

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Chapter One - Chico's English Vacation

Michelle stood before the full-length mirror and wiggled into her yoga pants all the while cursing and muttering over and over "stupid, stupid, stupid." Then she pulled her favourite varsity sweatshirt over her 34B breasts before getting her brown hair into a tight ponytail. She threaded the ponytail through the back of the Yankees baseball cap her father bought her, when he took her to the stadium last summer, and then looked at herself in the mirror before throwing herself face down on the bed and cursing all over again. "Stupid fucking time differences," she muttered, staring at the blank screen of her smartphone, referring to the fact that most of her friends from college were still in their beds back in New York, while she was stuck in England, five hours ahead in time, but years behind in many other ways.

It had seemed like a great idea at the time, having just finished her senior year at college, she remembered her parents offering her the prospect of six months in England as a gap year, while she made up her mind whether to get a job or go to graduate school. It sounded so wonderful at the time, even though her Mom couldn't accompany her & her Dad. While Mom would miss them both, she had to stay behind for her job. Michelle was excited though, that she could actually take Chico with her, the family black lab mix, and Michelle's best friend since she was 13, as his pet passport was all up to date.

What Michelle hadn't counted on though, was that her Dad's assignment was in a rural village, and not in the midst of the London rock and punk clubs that she was envisioning. The locals all talked funny and she couldn't get over how damned quiet everything was in the countryside.

At first, the quaint, little cottage seemed idyllic, nestled in a small hamlet, looking like something out of Camelot or Harry Potter. However, the reality set in that there was one pub in town, full of old farmers and their strapping sons, who were as thick and dense as the cows they prattled on about.

It had been three months since they had been in England and the glamour had worn off. Michelle was homesick and face-timed with her Mom whenever their schedules would jive with the time difference. If there was any saving grace about this God-forsaken village, it was their neighbour Julie, who had been so kind to Michelle the month before.

Julie thought that was Michelle walking down the country road, about two miles away from the cottage. As she slowed down to greet her, she noticed Michelle was dressed a lot nicer than for a walk down a country road, and her face was covered in tears.

"Get in love," Julie called to Michelle, "let me drive you the rest of the way home."

Michelle was angry and in no mood to talk with anyone, but her feet were killing her, from walking almost three miles in her nicest Kenneth Cole heels.

"Thank you," she said with a snuffle, and got into the car, trying to hide her tears and bloodshot eyes. The skirt showed off a good portion of her thighs as she sat, and she pulled her sweater tighter around the silk blouse she was wearing, shivering a bit from the damp evening air.

Julie knew better than to pry, having helped raise her niece when her brother-in-law and sister split, so the two rode in silence as the car bounced and jostled down the old dirt road.

"Tell me what happened, dear," Julie finally interjected, sensing the time was right to talk.

"Even in England, men are jerks," Michelle finally blurted out, blowing her nose into an overused tissue.

Michelle went on to recount the particularly disastrous date she experienced earlier that evening. She had finally been asked out, since coming to England, by one of the cuter farmer's sons. When they got to the pub, she figured out it was just one of the local boys showing her off like a trophy, as the one to take out the American girl staying at the old Wellington place.

At first, this made her feel special and unique, and it was nice to finally be with people her own age, and males other than her father and her dog. However, William, her date, seemed more interested in drinking with his mates, and them all taking the mickey out of her "quaint" accent and her "cute way" of talking than in learning more about her. After he downed his 6th pint and refilled it without even offering her another drink, she decided there was no way she would be letting him drive her home. When he and his mates went to play darts, she left the tavern, without anyone of them noticing, and started the long walk home to the cottage.

Julie listened quietly as Michelle poured her heart out, and she really felt sorry for her neighbour.

Dropping her at the front door of the cottage, Julie offered, "if your feet aren't ruined from walking in those bloody shoes, would you like to join me tomorrow for my morning run?"

Michelle's face lit up at the invitation, and the opportunity to work out some energy and aggression, although not quite the way she was hoping for when she headed out on the date several hours ago.

The next morning, Julie knocked on the cottage door, and Michelle was already up and dressed, and stretching in the kitchen.

Over the next month, the two women became fast friends, despite the over 20-year age difference between them. And the two struck quite the pair. At 5'8" Julie was a good 4 inches taller than Michelle, and her broad shoulders and 40C breasts equally dwarfed her younger companion.

Julie would often pull her dark auburn hair into a ponytail, or sometimes in a French plait, but could never understand the American fondness for baseball hats. Even though she was older, her fitness level was such that on some days Michelle had to push herself to keep up. While competitive, Michelle didn't mind, as the sight of Julie's firm behind in her spandex running pants, reminded Michelle of her sophomore year girlfriend, who first got Michelle into running.

Michelle had also started to look to Julie as almost a surrogate mother, and when they weren't running or going to the gym together, they would talk about all sorts of things. Julie clearly wasn't from around the area and explained that she came from Newcastle, and her husband was from Ireland.

Michelle's mind wandered to the last gym session when she had watched Julie get stripped for the shower, and she couldn't help noticing Julie was totally shaved down below. Michelle nervously blurted out a question about it, and Julie simply smiled like a sphinx, and explained, "keeps things neat and simple," Michelle pondered her words, and stared at her pert ass, as she wandered into the shower.

After Julie dropped her off after giving her a ride home from the gym, it was that mental image of Julie's back and ass that was in Michelle's mind, as she slipped her hand inside her yoga pants, and under her panties. Touching herself gently, while lying on her bed, Michelle imagined for a moment that it was Julie's finger touching her, as Julie's husband, JJ, watched the two women play. Michelle felt herself get wetter as her finger slipped inside herself, picturing JJ's dark curly hair, and shining green emerald eyes, as he unzipped and pulled out his thick cock, which was already an impressive length, semi-hard.

Just as Michelle was about to imagine taking JJ's cock into her mouth, while Julie's tongue danced over her hardening clit, her father's voice from downstairs snapped her out of her daydream into a reality.

"I'm off Mitchie," he shouted from the kitchen, using her pet name, "I will be back late, so please take Chico for a walk, that is, if you can find that darned dog."

Reluctantly, she pulled her hand out of her pants, pausing to taste herself on her fingers. It had been over three months now without any sex, from a man or woman, which had her even more frustrated than the fact they drove on the wrong side of the road!

Shaking the last of her fantasy out of her head, Michelle went downstairs to begin the hunt for Chico, and sniggered to herself, "this backwater village probably doesn't even know what a lesbian is, let alone having there be one around here."

Michelle watched her father's car pull away, calling out the front door for Chico. They could never let Chico out unattended at home, for fear of him being run over. However, since there was nothing for miles except chickens, cows and countryside, they often didn't see Chico for an entire day but knew he wouldn't wander too far, and that he'd come home when he was called.

Calling his name and whistling, Michelle grabbed a pair of training shoes and wandered into the back garden. "No doubt off chasing wabbits," she muttered in her best Elmer Fudd impression while looking around the garden. Well, they called it a garden here, but it was more like a field with a patch of woods at the bottom of the hill, that covered more than an acre.

On one side of the cottage was a farmer's field, and on the other side, through a country gate, was Julie & JJ's home, which had a similar layout to the cottage Michelle and her father had rented.

Michelle's heart jumped into her mouth as she saw that Julie's country gate was left open, "Oh my god," she thought, "if Chico has dug up Julie's prized garden, I'll be mortified."

Breaking into a jog, Michelle ran through the open gate and into her neighbour's yard, frantically looking for Chico. Hoping to find him and spirit him back home unseen, she quietly searched the garden, calling his name in a 'loud whisper,' while growing concerned.

Feeling foolish, she finally decided to come clean and get Julie's help, walking around to the back door of Julie's house.

The back entrance had a stable door, which allowed the top to be opened, to allow in the fresh air, while the bottom remained closed. The back door led to a boot room, and then onto the big country kitchen.

Michelle noticed the top of the door was open, and just as she was about to call out for Julie, the sight that greeted her stopped her dead in her tracks.

It took Michelle a while to fully process the images her eyes were sending to her brain. Her first thought was that Chico had gone mad and attacked her neighbour, as she could see him hunched on top of Julie, who was kneeling in the kitchen.

Then Michelle's ears caught up to the images in her brain, and the sounds coming from Julie told her that this was no attack.

"Oh yes, fuck me hard Chico," Julie moaned, as the black lab rapidly pounded away at her upturned

ass. He had no idea what the human was saying, but it sounded encouraging to him, so he continued to pump away at his willing bitch beneath him, as he had been doing two or three times a week for the last month.

Michelle stood frozen to the ground, with her mouth agape, as she could see Chico's red cock slamming into Julie's pussy from her vantage point. It looked bigger and angrier than she had ever seen it before, and Chico was moving with an enthusiasm she had never seen.

Michelle's brain was telling her to turn and run, but other parts of her body, namely her clit and pussy, were demanding she stay and watch this vulgar display of wanton pleasure. Without realizing it, she felt her own hands dip into her yoga pants, and Michelle started to rub herself while watching her sexy neighbour and new best friend, be brutally fucked by her family dog.

Julie was moaning and screaming as Chico slammed into her, filling her full of his wonderfully hard dog cock. She could feel the banging of his knot, seeking entry to her stretched and well-lubricated pussy. Julie concentrated and relaxed, and allowed his knot to slip inside her, letting loose a loud moan of pleasure, as her pussy lips closed around it. She felt Chico swell inside her, and Julie yelled again, as her orgasm hit at the same time that Chico started to fill her with his watery seed.

Michelle was transfixed as she watched the swelling at the base of Chico's cock push at Julie's pussy. She had to bite her lip to stay quiet, as the sights and sounds poured over and through her body when she saw Chico push the big knot inside her friend.

Michelle felt the band of the yoga pants cut into her arm, as she forced her hand deeper and pushed two fingers deep inside her soaking pussy. Finger fucking herself harder, Michelle's body trembled, as her orgasm was rapidly approaching.

Suddenly, Chico twisted around, still locked into Julie's pussy, and stood ass to ass with his bitch. Recognising his mistress, Chico let out a bark of joy and tried to move toward her, seeking the love and reassurance Michelle had provided since she was a little girl.

He had forgotten though, that he was still tied to Julie, and the sudden tugging to disengage his knot caused her to let out a loud yelp, her pleasure being sharply transformed into pain.

Ducking down behind the lower half of the stable door, Michelle crouched, panting from fear of being caught, and also in frustration from her second orgasm being interrupted moments before she was about to go over the edge.

Keeping low, she scuttled back through the garden and slipped into her house.

Michelle sat on one of the stools at the breakfast bar and tried to catch her breath. She tried to convince herself she was dreaming, but the sights and sounds that were replaying in her mind were too raw, feral and passionate not to be real. It felt like her whole body was on fire, and the major source of her heat was between her legs.

She pushed her yoga pants and panties down and off her legs in a single motion, and leaned back on the breakfast bar, opening her legs and rubbing herself frantically, as she closed her eyes and relived the unbelievable scene she had just witnessed.

Her fingers weren't enough, so she tore open the refrigerator door, and grabbed one of the smooth cucumbers Julie had given them from her greenhouse. Michelle gasped at the contrast of the cold vegetable against her flaming pussy and pushed the tapered cucumber deep into her pussy. She gripped the end tightly and began to fuck herself hard. Her juices were flowing around the

cucumber, and down into the crack of her ass, and the empty cottage filled with the squelching sounds of her organic dildo invading her dripping young cunt.

Michelle was jerked from her reverie back to reality, at the feel of the cold, wet nose pushing into her crotch. Looking down, Michelle stared into the warm, brown eyes of Chico, who was licking at the cucumber, and the juices that covered her legs and thighs. Michelle had never thought about Chico in this way, but the fire burning inside her incinerated all rational thoughts from her brain.

Pulling the cucumber from her soaking pussy, Michelle spread her legs wider, and implored Chico loudly, "Lick my cunt Chico! MAKE ME CUM!" Chico knew by her smell and taste what was required of him, and set to the task enthusiastically, lapping his coarse tongue over his young mistress's pussy and clit.

As Michelle was on the brink of orgasm, for the third time today, a familiar laugh from the doorway interrupted her release yet again.

"Always wondered where Chico got his experience from, perhaps now we know."

Michelle opened her eyes, blinked a few times, to adjust to the light coming from behind the voice, and stared into the lovely face of her just-fucked neighbour, Julie.

