Third floor, barking and slight disappointment when I don't go up the stairs to the fourth floor but take a turn. We don't meet anybody, and I thank the universe.

My door. Our door. I unlock it. Push it open. I reach inside and turn on the light.

"Welcome home, boys!". Just saying it out loud feels so good, I have to hold on to the door frame.

Mac walks in first. Gandhi follows, more cautious. Kong looks at me. I smile at him. "After you, Sir". He is shivering. Takes one step, looks at me again.

"You and me, big fella." And I grab the soft skin on his neck and pull him inside. With me.

It takes Mac and Gandhi a minute. Then they smell it. And understand. That's mommy's place. My place. Their place. What follows are three minutes of total chaos, running around, barking, Mac does a somersault on my couch when he smells the pillow that's been on my lap every day since we moved here. Gandhi pulls himself up on a chair next to the window and gets his front paws on the window sill. He looks outside, a mix of bark and howl, turns his head. "Hey, look what I've found! A view!". And then he falls over, backwards, it sounds like somebody has dropped a sack of flour. Back up, joining Mac on the couch, fighting over the pillow, the little lamp next to the couch falls over and breaks. Both look at me, guilty - but then decide that it really doesn't matter and keep fighting and pulling.

Kong sits next to me. Looks at me. His eyes are at level with mine. I shrug. "Kids." Kong growls and I kiss his nose. "Come, I show you something". I drag him to the three doggie baskets and push him to the biggest one. He pushes back. Takes one reluctant step. One paw inside the basket, on the soft cushion. Second paw. Hind legs, one by one, his eyes on mine at all times. Pushing and turning him feels like parallel parking, but eventually, he stands in the basket. I try to push him down. Hard. But all I'm doing is pushing myself up. This looks like gym class. "Get your ass down. Goddammit. Here... there... see?" He sits. And slowly lowers himself. I caress his big snout all the way down, kiss his tusks (I still don't know what else I should call them) and go down with him. He curls up. A long sigh. Home. I feel warm all over.

Now, 'cute' is the last word that any human every would use to describe Kong. But seeing him in his basket, which is still too small ("For up to three dogs"... yeah, right), relaxed, his eyes still on mine, his tongue licking his flews, the tension leaving his body... Cute. My dog is cute. I get so wet that I have to turn around and leave. Otherwise, I will cream in front of him and that might not end well. Bit the arm off a Nazi, raped a tiny woman to death. Two strikes.

Mac and Gandhi have found the garbage can in the kitchen and... I will have to get one you can bolt to the door under the sink. I put it on the list.

I have already filled their bowls with water, one for each. Have filled three more bowls with kibble. Now I get the double can opener (\$39.99) and find out it might be one of the few smart investments of my shopping mania: it opens a can of dog food on both ends. The lid on one end just comes off, the lid on the other end needs a bit of a pull. Open end down, over the bowl, fumble the other lid off, and a disgusting goo of dog food oozes down into the bowl. Perfect. One can to fail and fumble, one can to practice, third can is the charm.

"Gentleman! Dinner!". I don't know what else to do and just bang two cans together, like a dinner bell, and little drops of dog food sprinkle over me legs. Oh well.

Mac is first. Looks at the feast in front of him. Presses his head against my hand. "Thank you, mommy". I want to bend down and... whatever, he's already all over his bowls. Gandhi comes second, the same bark/howl he did at the window. "Look what I found!". He doesn't lose time with thank you's and dives right in.

Kong is in his basket. Maybe this is the first time in his life he's inside anything that is his. Not counting the dark kennel. But why should this count?

"Sir! Whenever it is convenient for you. It's here. Doesn't go away. Take your time."

I wink at him. His eyes... longing... hungry... but we will not suffer the indignity of getting excited over water and kibble and brown goo. Delicious brown goo. I can see his nose twitch. I know my dog.

I turn around and start cleaning up. Broken lamp goes right into the box with Jeb's old tech stuff. I can hear Kong moving behind me, the clack-clack-clack of his paws on the wooden floor. The pillow is... well, no longer a pillow but a wet mess, but fuck it. Back on the couch after I wipe of at least some of the dog saliva. Kong drinks, I don't look. Him munching down the wet food sounds like pulling out boots stuck in mud. I pull the couch table to the side.

Barking. I look at the kitchen. 9 bowls. All empty. More barking.

½ a can more for each Mac and Gandhi, one can more for Kong who stands there as if he just happens to be here. But his tongue is licking every last speck of dog food from his flews and teeth.

Water, for each, and it's gone as soon as I have filled the bowls. The floor around the bowls is wet, sprinkled with kibble – but no wet food, they lick up every last piece of that. Big, washable mats to place bowls on. It goes on the list.

"No more. Enough. You'll all get a tummy ache" Mac tilts his head. Gandhi tries the submissive way and lowers his head and looks up at me with the saddest eyes this side of "The Notebook". Kong growls. I pet all of them. Kong's growling doesn't stop, and would sound threatening and frightening to every sane human on earth. But I know my dog. Drama queen. Well, drama king.

They all stay at their bowls, hoping for manna from heaven, while I finish cleaning up. Of course Mac has already figured out where the good stuff comes from and stands next to the stack of cans, looking at me. Barking. Nope, my friend.

I let myself fall down on the couch, Right smack in the middle. That's where Jeb used to sit, with me piled up in the corner, pillow (wet mess now) on my lap, book or Kindle or tablet on the pillow. But now, it's me. Ma'am of the house.

"Boys! Get your asses here! Cuddle time!"

Mac and Gandhi peek around the corner, still hoping for another bowl or two. But when they see me and when I open my arms, they run so fast they can't make the turn, slide over the floor with the most adorable confused look on both faces. They find their footing, lunge forward and two dogs are crashing into my at the same time. It knocks the wind right out of me – but then I grab them and we cuddle. Licking my face, turning in my lap, little love bites, more licking and I hug them so close I can feel their heartbeats.

I look up. Kong is standing in front of us. Looking to the side. Enjoying the view.

"Come here you big ol' softie... give mommy a kiss..."

Nothing... but I feel his paw on my foot. He doesn't look. I slip my shoe off the other foot and play footsies with my giant, proud dog while Mac and Gandhi take turns licking and biting my tummy and my tits.

I'm so happy I could cry. Four days of waiting. Four fucking days. And now... it's heaven. Better than heaven. It's home. Home.

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Chapter Six: Shower Time

This is getting out of hand, I can feel Mac's and Gandhi's love bites getting more insistent and I can feel the both have boners. Warm, hard, wet boners pressing against my sides as they both french kiss me and I kiss them back.

Today I learned: kissing your dogs right after they had dinner is a big no-no. But I don't care. Yes, the taste is disgusting and the appeal of dog food and their excitement about it is really beyond me... but... fuck it. My dogs. No way in hell I won't kiss my dogs, no matter the taste. These are my dogs.

I can feel it building inside of me. If we continue, there will be no way back. My dogs will fuck me. My dogs will fuck their bitch. And this bitch wants to be fucked. Desperately. I can't even stop my hips from pushing back against them. Gandhi has found my nipple and is pulling on it, through my sweaty t-shirt, through my sports bra. Mac is licking my neck, right behind my ear, the one spot that makes my shiver uncontrollably. Kong's paw on my foot and my pedicured nail raking up and down his leg and I can feel him tensing up.

NO. This is a decent household and we have rules. I may be their bitch, but I'm also their mommy and mommies are law. Stopping is so hard. So fucking hard. There's doggy precum all over my tummy, my whole face is covered in delicious dog spit (made slightly less delicious by the overwhelming stench of dog food...) but I gather all my strength, push Mac and Gandhi away, they both whelp and look heartbreakingly confused.

I take a deep breath... wipe some dog spit from the corner of my eye.

Kong barks, it's so loud and deep that Mac and Gandhi almost fall off and press into each corner of the couch. Anger management. So important.

I lean forward and kiss Kong. I take both his ears into my small hands and let them glide through my fingers. The fur is so soft that I can't help but moan against his cold nose. When I feel his tongue on my lips, I almost lose it... there is nothing I want more than getting dog raped now... but... first things first.

