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Angie had begun searching for groups of people online – mailing lists, bulletin boards, anything she could find without having to offer too much information about herself. As much as she was enjoying her and Davey's new 'relationship', she wasn't quite ready for anyone to accidentally find her out.

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Since their first time, she had let Davey fuck her on a couple more occasions. She thought about it virtually all the time. And every time it crossed her mind, she got wet. This almost constant horniness caused her to flirt with one of the boys she liked at school for a while, in hopes of getting further with him. She went out with him a few times, and on their last date, they had mostly dry-humped in the back seat. She found herself thinking about Davey fucking her while the boy's hands groped around under her shirt, and she suddenly didn't even feel like screwing around with him. After a rushed handjob, he took her home. She hadn't made another date with him since.

It only took a few days for her to find out about a group of people who met pretty near her town, who euphemistically called themselves "animal lovers". Their next meeting was set up to take place in just over a week. God, how she wanted to go! It was all she could think about all the way through school the next day. Before long, she had come up with a little plan. When she was walking home from school, it occurred to her that there was a snag in it, however. She ran up to her room and dug through her closet. There was nothing in there that didn't give away her age, and her mother's clothes were a few sizes too big for her. She swore and slammed her closet door shut, trying to think of a way to get clothing that would make her look somewhat adult.

By the time the day of the "animal lovers" meeting rolled around, Angie had borrowed a nice blue dress from Karen, one of her friends. The cut of it, paired with her friend's padded bra and two-inch heels, bumped her up to looking at least eighteen. She pulled her shoulder-length red hair back into a small twist and looked into the mirror, hoping the others there would think she looked her target age, too. She had told her parents that she would be spending the night at Karen's house, and told Karen she'd told them so. Karen assumed she was going out with an older boy, and giggled with her over it for a while before Angie hurried off.

She picked up her backpack, which held some extra clothes, just in case she needed them – a pair of jeans, a tee shirt, a clean pair of underwear, and sneakers. Not to get her hopes up, because she was planning on hanging in the background, but she wanted to be prepared just in case. Karen had loaned her enough money for a taxi ride there and back, on the condition that she tell her everything there was to know about the boy when she got back.

Angie had told the taxi to be there by six, and to not honk the horn under any circumstances. She met the cab out front and gave him directions to the tiny little convention center (which was actually just a little warehouse that had been refurbished inside) located just into the next county. In the cab, she fidgeted and straightened her dress at least a hundred times, nervous and feeling a little stupid for going to a meeting of a group of people like this by herself. But who could she have gotten to go with her? There wasn't anyone she'd dare ask.

About an hour after pulling out of Karen's driveway, the taxi driver stopped in front of a white building with a brown-shingled roof. It was just a big square, with no real architecture to speak of. She decided it had to be the right place. There were at least thirty other automobiles parked in the front. She paid the driver and got out, straightening her friend's dress again and walking up to the door. She stepped in slowly and found that she was in an empty foyer. That relieved her a little, not having to face a bunch of people right away. Even more slowly, she walked toward the main room.

She figured she must be late, since there was someone speaking at the front, standing what was barely tall enough to be a stage. She edged in and sat down in one of the farthest back chairs. The man standing at the front of the room was talking about his wife's first experience with their dog, a Rottweiler, and how he had helped them. Just a few minutes later, someone came in even later than Angie. A blonde woman in a pair of black jeans and a dark red tank top sat down one chair away from her.

Much of the meeting consisted of people talking. Angie only half listened. Honestly, she didn't care all that much about stories and personal anecdotes. She had been hoping for more interesting things, though she wasn't sure what. Finally, two hours in, it seemed that the stream of people who had been going up one after another to talk had ended. The room slowly filled with chatter, and people wandered about. A dark-haired man came up to Angie and the woman who was sitting near her.

"Hello there!" he greeted them cheerfully. "You two are some new faces around here. I'm Tom." He shook the other woman's hand, then Angie's.

"I'm Cara," the blonde woman said, obviously nervous as well.

"Angela," she said, forcing confidence and smiling at him.