Undeterred by her arrival, Chico continued to lick his lifelong companion, and latest human bitch, which finally pushed Michelle over the top. As if having an out-of-body experience, Michelle wondered who was grunting and yelling at such a fever pitch, when she realized it was herself, exploding in a thunderous orgasm, as she came on Chico's probing and exploring tongue.

Michelle felt a soft hand slide under her top and pinch her braless nipple, causing further jolts to shoot through her young body, as Julie's warm, open lips pressed against her own, in a long, passionate kiss, causing her to cum over and over.

Breaking the kiss for a moment Michelle panted, "I never have done this before," nodding to Chico, who had withdrawn and was busy licking his angry red cock, which stuck out at both of them.

"He is a very good fuck," Julie whispered lovingly in Michelle's ear while stroking and playing with her nipple, "as I think you should find out."

Michelle was in a sexual daze, as she slid herself off the stool, dropping to the floor on all fours and sticking her round ass high into the air. She moaned with pure lust as Julie's hand reached under and cupped her pussy, pulling her hips a little higher.

"Don't want Chico getting his aim wrong, do we love?" she asked with a laugh, as Michelle twisted her head around to see Julie holding the overly enthusiastic Chico by the collar while stroking his veiny red cock with her other hand.

Michelle could see Chico's cock was hanging down, but it was hard as a steel rod, and she actually found herself drooling at the thought of it being inside her. Julie's hand looked dwarfed by its size and barely managed to fit around it made Michelle guess that Chico's cock was at least 9 inches, and thick.

With Julie's guidance, Chico climbed onto Michelle's back, and she felt his weight and his soft belly fur rubbing her tingling skin, as Chico tried to thrust himself into her warm and welcoming opening. Michelle looked under herself and saw that Julie had Chico's cock firmly in hand, and was rubbing the young girl's pussy and clit with the tip, keeping him from entering her.

Julie leaned forward and kissed Michelle hard on the mouth, as she released her grip, allowing the black lab to lurch forward and fully penetrate his young mistress.

Michelle exhaled with a moan as Chico impaled her, her dog virginity leaving her body with the warm breath that filled her lover's mouth. Chico then started to drive his hips in and out of her, like a steam engine.

Michelle was in dog heaven, as he fucked her harder than she had ever been fucked before, his strong cock driving in and out of her already puffy pussy lips.

Once again, Julie's fingers tweaked Michelle's nipple, triggering an orgasm that became prolonged and intensified, as Julie's other hand pinched Michelle's clit, as the dog continuously pumped at her core.

"OH MY FUCKING GOD," Michelle screamed at the top of her voice, as Chico rammed his knot into his new bitch's filthy cunt.

"Feels wonderful, doesn't it?" Julie purred in Michelle's ear, as the knot swelled even bigger inside her. Michelle was lost for words, as the knot started to throb and pulse, sending her into fits of ecstasy, her moans and screams filling the kitchen, as Chico flooded her womb with his hot dog cum.

Michelle felt Chico turn, like she had seen him do with Julie, and hung her head down to the cool, tiled floor, as she tried to clear her brain and come down from the most powerful orgasm in her young life, while the tingling persisted, with Chico firmly locked inside her.

She was still experiencing mini orgasms, from the knot lodged inside her, when she heard the front door slam and a voice shouting from the foyer.

"Hey Mitchie, where are you?" shouted her father, his voice getting louder as he neared the kitchen, "where are you? I have something that I'm sure will lift your spirits."

Her brain had not fully engaged yet, and her entire body was too exhausted to move, from the primal fucking she had just received.

Giddy with excitement, having pulled off this surprise visit to cheer up their daughter, Michelle's mother and father jumped into the kitchen, shouting in unison, "SURPRI...!" their voices trailing off, as they stood and stared in shock at the scene before them.

Yanking himself from Michelle, Chico eagerly ran up to the stunned couple, wagging his tail, with his exposed cock still hanging lewdly beneath him, covered in their daughter's cum, as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

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## **Chapter Two - Chico's Teacher**

"What the hell," roared Michelle's father as he took in the scene before him. There was his sweet daughter with her ass high in the air pointing towards him. Her pussy was clearly on display and he could see the dog cum dripping from her swollen lips to join the puddle between her thighs. The cause of his daughter's condition was happily wagging his tail in front of him, his red cock still showing and shiny from his daughter's juices as he too dripped onto the kitchen floor. The back door was wide open to the garden but luckily their neighbours were far enough away that they wouldn't have been able to witness his daughter's slutty act.

“Go to your room,” Michelle’s mother said quietly to her daughter as she looked for a floor cloth.

“Where’s Julie?” Michelle asked still in a post-orgasmic daze.

“Thank goodness she wasn’t here to witness you being a slut,” said her father, “now go to your room.”

Michelle trudged up the stairs with leaden feet as the enormity of what had just happened started to sink in. Her parents had caught her with the family pet and heaven only knows what would happen now. ‘Oh no,’ she thought in a blind panic “they might send Chico away or worse”, and started to sob as she thought, “I couldn’t live with myself if anything happened to him.”

Following his naked daughter upstairs John couldn’t help but notice how cute her ass was and the vision of her open pussy dripping with dog cum popped into his head causing stiffness in his trousers. Shaking his head to clear the thoughts he demanded, “Phone, tablet & laptop young lady, you are grounded 100% while I talk to your Mom.”

The next few days passed very quietly with Michelle’s Mom & Dad saying nothing but not letting her out of their sight, and even when they went out for the day the air was cool rather than frosty. One evening after she was going up to bed Michelle overheard her mother saying, “Maybe it would be best if I took Chico back with me, I have missed him a lot.” Michelle couldn’t listen anymore and crept away stifling a sob at the thought of being separated from her beloved Chico.

To her surprise, her parents’ lovemaking was very noisy, and she had gotten herself off listening to her mother’s loud groans of pleasure as her father’s grunted and panted.

It was mid-afternoon three days after the Chico incident that Michelle stepped into the shower after a day of lying in the sun under the watchful eye of her parents. As she started to soap herself all over under the deluge of water she started to relive what had happened just a few days ago. Feeling her nipples harden she tweaked them calling herself a dog slut under her breath, but rather than dampen her ardour she felt the heat between her legs increase. Leaning back against the tiles she spread her still swollen pussy lips with one hand and with the fingertip of her other hand started to rub her engorged clit. Michelle moaned and bit her lip as the orgasm tingled through her body and with lust now raging within her she needed something inside herself. Wrapping a towel around herself she felt in the bedside drawer for her trusty dildo that had accompanied her from America but to her surprise encountered a buzzing phone.

“Hello,” said Michelle a little confused about the strange phone.

“Hello love,” said the familiar voice of her next-door neighbour Julie, “sorry thought it was better I vanished pronto though would have been nice to have seen their faces.”

“I am so grounded & worried,” Michelle stammered back.

“Thought it best I laid low until I could get a few things in place, so how do you fancy dinner?” Julie purred.

Michelle nodded before she stammered, “yes” when she realised Julie couldn’t see her and the phone went dead.

Michelle’s brain was spinning as she tried to work out how the phone got there, what Julie meant about dinner and what on earth she meant about things in place. At the same time, her pussy was screaming for relief and Michelle rummaged in the drawer for her 6” dildo and grasping it pulled it



out. To her shock it wasn't her normal dildo but one that clearly resembled a dog cock and as she wondered what the hell was going on the phone buzzed with a text, "thought this would remind you of Chico xxx." Michelle looked at the dog cock dildo and moaned with pure lust as she pushed it into her soaking pussy. Lying on her back, her knees pulled up Michelle fucked herself hard with the dildo and could feel the plastic knot banging against her pussy lips. That feeling sent her over the top and arching up towards the thrusting dildo Michelle screamed as she peaked in her orgasm.

Michelle was still trying to recover her breathing when the phone buzzed with a text again, "be ready in 15 mins, pack an overnight bag xxxx." Michelle stood and dressed quickly fascinated to know what Julie was going to do.

It was exactly 12 minutes later when her father shouted upstairs, "Mitchie get your butt down here, Mrs Smith from next door has kindly agreed to look after you for the day & overnight."

Michelle shouted down, "Will be there in ... 3 minutes," before laughing to herself as she stuffed a few items into a small rucksack. She paused as she picked up the dog dildo; still wondering how it got there and then stuffed it into the bag giggling to herself. Then she bounced downstairs dressed in her favourite sweatshirt and tight yoga pants with the rucksack over her shoulder. As she caught Julie's eye and the slight frown she wore, Michelle altered her demeanour to dutiful daughter mode as she heard Julie say, "of course, Mr & Mrs Lynch I will be more than happy to look after your daughter for the evening to allow you to take advantage of this wonderful opportunity before Mrs Lynch has to return to America and Michelle will be good company while my husband is away."

"Please call me Sarah, " Michelle's mother replied, "and you are so kind to step into the breach at the last moment." Then turning to Michelle said, "Mrs Smith, I mean Julie, will look after you this evening dear as your father has just been sent two tickets to see the Russian State Ballet performing Swan Lake this evening and the tickets are like gold dust."

"I have made up my spare room," purred Julie' "so you can enjoy your evening happy in the knowledge that she will be returned safe & sound in the morning," Julie paused before continuing, "Oh but what about Chico?"

"He will be fine," Michelle's mother replied quickly, "no need to worry about him."

Michelle walked across the lawns from one house to the other still in shock and awe before turning to Julie and saying, "how the hell did you manage that?"

Julie just laughed throatily before saying, "your mom loves the ballet and she got two tickets out of the blue that were accidentally delivered to my address hence I had to deliver them to her and offer to chaperone you." Michelle stared at Julie as she went on, "oh and by the way when using a dog dildo you really should take the knot, it feels so much better."

Michelle's jaw dropped as she stammered, "have you been spying on me?"

"That's not the half of it love," Julie laughed, "Now dump your stuff in the spare room we have a show to watch later but for now dinner."

Over dinner, the two women chatted though Michelle was conscious that she revealed far more than Julie. The topics ranged from Michelle's work plans after returning to America through to travelling the world. Michelle was spellbound as Julie described some of the wonderful places she had been ranging from the Taj Mahal in India to the wild bush of South Africa. Julie didn't mention much of life before her husband but clearly, it was her second marriage and there was a significant other before that. As they finished the bottle of wine Michelle began to relax and saw how Julie's eyes

glittered with interest when Michelle mentioned her ex-roomie was a lesbian. Julie's eyes glowed with fire when Michelle described how her roomie would often fuck her with a strap-on.

"So you like pussy as well as cock then?" Julie said then laughed as Michelle nodded and blushed. "Nothing wrong with that," Julie said, "after all I lived with a lesbian for two years before my first husband, so I enjoy pussy as well. Might even enjoy yours later." Michelle felt her face and neck redden as she started to get wet at the thought of Julie between her thighs.

The subject of Chico had not been mentioned but once the dishes had been cleared away and both women sat curled on either end of a big sofa with a large glass of Baileys each, Julie fixed Michelle with a stare and said, "Chico." Michelle flushed as Julie went on, "so how long has he been fucking you?"

"That was the first time," Michelle stammered.

"Really," Julie said quizzically as she raised an eyebrow, "wonder who his teacher was," and then went on, "and whose idea was it for you to bring Chico over?"

Michelle thought for a moment, "it was Dad's" she replied.

"And how did your Mom take the idea?" Julie asked.

"She was pissed at first then seemed resigned after a few days," Michelle replied not sure where Julie was going with the questions.

"Explains a lot," Julie said half to herself, "come join me in the cinema room."

Michelle followed Julie admiring her ass in the light cotton trousers that clung to her in all the right places. Michelle was sure she wasn't wearing any underwear and started to think again of Julie's comments about tasting her pussy and wondered what hers would taste like.

Julie laughed over her shoulder, "stop panting dear it gives your lustful thoughts away and in answer to your unasked question I hate wearing underwear. Now we are here, take a seat." Julie waved to the small room with half a dozen comfortable chairs around a large wall screen that flickered into life. The screen was split into nine screens and Michelle realised it was the inside of her home. As she watched the front door open and her Mother & Father walked in and from the speakers, Michelle could hear her mother humming one of the songs from Swan Lake. Julie flicked a switch on the remote and the nine screens became one showing the scene in high definition.

"That was wonderful," Michelle's mother cooed, "and we have the house to ourselves for the night so no more sneaking around."