"Gentleman. Down. All of you. Down." Mac lies down. Gandhi looks at me and has no idea what to do. Mac barks, gets up, barks again and lies down. Gandhi lies down and I can see his big doggie cock getting squeezed between the couch and his fat belly. A big gob of precum oozes out of the tip and I have to close my eyes.

"Kong! Down!". He puts both paws on my feet and on the one naked foot, this really ain't pleasant. But as always, I hold his gaze.

"Down. Now."

A miracle. Kong gets down. Well, almost. As a kid I had a Rudyard Kipling book and it had a tiger on the front cover. A tiger getting ready to lunge forward to kill his prey. That's what Kong looked like. Down... sorta. Good enough.

"Everybody listen up. You, gentleman, will get squeaky clean before you get any action. Understood?"

They all look at me, even Kong, with big question marks above their heads. Ok, keep it simple.

I look at all three of them. Docile. Ears up. Attentive. I have to put my hand on my heart. This is too

much. My dogs.

I kick off the one remaining shoe and get up, use my t-shirt to wipe my face. I point at Gandhi and Kong. "You two. With me. Now." I drag Gandhi to his basket and – the miracles just keep coming – Kong just trots along. He knows his basket and its simple pleasures. Just like with Kong, it takes Gandhi a minute to understand what this thing is and what it's for and that it's his. But once he does, he curls up into the world's biggest ball of fur and let's out a sigh that doesn't seem to end.

Kong is already in his basket, trying to find a position without half of him hanging out of the basket. It looks adorable. He looks up at me. Closes his eyes. And dozes off.

"You, Mister, stay here. No shenanigans." Gandhi looks at me and I know he just likes to hear me say stuff. "Here. Down. Good boy.". All fingers crossed.

"Mac! Come here!". He's by my side so fast it's like that Mr. Speed guy from those atrocious Batman movies Jeb watched on repeat.

We go to the bathroom. Well, I go and Mac is running in circles around me, jumping up and down, barking.

The apartment is from the 60s or 70s and most of it looks like it. But there is one modern feature and it's a godsent. I have a walk-in shower. A big ass one. No idea what anyone was thinking, but half of the small bathroom is shower stall. Three walls and we used to have one of those ugly plastic curtains. Found out the shower is so big that only very little water splashes out of it when you don't have a curtain and here we are: perfect doggie shower.

Mac is such a darling. He jerks back when he feels the first drops of water from the shower head... but then... it's warm. It tickles. It's wonderful. I can't get him to stand still, he's turning so fast I don't even have to move the shower head to get him all wet. He opens his mouth and I let some water run into it and he spits it out. Jumps up and down.

The dog shampoo. Now this is a gamble. The guy at the store said most dogs hate it. I got it anyway because why not. I get Mac to stand still... put some on my hand and start rubbing it on his back... let my fingers glide through his fur. It smells fresh, but has a neutral scent, no flowery shit. Mac sniffs. Sneezes. But he holds still. Darling. I put more on him and massage his head with it. He leans into me... turns. I rub his neck, his tummy... all four legs and he holds up each one so I can clean the paws. The water running down the drain is white-grey. He obviously needed a shower. But he's not dirty. I mean: not dog dirty.

"Now don't you get too excited... but..."

Mac freezes when I clean his cock. I'm careful not to rub too much... just get some soap on it and rinse it off. He gets hard in like 3 seconds... looks at me. And with one swift movement, he's standing on his hind legs, his front paws on my shoulders and we're dancing, dancing like the first time we met. He licks my face and I try desperately to ignore the big, wonderful cock pressing against my tummy.

One dog down, two more to do... not yet, my love. I turn my head and Mac licks the whole length of my face, down from the neck up to my hair.

Gandhi is peeking around the corner. He's hunched down. His eyes are filled with nameless terror. I look into his eyes and smile. "You're next". For someone who looks like a pregnant sow, he's gone in no time, leaving a little puff of dust in the air behind him. Not joking, really. Someone needs a

shower.

Mac shakes off the water and I'm drenched. The whole bathroom is wet, including the ceiling. I put it on the list. I dry Mac off and he smells just wonderful.

The last touch: I got a mouth spray for dogs. I got a long look from the guy at the pet store and... maybe they had this for a certain clientele. Better not think about it, and I got an eco pack with 6 cans.

I try it on Mac and he's... surprised. Sneezes and spits. But then he opens his mouth again and I give him a good dose. I can't help but lick one of his teeth. It tastes sweet. No wonder he likes it. And it smells like Mountain Dew.

I also got toothbrushes and toothpaste for dogs, but not tonight. Mac keeps his mouth open but I use both hands to close it. He tilts his head. Licks my face and it smells so good, I just want to hug him and make out with him right there, on the wet bathroom floor.

No. He follows me back to the living room, barking and running around me. Gandhi is pressed into the furthest corner of his basket. His eyes... "Please, mommy... no".

I crouch down. Open my arms. "Come here, buddy". He stands up and comes. But I can see he really doesn't want to. He knows what's coming. The horrible rain machine. Somebody doesn't like water. I'm sure he has his reasons. But one look at his basket and I can see that if one of my dogs needs a shower, it's him.

I drag him to the bathroom. His whelps are heartbreaking. I hug him and whisper to him, issue stern commands and inquire politely. It doesn't help. At the end, I'm pushing him like someone would push a washing machine.

He sits in the shower, head down. His eyes... still. I could cry. I'm sorry, buddy, but this has to happen. I turn the water on, make sure the temperature is right. I don't aim it at him but on the floor. Even stepping into it seems to be sheer terror. I take his paw and let some water run over it. What goes down the drain looks brown, like sludge from a clogged-up pipe.

With Mac, he enjoyed every minute of it. But Gandhi... he hates it. He's miserable. But yet, he stays, let's me rinse his fur and there are actual chunks of dirt getting washed down the drain. Sometimes the water is brown, then gray, then red. I worry that he's hurt, but it's just some red dirt hidden in the deepest reaches of the fur on his belly. The fur I had licked clean and had sucked his and Mac's cum out of just a few days ago. Back then, it tasted heavenly. Now, seeing the dirty water, I have to gag a couple of times.

If the water was misery, the shampoo is a horror show. Gandhi cries like a puppy and I try to finish as quickly as possible. But with his size and the length and density of his fur, it takes a good 20 minutes. With Mac, 10 minutes all in all and half of that was playing. And, arguably, more cock-rubbing than strictly necessary. We're close to half an hour when Gandhi shakes the water off, and I mentally underline "Water-proof bathroom ceiling" on my list. He's dry, I'm soaking wet, the whole bathroom is dripping.

The mouth spray and yes, he likes it, too. After half an hour of pure suffering, here's a reward and he snatches the can from my hand and chews on it. Let him have this victory and I don't have to drag him out of the bathroom, he runs, his treasure between his teeth. Can this thing explode if you chew it open? Dunno. Hope not. Next.

Next. Kong. OK. Just in case anybody is surprised: he doesn't come. Like not an inch. I pull and I push, I plead and I cuddle, but nothing. I pull the whole basket out of the corner and Kong's growl makes my skin crawl. I can pull it 3, maybe 4 feet and I'm done.

"Bad dog". He looks at me and barks. I guess that's his way of saying "You betcha". One last try. Extra cuddles. My sternest voice. Yelling. Nothing.

I give up. I don't even try the mouth spray because I don't want to own the second arm he eats.

"OK, no cuddles for you tonight, Sir! I'm pissed and trust me, you will not like me when I'm pissed".

Kong sits up. Puts his paw on my foot. I pull the foot from down under him and walk away. I don't look back. But I so want to know if he's looking at me. Please.

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## **Chapter Seven: Bed Time**

I'm soaked from head to toe from two doggie showers - but I still go and take a shower. A normal shower. A people shower.