"It's not all just people yapping, I promise." He laughed and pointed back toward the front of the large room. "There's films they show, and one of the couples here sells some interesting stuff, and a bunch of us usually go out to eat after the meeting's over. You're more than welcome to come along with us, if you want to!"

Angie was trying to come up with something to respond to his enthusiasm with, when the lights started to go down.

"Oops, movie time!" He shook their hands once more and hurried off again.

The movie was interesting, but not the porn she'd been half expecting. It was more an educational movie, all about dogs and the anatomy of their cocks, how they were perfect sex partners, how to please them and make sure they pleased you - there were a few short clips of women letting dogs fuck them, but that was all. The film lasted for fifteen minutes, at most.

Uninterested in the collars and fetish wear that was being sold by a couple of people on one side of the room, Angie picked up her backpack and started to leave. But Tom spotted her before she could get away.

"Hey there! Angela!" he jogged up to her. "We're just about to leave to go to that restaurant. It's just about ten of us, not a whole crowd. Want to come along?"

He seemed so earnest that she couldn't help but smile back. "Okay, sure!" she said, walking back to the small group of people with him. The other woman, Cara, was standing around with them.

She listened to the others talk, mostly. They weren't even talking about dogs or sex, to her surprise. It didn't take long for them to decide to head out. Angie and Cara rode in Tom's car, along with another woman. The restaurant they went to was nearly empty, but it was very classy. The entire table ordered one wine or another, most sharing their bottles. By the time they had all finished their meals, everyone was at least a bit tipsy. Tom scooted his chair toward her and pulled out his wallet. He took out a picture and leaned close to show it to her.

"That's Bacchus, my dog. He's really friendly. My ex-girlfriend used to let him lick her pussy, but she wouldn't go any further than that."

It was a large, cheerful looking Dalmatian. She grinned, feeling warm from a couple of glasses of the red wine Cara had ordered. Not to mention loose-lipped. "Aw, poor thing. He deserves a girl who'd let him go all the way." Angie nodded at her own words.

"He's gotten a few workouts from friends we met here. They all seemed to like him a lot. He's very friendly."

"Oh..." Her grin widened.

"Would you happen to want to meet him?"

There was the invitation she'd been hoping for. She second-thought it, then third through hundredth-thought it. "I'd love to meet him!"

"I have a picture of his, uh..." Tom looked around to make sure no waiters were close, then took out another picture from behind the first. "It's about average for the breed, I think."

Her jaw dropped. She was sure she turned a few different shades of red. There was Tom's dog's cock, filling the frame of the photo. "Wow."

She turned to Cara, who was fanning her top and leaning half across Angie to look, and asked her, "Will you come?"

"I'm sure I will!" she giggled, having had a few more glasses of wine than Angie, or than the rest of the table, for that matter. "Sure, I'll tag along."

When the group scattered to go home, Cara and Angie got back into Tom's car and excitedly rode the ten minutes to his house. They followed him inside. He stopped in the hallway and called his dog. Bacchus came sliding around the corner and bounded up to them, nearly knocking both girls over in greeting. Angie knelt down and rubbed the dog's ears. He huffed happily and licked her face.

"Come on to the back," Tom said, waving all of them after him.

Cara laughed. "Expecting to get lucky, weren't ya!"

They walked into a dark room, blinking when he turned on the lights. The room was pretty sparse, containing a bed and a table filled with mostly sex toys. There was a pallet of blankets on the floor to one side. He told Bacchus to sit, then circled around behind Angie and Cara again. "If you want to do this, you have to do what I say. Think you can handle that?"

"Sure," Cara shrugged, not seeming to be taking much of anything seriously at the moment.

"Yeah..." Angie agreed more cautiously.

"Take off your clothes," he commanded and walked over to the table, picking something up and winding it into his hand where Angie couldn't see.

"You don't video this stuff or anything, do you?" Cara asked as she stepped out of her pale blue thong and tossed it aside with the rest of her clothes.

"No, I don't tape anything. I'd rather Bacchus' mates be comfortable. Now, Angela-"

"If we're going to be this familiar, you may as well call me Angie." She let the dress fall into a puddle on the floor before shedding her bra and pushing down her panties.

"Angie, you can go ahead and get on your hands and knees. Cara, you sit close."