"Indeed," said Michelle's father as he reached round and scooped one of his wife's breasts from her low-cut evening gown running a thumb over her hardening nipple.

"Are we going to watch my Mom & Dad at it?" Michelle asked a little breathlessly as she watched the screen.

"Will you get yourself off like you normally do?" Teased Julie before going on, "I think you will learn a few things tonight."

As Michelle watched the screen her mother stripped naked in their hallway and then knelt before Michelle's father who was still dressed in his tuxedo. Michelle was a little shocked as she heard her

mother speak words in a tone she had not heard before, "may your slut suck your cock, sir?" She said throatily as she unzipped Michelle's father's fly allowing his cock to spring free. Michelle was impressed by the size of her father and could feel the dampness start again between her legs.

"You like your father's cock don't you?" Julie whispered as she moved next to Michelle and stroked a finger across her breasts that were heaving beneath her sweatshirt. Despite the thickness of the material, Michelle could feel her nipples harden and she squirmed on the seat. Michelle could only moan in agreement, a moan that became more heated and louder as she heard her Mother speak.

"Can I suck your cock like you wished our daughter would," Michelle's mother groaned as she engulfed her husband's now rampant cock. Sucking deeply until she almost gagged then withdrew leaving her drool dripping from his cock. "Would you like her to suck your cock like this?" then sucked his cock back in deep.

"Where do you want him?" Michelle heard her father growl, his hands on her mother's head as he slowly pistoned his hips into her mother's mouth.

Breaking from her sucking for a moment she moaned, "here... Right here in the hallway like the slut I am... Not sneaking around in the bedroom like we have had to."

Michelle was a little confused at her mother's words, but the confusion was soon cleared up as Chico bounded into view. There was no confusion with Chico, as he clearly knew what was expected of him as he sniffed and started to lap at his familiar bitch. Michelle watched dry-mouthed as Chico's cock grew and started to drip pre-cum onto the hall floor.

Suddenly her clothing felt too tight for Michelle and she stood for a moment casting off her sweatshirt and bra before ripping off her yoga pants and tiny briefs, all the time her eyes glued to the screen. Sitting back in the chair she opened her legs wide to allow Julie, who had moved between her knees, easy access to her pussy. Michelle gripped Julie's hair as she watched Chico mount and start to hump at her mother, his red cock leaving trails across her ass cheeks. Michelle nearly screamed with pleasure as Julie's talented tongue started to delve deep inside, searching every nook and cranny.

On the screen Michelle saw Chico find the spot he was seeking and slammed home, driving his cock deep into Michelle's mother. Michelle could hardly believe the words that came out of her mother's mouth, words she didn't even know her mother knew, "oh yes fuck my slutty cunt, use me Chico, fuck me like you fucked my daughter." Michelle pulled Julie's hair more urging her on as the scene on the screen captivated her. Michelle's father was fisting himself as Chico humped Michelle's mother and it occurred to Michelle as she heard the sounds from the speakers that this is what he had listened to on previous nights. Not her parent's lovemaking but her mother being fucked by Chico as her father watched. The thoughts and sounds sent Michelle over the top and she flooded into Julie's mouth, squirting her juices like she never had before.

Hardly had she stopped cumming when Michelle felt herself being dragged round behind the chair and bent over it. From somewhere Julie had produced a dildo and then pulling Michelle's head up so she could still see the screen drove it into Michelle's soaking pussy from behind and started to pump Michelle with the same intensity as Chico was riding her mother on screen. Michelle felt a knot bang against her pussy lips & realised the dildo was the same shape as a dog cock and she kept cumming over and over as she heard and saw her mother orgasm under Chico.

Michelle found herself panting with lust as she could see in her mother's eyes, and from the sounds, she was making, Chico had forced his knot into her and was pumping her full of cum. Then Chico

turned, still locked inside, and Michelle's mother moaned and groaned in ecstasy as the dog knot pulsed in her pussy. As she stared at the screen she saw her father unload a stream of seed into her mother's face coating her hair and cheeks with strings of seed. At that same moment, Julie forced the dildo fully in so Michelle's pussy clamped around the knot of the rubber cock. Flicking a switch at the base Julie watched as the dildo started to buzz and vibrate sending Michelle into the same multiple orgasms that her mother was having on screen.

Michelle felt drained as she slumped over the chair back, the dildo buzzing inside her still and mini orgasms shot through her causing her to shudder from time to time. On-screen Chico had pulled out of her mother leaving a puddle of cum between her legs and to her surprise & excitement her mother turned and started to lap the cum from the tiled floor.

"Oh my," Michelle moaned softly, "My mother is a dog fucker, I would never have guessed."

Julie laughed as she said, "shame she is going back to America so soon, whatever will your father do?"

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Chapter Three - Chico's Choices

Michelle was lying on her bed dressed only in her light blue panties, reflecting on the day before, wondering how to use the information she had gained. "My mom is a dog fucker," she whispered under her breath, feeling the tingle between her legs and sliding a hand under the waistband of her panties. She began touching herself idly as she recalled the vision of her mother under Chico, the family black lab mix. She didn't need the flash drive that Julie had given to her, as the scene of Chico fucking her mom in the hallway, while her dad came in her face, was indelibly burned into Michelle's brain.

The thought of her father's fat, heavy cock increased Michelle's desire as she slipped a finger inside herself, feeling her wetness and enjoying the tingles, as her digit explored deeply. Michelle smiled wryly, as she remembered the hidden cameras her neighbour, Julie, had planted and hoping she had the perfect angle, she pulled her panties to her ankles and opened her legs. The thought that Julie was watching her wanton display made her finger herself faster, and an image of sucking her father's cock, as Chico licked her, all while Julie watched, sent her over the top in a toe-curling orgasm.

Biting back a scream of pleasure she heard her father shout up the stairs "Mitchie get up, your mom and I have something to discuss with you," at the same time her secret phone buzzed, showing a new message with an attachment.

"I'll be right down Dad, just getting dressed," Michelle shouted and added under her breath, "unless you'd rather come and convince me not to," then giggling, she tapped open the message on the contraband phone.

The message was from Julie, her neighbour, and read 'nice show...this may be of interest.' Michelle blushed and squirmed knowing that Julie had just seen her orgasm from the cameras she had set up throughout the cottage. She then clicked 'play' on the audio file attachment, lowering the volume, as it was clearly her Mum and Dad discussing the events of the previous night when they had come in and found Michelle with Chico.

"Guess we only have ourselves to blame," said Michelle's mom," after all, Chico is used to having a bitch ready for him at all times."

"True," said Michelle's dad, "I guess Chico was only doing what came naturally, and Mitchie was just following family traditions!"

"So," said Michelle's mom, "I think it would be best for Chico if I"

Before Michelle could hear the rest of the message she listened to her father rattle her door handle and shout. "Mitchie how long are you going to be or do I have to come in there and drag you out?"

"Just coming dad," Mitchie replied, smiling to herself proudly at her pun, as she leapt up and lewdly thrust her hips at the bedroom door, the only barrier between her and her father.

She pulled up her panties, which were bunched around her left ankle, and reaching for her bra, she giggled softly and decided to leave it off. She pulled on a tight tee shirt that moulded itself to her tight young breasts, her nipples straining against the material. Finally, she shimmied into a pair of denim short shorts that were frayed at the bottom and barely covered her pert rounded ass cheeks.

She flung open the door and stared at her father, as she pulled her hair into a ponytail. She smiled at her dad and squeezed past him, making sure her ass brushed against his trousers in the process and skipping off toward the stairs.

Michelle's happy mood came to an abrupt halt as she bounded into the kitchen and saw the stern look on her mother's face. Michelle sat at the kitchen table and her heart sank when her mother said, "it's about Chico and going back to America."

Michelle couldn't decide whether to beg her parents to allow him to stay or throw the flash drive on the table and threaten them if they didn't let her keep her beloved pet, and new lover, with her for the remainder of the summer. As she bit her lip and trembled, Michelle recalled Julie's words as she had pressed the flash drive into Michelle's hand the night before, 'always play your cards last and only play the ones you have to.'

Her mother continued, "Your father and I have decided that Chico should stay here and perhaps it would be best if I moved over here so we can be together as a family." The rest of her mother's words blurred into background noise, as all Michelle could think of was, 'Chico is staying, Chico is staying.'

Her mother snapped her fingers in front of Michelle's face, "wake up dear," before going on, "so as I said I will need to go back for four weeks to get things in order, and when I return, I'll be attached to our London office, we can enjoy each other's company over here until we all return to America as a family."

Two days later things had returned to semi-normal in the Lynch household. Michelle's mom had returned to America, and her Dad still watched her like a hawk, not letting her and Chico be alone together, but not saying anything. To make matters worse, he had taken to working from home, which curbed Michelle's freedom even more.

Julie was nowhere to be seen, though clearly around, Michelle hadn't spoken to her face to face, since the night of her parents' show, and the frustration was driving Michelle mad. She sat there plotting ways to tease her father, to exact some subtle revenge, and to see just how far she could push him.

"Dad, "Michelle cooed, "could I take Chico for a walk this afternoon?"

“No!” said her father abruptly, without looking up from his laptop, “the very kind Mrs Smith next door takes him running with her every morning, and I am sure she gives him quite the workout, as he’s always tired and happy when he gets back.”

“I bet she fucking does,” muttered Michelle under her breath before smiling sweetly at her father, “In that case Dad I think I will sunbathe.”

“OK Mitchie,” said her father, “I have a conference call in a few minutes and then we can have lunch after I’m done.”

Michelle waited until her father disappeared into his home office, before padding out to the back garden and setting herself up to sunbathe. She reached into her bag and slid out the secret phone, and launched the app that Julie had loaded, which gave her access to the online version of the video of her mom fucking Chico, while her father watched.

The familiar scene filled the cell phone screen, and though she had watched it countless times since the night it happened, it always had the same effect on her. Michelle always sunbathed topless, and the small string bikini bottom barely did more than protect her modesty, and between the sounds from her phone, and the thought of putting on a public display, filled her with lust. She slid her hand over her body, pinching and pulling her left nipple, but found it difficult to hold the phone and touch herself at the same time.

Rolling onto her belly, she placed the phone on the ground and shifted so both her hands were under her body and between her legs. As she watched her father, standing in front of her mother, working his cock, she pulled the brief string of her thong aside and started to rub herself at the same pace as her father was working his cock on screen, listening to her mother moan on the video, while Chico battered his middle-aged bitch.

She heard her father moan, and Michelle thrust two fingers deep into herself, fingering faster, as she knew what was about to happen. Thrusting her fingers in fast and frantically, she came hard as her father spurted thick jets of cum into the air and onto her mother’s face.

It was at that exact moment that Chico rounded the corner and spied his young mistress in a welcoming position. He took one sniff of the wonderfully heady aroma in the air and knew instinctively what was required of him. His newest bitch was in heat and needed covering. Running to the sunbed, he leapt onto Michelle’s back, his cock already semi-hard. The surprise and force of his arrival caused her to collapse with a whoosh, pinning her hands under her body.

“Oh my god Chico, no!” screamed Michelle, but Chico was deaf to her pleadings, and continued to jab at her haunches, trying to find his mark. She tried to push herself up against her own weight, combined with that of Chico’s, which only caused Michelle’s ass to lift higher into the air.

This provided Chico with the opportunity he needed and his cock pushed the string of her bikini aside, as he slammed home deep inside her well-lubricated pussy. Gripping his young mistress by the hips, he started to frantically drive in and out of her, loving the tightness of her less experienced pussy on his throbbing dog cock.

Michelle wanted to push Chico off of her, but at the same time, the pleasure rushing through her body sent any real effort in that direction flying away. Instead, she braced herself on her forearms and pushed back to meet his thrusts, groaning above the slurping sounds, as he drove his angry red cock in and out of her wet opening.

“Oh fuck Chico, that feels so good”, she moaned, as Chico relentlessly fucked her in her own back

garden. Like the bitch in heat that she knew she was, Michelle loved every minute of it, and was so far gone, that she didn't take any notice of anything outside of the small tiny focus bubble that her brain was now in.

Having finished his conference call early, Michelle's father walked to the back door to call his daughter in for lunch, when the activity in the back garden stopped him in his tracks. John watched from the door, as his daughter bucked and writhed under Chico, moaning like his wife always did, when Chico would fuck her. He could see Chico's large cock sliding in and out, coated in Michelle's juices, her head shaking from side to side, as continuous sequential orgasms shot through her.