Stalling. It's hard to admit, but this what I'm doing. I'm stalling. The whole afternoon, evening... stalling. I know what's coming. I want what's coming. I've been thinking about nothing else for four days. Even on the first day after Kennel Night, when I couldn't move at all and my pussy had been so raw and sore that I couldn't even wipe off after peeing, I still masturbated furiously and imagined my dogs over me. My dogs passing me around. Filling me. Raping me. The images just wouldn't stop. The glorious moment I saw Gandhi shoot his sperm directly on my face, saw it jet out of his cock before the world was white and warm. The feeling of Mac pushing his bulb into me, violently, the feeling of my pussy stretching around it. And Kong. I couldn't stop thinking about Kong. Me hanging on to him, my legs around his flanks, holding on to his teeth, this image kept coming back. And his giant dock cock tearing me open, so deep inside me that it felt like the tip was touching my heart.

And now... after four days of waiting... I find one thing after another to do before... before...

I don't use my scented shower gel. I use Jeb's dermatological one that smells like nothing. I want to be clean for my dogs. I want to be a clean bitch. Pristine. I want them to smell me and not some rose petal crap. That will go into the trash first thing tomorrow.

Stop it. Not tomorrow. Now. It is now. No more waiting. No more stalling. My dogs deserve their bitch. Their clean bitch.

I get out of the shower and I don't even dry off. I just leave the bathroom, dripping wet, naked.

All three dogs are in their baskets, and even when I'm so horny I can barely focus, this image is added to my inner list of perfect moments. My dogs, all curled up in their new beds, relaxed, happy. Home.

They perk up when they see me. Naked. I walk by them, still dripping water all over the floor. To the bedroom. Make sure I wiggle my ass for them. I turn my head, look at them over my shoulder and as casually as possible, I just say: "Boys..." and walk into the bedroom. I hear the sound of paws on the wooden floor and I shiver. Now.

I get on the bed, on my knees. I turn around, facing the door. Mac is first, jumps on the bed and his paws are on my shoulders. I take his head between my hands and kiss him. Kiss him deep. I can feel Gandhi trying to get on the bed and I have to break our kiss and help him up... he's on my tits before his hind legs are on the bed and I go back to kissing Mac. Gandhi bites my nipples and I have to scream out into Mac's mouth - but this gets muffled by his tongue, forcing its way into my mouth. Another bite from Gandhi and I know this evening won't be gentle. They have waited for four days, too. And they couldn't relieve pressure by masturbating. They kept their loads. For me. For their bitch. Their bitch.

I wrestle Mac down, on his back and there it is... his beautiful cock, all 10 inches of it, sticking out, dripping with precum and I throw myself at him, bury my face in the soft fur on his belly... and then I lick up along his cock, let my tongue explore every inch from the base up to the pumping head. It's difficult, but I do manage to turn Gandhi over as well, it's more like rolling a log. But when he is in the right position... my god... I'm still licking Mac's cock, but my eyes are fixed on Gandhi's long rod. 13 inches. The blunt head, the crooked shape - and drops of clear liquid pumping out with each squeeze of both hands around this fat, wonderful doggie cock.

It's hard work. Aligning two dogs so I can suck their cock together, letting my tongue wander from one oozing piss slit to the other. But they help and they feed their bitch whole mouthfuls of the most wonderful precum... Mac and Gandhi are on their backs, their heads on my pillows and I'm kneeling between them, my knees next to their heads and I hold one dog cock in each hand, rubbing them over my face, licking the tip, trying to get at least Mac's smaller cock into my mouth... I lift one knee and push Mac between my legs. Get the other knee up and Gandhi is wriggling his head next to Mac's... my legs are spread so wide it's like doing a split... but I have two dog heads between my legs, my pussy hovering over two dog mouths... two dog tongues.

And they go to town. Jesus, do they. This is too much. I press their lovely, fat cocks against each side of my cheeks and try to breathe... two tongues... licking so fast... I can't... I can't... Mac pushes his tongue into my dripping cunt and the first small orgasm hits me and I bite his cock... lick around the ridge while trying not to scream... I feel my pussy lips shivering around his tongue... my whole tummy is twitching... and just when the orgasm plateaus, Gandhi's tongue is between my ass cheeks... on my asshole... and I scream as the real climax hits and I can hear Mac gargling when I squirt into his mouth.

Slow... slow now... not even five minutes and I already feel like I need a break. But no break for bitches, no break until my dogs aren't satisfied. All satisfied. Empty... I shudder, bend down and lick both their balls... lots of wriggling and rolling on their backs. Mommy knows what her boys like... I lick up Gandhi's shaft while I jerk Mac with both hands... they are taking turns on my holes, two tongues... one in each hole at every damn second. I almost lose it when Mac bites the little piece of skin between my pussy and asshole and I try to force the head of his cock into my mouth. I open so wide it hurts and I can barely take the head. But it tastes so so so good... and I feel Gandhi pumping generous amounts of precum on my cheek... I bend Mac's cock forward, and he repays me with another wonderful bite, my pussy lips between his teeth... the pain is white-hot, but I love it... his tongue is gliding back and forth between my pussy lips while he is pressing them shut with his teeth... and Gandhi... damn, this dog likes assholes... lapping, licking, sucking, biting... and my sphincter is trembling like crazy.

I put Mac's cock between my tits... press them together with both hands. I wish I had bigger tits. My dog deserves real knockers, not my little B-cups... but I have to work with what I have and from his crows into my pussy I can feel that he likes mommy's tits.

I put my mouth over Gandhi's oozing cock head... no way I can take him into my mouth, but I can

make love to the little slit on top, like our first time... I know he likes it, and he bites my inner thigh so hard I scream into his cock... scream as the first spurt of warm, white, delicious doggy cum shoots out.

I know my dog... I know this spurt - more than any respectable male performer would shoot on a good day - is just an appetizer. I savor it in my mouth, swallow half of it and let the other half drip down on my tits to lubricate them for Mac's raging cock... I love how long it takes for Gandhi to cum for real... these wonderful seconds of tension and stiff muscles... the waves rolling up his cock... another bite, so hard I'm sure he broke my skin... and then... I move back... I want it all over me, like our first time... I want to be covered in my dog's cum and fuck him when I'm dripping with his semen... I want to look like he owns his bitch. His bitch. Marked.

And it cums. Boy, does it ever. The first spurt shoots right over my head and I can feel it splatter on my hair and on my back... I jerk my tits around Mac's cock faster, and I can feel him breathe into my cunt... not on my pussy, his hot breath deep inside my cunt... the second spurt, like a geyser, a thick, wet mushroom cloud all over my face, my hands, my tits, Mac's cock that's now gliding freely between my tits, through Gandhi's semen, even when I press them so hard together it hurts.

I push my tongue into Gandhi's piss slit and feel the third spurt washing over me, almost pushing my tongue out... but I keep it in, bottle his cock up, and it increases the pressure, pumping around my tongue and the drops that fly out feel like little bullets.

Quiet. Only my shallow breath and two dogs panting... I cough up a mouthful of Gandhi's cum and swallow it again. Your bitch won't waste your semen, buddy. Soft doggy kisses on my pussy, and I wish they would stop. I only had one real orgasm, but I feel like I had a dozen. The corners of my mouth hurt, my tits feel sore... even with Gandhi's cum as lubricant, I still have rubbed them raw over Mac's cock - and I take a cautious look to make sure I haven't hurt him.

I kiss Mac's cock... I love that he didn't cum... that he gave me this perfect moment with Gandhi. I couldn't have handled two spurting dog cocks, and I hate the thought of ignoring one when making love to the other. Just like last time, Mac is a gentleman - but a very rough gentleman. I roll over and check my groin. Bite marks on my legs. I can feel one on my ass, and I'm glad I can't see it because it can feel it's deep. No blood, but there will be a bruise. There is a little blood on my pussy lips... Mac's teeth and the passion of the moment... and I can still feel his heavenly tongue pushing through my clenched pussy lips.