Despite growing more and more nervous, Angie did as he requested. She kneeled down and waited. He approached her and let what was in his hand uncoil. It was a narrow red collar. He stood over her, fastening it around her neck, then went back to pick up something small and cone-shaped from the table and walked around behind her.

"What's that?" she asked, watching him warily.

"Be quiet and lean forward."

She did as he said. After a few seconds, she felt him begin to rub the thing up her slit. He ran it back and forth, finally dipping the tip into her pussy, which had been getting wetter and wetter since she'd seen the photo of Bacchus' cock. He worked it in and out, but suddenly stopped. Then she felt him running it back up, past her pussy and to her ass. He pressed the tip against the pink bud of her asshole.

Angie jumped and looked back, "Wait, I've never-"

"Then you'll get a new experience."

He worked the tip in and out a little before pushing it in slowly. She moaned as he worked it all the way in, surprised a bit as she felt herself close slightly over an indentation in it. He stood and called Bacchus around in front of her.

Tom nodded at her. "Start off with your hand."

Angie looked over at Cara. She was sitting cross-legged just a couple of feet away, mouth open and the fingers of one hand working her left nipple between them. Angie reached out and began massaging the dog's cock. It peeked out.

Tom began shedding his own clothes, then. He took off his shorts and his cock sprang upward from them, but he ignored it for the time being. Before long, Bacchus' cock had fully emerged and he was humping the air.

"Do you want me to suck it?" Angie asked, looking up at him.

"No." He walked around behind her and waved his dog to come to him.

He slapped one of Angie's ass cheeks, a little harder than necessary, making her jump again. The dog immediately mounted her, hitting home on the first try. She gasped as the cock thrust in and out of her. It was just a little bigger than Davey's, and she quickly felt his knot hitting the outer lips of her pussy. The familiar feeling of his cock nudging its way into her womb began, and she panted in arousal. She raised one of her hands toward her clit, but Tom stepped forward and grabbed the d-ring attached to the collar, jerking her.

"No!" he commanded. "Keep your hands off your cunt, bitch."

Angie felt a tingle that told her she would have been dealing with a soaking wet pussy, if there wasn't already a cock in it. As it was, the dog's pre-come was beginning to drip down the insides of

her thighs. She grunted as Bacchus' thrusts got more insistent, and she knew he was trying to get his knot inside her. She was almost desperate to get some kind of stimulation right on her clit.

Tom stepped in front of her, looking down at her as she breathlessly turned her eyes upward to look at him. "Now, suck my cock," he told her.

She put a hand on his thigh to raise herself up, then did the same with the other. She opened her mouth and began sucking on the head of his dick, working her lips downward. When she'd gotten half of it in her mouth, she pulled off again, working her head up and down. He put a hand on the back of her head, pushing himself further into her mouth, feeling the head of his cock against the back of her throat. Angie fought the instinct to tense as he pushed further, cutting off her air. She started to pull back again, but he wouldn't move his hands. Just as she started to gag, he took a handful of her hair and pulled her off his cock.

"Not yet. I'm gonna wait a while to finish. I want to finish with you." He grinned and ran his hand up and down his cock a few strokes before standing back to watch.

Angie glanced over at Cara again. She was sitting closer to the table now, having taken a flesh-colored dildo from it, and was ramming it in and out of her pussy. Angie groaned as Bacchus' knot started pushing harder at her entrance. Just a couple of thrusts later, it popped in. She groaned deeper, bowing her head and looking at the puddles of wetness growing against her legs on the floor. After a few minutes, the dog tensed and made a different sound, and Angie could feel the hot come draining out of his cock and into her body.

"Oh, God, please let me come!" she begged Tom, looking up at him with pleading eyes.

"Not yet," he laughed.

Maybe fifteen minutes later, Bacchus' knot had shrunk enough that he could pull out of her. Just as the dog started pulling at her pussy to remove its knot, Tom grabbed another, much larger, cone-shaped dildo from the table and went around behind her. When Bacchus' cock slipped out, the plug was pushed in. The largest part was just a little bigger than the dog's knot, and it popped into her securely, keeping the dog's come bathing her insides.