Feeling his cock hardening, John felt ashamed as he watched Chico fuck his willing daughter, for the second time in as many weeks, but could not divert his eyes. Chico showed no signs of slowing down, and John could see the knot banging against his daughter's pussy lips, demanding entry. The noises coming from his sweet daughter's mouth left no doubt that she was in all kinds of heaven, and that dog fucking was part of her DNA.

Michelle was in a world of her own, her teeth rattled in her skull, and her vision blurred, as Chico clamped his paws around her tightly, still battering her velvet tunnel. She knew the knot was coming, and shamelessly she growled, "give me your knot Chico ... fill my fucking cunt."

Chico seemed to sense her words and slammed himself forward, driving his knot into Michelle's willing pussy, causing her to scream loudly as her eyes flew open. She was sure she saw her father vanishing into the kitchen, but was so far gone she didn't care. As Chico's knot pulsed and pumped his doggie cum into her body, Michelle groaned and slipped back into a semi-stupor.

Julie smiled to herself, watching the screen on her office computer, complimenting herself for installing the weather resistant outside cameras, along with the internal ones. She pulled her hand out of her panties, and licked her fingers dry, before picking up the phone and punching in a number from memory.

"Hi it's me," she said into the receiver, then paused while listening to the person at the other end of the call. "Yes, exactly as we thought would happen," Julie continued, "I have encrypted the first file and uploaded it already, but I'm sure there will be others to follow."

"So come on then," Julie laughed, "don't be coy, then what happened?"

Michelle blushed deeply as she sat at the kitchen table having just recounted the tale of the day before to Julie. She squirmed on the seat, her pussy already damp from the recollection of how good Chico's cock felt inside her. She squeezed and rubbed her thighs together, feeling the orgasm brewing, as the sensations of Chico licking her ass and freshly fucked pussy from behind, popped into her head.

Then she looked at Julie with a quizzical look and said, "Hang on! You would know exactly what happened if you have the house wired."

"Of course I knew the story already silly, made a darn good show as well." Julie replied with a wry smile.

"So why would you make me retell the story if you've already watched it?" Michelle asked

indignantly.

Julie looked at Michelle's nipples pushing through her thin top, and her hands rubbing herself over her shorts, and said with a grin, "well, I knew you'd enjoy telling me the story," then after a dramatic pause added, "looks like you enjoyed it almost as much as your mom did!"

"WHAT?" Michelle exclaimed, "my mom knows?"

Julie just smiled and slid a picture across the table. Michelle turned the photo over and saw two women, naked, kneeling with their asses in the air, their heads on their hands, and faces hidden. In the foreground of the picture was her Chico, looking a little younger than he did now, staring at the two naked women.

Whoever took the picture stood behind Chico, as he stared at the choice before him.

"Is that...?" Michelle's voice trailed off, as she recognised the bedroom furniture from their home back in America, and judging by the hair colour and body shape of the woman on the right, added, "..... my mom?" Then, studying the other woman in the picture, Michelle gasped, "and the other one looks like"

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#### **Chapter Four - The dangers of a diary**

Julie placed her hands in a steeple and studied Michelle's face as the girl stared at the picture of her mother and the mystery woman, both naked with their asses in the air, ready for Chico to decide which one to mount.

"Yes, one of the is your mother," Julie said with a smile, "and who do you think the other one is?"

"Ummm," Michelle stammered, studying the photo, "you? .... but how?..... what?..... where?..... when?"

Julie threw back her head and laughed at her young companion's bewilderment, "I have known your mother since before you were born, and we have stayed in touch over the years, as we have very similar interests." Julie continued, "a few years back, while your father was on a business trip and you were away at college, my company had sent me to New York, so I popped up to see your Mum, and she introduced me to Chico."

"So who took the picture?" Michelle asked, "Dad?"

Julie snorted with laughter, "no not your Dad, he thinks he's the only person who knows about your Mom and Chico, and that it was his idea to convince your Mom to try it. There's no easy way to say this, but the reality is, your Mom has been fucking dogs for years."

"You're kidding me, right?" asked Michelle, still in a state of shock, thinking about her demure mother, successful attorney, and former President of the P.T.A.

Julie just smirked and shook her head, indicating that she was not kidding at all.

"So if Dad didn't take the picture, who did?" Michelle asked quizzically, still staring at her mom's bald pussy and spread ass and Chico's hungry look in the picture.

"You remember your neighbour, the widow, Mrs Brown, or White, I think," Julie said, trying to



remember the woman's name, but only recalling it was a colour.

"Mrs Greene?" Michelle yelled out in shock. "Not snobby, old Mrs Greene, who used to walk her pair of pedigree Dalmatians around the neighbourhood with her nose so high in the air it looked like a shark fin?" Michelle's voice trailed off as she was trying to picture the old woman in a sexual way, "No way! She didn't ... did she?"

Julie smiled like the cat that had eaten the canary as she said, "Oh, she most certainly did. Both of them, one right after the other, although it was a closely guarded secret that only your mother and the rest of us in the DS Club knew."

"DS Club?" Michelle asked.

"Yes, the Dog Shaggers Club," Julie replied with a giggle, having come up with the club name herself almost 30 years ago, "most have been friends since college and we have shared many things over the years, from boyfriends to dogs, to boyfriend's dogs, and have always kept it secret from the men in our respective lives. Over time, the club has grown and decreased as members have come and gone, but we always remained true to each other."

"Let me guess," said Michelle sarcastically, "the first rule of DS Club was, 'you don't talk about DS Club!'" paraphrasing the famous quote from the movie Fight Club.

"Brilliant!" Julie responded in her lyrically English accent, unaware of the source of the quote, "and the only reason I'm telling you any of this is that you're the newest member of the club."

Michelle started to connect the dots as she looked at Julie's face, realising now that it had all been an act between her mother and Julie about not knowing each other, and then she got to wonder about how much of what happened was pre-planned. Before she could speak, however, Julie read her like a book and continued. "Your mother phoned me before you and your Dad arrived, and she told me she was sending Chico over with you and asked me to look after him for her. She also asked to see if you were similarly inclined and having witnessed your actions in the kitchen, I knew you were. When the rest of the women at the club saw the latest video of you performing with Chico, they confirmed that you clearly had the fever and that you were a natural-born dog shagger." Michelle blushed deeply as she realised that her performance on the patio with Chico had been seen by the many women of the DS Club, trying to guess which of her mother's friends and neighbours were also in the group.

"So if you have known my mother for that long, there must be some juicy tales you can tell me about her past," Michelle asked, feeling herself get wet at the thought of her prim and proper Mother's brazen acts of debauchery.

"When she married your father," Julie reminisced, "I couldn't attend the wedding but did attend the hen party the week before, and that was a wild night, a very wild couple of nights indeed." Julie smiled at seeing her young friend squirm in her chair, simultaneously desiring the gory details of the story, while wishing she did not know this seedy side of her mother's personal life.

"Please tell me, please tell me," said Michelle begged in a voice like a child at Christmas, demanding she be allowed to open her presents early, excited about being able to learn something about her mother's kinky past.

"OK," said Julie, deliberately drawing out the anticipation, "but before I tell the story, there are some rules to which you must agree."

Michelle eagerly nodded her head in response.

Julie went on, "first, you don't breath a word to anyone who is not named in the story."

"Cross my heart," Michelle quickly replied, tracing an "X" over her left breast, her nipples clearly visible through her thin top.

"Second," Julie said, and paused dramatically, watching Michelle's excitement and impatience clearly growing, before breaking the silence, "for the duration of the story, you will be naked with the dog dildo inside of you, but you may not cum until I give you permission."

Michelle was so turned on that she shed her clothes in record time before she realised that her dog dildo was still at home, in her bedroom. She bent to pick up her strewn clothes, so she could dress quickly and run to the house, and physically jumped as Julie barked, "DID I TELL YOU THAT YOU COULD GET DRESSED?"

"But... but..." stammered Michelle, holding her black yoga pants to her chest in a feeble attempt to cover her body, "I am naked and people might see me when I go back to my house."

Julie nodded and smiled unsympathetically, "Then it's best if you are quick about it unless, of course, you don't want to hear the story."

Michelle blushed, then peeked around the doorway, scanning Julie's large back garden. She surveyed the landscape between the two cottages, planning out the fastest route that also provided the most cover, should anyone happen by. Praying that her father hadn't come home, Michelle ran like a fleet-footed deer along her strategic path, darting her head from side to side to make sure she was not seen. When she reached the door of her cottage, she didn't even bother to listen for her father, and burst into the kitchen and up to her bedroom, taking the stairs two at a time. Her heart was pounding in her chest, as she closed her bedroom door behind her and leaned against it, taking a moment to catch her breath. She made a beeline to the bedside table and pulled open the drawer, her small breasts still rising and falling rapidly, as she tried to control her breathing. "FUCK!" she yelled loudly, as she slipped her hand under the pile of panties to the back left corner of the drawer, where the dildo should have been. She started frantically tearing her underwear out of the drawer, until she was standing amid her strewn panties, staring into an empty drawer. She was certain that the last time she used the dog dildo she had carefully hidden it back in her top drawer, but now it was gone. In a panic, she emptied the contents of the next drawer down, adding her bras to the multi-coloured pile of undergarments on the floor, again without locating the dildo. She repeated the process with the remaining drawers until her room looked like a bomb had hit it.

Sobbing with frustration and fear, Michelle was startled by the soft buzz of the secret phone Julie had given her, beckoning to her from under her pillow. She grabbed the phone and clicked on the new message icon, and stared indignantly at the picture of her dog dildo sitting on Julie's kitchen table above the message, 'Looking for something? '

"Bitch!" Michelle exclaimed, and the phone buzzed again as if it heard her.

"I may be a bitch, but I am not YOUR bitch, so you will WALK back to my house SLOWLY... NOW!"

Michelle looked up to the corner of her room where the camera was hidden and resisted the urge to flip it off. She wrestled with the emotions running through her brain, her feelings for Julie, her desire to know more about the secret side of her mother, and the pure lust that Julie and Chico had unleashed inside her. As she turned toward the door, she felt the wetness between her legs, and reluctantly, yet obediently, opened the door and started the slow walk back to Julie's kitchen.

About midway between the two cottages, Chico burst out of a bush and ran joyfully towards his Mistress, sniffing and poking his nose into Michelle's crotch as she walked. Every so often Chico's tongue would dart out at Michelle's pussy, trying to lick at her juices that were collecting on her engorged labia, and she couldn't help herself but to stop and let him have a little lick, unconcerned about who may be watching. By the time she reached Julie's cottage, Michelle was soaked and could feel the juices running down her inner thighs. Chico was licking at her frantically, drawn to the strong smell of his young bitch in heat, and he couldn't understand why she hadn't yet assumed the position so he could mount her.

Michelle tried turning the handle, but to her surprise, the door was now locked. The yellow sticky note stuck to the door caught her eye, which simply commanded, 'the veranda.' Michelle walked around the corner and saw Julie sitting at a wrought iron patio table, sipping tea from a delicate china cup, the pot beside her steaming gently. Gone were the casual sweats & top Julie was wearing when Michelle started her naked odyssey. Julie was now dressed in a manner that Michelle had never seen before. The black leather dress seemed moulded to her body and the multitude of shiny steel zippers which adorned the dress, led Michelle to wonder, 'if all were undone, would the dress would simply fall to the floor in pieces?'

The zipper running up the front of the dress was fully undone, giving Michelle a view of the promised land that lay concealed in shadows. But what really got Michelle's pulse racing was the stiletto-heeled, black leather boots that rose past Julie's knees, and stopped halfway up her thighs. Michelle drank in the scene before her with a lingering, lustful look, and could feel the warmth between her thighs increasing, as her eyes darted between the shimmering leather and the red dog dildo, which sat on the table beside the steaming teapot. Smelling her increased arousal, Chico poked at Michelle with his nose, but she hastily pushed him away, her focus and attention fully captured by her leather-clad neighbour.

Julie had not yet acknowledged Michelle's arrival, as she was engrossed in a Skype conversation she was having on her tablet, which was propped up on its stand, with a familiar-looking book that was open beside it.

'My DIARY??!!' Michelle silently screamed inside her head, as her heart leapt into her throat at the realisation that Julie had been reading her personal diary.