I kiss Gandhi, and he looks... happy and very, very proud. "Thank you, buddy... this was... you're the best." Gandhi wraps his front legs around me and this is a moment so perfect I cry out with joy... my dog, on his back, hugging me and I kiss him, and he laps his own cum from my face. I pull Mac into our hug, and he can't stop the love bites and pushes his hard cock against me... someone needs some prime mommy time.

One of his love bites catches my ear and I howl out in pain. Mac jumps off the bed, rolls over - and now he's in the corner next to the closet, looking guilty as fuck. I touch my ear. Blood. Shit. I show him my red finger. It's not a lot, but there it is. He looks down, his tail between his legs. I smile at him. Lick the blood off my fingers... take a fresh drop from my ear and hold my finger out to him.

He comes closer... slowly... I can see how embarrassed he is.

Now, I know this is the last thing you should ever do. Let a dog taste blood. Human blood. On the scale from merely stupid to 'let's fuck three stray dogs', this was an extra step or two. But what can I say? I know my dog. I may be stupid, but my dog isn't. That's me praying I'm right and this isn't

## Cujo, Part II.

Mac is on the bed, still circling us... I hold the finger out to him... he sniffs... whelps... I take my finger and carefully wipe the drop of blood on the tip of my tongue. Mac's ears go up, his tail is more relaxed now. I grab him and pull him into a kiss, and now I have my dog back... he tastes the blood, but more than that, he tastes me (and, well, ok, Gandhi all over me, I'm still dripping cum like a Jackson Pollock painting) and we french-kiss and I pull him on top of me. Gandhi, still very pleased with himself and his performance, gets up and tries to lick his cock clean.

Before he can get there, I have my hand in his mouth and catch his tongue. I love his confused expression. "Mommy? Wha?"

"Let me do this, buddy"... and I lick his cock clean, his balls and all the thick drops in his fur... Gandhi hums. Yes, he hums and if you like you can tell me that dogs don't hum. But he did, and it felt like putting your head on a laundry dryer.

It takes some work and a lot of whispering, pleading for help, but I manage to roll Gandhi and turn him around. Again, on his back, but now his ass is on my pillow (don't think about it... bed drapes... goes on the list), his hind legs stretched up along the backrest. Sorry, buddy, not comfortable, but we'll need some room for this. Plus... I want to be able to look through the bedroom door. I want to see if Kong... watches us. Will come to us. Please...

Gandhi's cock is still hard, the big bulb pulsing at the base. A drop of late cum leaks out, and I kiss it off... ruffle his fur. And I straddle my big fat lovely dog, hunch over him and his belly is so big I can barely get my knees down on the bed. I look like a kid on a very large rocking horse. I jerk his cock gently. "I'm not done with you, buddy". I lean down to him and kiss his flews, lick his teeth and gums. "Are you done with mommy? Or do you still have a load for mommy in those lovely balls?" Gandhi barks, and I so wish he could understand what I'm saying. But I think he gets the drift, especially when he feels me bending his cock down while I raise my ass up... feels the head parting my pussy lips... his paws tear at my tits as soon as he feels the tight entrance. He thrusts, but I lift my ass a little further, escape his probing cock.

"Shhh, shhh, shhh, baby... let mommy do this... hold still." Another soft kiss and he lets me guide him... I shiver in anticipation... I know how it felt last time. The pain. The pressure. Heaven.

Now, let me get this straight, 13 inches is a lot. A whole fucking lot. Go down one inch a second, and it takes, yes, write this down, kids: 13 seconds to get 13 inches of dog cock into a tiny pussy. But I don't go an inch a second. I go slow. So slow. Agonizingly slow. Gandhi throws his head left and right as he feels my pussy closing over his cock, feels how it stretches to even take the head... I pant like my dogs did just a few minutes ago and gyrate my hips, rock back and forth on his cock and take it a little deeper with each shallow thrust... I don't know how long it takes to even get the first few inches in... but I feel like I can't possibly take more... like something will snap inside of me... but I'm a good bitch. Don't you worry, buddy, mommy is a good bitch. Gandhi tries to thrust again, and I put my hand on his ear and pet it. "Shhh, shhh. Shhh... not like this... let mommy..." And I push down a little harder, taking a good two inches in one move... and I have to stop, touch my tummy, feel the bulge, just where my belly button is... give me a moment... slow... I start gyrating again, and Gandhi's cock is so deep inside me that it feels like he's rearranging my intestines with each little circle my pussy makes.

Mac is still cautious, I love the way he checks on me, licks my ear and rubs against it. Tastes more blood, but by this time I'm like 95% sure he won't eat me. Well, he already has, but you know what I mean. It's hard to concentrate on his gentle caresses when I'm impaled on 9 or 10 inches of dog

cock and I look down on Gandhi, my elbows on his chest, my shoulders tense, trying to push down on his cock, but it doesn't go deeper... the bulge in my tummy is now well above my belly button and I feel so full, all I want is to crash down on my dog, feel him breathe, feel his cock inside me - and rest. Only for 5 minutes. Or an hour.

But no. My dog won't go unfucked and 10 inches is not fucked, it's what some basic bitch would take. But mommy isn't your basic bitch, she's your bitch. And you will get fucked, buddy.

I take a deep breath, trying to gather strength and I look up. Kong. Framed by the bedroom door, sitting, his ears up. My pussy clenches down so hard that Gandhi howls. I hold his lower jaw with one hand and try to push myself up with the other hand. Make Kong see me. Make him see me getting fucked. Make him see what he's missing when he's a Bad Dog.

(Come here, please, please, please, come here).

I look at him. I want to close my eyes before it hits, but I keep looking. I smile, and I know it's a grimace.

I slam down on Gandhi's cock, with everything I have... I scream out and something inside me does snap, the pain is so bad everything around me goes out of focus for a few seconds. But I cannot, must not, will not look away from Kong. Still not all in, but I can feel my pussy lips rubbing over the bulb... no way, like really... but me moving slowly back and forth, rubbing my wet cunt on the bulb really seems to do it for Gandhi... his paws move like he's running, tearing at my tits... the muscles in my neck are tense from arching my back while looking at Kong. His eyes... the orgasm hits out of nowhere, a fast, hot cramp, and I'm twitching on Gandhi's cock, my whole body shakes... and I can't help but yell out: "YES!"... no reaction from Kong (of course not), more panting from Gandhi and Mac puts his head on my shoulder.

Mac is so good to me, nudging me with his cold nose, giving me little peckers on my cheek... and I hug him... my dog. I hold still... just the pulsing of Gandhi's cock inside me, pulsing through my pussy up to my abdomen and further up, almost to my chest. This is pushing me close to another climax... but I hold still. Still. Breathing.

I kiss Mac. I kiss Gandhi. I look at Kong. Please, come. I will need you for what's next. Please.

I pull Mac close, lick behind his ear and bite him playfully. His eyes... so kind... but I don't want them kind... my dog hasn't really had his bitch yet... and my dog deserves a bitch. A bitch stuffed shut. A bitch mouth. This thought alone brings tears to my eyes... my mouth is yours, my love. Use it. Yours.

I look into his eyes and open my mouth... lick my lips... let my tongue hang out... and Mac understands. He barks. Twice. Gets in front of me. I feel his paws on my shoulder. I can't see because I'm keeping my eyes close. I know that if I watch his cock come closer, I will chicken out. I know I can't take all of it. Can't even take the whole head. But I stretch my neck, try to make it nice and easy for him. Relax my throat. Nice and easy. I'm so scared that I pee a bit. Bed drapes. Triple underlined now.

I feel Mac's cock poking at my lips. I tilt my head and go down a bit. Look, Daddy, no hands. And then he pushes in. Slowly, but I can feel that we are not making love now. My dog will throatfuck the shit out of me. I purr... lick the tip as it's going in... opening my mouth as far as I can while forming a tight ring with my lips.

I lift my ass slowly, feel Gandhi's cock pulling out and my pussy lips sucking on it... a little further.