"Now you can come," Tom told her.

She sat down next to the puddle of come on the floor and began rubbing her clit. It didn't take very long at all for her to orgasm. Her pussy contracted around the plug and she moaned hard, twisting one of her nipples. She could have sworn that she felt the dog's come sloshing inside her as she moved.

"Move over to the bed." He ordered her, then. He leaned down and took the dildo away from Cara, motioning her over, too.

Angie lay back on the bed, one hand rubbing her abdomen. Cara reclined beside her and started kneading one of her breasts, flicking her tongue over her nipple before beginning to suck at it. Tom pushed Angie's legs apart and removed the plug from her ass. She was surprised at how much more room it felt like she had on the inside. He rubbed his cock around the slickness coating her pussy and thighs, and aimed his cock at her ass. He put his hands on her waist and pushed in. His thrusts bumped the plug blocking her pussy, sending shock waves through her clit. He groaned and slammed into her once more as he came, filling another of her holes with come. When he pulled out, he replaced the plug, to keep his come inside her.

"Cara, lay down on your back. Angie, you get up on your knees over her. I want your pussy right over her chest," he commanded them into place again.

They arranged themselves as he told them to. Cara reached up and began playing with Angie's clit. She put her hands on Angie's ass cheeks and urged her forward, raising her head and lapping at her clit a few times before closing her lips on it and sucking. Angie came again almost immediately, her hips jerking in Cara's hands. In the middle of her orgasm, Tom pulled her back so that her pussy was over Cara's tits again, and pulled out the plug. Dog come poured from Angie's cunt, smaller drizzles pushed from her womb after the first outpour, caused by her orgasm. She finally fell back, exhausted.

She heard Tom's voice again in the background. "Cara, you ever fisted anybody?"

"Uh, no. Why?"

"Looks like Bacchus tunneled Angie out pretty good. See if you can get a hand in there."

She looked over at Angie and asked, "You up for it?"

Angie moaned her approval of the idea. Cara crawled up the bed to her and straddled one of her thighs, lowering herself to her pussy was against Angie's skin, and ran her hand down her stomach as she started grinding her pussy against her. She slid the hand between Angie's legs and began working her fingers in carefully. Two at first, then three when she realized how slick with come the girl's pussy was. She started pumping four in and out, then curled her thumb in and licked her lips as she pushed her hand in to the wrist, plump pussy lips stretching around it. Angie shifted and moaned, glad that Cara's hands were as small as they were, as another orgasm washed over her in heavy waves. She was so tired, she couldn't do much about it but grunt as her body responded. She faded off to sleep with Cara's hand still buried past the wrist in her cunt.

Angie woke to the bed moving again. She opened her eyes and saw Cara, ecstasy written all over her face. Cara's ass was nearly hanging off the bed, and Bacchus was fucking her face-to-face. Tom was holding his knot to keep it from getting inside her. Angie leaned over and placed her mouth over one of Cara's large, hard nipples, sucking hard and moving the tip of her tongue back and forth over it. She could see as the dog came, Tom holding its cock inside her as it spurted. The come flowed out of her cunt and down the side of the sheet. Feeling the dog coming must have sent Cara over the edge. She moved with Cara as she came, her back arching and an urgent whimper spilling out.

When she was able to form words again, Cara laughed, "Shit! That's the best fuck I've had in months!" She rolled over and sat up slowly, looking Angie up and down. "You're filthy. But I guess I am, too."

"I could do with a bath..." Angie said, running a hand down one of her sticky thighs. Cara smirked, taking her hand and putting two of Angie's fingers in her mouth, sucking them clean.

Tom lay down on the bed as they got up, finally hard again, and looked at Cara. She knew what he wanted, and sat back down beside him, leaning down to lick up the length of his cock.

"Where's your bathroom?" Angie asked.

"Back up the hall, through the den, third door on the left," he managed haltingly as Cara swallowed his cock down to his balls.

She located the bathroom and turned on the shower. Steam billowed out over the doors shortly, and

she stepped in. She stood under the hard streams of hot water, letting it wash the come from her body. She grabbed a greenish-blue bar of soap from its indentation in the wall and scrubbed herself clean. Just as she was replacing a bottle of bright purple shampoo, Cara stepped into the shower with her.