"One moment love, she is here now, so I will speak to her about what I have found," Julie said to the unseen person on the other side of the internet, then turned and locked eyes with Michelle with a stare that seemed to penetrate to her very soul. Julie's long fingernail slowly tapped and caressed the book, and purred with a wicked smile, "I see you like to write and have quite a vivid imagination." Julie stressed the word 'vivid' in a manner that set Michelle frantically wracking her brains as to which diary entry Julie was referring to. Then it dawned on her, the night she was caught fucking Chico by her parents, and she was so pissed at Julie sneaking out unseen leaving her to deal with her angry parents alone. Michelle felt herself colour from her toes to the roots of her hair, as she recalled the fiery lines she had written. Michelle opened her mouth to speak, but Julie raised a finger to her lips, indicating silence.

"Oh please, allow me," Julie sarcastically offered, "I am sure we both would like to hear this," as she nodded to the Skype conversation still active on the tablet. Julie cleared her throat theatrically and read Michelle's words aloud, "I would love to make my neighbour Julie strip before me and force her to parade around naked like a worthless whore. Then demand that she fingers her own slutty cunt until her fingers are slick with her juices. Then I would fuck her with the strap-on that K gave me, ride her like a bitch, slapping that firm white ass until she begged for mercy."

"Should I go on?" Julie inquired with a half smile, as Michelle attempted to stammer out a reply, before Julie again held her fingers to her lips, "Hush child, I'm dying to find out if I might enjoy being a worthless whore."

Julie closed the diary and smiled sweetly at Michelle, before pressing the camera direction icon button on the tablet. "What I have just done," Julie explained with another wicked smile, "is enable the forward-facing camera, so you should probably smile because you are now broadcasting, and I'm sure you're wondering to who, or rather to whom?" Julie laughed quietly at her own quip, before continuing, "It's good that your faithful pup Chico has followed you, as it saves me calling him or you using the dog dildo," pointing to the large angry red rubber dog cock sitting on the table.

Julie's voice suddenly hardened, her words cracking like the sting of a whip, "Now young lady, you have a choice. You will perform with Chico, and if it's good, then the only one who will see this broadcast is the person at the other end of this conversation. If it's rubbish, however, half-hearted in any way, then I will stream this little vignette to the internet and let the viewing public decide your ultimate fate."

"You can't!" Michelle demanded in one final burst of defiance, "if I refuse to comply, all you will have is a boring video of me standing here naked, which is no biggie," as she folded her arms under her pert breasts and stared back boldly, with what she hoped was an equally hardened look.

Julie threw her head back and roared with laughter and then glanced at the camera and said, "my, my, my, your girl has spirit." She turned to Michelle and added, "who said anything about 'this'," waving her hand around the veranda, "I was referring to your performance with Chico on your patio yesterday, and before you ask, yes the video is locked and loaded, so if I don't click the deletion code, it will be released to the internet automatically in..." glancing at the Tag Heuer on her wrist, "58 minutes exactly."

As Michelle listened to her options with horror, she realised she was trapped and in a classic 'damned if she did, and damned if she didn't' situation. She slowly sunk to her knees and looked up at Julie with a resigned look on her face. Fully aware that she was now on camera, Michelle assumed the position, dropping her shoulders to the deck, and putting her ass high into the air. Despite the dire situation, she knew in her heart that Julie would never deliberately hurt her, but whether she would shame her seemed to be an entirely different question.

The air was warm and Chico could smell the excitement emanating from Michelle's pussy as if sensing the palpable tension he tentatively stuck out his rough tongue and took a long lick of Michelle's pussy. The loud groan of pleasure that escaped Michelle's lips at finally having contact with her aching vagina told him everything he needed to know, and Chico started to lick his young bitch in earnest causing Michelle to pant with pleasure. Never one to do anything half-assed Michelle decided that if she was going to be exposed as a dog slut then she would be the best-damned dog slut on the internet, and she looked directly into the camera and moaned "oh yes Chico... lick my cunt... your tongue feels sooooooo good."

Julie smiled encouragingly at Michelle and then glanced at the screen, to see the expression on the woman's face who was watching the action on the other end. As the majority of the screen was filled with the images of Michelle pushing herself against Chico's probing tongue, Julie could tell by the look of sheer bliss on her Skype partner's face, that she was excited by what she was seeing. While the small insert of her guest's image only showed her head and shoulders, by the position and movements of her arms, it was evident that her hand was down between her legs, pleasuring herself as she watched Michelle being licked by Chico. Julie glanced back at the action on the veranda and could see that Chico was now visibly aroused, his red cock hanging from its sheath and dripping

watery precum. "Mitchie, I think your dog needs attention," Julie sang to Michelle while nodding towards Chico.

Michelle turned her head to see his dripping cock, and crawled under him, taking him into her mouth and carefully sucking the veiny red cock, swallowing the copious amounts of watery fluid that flowed into her mouth. Looking back at the tablet, the woman on screen had given up any pretence of modesty and had placed her feet up on the desk, slowly fucking herself with a dog dildo that was very similar to the one that sat on the table next to Julie.

Chico broke free of Michelle's mouth and started to dance behind her, trying to get into position to mount his bitch. Michelle steadied herself on her forearms and pushed her ass up in the air, knowing that the camera would be getting a full view of her wet and open pussy inviting Chico to fill it with his throbbing dog cock. In a totally wanton display, she reached between her legs and pulled her pussy lips further apart and moaned, "mount me Chico... fuck my brains out... take me like a dog slut I was born to be." As if he understood English Chico leapt onto Michelle's back and jabbed wildly at her with his angry red cock. When he finally found his mark he buried his cock fully inside her with a single violent thrust causing the air to explode from Michelle's lungs with a whoosh.

Michelle struggled to catch her breath, as Julie's previous words to her Skype partner reran through her brain like a thunderbolt...'your girl has spirit...YOUR GIRL has spirit.'

Finally realising who was watching this private Skype stream, Michelle moaned a single word, as Chico's knot slid inside her, "Mom?"

Julie's laughter tinkled through the air as Michelle rocked back against Chico, moaning in pure ecstasy as Chico fucked her to her first orgasm. "Looks like you have been rumbled, Sarah," Julie smiled at the tablet, as she watched her lifelong friend and co-conspirator bring herself to a climax almost simultaneously with her daughter.

A little while later Chico disengaged himself from Michelle with a plop and a river of cum flowed out of her battered pussy. Exhausted and in a state of post-orgasmic bliss Michelle crawled to Julie's feet, laying her head in the older woman's lap which enabled her to see the screen. Chico's head was cradled in Michelle's lap and every so often he would turn and take a long lick at her pussy making her squeal with pleasure.

"Don't you need to defuse that web bomb thing?" Michelle asked in a sleepy voice a little anxiously now the reality of being splattered all over the internet started to sink in. To her surprise, the fit of laughter that she heard in response was actually coming from her mother on the screen.

"You are a bad woman, Julie Cookie, pulling that old trick on her," Sarah said smiling, before saying to Michelle, "there is no net bomb, silly girl. When she tricked me there was no film in the camera, I guess she modified the threat for modern technology." Julie smiled at them both as Sarah continued to address her daughter, "Julie, bless her heart, agreed to help me get you involved with Chico, and I suggested she use the same idea she did with me all those years ago."

"I should have videoed you both," Julie laughed, "would have made a fortune off your episode on your hen night in Mexico, Sarah, how many was it again?"

"Hush woman," Sarah laughed, "not like you were shy in coming forward, I seem to recall, but we don't need to talk about it."

"Oh but we do," Julie smiled, "after all, I promised Mitchie here a story and since she kept up her end of the bargain, a story she shall have."

Sarah blushed deeply down to her roots, and her daughter wiggled in delight, as Julie began recounting the story from almost three decades prior, "Once upon a time, a long long time ago, in a land called Mexico, there were these two fair maidens..."

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Chapter Five - Once upon a time in Mexico

... Julie smiled, "after all, I promised Mitchie here a story and a story she shall have." Sarah blushed deeply down to her roots, while her daughter wiggled in delight, as Julie began to tell the story, "Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, in a land called Mexico, there were these two fair maidens..."

Sarah tried to shield her eyes against the strong Mexican sun as she walked down the steps at Mexico City airport, wondering if this was such a good idea. Here she was, a few months into the swinging nineties, and just a few weeks before she was due to get married to the man of her dreams, in the middle of a foreign city, all at the whim of someone she hadn't seen in four years. 'I must be mad' she thought to herself, as she remembered how the conversation had gone with Julie a few weeks earlier.

"Oh my god, it's you!" Sarah shrieked down the phone, as she answered the call from Julie, a close friend she hadn't spoken to in over four years.

"Of course it's me, in the flesh and naked, and thinking of you," Julie purred in response, "and I hear you are finally getting hitched. See you are going to manage it before your 30th birthday as well." Julie paused before she went on, "and to a man as well, now there's a surprise for an old dyke like you."

Sarah blushed at Julie's words and could feel herself getting wet, as Julie could always push her buttons, and her sexy voice seemed to permeate Sarah's soul. Sarah was ecstatic to hear from her old friend, who had vanished from her life four years earlier, despite Sarah's best attempts at staying in touch.

"Ain't gonna be able to make the big day short stuff," Julie said bluntly, causing Sarah's heart to sink, "buuuuuut," Julie added dramatically, "surely you must be having a hen party somewhere, and I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Yes," replied Sarah happily, "the bridal party, including my mother and aunts, are all flying down to Acapulco in Mexico on the 26th for a few days of partying and sunshine." Then, remembering who she was talking to, Sarah added, "and please be discrete, no one knows about our past, and I would like to keep it that way. They all think I am respectable."

"Awww, no pussy licking then, or trading tequila shots for blow jobs in some dodgy bar?" Julie giggled while teasing Sarah with some of their past antics, before offering, "Tell you what... why don't we have a private party before we join that lot of bores? You can fly to Mexico City on the 23rd and I will get you down to Acapulco for the 26th. Send your stuff on ahead as I have a little surprise treat in mind for you, so you won't need more than a spare pair of knickers, in fact, you probably won't even need those... but kisses... gotta run."

"But, but, but, the cost, the details, the times..." Sarah stammered into the disconnected phone, as Julie had hung up and disappeared, as quickly and abruptly as she had four years ago.

The next day a courier arrived at Sarah's house with an envelope containing a first-class ticket to Mexico City, with a handwritten note that said, 'Short Stuff - My Treat. Your Pleasure. - J'

Sarah hemmed and hawed over the decision, while gently sniffing the note that carried the aroma of Julie's perfume, causing a dampening of Sarah's knickers. After a great deal of careful and delicate discussions with her parents, and her fiancé, Sarah had finally managed to convince everyone that she would be fine on her own with her old friend from London and that she would meet them all in Acapulco as planned.

Sarah stood outside the airport trying to wave away the jabbering Mexicans who were crowding around the diminutive American tourist while tugging at her arm. Already nervous about this liaison, the gaggle of locals had Sarah on the verge of tears, when suddenly a tall woman clad in a leather jacket and a short skirt that barely covered her ass, moved forward and wrapped one fingerless gloved hand around Sarah's shoulders, as she shooed the men away, chastising them in fluent Spanish.

"Julie!" Sarah exclaimed in relief, as she felt her 5'1" frame being protected by her younger but taller friend, who crushed her to her breast in a warm and powerful embrace.

"Hey Short Stuff," Julie quipped in response while lifting the dark, wrap-around sunglasses from her sparkly blue eyes and shaking out her bun, letting her long auburn hair flow freely down her back.

Before Sarah could reply, Julie bent and kissed her warmly on the mouth, forcing her tongue into Sarah's mouth, bringing memories of their past flooding back. Memories weren't the only thing that was flooding, as Sarah felt a sudden dampness and a heat between her legs, a familiar and usual reaction when Julie was near.

Remembering that she was to be married in a few weeks, Sarah broke the kiss, but still held her body close to Julie's. "What did you say to them," Sarah asked, as she nodded toward the group of sweaty men, who were drifting away and muttering to themselves

"Oh, I told them that you were a lesbian trainee here for pussy munching lessons, and then you were to be sold as a sex slave to Amazonian Lesbians in South America," Julie said with a straight face, looking down at her shorter friend's wide brown eyes.

"Oh my God!" gasped Sarah while blushing deeply, "you didn't... did you?"