Further... I really hope that's about 4 inches inside my pussy (pathetic me, I do have memories of what 4 inches feels like) and 9 inches outside. And another 9 inches in front of my face. I open my eyes. The point-of-view shot is killing me. 9 inches can look like a stretch of highway when you look at them up close. I try to relax... tap Mac's flank... give the head of his cock a quick suck... and I wait...

The push comes hard and when it hits the back of my throat, I push down on Gandhi's cock and try to let Mac in. I gag... I can't breathe... but I hold still and let him push... I can feel his paws on my back, raking my skin, and I turn my head, trying to take him deeper. It takes a violent push from Mac to force the fat head of his cock down my tight throat and I claw Mac's fur, try to pull back in a panic, but the next push is even harder, I feel Mac's cock gliding through my lips, it doesn't stop, and I think I must imagine things when 4, 5, 6 inches push through my lips. But the incredible pain in my throat, the feeling of not being able to breathe, the gag reflex all tell me that my dog, my friend, my guardian, my love is throatfucking me so deep I can't even move my head. Completely impaled and my brilliant plan of pushing down on Gandhi's cock at the same moment goes out of the window because I can't move. I freeze... barely enough strength to tap Mac's flank again, one, two, three times. He gives me three quick thrusts that don't go deeper but only shake my head on his cock, I can feel spit running out of my mouth and I know I will pass out any second from lack of oxygen.

And then he pulls out, in one swift motion, I feel a wave of spit and you-don't-want-to-know following it up my throat. The first breath of air makes me cum in a soft, almost mellow orgasm, I want to keep his cock between my lips, but it's gone... and replaced by Mac's face, checking up on me, licking my drooling, heaving face.

I pant... try to speak, but my voice is hoarse: "Ay laff wuuu". I open my mouth. I'm still drooling, and my breath is coming in short, painful bursts. Back into position, but this time I guide Mac's cock into my mouth... and, yes, I put the palms of my hands against his hind legs. Yes, sissy me, but this has been too much.

I hold him back and the powerful thrusts into my mouth roll through my whole body, down into my pussy, and I'm fucking Gandhi with slow, long strokes while Mac hammers into my mouth. Pushing him back takes all the strength I have. I let him down my throat but stop him at maybe half the length of his beautiful cock... this is perfect... I gag and I drool, and I'm spit-roasted by my dogs... but I can breathe, even if just a little.

Gandhi is so perfect, just like our first time, after he has blown his load, he is relaxed, moving with me, letting me take the lead and my pussy devours his cock, I feel him pushing something so deep inside me that I purr around Mac's cock in my throat. I pull back my hands a bit, now I'm less panicky and can let Mac fuck a little deeper... I drool so much that I bathe Gandhi's head in my spit and I can't look down, but I can hear how he laps it up. I feel threats of spit hanging from my lips... they swing in the air and I can feel how they hit my tits and stick to them... and then I feel Gandhi licking my tits clean and the next orgasm is the best yet... it doesn't even feel like one. It's just me shaking and convulsing on two cocks, every nerve in my body firing at the same time, I sweat, I drool, I cry, I gag, I pee... and then, just as the fire inside me burns me up, I feel Mac's cock pumping... I take my hands off his legs... let him throatfuck me as deep as he wants. I can survive this for a few seconds... survive my dog fucking his bitch like he wants... not holding back... not holding him back... I stretch my neck as far as possible... my jaws feel like they will snap. My orgasm ends when his begins and I don't have to swallow... the warm feeling in my chest, then in my stomach... the pulsing cock between my lips, pumping wave after wave of wonderful dog sperm into me... my throat on fire but the lotion to extinguish the fire is on the way as Mac pull out and is still cumming. Every sore inch of throat feels better when it is cleansed by Mac's cum and just the

thought of him shooting the last wave into my hungry mouth where I can taste it... another orgasm, a small, slow one... that only explodes once I feel Mac popping out of my throat and I taste my dog. I run my tongue through it, push it through my teeth, swallow half and let the rest slosh in my mouth. Some of it runs out and drips on Gandhi's head, but he doesn't care, lost in the wonderful things my pussy is doing to his cock when I suck it in without moving.

I burp up so much dog cum that I have to spit it out, careful to not spit on Gandhi, the poor creature has already gotten enough spit and cum for a lifetime.

Mac jumps off me, turns in a very happy circle and licks my face, his paw stroking my hand.

I push myself up... my face dripping with drool and cum and you-still-don't-want-to-know-what. And I look at Kong. He's a bit closer now, all through the bedroom door. He tilts his head. His eyes. I shiver. I sit up on Gandhi. I want him to see me. See that this bitch can take a good fucking. See what this bitch does for good doggies. Bad Dog.

A tear rolls down my cheek and Kong closes his eyes and opens them again. I make him watch as I fuck Gandhi slowly... no thrusts, no grinding, just moving on him... I wish he could see the muscles in my ass working as I massage Gandhi's cockmeat inside my cunt. You, Sir, have no idea what this bitch could do to you if only you were a good doggie. Bad Dog.

I feel Mac behind me, his cold nose, sniffing at my butt. I giggle when he pushes his nose between my butt cheeks and gives my asshole a good lick. A bark. Another lick. Another bark.

Now here's mommy's law: if my dogs want to fuck their bitch, their bitch will take it. I just came up with it, but I will have it stitched on a pillow. Or framed.

I turn around. "You want another round, love?". I lean forward, reach back and spread my ass cheeks for Mac. It hurts when I stretch and turn my head so I can look at Kong.

Just between us, I never liked anal. Two of my boyfriends were into it and I endured it. I did like the submissive part of it, but the feeling as such. No, not really. I've never been double fucked because... well, just because. I've also never been spit-roasted before today and I loved it, so let's not jump to any conclusions here. But still... my dog is sniffing my ass, and I'm holding my cheeks open for him. Does he know what anal is? Does he care? Or is this just one of mommy's holes and that's good enough?

My eyes locked on Kong's. I whisper: "Please, Sir. I really need you now... please..." and every time you are ready to give up on Mr. Bad Dog, he has a surprise up his sleeve. He gets up, walks to the bed... step by step... and sits down right in front of the bed. I have to stretch my arm, but once I can grab the edge of the mattress, his giant paw is on my hand. I push Gandhi over the bed, inch by inch, closer to Kong and Mac is licking my asshole nonstop. The next orgasm is building... my pussy lips are already trembling... and it hits when I give Gandhi one last push and I can let myself fall forward, and my mouth is on Kong's paw. His fur tastes sweaty and sour... and I cum so hard that I catch Mac's tongue between my clenched ass cheeks. Both hands back, spreading myself open for him... I try to push so he can see my asshole bulge... for him...

Mac gets on top of me... I so love his paws on my shoulders... a love bite on my neck and I use one hand to guide him... I never liked anal... hated it at times... and now I can't wait. I'm so full of Gandhi's cock and don't even know how I can possibly take a second one up my - let's not sugarcoat things: up my shithole... but I want it. I wipe a handful of cum and spit off my face and reach back to rub it in my ass crack. I can feel that Mac's cock is still dripping. Lubrication? Check.

My tongue twirls strands of Kong's fur, I bite him, and he holds still... and then... and then...

Oh. No. Fucking. Way. Mac thrusts and it's insane. My asshole opens up, and I feel the fat dog cock push through. I scream against Kong's paw. Another thrust and I lose it, start peeing, and my screams turn into sobs. I feel Kong's other paw on the back of my head... he's holding me down... holding the bitch down so she can be ass fucked. Double fucked. Mac thrusts so hard, I just go silent. A single drop of spit drools out of my mouth. I let go of my ass cheeks. Go limb.

I don't know how long. No orgasms. No, not like this. I try to fuck Gandhi, but all I can do is to tense and relax my pussy muscles. Mac is relentless. I might not like anal, but I think someone has found a new hobby. Constant readers might remember my admiration for Mac's sense of rhythm and the way he did not fuck like dogs do. Not the mechanical and manic thrusts, same rhythm until release. Yeah, about that. I think I have an addendum.