"Hope you don't mind sharing," she smirked. "I didn't want to stick to any chairs while I waited."

"I don't mind at all." Angie slid past her so the other woman could have the showerhead, admiring the more pronounced curves of her body as she washed herself.

Cara very quickly shampooed her cropped ash blonde hair and slid back past Angie to let her have the spray again. She stepped close, breasts sliding against each other, and bowed her head to press her lips to Angie's. She kissed the younger girl hungrily, sucking at her lips and tongue, bumping teeth with her in the process. She turned Angie around and put an arm around her waist, pressing her breasts against her back now, and slipped her other hand between Angie's ass cheeks. She felt the plug still in place and pulled it out, letting it drop to the floor of the shower. She held her cheeks apart with her fingers so that Tom's come dripped out of her slowly, thicker than the dog's had been. Cara put her hand between Angie's shoulder blades, pushing her to lean forward. She slid two fingers into the smaller girl's ass, working them in and out in a slow rhythm. Angie pushed back against them on the in thrust. Cara stopped too soon, but they were both clean - inside and out, it seemed.

"Are you a lesbian?" Angie asked curiously as they were getting dressed again.

"Nah, I'm bi. Equal opportunity sex. Are you bi?"

"Honestly, I don't know what I am," Angie laughed.

Tom, now clothed and relatively clean but rumbled, drove them back to Cara's car in the warehouse parking lot. He offered to drive Angie home, but she took Cara's offer instead. Dawn was threatening the sky and she wanted to get home with a minimum of obvious debauchment.

"God, I'm fucking starving!" Cara exclaimed as they pulled onto the highway.

"I could eat. I think I spent all my energy and then some, back there."

"I'd say you did. You were a busy little beaver. Pun intended."

Cara stopped at a little diner that didn't look as if it had too many health code violations and ordered a plate of pancakes, an omelette, and a large plate of French toast. Angie ordered waffles and wondered where Cara was planning to put all that food. It disappeared, though, and quickly. Angie ate fast, too, anxious to get home and see if her plan had gone as, well, planned.

What with Cara's version of driving, she was home in forty minutes. It was just barely daylight. Before Angie got out, Cara pulled her forward for a quick kiss on the lips.

"Hey," Cara called, rolling down her window. "I wouldn't mind seeing you again."

Angie blushed. "Same here... You do know where I live, so I guess you could drop by."

"I'll do that." Cara grinned and waved as she drove off.

When Angie walked in, her parents were sitting on the living room sofa. Her heart jumped into her

throat and stuck there.

"Angie! Where the hell have you been? We've been worried sick!" Her mother jumped up and charged at her, shaking a finger wildly, but grabbed her into a tight hug.

"Do you have any idea how much trouble you're in, young lady?" Her father said, scowling.

"But, I told you where I—"

Her mother shook her head. "I talked to Karen's mother last night. You left your retainer here. I was going to drop it by, but as it turned out, you weren't there! She told us you went out with some boy!"

"I'm sorry, Mom, I—"

"You don't know the things that went through my head. We don't even know this boy! What if you had been raped? Or killed?!"

"Mom, I was fine, I promise! I just lost track of time..."

Her father's scowl seemed permanently frozen. "Well, now that we know you're okay, we can talk about punishment. I think a month's grounding sounds about right. And you won't be going off anywhere for two. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Dad," she sighed, sitting down on the arm of the sofa.

"I want to talk to her alone," her mother said. Her father shook his head at her disappointedly and walked away. Her mother continued, "I suppose you're tired, staying out all night. Come on, to bed with you."

Her mother put an arm around her shoulders, walking up the stairs with her. "Tomorrow, I'll call my gynecologist and make you an appointment to get some birth control."

"Mom, I promise, I really don't need—"

"I'd rather you be having sex safely, if you're going to do it. I certainly don't want you having it right now, you're far too young, but I know what kinds of things happen these days. And I don't want to be called 'Grandma' just yet."

Angie just barely kept herself from giggling as she thought, 'What am I gonna do, have a litter of puppies?' But she replied, "Okay, Mom..."