Julie threw her head back and roared with laughter at the look of concern on Sarah's face. "No, I didn't, you daft ninny," Julie said still laughing, "I told them to go away or I would cut their balls off and make a necklace out of them."

The two women walked towards the car park in the bright sunshine, cutting a most unlikely pair. Julie moved like a panther, her long legs clad in fishnet tights, ankle boots with stubby low heels, and her wrists covered in numerous bangles that jingled as she walked. At 26, Julie looked in prime condition, and although Sarah was approaching 30, she also kept her small frame in terrific shape. In fact, it was their shared penchant for working out which led them to meet in a London gym four years before, when Sarah was doing a year's attachment to the London branch of her American law firm.

“So, Short Stuff, are you ready for some fun?” Julie drawled, as she stopped in front of a large Harley Davidson motorcycle that sat gleaming in the car park. Julie fished in her pockets for some lollipops and a few dollars to give to the kids standing guard around the bike, thanking them in Spanish for their bravery in making sure no harm came to her beautiful machine.

The less adventurous Sarah just stared at the bike, open-mouthed, and stammered, “you want ME to get on THAT?” then added, “how far is it?”

Julie put her wrap-around shades back on, and tied her hair back into a loose ponytail, using one of the scrunchies from around her wrist, as she barked over the thundering engine, “It’s only 400 click and I know a great place to stop along the way. Now get on.”

Sarah looked at her light cotton print dress, and though she wasn’t dressed for the occasion, she knew she had no better choice. Lifting the dress high around her thighs, she straddled the bike, wrapping her arms tightly around Julie’s waist, and feeling somewhat relieved, as Julie was showing as much exposed thigh as she was.

As the bike rumbled through the streets, Sarah could feel the vibrations running through her body, sending a tingling sensation into her pussy. Leaning her head against Julie’s back, she breathed in the fresh scent of Julie’s hair, as she remembered how the two of them originally met.

It was 1986 and Madonna was blasting from the video screens that were everywhere in the Covent Garden Gym in the heart of London. The gym was considered by some to be intimidating, as the walls were covered in mirrors, providing no hiding place for any extra pounds or inches. Sarah didn’t really care, as she was addicted to the gym, coming here whenever she could. With sweat dripping from her body, she pounded the track on the treadmill, having already covered 5km, but she still pushed on at a steady pace.

Glancing at the girl running on the treadmill next to her, she smiled to herself, thinking the 20-something-year-old looked like a large cat as she glided along gracefully. Sarah could see that she had already covered 10km, but she had barely broken a sweat, only a small dampening under her arms as evidence that she was exercising.

The girl returned her smile, and then pressed the button to raise the platform to a steep incline, and Sarah was amazed and admired the way she just gritted her teeth and drove herself onwards, not breaking the pace for several minutes until she finally moved the platform back to the level and stepped off the machine.

As they cooled down and stretched in the same general area, Sarah turned and smiled at the woman and introduced herself, “Hi! I’m Sarah. That was some punishment you gave yourself on that run.”

The girl looked at Sarah with a wary look on her face, studying her intently before saying, “You are American.”

“Wow! They breed them bright over here,” Sarah laughed, humour and sarcasm her natural defence mechanism when feeling challenged, “What gave it away, the accent or THIS?” thrusting out her chest dramatically, displaying the tee shirt emblazoned with the stars & stripes.

The girl laughed then said, “Sorry, love, I’m Julie. It’s just that I am always a bit wary when someone tries to pick me up.”

Taken aback by her assumption, Sarah stammered, "Pick you up?" then added, "I'm straight, um not that I have anything against lesbians, they are nice as I am sure you are nice, even if you are a lesbian, I mean ...". Her voice trailed off as her cheeks reddened, and she realised she was digging herself a large hole.

"How do you know you aren't?" Julie laughed, "have you ever tried?" then roared as she watched Sarah blush, "c'mon let me lust over you in the shower then you can buy me a drink and see if you can charm me into bed."

Sarah followed her into the changing room thinking it would be strange to undress and shower with a woman who she knew would be looking at her as a sex object, but in reality, she felt totally natural and at ease. They chattered about various mundane matters like the cost of the gym, the price of a decent meal and the state of the transport system while washing away the effects of the workout under the warm spray of the club shower.

Already their friendship had started to grow and since Sarah didn't really know anyone in London, she accepted the offer of a drink. She found herself drawn to this crazy English girl who, once dressed, looked like a cross between Joan Jett and Madonna, and who had the most wicked and outrageous sense of humour. She would continually insinuate that it was Sarah who was the lesbian and she was the innocent one being pursued, and the more Sarah tried to deny it, the more Julie would persist, causing Sarah to blush deeply.

To Sarah's shock, at one point in the evening, Julie actually leaned over to a couple of guys who had been trying to gain their attention and said to them with a perfectly straight face, "my lesbian lover here," nodding to Sarah over her shoulder, "wants to take me away and ravish me in a Sapphic sex orgy, do you think I should tell my Mum where I am going?" The two men nearly choked on their beer and as they shuffled away and Sarah couldn't help giggling at her newfound friend's outrageous behaviour.

At the end of the night it seemed to Sarah the most natural thing in the world to go back to Julie's for a nightcap, and from there to go to bed with her, not that they did that much sleeping. That night was the first time for Sarah with another woman and she learned things about her body she would never forget.

Nights turned into days, and days into weeks, and the two women grew to be more than just friends and lovers, they became soul mates. Then one day Sarah came home and ...

A tear was forming in Sarah's eye, as she was just remembering the sadness of their parting too many years ago when the bike rumbled to a stop and she was jerked back to reality.

"Come on sleepy-head we are here," said Julie poking her in the ribs to get her off the bike.

Sarah stretched and yawned and watched a little old Mexican man hobble up to Julie and hand her a key as he muttered something in Spanish. Sarah hardly noticed him as she was captivated by the castle that sat in isolated splendour, framed against the hills behind it. Unlocking the imposing wooden doors, Julie rode the bike inside and parked it, then dismounted and threw her arms out wide and said joyfully as she spun around, "so what do you think, is it fit for my princess?"

"It's wonderful," Sarah said drinking in the beauty, "Is this my surprise treat?"

Julie laughed as she locked the wooden doors with the massive iron key, securing their isolated

privacy behind the heavy walls, "This is only part of it," she said nodding to the dogs that came padding over and started to sniff at the two women, "that's the other part."

"What do you mean?" Sarah said in a slightly confused voice, as she was starting to put two and two together in the back of her head.

"Well," said Julie in an amused voice, "you always said you wondered what it would be like when we talked about when I did it before, so now is your chance to find out." She then added wryly, "You did say seven was your lucky number didn't you?"

Sarah recalled the conversation in the early hours of the morning, as they were cuddling after an intense lovemaking session, when Julie confided in her about her canine lover, King. As Julie recounted the detail of the story at the time, Sarah found herself getting more and more excited, and she opened her legs to Julie's fingers. She thought the image of a woman and a male dog should disgust her, but instead, she exploded in a thundering orgasm on Julie's fingers, listening to how King's knot locked inside Julie, and he filled her with his hot seed.

"If I was you, I would strip," Julie said while holding out a wicker basket for Sarah's clothes, "this is a chance for you to have a couple of days of complete sexual freedom before you get married and paint yourself in society's tidy little box."

Sarah stripped quickly mesmerized by the dogs and found herself getting wetter and wetter between her legs, just like she did when Julie had told her about her times with King.

Somewhat in a daze, she folded her clothes neatly in a pile and placed them in the basket, unable to drag her attention away from the growing dog's cocks in front of her

"Where?" Sarah croaked, her mouth dry from the excitement of what was about to happen.

"I think here is fine," said Julie waving her hand at a stone bench that sat on its own in the middle of the enclosed stone-flagged courtyard like an ancient altar.

Laying face down along the length of the stone bench, Sarah could feel the warmth from the stone that had been heated by the sun that was now setting and the last warm rays of the day gently caressed her ass. Julie stepped forward like a punk version of an ancient druid with a sacrifice lying prone before her and ran her hand along Sarah's pussy lips collecting the juices that were copiously flowing from her petite friend.

"My, my, my, aren't we excited?" Julie laughed as she felt the wetness coating her fingers.

Sarah blushed as she recalled the number of times she had masturbated to fantasies of submitting to a dog, and as she gripped the warm, smooth stone, she remembered how she had actually described this very scene to Julie one night, after having a dream of being taken by a pack of wild dogs.

Sarah watched as Julie carefully held her juice-covered hand to each of the dogs, as they sniffed and licked them, allowing them to get familiar with the fragrance and taste of their newest bitch to be. Laying naked and exposed on the bench, Sarah followed Julie with her eyes, as she glided back to the table and picked up a glass of wine and sipped it thoughtfully, drinking in the scene before her like a director on a film set.

Sarah's gasped in surprise as the alpha dog mounted her, and with his years of experience immediately found her willing hole with one mighty thrust. In an instant, Sarah's dog virginity was gone forever, fulfilling a longstanding fantasy, and starting her canine journey.

The large dog grabbed Sarah firmly around her waist and drove himself in and out rapidly with the sole intention of claiming this bitch as his before the rest of the pack. Sarah had never been fucked this brutally before, and she could feel her very soul rattle, as the dog pounded her exactly in the way Julie had described it would feel. When his knot started banging against her, Sarah found herself begging for it, screaming with pleasure as the dog forced his knot inside her, and then pumped her full of his seed, while growling at the other dogs to stay away.

Sarah was delirious with pleasure and squealed at the flash of pain as the first dog pulled his knot out of her. She emitted another shriek of surprise when her pussy was almost immediately refilled by another dog who slammed himself inside her with what seemed like even more vigour as if he was trying to drive away the previous dog's seed.

Another wave of pleasure coursed through Sarah as she was filled for a second time with hot dog seed and as the second dog pulled away, she lifted her head to see Julie watching intently while holding a small black box. Sarah's focus was bought back to her pussy as the third dog mounted her and after a few trial jabs found her sticky, cum-filled pussy. It felt like this dog wasn't as big as the first two, but he was certainly more enthusiastic as he thrust himself energetically in out, and soon she was filled with the third load of hot, dog cum.

Sarah's mouth was dry and parched as the fourth dog mounted and started to fuck her with an intensity and speed that made Sarah groan loudly. As that dog finished, Julie stepped forward and held a straw to Sarah's lips, allowing her to drink and wet her mouth but before she had finished the glass of water the fifth dog mounted her and drove the air from her body with a loud gasp of breath. Sarah could feel her body being battered as the fifth dog mercilessly fucked her to yet another mind-blowing orgasm.

Sarah was in such a post-orgasmic bliss that she hardly noticed when the sixth dog slipped inside her. As another orgasm crashed through her small frame from the pounding she was getting, she yelled out. Concerned for her friend's wellbeing, Julie's crouched before her and asked, "Do you want me to tell them to stop?"

"You do and I will hate you forever!" Sarah gasped in between moans, before screaming loudly, "Yes, yes, Mr Dog... fuck my slutty cunt, and use me, fuck me, fill me with your doggy seed."

Gone was the prim and proper lawyer, what lay over this stone bench was an addicted dog fucker, with dog cum not dripping, but pouring from her battered pussy.

"You did say seven didn't you;" Julie laughed as a big St Bernard took his place in the queue.

Sarah could only nod weakly as she felt the dog rise and his massive cock jab and leave trails of cum across her ass. Julie reached under and guided the big dog into Sarah's pussy, which was now relaxed and open enough to take the massive dog. Her tiny frame was pinned under a huge dog and she mewed like a puppy as the dog slowly fucked her with longer and slower strokes due to its weight. Before it could force its orange-sized knot into her pussy, Sarah virtually passed out from the number of orgasms she had enjoyed but she woke with a yelp as the knot entered her and she climaxed in a way she had never experienced before, including the time when Julie had fisted her after one particularly energetic lovemaking session.

The next few hours passed in a daze. Sarah vaguely remembered the last dog dismounting and the sound of the splash of cum on the flagstone. She remembered Julie's strong arms lifting her and placing her gently in a warm bath and then delicately sponging her bruised and battered flesh. She remembered Julie cuddling her to her naked breast and soothing her hair as she drifted off to an

exhausted but sated sleep.

The following morning Sarah awoke to the smell of fresh coffee and pastries on a tray beside her and she eased her aching body to an upright position, bolstered by the huge fluffy pillows on the massive bed. "You OK short stuff?" Julie asked as she sat on the window ledge of the large shuttered window, totally naked and without a care in the world.