Slamming into me without mercy, my ass on fire, everything inside my so swollen and full that I feel like the dinner scene in Alien. Yes, a lot of smart talk, but that's all I can do. I'm lying there, my mind wandering as I'm taking my dog's ass reaming and I can't move. Kong's fur is still between my lips, but I can't suck or lick. My arms hang down left and right of Gandhi's fat belly. I want it to be over. I've never been fucked like this. A lazy cock in my pussy, just swelling and shriveling, and a completely wild beast ramming my ass so hard I know I'll be bruised all over for days and my asshole won't close for hours.

Mommy's law and I'm not backing down. Go for it, love. This bitch will take it, and you can do whatever you want. That's me praying he never finds out about double anal.

Mac's orgasm comes without warning, the thrusts, the burning, the pain all over my lower body... Kong's paw on my head, holding me down so I can take the fucking of a lifetime... and then it's warm. Warm. All inside me. I know it's Mac because Gandhi has fallen asleep. No, not kidding, my big fat dog is snoring while his bitch is taking a load of dog cum up her asshole and can't even enjoy it because the pain is now so bad I'm crying. The paw on my head, gone. Kong's face down, looking at me. His wonderful tongue licking the tears off my face. Best-case scenario: Big ol' softie cares about me. Worst-case scenario: he likes the taste of mommy's tears.

I decide to go with optimism and hug Kong's head. The pain of just moving my arms is unbearable, but I don't care. I wanted him here all evening, I wanted him close... and now he's here, and I hug and kiss and lick and swallow the spit dripping from his flews. He doesn't move. But whenever there is a new tear, he licks it off. Best-case scenario. I hope.

I scream when Mac pulls his cock out. I can feel a whole load of dog cum leaking out of my asshole. Mac unmounts me, stands beside me and walks up to my head. One growl from Kong - and he decides that I'm probably ok and don't need checking.

I have to pull myself off Gandhi, and when his cock pops out, there's like half a pint of white doggie cum running out of my pussy. When did he cum? How is it possible that I hadn't noticed? I look at the clock on the wall. What the fuck. Almost two hours. My dogs have been fucking me for two hours? I was conscious for the double blow job, conscious for the spit-roasting... how long was I passed out while my dogs double-fucked me?

Gandhi is snoring. Mac is lying on his side, his tongue hanging out.

Happy customers. I don't expect any complaints.

I hold on to Kong and pull myself off the bed. Every muscle in my body hurts. I'm leaking cum out of



pussy and asshole, and barf up another mouthful. I always thought that this ugly little rug in front of our bed sucked – and now I have a very tangible reason to throw it out.

I pat Kong on the side, unable to say anything. And crawl to the bathroom on all fours, leaving a trail of two flavors of dog cum behind me.

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Chapter Eight: Shower Time Reloaded

I make it to the shower, but I'm sure I passed out once or twice on the way there. I don't turn the light on, and the only illumination I get is through the open bathroom door. Things go in and out of focus. The tiles are cold, but that's good because I feel like I'm burning all over. My right leg doesn't stop twitching, and I notice a big bite mark on my left tit, so big it's like a frame around it. And it's deep. Scratch marks all over my chest, tits and belly. Also deep and some are bleeding.

This sound. Clack-clack-clack... paws on wooden floor. Big Paws. Very big paws... and the clack-clack-clack is getting louder. No. Like really, no and fuck mommy's law: No. I can't.

I can't even lift my head from the floor, still wet from two doggy and one mommy shower. I peek out of the corner of my eye. Kong. Framed by the bathroom door. No. Sir, please. No.

Inside my cloudy brain, fucked to mush by two dogs, one thought crawls through the fog: "I know your Kryptonite"... and I move my arm up in slow motion, clawing at the joints between the tiles. Until I reach the faucet and open it with the tip of my finger, my shoulder screams in pain... and then it rains down on me. Take this, no-shower dog. Bad Dog. You can blue-ball your time there and I will just sleep for a few hours in here, while Gandhi's and Mac's cum and a little of my blood washes down the drain.

Up... sitting... with my back against the wall. I can't see through the falling water, but I do see the dark shadow, the light from the living room behind him. Standing still. Kryptonite. Please.

Is it getting bigger? No, things are so fuzzy and the shower jet is blinding... no way. He doesn't like... and there it is. A head. A head the size of a basketball. Pushing through the rain. I know I'm drooling, and I know my eyes look in different directions, but I still try a crooked smile.

"Sir... please... I can't..." And I start crying. Not a beautiful tear rolling down a rosy cheek, I'm crying like a little girl. I know I have bitten off more than I can chew. Way more. I remember my nonchalant "Boys..." on the way to the bedroom and look at me now. A fucked-up mess. A leaking cum dumpster. Can't move and my biggest fear right now... a cock. A dog cock. A 2-foot dog cock. No. The tears keep coming, and I press against the wall so hard the water can't even wash them off.

But there's this head. Kong's head. Pushing through the curtain of water, I can see drops running down his black fur, I can see his cold eyes and the spit tricking from his flews. I press my hand against his chest, he doesn't even notice me trying to push him away. He just keeps coming. Through the rain. At me. No. Please. I can't. I can't. I'm sobbing. "Boys...". I regret my sins. I promise to be a good girl. But please... I can't.

A growl that makes the drops of water on his head wobble... I feel it through my hands, vibrating... he lowers his head... his eyes... one word pinballs through my head: Predator.

I can feel how I'm losing control of my bladder... not an excited pee, not an orgasmic pee like before... this is the fight-or-flight pee and I can't do either. I close my eyes. I feel snot running out of

my nose, and I honestly wish my dog could see something prettier before he rapes me.

Darkness... eyes closed... cold water running over my body... shivering... cold and scared... and then... something warm... something soft... a tongue... licking from my belly button up over my violated tits, up my throat, all over my face and pushes strands of my hair to the side. Another lick, this one from my upper arm over my shoulder, up the side of my face, making a wet sound when Kong drags his tongue over my ear. Other shoulder, same path but this one stops on my cheek... hot breath on my face... I open my mouth and make a very unsexy sound, but the tongue is still slipping into my mouth and forces it open because it's the size of a T-bone steak. My muscles protest even the slightest movement, but I still manage to get both arms up and hug Kong's face.

His fur... wet and soft, I can feel him move, tense and relax. I let my fingers wander, from his neck up to his ears, so soft... down to his eyes, my small hand can fit completely between his eyes, even when I spread my fingers. No longer a cold stare, a bit annoyed. I hold his eyes shut, and he shakes my hands off, water flying in all directions, growls so loud I can feel it in my stomach... vibrating. I massage his ears, and he likes that, leans in... and pulls back just as I let my fingers rake along his flews, down to his chin and neck... further down, I can feel his heartbeat. I have to hug him again, try to pull myself up against him, and he lets me put my cheek against his fangs.

I feel his mouth open. His jaws open... and then my whole head is in his mouth and he bites down, gently, and I feel his breath like a warm wind all around my head. He wrestles me down, it doesn't take much to topple me over, but he doesn't let me fall, he holds my head between his fangs and puts me on the ground... slowly... I groan. He lets go. The spit dripping on my face gives me goosebumps.

A paw... on my shoulder... pulling, clawing, tapping... he is rolling me over. I can't do anything and just let him handle me like a rag doll. His snout against my chest... pushing... rolling me in the other direction. What?

It takes me a few seconds and one more roll in the other direction until I understand: he's playing with me. Not cat-plays-with-a-mouse-before-the-kill playing... just playing. With me. My dog is playing with me. I mumble "Bi ol' oftiii" and then I feel his jaws closing over my lower leg. The one that's still twitching. Before I can protest (who am I kidding, I'm protesting nothing and can't even look up) he has turned me 180 degrees and rolled me over again. Presses his cold nose against my sternum and wiggles his head.

I really hope what I think is a giggle comes out like one, but to me, it feels and sounds like a guttural hiss. Kong growls, stubs his nose against my swollen nipple and jumps back. Comes closer, his nose aiming for my belly button and then, at the last moment, another quick poke against my nipple and I squeak and moan at the same time. He jumps back, makes two turns like he's trying to catch his non-existent tail and then the whole giant creature drops down on me, but the only part that touches me is his tongue for a quick lick over both tits. Jumping back, looking around the falling water on the left, then gone, looking around on the right and then jumping through the middle.

My proudest moment. Even through hazy eyes, even with arms like rubber and a leg like a cocktail shaker, I catch his head when it pushes through the water curtain, I wrap my arms around his neck, interlock my fingers behind his head, and now he has 5'1 feet of happy mommy hanging on him and trust me, I won't let go even when just holding him hurts like fuck.

Happy. The word is just there, and it was so missing from my dictionary just a few minutes ago. The trembling, shivering mess. The fear of another dog cock up my torn-up fuckhole. The tears. And yes, the snot - that Kong has licked off.

I'm happy. My dog. My Bad Dog. Mr. Proud. Sir. Playing. I scream out when he bucks and pulls me with him, does three quick turns, and I'm hanging on his neck like on a chairplane. He gets up. Sits and pulls me with him. If I had legs, I could stand. That's the theory, but I can't. I hang on his neck, and he maneuvers me gently against the wall. I breathe against his neck. Both hands claw his fur. I feel the strong muscles moving under his skin. Wet. He draws his head back, and we're face to face. No lick. Just looking at each other. If a dog could wink, he would.

The tears are back... but now, the other kind. Happy. My dog. I slap his shoulder. Hard. Kong growls, and I can feel how it dries the water off my face. I press my nose against his. Then I feel it. Down there. Between my legs. Bad Dog.

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## **Chapter Nine: Making Love**

We both are still... motionless. Kong sits in front of me. His eyes on me. On me.

I don't know where I find the strength, but I push myself up a bit, legs shaking, and stretch my arm until I can reach the shower gel. Jeb's shower gel. The irony makes me smile... who would've thought?

I put a little on my hands and rub it on his chest... I try to ignore the pressing, pulsing, leaking dog cock against me... I don't look down. I know I will faint if I do... his growls are such a turn-on... I take the whole bottle and squeeze a thick spurt of gel all over my tits and tummy. And now... my hands still in his fur, wandering up his chest, fingers moving through the warm foam... I press against him... the growling... his cock... my god... it's so big. I move my body up and down, left and right... it glides over his cock, and I take my hands and press my tits together as I go down... I feel the blunt tip parting my breasts... caught between two soaped-up mounds, and Kong starts to drool... drool all over my tits just as I glide down his fat cock... I catch some spit with my mouth and spit it on his cock... show him the spit hanging from my lips and his tongue wipes over my whole face and I shiver.

Tit-fucking this giant dog cock feels so wonderful that I almost forget about the pain in my legs and arms... almost... I look into Kong's eyes: "You l-l-l-like it..." and the bark right into my face makes my ears ring... but I can feel him pumping... thrusting slowly against my tits... there's the first thick, white drop of precum and I lap it up and show it to him, in my mouth, before I swallow it. Warm. And so delicious. Another thick gob and this one, I let it build on the tip of his cock... I move my tongue through it, push a little bit into his slit, and now he's trembling... my big dog is trembling against my tiny little tongue in his piss slit... and I'm trembling, too.

I won't survive another fuck, but I won't let my dog go blue-balled. I push myself up, my back against the wall, my legs are screaming and pleading, but this has to be. I'm almost as tall as he is, still crouched down a bit. I move to the side and Kong puts his big paw in my way. No worries, Sir... I'm not fleeing... I'm...

I turn around, step over his cock like over a skipping rope, and now my back is against his chest and his cock is sticking up between my legs. It starts just above the height of my knees and goes up way past my belly button. Insane. My dog. My dog's cock. Mine.

More shower gel, all over my tits, and I'm already rubbing up and down against Kong's chest. His heartbeat. The constant growling and the dog spit dripping all over my shoulders and back. I glide down a bit... a bit more... until I can hug his cock, his big, fat cock and press it against me... against my belly... further down, and I feel the thick veins rubbing against my groin. My legs won't hold

much longer, but now I'm down far enough that I can almost sit on the base of Kong's cock... on the bulb that is touching my pussy and sends little flashes of joy all through my body. Hugging his cock tight, pressing it between my tits and when I lean my head forward, I can kiss the tip... the tip with the big gob of cream boiling on top. Kong can feel my ass and my pussy against his bulb, and if the growling is any indication, he likes that. Really, really likes that. His growls get deeper and louder with every little move of my ass... the trembling every time I dip my tongue into his piss slit and suck up some cum... I'm tongue-fucking my big, beautiful dog, cream all over his bulb, and even my torn-up ass feels so much better when I feel the pumping flesh against me. I reach back with one hand, wrap it around his neck, pull him down so I can kiss him... kiss him while I'm rubbing his cock between my tits, kiss him while I'm grinding on his bulb, kiss him while I swallow whole mouthfuls of his spit...

No orgasm for me... this feels more like levitating, weightless, nothing but cock and fur and spit in my world... I feel it building inside him... his bulb is vibrating like a high-voltage line, his growls are so deep I can't hear them anymore, just feel them against my back and feel the threads of spit drooling from his mouth quivering.

Mommy's law says that mommies must not waste good doggy sperm... but I really can't. I'm so full of dog cum, I have swallowed so much, and I'm still gulping down mouthful after mouthful of Kong's spit... no... I can't swallow what feels like a gallon building up inside him... but I want to see it... adore it... worship it... I lean forward, move up a bit and before Kong knows what happens, I push my nipple into his piss slit... no growl but a yelp, like from the world's biggest puppy... I nipple-fuck his piss slit and the vibrations turn into spasms and helpless, aimless thrusts... and then...

I feel Kong's paw against me... against my hip and then my belly... pulling... I don't have to look up to feel him throwing his head back... and then my nipple is popped out of his cock and a spurt of dog cum is shooting up in front of my face, I can feel it splatter against my nipple and the cusp of my tit... and shoots up way over my head, and then it rains down on me... I wish I had turned the water off because it's washed off as soon as it hits me, my hair, shoulders, face, back, tits, everything... but the wonderful second between the white hail hitting me and feeling it running down, mixed with water and shower gel... that's an ecstasy even an orgasm cannot capture...

The second spurt... I don't look up, but the powerful jet makes a splashing sound and I know it has hit the ceiling. The fucking ceiling. I'm making my dog cum so hard it shoots up to the ceiling. My ecstasy mixes with pride. Mommy rules. Mommy fucking rules. And I strike the 'Water-proof ceiling' off my list, I will frame that spot.

The third spurt, now I dare to lean forward again, knowing I won't drown or gag... it hits me square in the face, but it's not as powerful, it feels like whipped cream from a spray can. I lean down further and put my mouth over Kong's spurting cock and let him finish the last two or three splashes into my mouth, and I do swallow every drop.

I turn my head... I can feel my face is dripping with cum, but the water washes it off before Kong can really savor his mommy covered in his thick semen... but he licks my face anyway and the next growl sounds a bit like a very, very relaxed moan.

"I love you, Sir"... I know he doesn't understand... but he can see it in my eyes. And I think... no, I know, I see it in his eyes, too. Mr. No. Bad Dog. He loves me. Another tear and I try to get up high enough to kiss him... but I don't have to, his big mouth is all over me, licking and biting and more drooling and my arms are back around his neck, his leaking cock now pressed against my ass.. I try to let him rub up and down my ass crack, but his cock is twitching too much to hold it.

One more kiss... and I can't help but take one of his fangs between my lips and... I can actually deep-throat it... I can feel it gliding through my lips, poking around in my mouth, my tongue twirling around it... and then it hits the back of my throat and pushes right in. Heaven.

I pull myself back... look into his eyes... now I'm no longer the only one who's a tiny bit shaky.