"Very much so," Sarah smiled, "now come to bed so I can thank you properly and taste your wonderful pussy." As Julie crawled onto the bed, Sarah added, "I have missed so much, and after we make love, I want to take my time with the dogs again, and I want you to enjoy them with me."

"Good," laughed Julie, "as she put the camcorder down on the dressing table, "we can make a sequel to the video I recorded yesterday."

"VIDEO? You are joking, aren't you?" Sarah laughed nervously, before pulling her best friend into a warm embrace.

"Well Mitchie," Julie said smiling down at the young girl who sat at her feet on the veranda, "what do you think of Mexico, bet that gives you another view of your Mother doesn't it?"

Michelle sat there open-mouthed until her mother broke the silence with laughter, "and you never did have any film in that camera, you tease."

"Wouldn't have known how to work the stupid thing if I had," Julie laughed, before turning to see where Michelle had gone.

The Mexico story clearly had a profound effect on Michelle as, without a word, she has gotten onto all fours and invited Chico to mount her, and was again in the throes of ecstasy. Julie turned back to the screen and said, "Seems like she is following in her mother's footsteps, maybe she is ready for the final step to join the club," and closed the Skype conversation, before turning back to watch Michelle enjoying herself with her family dog.

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## **Chapter Six - Joining the Club**

"So Mitchie are you ready to take the next steps to become a fully-fledged member of the DS club?" Julie asked as she watched her young neighbour and daughter of her lifelong friend, lie panting with her face and breasts pressed against the patio while her family dog Chico stayed locked inside her.

Julie had just finished recounting the story of the wild time she and Sarah, (Michelle's mother) had in Mexico where Sarah had been ganged by seven dogs. Julie paused for a moment as she looked at Michelle's sweet young face and the pure pleasure that was etched across it as Chico throbbed and pulsed inside her, filling her with his seed. Julie knew that Michelle had come a long way in such a short time and was still young, but she was confident that Michelle could handle the final tasks.

Standing and moving in front of Michelle, Julie squatted down causing her dress to rise and tighten a little, despite the long slash up the middle. Julie eased the zip opener higher to make the position possible and had her ass nearly on the ground with her knees wide apart so that Michelle's head was level with her naked pussy, as Julie rarely wore panties. Then she leant over and ruffled Chico's head as she said softly, "Good Boy Chico," before gripping Michelle's hair and lifting her head so she was

staring into Julie's open and very wet pussy. With her other hand, Julie reached under and taking a firm grip on Michelle's left nipple squeezed as she said, "I asked you a question."

Michelle opened her eyes for a moment and stared at Julie's pussy before sticking her tongue out and trying to shuffle forward to lick her, moaning incoherently as she did as she felt the tug of Chico's knot at her insides. "Yes I want please," Michelle moaned as she finally managed to get close enough to lick at Julie's inner thigh, whimpering with lust as she did so.

"Good girl," Julie smiled with pleasure, "then tomorrow we will look at completing the list, but for now after watching you and your mother perform I need relief." With that Julie shuffled fully forward so allowing Michelle to feast in her pussy, continuing even after Chico had pulled out and wandered off.

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The following morning they sat at the breakfast table, Michelle was excited like she was about to undertake a new college project. "So what do I need to do? and what does it all mean?" Michelle enthused between bites of toast.

Julie smiled at her and then said, "OK let's get these things cleared away then we can draw up the list, and I can explain to you a little more about the DS club."

With the table clear and fresh coffee between them, Julie got out an old-fashioned yellow legal pad and elegant Mont Blanc pen which she carefully laid out before her. "Let's start with the principal, then the benefit and finally the tasks." Michelle nodded eagerly as Julie went on. "The principle is simple, we have all given ourselves in every way to the pleasure of a dog. And every member knows that every other member has done the same. The benefit is that this then binds us together so you have a safe place to fulfil your desires all over the world. The club is funded to assist members where required, and the current balance is ..." Julie paused and consulted her legal pad before continuing, "just over \$20 million at the last count, plus assets etc."

"Assets?" Michelle enquired.

"We own working kennels all over the world, very discrete ones and even a very private island tucked away in the Caribbean," Julie said as she looked at Michelle.

"The tasks?" said Michelle.

"Simply three things, no holes unused" Julie replied, "firstly vaginal sex with a dog, that I think you have well qualified for," they both giggled before Julie went on, "secondly either oral on a dog to conclusion or clean dog cum from the pussy of an existing member," Julie said with a smile that got even wider with Michelle's response.

"Well, I'm game if you are?" Michelle said looking positively ecstatic, "and the final task?"

"Anal with a dog," Julie said looking into Michelle's eyes.

"Oh wow," said Michelle and you could see from her eyes that she was torn between desire and fear, "will it be OK as Chico does get a bit boisterous."

"Don't worry." Julie smiled, "We have a special dog called Benjie who is our anal specialist and I will be there to help you as well as your sponsor."

"Then I'm in," said Michelle looking round for Chico as she was eager to get started.

Julie smiled at her eagerness and stood from the kitchen table, "Go find Chico and meet me in my bedroom while I email you Mom to get things set up."

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Ten minutes later Julie walked into her bedroom to find a naked Michelle kneeling at Chico's side who was standing very still as she worked his cock slowly letting the precum drip.

"Where should we start," Michelle said in a dreamy pre-orgasmic state, her hand covered in the watery pre cum that every so often she held to her lips and licked.

"Looking at how excited Chico is you sure you don't just want to blow him?" Julie said as she started to strip off her jogging suit already feeling herself moisten.

"And give up the chance of a Julie / Chico cocktail, I don't think so," Michelle laughed.

Julie knelt on the floor next to her bed and bent over so her upper half was on the bed and supported. Julie went to put her hands on her pussy when Michelle pushed them gently away murmuring, "please let me do it all."

Julie sighed contentedly and placed her arms out across the bed and opened her knees slightly to allow access. Michelle ran her fingers along Julie's pussy lips, loving the way she gurgled to her touch and then held them to Chico's nose, who sniffed then started to lick at the sweetness. "Yes she tastes good doesn't she boy?" Michelle moaned as the rough tongue danced over her fingers cleaning her mentor's wetness. Then wanting more Chico followed his nose to the source of the scent and started to take long licks of Julie's pussy. Chico's cock was jutting out beneath him angry and red and he decided he was ready for more, and with a half hop, mounted Julie and started to thrust seeking her pussy.

Michelle had never seen dog sex from this angle or this close and for a moment was stunned by the beauty before she grasped Chico's cock and started to guide him to Julie's bald pussy. Michelle felt Chico dance in her hand as her knuckles touched Julie's lips and then as the tip found her opening his thrust almost trapped her hand as he slammed home. As she watched Chico pounded Julie braced against the bed and Michelle could see her hands gripping the bed covers as he drove in. Michelle couldn't resist leaning close and looking breathlessly as she saw Chico's angry cock slamming in and out and she just had to reach out and touch Julie's clit which was standing proud.

Julie moaned as she felt Chico drive in and out and the occasional fleeting touch of Michelle's hand as he took her higher and higher in orgasmic bliss. Julie felt Chico's knot banging against her pussy lips and then the pure joy as it forced inside and began to swell locking with her before breeding would commence.

Michelle was in raptures as she watched closely one hand between her own legs as she moaned, "Oh yes Chico, fill her full of your cum, let me taste you both mixed together." Michelle couldn't resist massaging Julie's lower tummy as she felt Chico swell and start to pump cum deep into her. Julie was moaning as Chico throbbed and pulsed inside and she could feel the jets of cum spurting deep sending her over the top as she gripped the bedcovers. After a while of panting onto Julie's back Chico pulled free causing an extra loud moan from Julie as she felt empty and Michelle quickly replaced him kneeling between Julie's legs.

Michelle was now the one kneeling on the floor with her head level with Julie's ass and Michelle

found herself staring at one of the most beautiful sights she had ever seen. Julie was wide open, her pussy lips were pink and puffy and just starting to ooze out of her was Chico's cum ready to drip down onto the floor. Not wanting to waste a drop of the heavenly cocktail Michelle clamped her mouth over Julie's pussy and sucked, causing Julie to whimper as the sensations shot through her body like little electric shocks. After taking the initial mouthful cum rather than swallowing Michelle lifted her head and opened her lips so Julie could look into her mouth and see the cum. "You look beautiful," Julie moaned softly as she watched Michelle swallow Chico's cum and then return to collect more by licking every crevice she could find, her nose pressed tightly to Julie's ass. Julie was gripping the bed covers in pure pleasure as Michelle's skilled tongue sought every area where Chico could have put cum. To her joy, Michelle found that if Julie coughed another hidden dollop of cum that Chico had driven deep into Julie's body would trickle out so feeding what she felt was insatiable thirst.

Once Michelle was satisfied she had obtained all she could from that position she turned Julie over so that she was lying on her back with her legs wide apart. Michelle buried her head into Julie's sweet pussy and as she licked and lapped sending Julie into yet another orgasm Michelle felt Chico's cold nose as he had recovered and was now feeling left out. After a couple of long licks then Chico was up and on Michelle's back as he got to breed both of his bitches today.

Julie bent her head up and she could see that Chico had mounted Michelle and was pounding away sending Michelle's mouth deep onto Julie's pussy. Michelle was groaning into Julie's pussy sending vibrations and sensations through her body and as Chico forced his knot into her pussy she screamed into Julie's pussy sending her over the top so that all three of them came together.

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A few days later after a very pleasant transatlantic flight, she could get used to travelling first class Michelle thought to herself, Michelle found herself in a luxurious basement in a very discreet New York townhouse.

"Now don't worry Michelle," Julie said calmly, "Benjie has fucked many asses over the years and is a very calm dog so everything will be fine. Just remember though once he starts there will be no stopping him so this is your last chance to back out."

"No chance," Michelle said and could feel how wet she was at the thought of what was about to happen, "but you will be with me won't you?" Michelle said gripping Julie's hand.

"Of course," Julie smiled, "I will get you ready and also will be on hand to make sure he doesn't knot, I don't think you are ready for that yet."

Julie indicated the mat on the floor for Michelle to kneel on as she said, "get into a normal doggy position. To achieve the correct position you now bring your knees forward and tuck them up into your stomach. Now that you have done that you rest the front of your body on your elbows." Michelle followed Julie's instructions and assumed the position.

"Now I need to get you ready," Julie said softly admiring the curve of Michelle's pert ass, "and to do that you need to be relaxed and well lubricated inside and out."

Julie moved behind Michelle and knelt at her upturned ass gently caressing the twin globes before reaching out and gently parting them.

Michelle felt Julie's tongue delicately probe at her anal star, just pushing the tip inside a little. Michelle moaned softly and started to relax as she felt Julie rhythmically probe before every so often

breaking and licking around the outside of her anal star. Each time Julie gently pushed her tongue a little deeper opening Michelle's anal star and making her relax as her breathing slowed as she enjoyed the sensations. Michelle could feel the tongue drive deeper and groaned as Julie started to tongue fuck making her body tense as it started its journey towards an orgasm. Julie ran her tongue around Michelle's anal ring causing her to moan loudly then probed back in to be rewarded with a deep groan of pleasure.

Julie broke from her anal rimming and Michelle felt something small being inserted into her ass but was so relaxed it slid in without her really noticing. "What's that?" Michelle asked dreamily as she felt the cold fluid inside.

Julie looked down at the dropper inserted into Michelle's ass as she gently squeezed the bulb, "olive oil," Julie said as she slowly withdrew.

"Finest Italian, Extra Virgin," I hope Michelle giggled.

Julie glanced at the bottle of Sicilian olive oil and shrugged to herself and deciding that discretion was the better part of valour at that moment replied, "Of course, and now I think you are ready."

Benjie padded into the room with the calm dependable stoic nature that the club loved. Benjie wasn't a pure breed but a mongrel with a touch of greyhound, a splash of lab and many other breeds. The outcome was a dog that was placid and would not get overexcited, saying that he was a dog and at the smell of a bitch in heat he started to show straight away and his long thin red cock protruded from its hairy sheath. Panting Michelle groaned as she felt the lust inside her grow, "Oh yes Benjie take my slutty ass and make me yours."