"Sir..." - and with this, I drop down on my knees, it hurts really, really bad when my knees hit the wet tiles... and I bend over, my head down on the floor, ass up... and I wiggle my butt... lift it... and the first thing I feel is not my dog's dripping cock, but his jaws... around my neck. Not gentle... I know this by now... holding his bitch down. This is my first orgasm with Kong tonight. He's holding his bitch down. Just with this one thought, all the tension, all the pain, just evaporates in an orgasm that's hard and fast, but reverberates the whole time Kong is clenching down on my neck, forces me into position and all I can do while the waves of pleasure are running through my body is reach back and open my ass cheeks for him.

The fear is back, but it's not the panicky, crippling fear... it's the fear of the inevitable, the acceptance that I owe my dog some pain and that I will take it - for him.

I try to guide him, my face pressed against the floor, teeth digging into my skin - but Kong doesn't need to aim, he just pushes... and his cock finds its way, poking against my left ass cheek, then against my thigh... and then it pushes home... I keep my eyes open and try to look back between my legs... I can't see and water is rushing by my eye. But I feel it. The blunt cock.. pushing... opening me up. It hurts. I'm wet, but not wet enough. Nothing could be wet enough to ease this shaft into a hole the size of a wedding ring. Fuck. It hurts, and I feel that he's pushing my pussy lips into my cunt... pushing them in with his insanely big cock and the second orgasm hits out of nowhere, a fast, hot cramp and when I relax after the first jolt, his cock pushes in even deeper and I scream.

Kong's growls now hit my skin directly, his open mouth around my neck, his breath on my skin, and each growl feels like a hot iron. I wiggle my ass... try to spread my legs wider, allowing him in, no matter how much it hurts. He's so gentle. Yes, he never stops pushing and thrusting and penetrating... but he doesn't fuck me... he's making love to me. Pulling back and pushing, changing the angle, letting me rest, letting me get used to that steel pipe ripping me open. My pussy is cramping up, and I arch my back, another inch or two or three, I don't know, all I know is that it feels like my pelvis is bursting... bursting with pain and bursting with pleasure and bursting stuffed shut with dog cock. I can't scream... all I can do is take it and offer my fuckhole to my dog... my dog moving inside of me, so slow, so gentle, tearing me up with even the slightest, most tender movements. Another orgasm builds but is stifled by the next push that's still slow and soft, but makes my belly bulge so much I can feel the skin around my navel stretching... pain...

How deep? I don't know. I can't see. Maybe half his cock? Maybe less? I start moving on Kong's cock, fucking him back with shallow thrusts, letting my ass twerk a bit and move back and forth on the rod that's so big I can't even clench down on it. My pussy helpless, stuffed full of dog cock and I know the next orgasm will hurt him as much as me. It builds slowly, in the same rhythm his cock swells and relaxes inside me... I start shaking... shaking on his cock... it's not so much that I'm fucking him, it's more like having a seizure on his cock... my scream meets his growls and when I cum, my pussy is strangling his cock so hard my beautiful dog whelps and tries to pull out, but now I have him and I will not let him out until I have unloaded on his shaft... my belly swells even more when the squirt can't get out and Kong lifts my head with his jaws around my neck and throws my whole upper body left and right while I buck on his cock, squirt and pee and climax... and then Kong cums... it's so slow... it just keeps building and building and building inside of me... I can't see it, but I put my hands on my belly and feel how it's getting pregnant with dog cum... how it's sloshing around deep inside my womb... none of it leaks out, I'm so stuffed shut... and I can only whimper in

the last thrashes of my orgasm and the slow, strong, pumping waves of Kong's climax.

He lets me down gently... after shaking me like a meat puppet on his cock and biting my neck so hard that I can feel the skin tear, he's tender and a tiny bit guilty now. He licks my face and I welcome a few seconds of rest and quiet before... before he pulls out. Oh my god. Him pulling out feels like being turned inside out. I feel his cum squirting out of me, it just doesn't end, I can feel that it's spurting and bubbling and leaking out of me.

I'm flat on the ground. Breathing slowly. I have made love to my dog. My dog has made love to me. And no pain in the world can measure up to that. Breathing. In. Out. Slow. Kong over me. I feel the last drops of his cum dripping on my ass, each drop like an impact on my sensitive skin. One drop hits my still gaping asshole and I cry out when I feel it running inside my ass.

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Chapter Ten: Bedtime for real

I just want to lie there... lie there with my dog over me, lie there and glow. Like an amber. But it's not even a minute when I feel Kong move, and then his jaws close around my lower leg. What? He pulls. It hurts, but most of all it's unpleasant. I was comfortable. Almost. And now I'm dragged over the floor. The wet floor. No, dry floor and my skin feels hot and sore and sticks to the wooden floorboards. What the fuck? What?

Kong drags me out of the bathroom, I open my eyes, but I can't see, blinding light in the living room after the muted light in the bathroom... my head bumps against the couch table and something is sticking to my shoulder. Need to clean up more. I don't want to know what it is.

The frame of the bedroom door is another hard hit, first against my shoulder when Kong makes a turn, my legs twisted at a painful angle and then my head bumps against the door frame and I do feel Kong stopping. I still can't see, but I know he's checking up on me. Guilty.

But one last drag, and I'm lying in front of the bed. I can hear two dogs snoring, and it smells like... like dog. Like two dogs.

I pull myself up into a sitting position, Kong is standing next to me, looking very pleased with himself. I have brought mommy home, and look, her leg is still attached to her body. Pleased. He licks his flews, shakes his head, spit flying left and right, some on the bed, some on the floor.

"Thank you, Sir". I try a smile. Even my face hurts. A hankie is sticking to my shoulder and I pluck it off and let it drop on the floor. On the ugly rug, soiled with my unfortunate outburst from round one. I need to clean up more. I add it to the list.

I reach over my shoulder, grab a piece of bedsheet and pull. Pull hard because it's held back by two snoring dogs. I lean into it, pull inch by inch, the first thing that drops on the floor is a pillow. A very dirty pillow. How did it end up at the foot end of the bed? Dunno. Don't care.

I pull, and now I can feel that I'm pulling two dogs with the sheet. Confused groans, a bark from Mac, and Gandhi just drops off the bed like a wet rag and grunts. Mac jumps off, and his barks are a mix of "Oh, hi mommy" and "WTF". The blanket drops to the floor next to me, also dirty and damp. Another pillow and now THIS is dirty. Fuck it. The bedsheet drops to the floor and I pull myself up, onto the almost but not quite clean mattress. My shoulders on fire and everything above my knees and below my chest just numb and pulsing. Mac is back on the bed before I can crawl to my favorite position. I hear Gandhi squeak in a mix of pain and sheer terror and I look to the left and see Kong

lifting my fat dog onto the bed, holding him like dogs hold their puppies, his teeth in the skin on the back of Gandhi's neck and 200 pounds of dog hanging on a piece of skin. His whelps sound like pig oinks. But as soon as Kong drops him, he rolls over, sneezes, gives Kong a 'fuck you' look and falls back asleep. I don't crawl, I claw my way up to the headboard and just crumple into a heap of flesh once I feel my feet hit the edge of the mattress. Mac does two turns, circling his sleep position, and then he crashes down, too.

Comfortable. Warm. Soft. Bed. I already drift into sleep, I know it will be closer to falling unconscious than actual sleep. But one more thing... not yet.

Kong is sitting next to the bed, still looking incredibly pleased with himself, eyeing his work.

"Get in here!". He looks to the side. Don't care, can't hear you, have something else to do. Unbelievable. I roll over, grab his fur and pull.

"Get. In. Here." He looks at me, another shake of his head, and my wall gets a fresh coat of Kong paint. List. Later. He hops on the bed and the whole frame is creaking and shaking and bending. Stands there.

"Down. Now". He gets down, Behind me. I'm squeezed between three dogs and there's not enough room. I wrap a leg around Gandhi, cuddle up to Mac, all to make more room for Bad Dog. Need to get a bigger bed. List.

I lift my head and Kong pushes his big paw under my cheek. I reach back and pull his other paw over my shoulder. Kong is spooning me. Mac curled up against my chest. Gandhi a blob of belly with legs and a stubby head, against my groin.

No bigger bed. This is perfect.

The End