"Come Benjie," said Julie patting her protegee's ass, Benjie needed no second invitation and mounted Michelle and began thrusting seeking a hole to breed. "Best we don't let him get overexcited," Julie purred as she guided the tip of Benjie's now hard cock to Michelle's anal star, before releasing him as he found her well-oiled hole and buried his cock in one swift movement.

The stab of pain that Michelle experienced was almost spiritual as her ass was invaded by the dog's cock in one swift movement. Michelle had done anal before a couple of times with boys but this was so different, on a physical level the dog was taking her pure and simple, and pounded her ass making her moan as the dog drove in and out at a rapid pace. On a mental level, Michelle felt the most wonderful slutty feeling wash over her and knew that once she got back to Chico it was something she would be adding to their repartee. As Benjie pounded away Michelle could only talk in non-sensical words as she kept saying, "nuhh, nuhh, nuhhh," over and over in time with his slamming thrusts. Although Julie had assured her that she wouldn't allow Benjie to knot she could feel it banging against her ass cheeks causing her to clench a little in fear It was that grip that sent Benjie over the top and he started to spurt hot jets of cum deep inside Michelle's anal passage.

Feeling the hot cum spurting send Michelle wild and to her surprise she orgasmed from what would appear to be just pure anal stimulation though at that moment in the time her whole body was just one massive nerve ending. After he was spent Benjie pulled away easily as he wasn't locked and as Michelle knelt with her ass in the air Julie snapped a couple of quick pictures on her camera phone for posterity.

Benjie had left the room and Julie was stroking Michelle's back slowly as she came back to earth, "Welcome to the DS club Mitchie, you are now a fully-fledged member," Julie said soothingly, "and now I think you deserve a vacation of your own and I know just the island.

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Chapter Seven - Perro Mundo

Michelle had slept most of the way from New York down to Jamaica, tired from both her physical exertions of being anally fucked by a dog yesterday and the mental exhaustion from the tension that had built up leading up to the final test to be accepted into the DS club. Just before she fell asleep Michelle whispered to Julie, "So has everyone been through the same thing?"

"Yes," purred Julie, "Every member, myself, your mother and everyone you meet who is a fully-fledged member."

Michelle drifted off to sleep, her head on Julie's shoulder, as she imagined her best friend and mentor Julie moaning with pleasure as she was fucked in the ass by a dog. The weird thing in her dream was that Michelle suddenly pictured Julie as Mary Poppins and she giggled in her sleep as Mary Poppins / Julie was fucked by a large dog

Michelle was still tired and struggled to keep her eyes open as Julie whisked her through Montego Bay airport, seeming to breeze through passport control showing both passports with almost a cursory wave and out into the bright sunshine. The large Mercedes was waiting and a smiling chauffeur opened the door as their bags were loaded into the boot. Silently the air-conditioned car whisked them to the docks and into a parking bay where seaplanes were parked bobbing gently on the waves.

Within minutes they were both strapped into the seats, as the seaplane bounced across the bay before lifting into the air. A conversation was impossible with the noise and Michelle rested her head on Julie's shoulder and started to fall asleep. As she drifted off she felt a hand under her light summer dress stroking her pussy over her panties making her moan quietly with pleasure. As her groans got louder they were drowned out by the engine noise and Michelle felt Julie's finger slip under her panties and into her moist folds seeking her clit. Michelle shuddered to an orgasm and then fell asleep, her ass still throbbing from yesterday's anal fucking.

Michelle felt Julie shaking her gently awake and leaning close to her ear said, "We are nearly there."

"Where?" said Michelle looking down at the tiny island that was a blob of green in a sparkling blue ocean that glittered in the sun.

"Perro Mundo," Julie said quietly, "Dog World, our own very private and very discrete island where we can relax and play to our heart's content. It has its own kennels and dog handlers and can accommodate guests both human and canine. Now buckle up we are coming into land."

The seaplane bounced on the skids and then taxied to a floating pontoon where Julie and Michelle alighted before watching the plane taxi turn around and take off, fast disappearing into the blue sky.

"What now?" Laughed Michelle looking at the shore, "Do we swim the rest of the way?"

"You can if you want," Julie said, "But I am going to wait for the boat," pointing to a small motor launch that was making its way out to the floating pontoon.

As they stood on the boat moving towards the island Julie pulled her dress over her head and unclasped her bra, she wasn't wearing any knickers as was her norm, and then placed the clothes in a plastic bag.

"Clothing is optional here," Julie said standing before Michelle in just her sandals, dark glasses and a large floppy sun hat that had appeared from somewhere.

Michelle removed her own clothing quickly and pushed them into the bag along with Julie's clothes, which Julie handed to the captain who hadn't blinked during the two women's disrobing. "The staff here are all very discrete aren't they Ronald?" Addressing the boat skipper by name.

"Yes, we are Ma'am," Beamed Ronald knowing that they were incredibly well rewarded for looking after the guests, to the point that when they stopped working they would never have to want for money in their simple island lifestyle.

"Oh, I have a little surprise for you?" Said Julie with a smile as the boat pulled up at the small jetty

"What is it?" said Michelle as they walked across the sand towards the beach hut where other women were sitting naked at the bar. Before Julie could answer Michelle spotted Chico sitting there and yelled loudly with joy and pleasure, "Chico."

On hearing his name Chico turned and raced to his mistress his tongue flapping as he leapt on her knocking her to the ground. Michelle ruffled his fur and head murmuring, "Oh I have missed you boy so much, I can't wait to get you alone."

"You don't have to wait," Julie said looking at Michelle.

Michelle looked past Julie and could see around the swimming pool at one sunbed a woman was lying with her legs apart as a golden retriever had his head buried between her thighs licking her to an orgasm. On another sun bed, a woman had knelt over it to allow a large brown dog to vigorously fuck her as a couple of women sat rubbing themselves as they watched with interest.

Michelle felt the lust rise in her and moved to all fours on the sand, patting her ass in an invitation to Chico who quickly mounted her. Michelle reached between her legs and guided his already hard cock home sighing as he slammed deep. Feeling his soft fur rubbing on her back Michelle felt his dew claws dig a little as Chico pulled his bitch back onto his cock.

Julie walked the few feet to the bar and greeted the women in turn who were watching Michelle and Chico rutting just a few feet away. "Ladies meet Michelle our newest member and of course her lovely Chico who I am sure some of you have met already." A couple of the women nodded and as a group, they raised their glasses to Michelle as a toast of welcome.

Michelle looked up and smiled then groaned loudly as Chico drove his knot home and began to pump his seed into Michelle reclaiming her as his bitch. "We share our dogs here if they are outside your villa," Julie said as Michelle grunted and groaned as Chico filled her full of his cum.

A few hours later Julie showed Michelle her private villa which was like a massive open-plan studio apartment with a breakfast kitchen area at one end leading to a massive double bed at the other end. There was a huge walk-in shower that could be accessed from either the bedroom or from the private pool area outside. One wall was pure glass folding doors that opened out onto the deck surrounding the pool and tucked in one corner were some kennels and in the other a small BBQ area.

"Grab some sleep if you want," Julie said pointing to the bed, "I need to catch up on some emails and will then organise dinner." Michelle wanted to protest but the bed looked so inviting she lay on it and was asleep in minutes.

A few hours later Michelle woke to the rhythmic sounds of someone swimming lengths in the pool.

Wandering out naked and still, half-asleep Michelle watched Julie power up and down the pool in strong steady strokes, her naked body glistening in the water. Michelle sensed rather than saw the shapes on either side of her and looking down couldn't help but let out a yelp as she saw two huge Dobermans observing her as silently as they had appeared. Julie stopped her swimming and looked and started to laugh, "Meet Dieter and Max, my babies who live on this island and are very popular boys. Now come in the water and don't worry about them, they are harmless... well pretty much."

Michelle dived gracefully into the water, swam to Julie and put her arms around her, kissing her hard on the lips, "This place is paradise," she moaned into Julie's mouth.

Julie reached under the water and stroked Michelle's pussy lips gently and said, "That reminds me I haven't given you a present for passing the final test, is there anything you would like?"

As Julie's two fingers entered her Michelle leaned forward and whispered in Julie's ear then gripped her shoulders to stop herself from sinking. Julie smiled as she said, "If that's what you want then that's what you shall have." Removing her fingers Julie swam to the side and climbed from the pool onto the decking, the water dripping from her body. Whistling softly Julie called, "Dieter, Max, here, playtime," as she got to all fours by the edge of the pool and put her ass in the air.

From her position in the water at the edge of the pool, Michelle had a wonderful view as she could see up under Julie, and watched in awe as one of the two dogs mounted her and thrust his fat red cock deep into her pussy.

Julie moaned deeply as Dieter, it was always Dieter first as the elder of the two brothers, drove into her forcing the air from her body. She could feel the soft fur rubbing against her back as he slammed in and out, his cock swelling even further as he fucked her. Julie could feel the knot demanding entry and with a contented sigh relaxed and allowed Dieter to force it in it, her pussy lips sealing around it.

Michelle was in raptures as she could see Julie's tummy swell as Dieter pumped her full of cum and sliding her hand between her legs began to rub herself as she watched. Michelle could hear Julie moaning with pleasure and orgasming on Dieter's cock., and as Michelle stared up. she saw Dieter tug himself free and a spray of his cum hit her in the face as his cock swung free of Julie's pussy lips. Before the first dribble of cum could escape from Julie, Max was on Julie's back and drove his cock hard into her forcing his brother's cum back into her pussy.

Max may have been the younger of the two dogs but was the more energetic, and also the slightly better hung. Michelle reached out with her free hand and touched Max's cock as it slammed into Julie mashing her fingers against Julie's pussy lips. Sliding her fingers under Michelle squeezed and tweaked Julie's clit causing her to scream in ecstasy as Max pumped her hard. Max forced his knot deep into Julie and began to pump her full of his seed as Michelle disengaged her hands and swam to the side, before climbing out of the pool.

Michelle lay down on her back so that her head was touching Julie's and when Julie lifted her head they locked eyes. Michelle's eyes were blazing with lust and she could feel the warmth of the tiles on her back and the sun on her front as she planted the soles of her feet on the ground, her knees bent and far apart as she rubbed her clit.

Max had pulled out from Julie after filling her full and Julie moved so she was squatting above Michelle's face, a foot on either side of her head, so Michelle looked up into Julie's open pussy. She could see the first drops of the mixed cum starting to hang down and opening her mouth, waiting for it to fall. As the first dollop fell Michelle swallowed eagerly and opened her mouth again.

"Your gift," Julie murmured as the first dribble of urine splashed from her open pussy onto Michelle's face. The dribble turned to a steady golden stream as Julie peed onto Michelle's face and open mouth, the urine mixed with the combined dog cum.

Michelle was close to cumming when she heard Julie issue a command to the dogs who were standing on either side of her and as she looked, Julie grasped both of their cocks firmly and directed the flow of urine that erupted from the fat angry red cocks. One stream was directed to Michelle's nipples and the powerful flow sent shock waves through her body, and Julie directed the stream from the other cock to Michelle's belly hitting her rubbing hand. Moving her hand away Michelle felt the forceful stream strike her clit sending her into a huge climax. Michelle arched up to the stream orgasming as the warm flow played across her clit while at the same time swallowing all that Julie could supply her from her pussy.

Eventually, the urine stopped and Michelle lay there in dazed post-orgasmic bliss rubbing the pee and seed into her skin moaning as she touched any sensitive parts.

"Happy?" Julie smiled down at Michelle.

"I love you," Michelle burbled.

The two women washed each other in the shower before sitting and devouring the pasta meal that had been delivered by an immaculate waiter clad in white.

"This place is wonderful," sighed Michelle as she lay on her back next to Julie on the sunbed, her legs wide apart as Chico lapped happily at her pussy. "I wish I could stay here forever," she said dreamily as she felt Chico's rough tongue start to hit all the right spots.

"Well," said Julie, leaning up on one elbow and turning so she could watch Michelle and talk at the same time. "Maybe not forever, but how does six months sound? With a possible extension if you wanted for a further six months. We will get it classed as a postgraduate course so you will get educational credit for it as well, let's call it voluntary veterinary care."

"Really?" said Michelle her brain suddenly alert, "How would that work?"

"As you can see some of us keep dogs here in the kennels and they need exercising and their needs catering for. Sometimes there are periods when there are not enough guests for the dogs to have access to which is where our resident kennel bitch comes in. It's her job to make sure that any spare dogs are serviced regularly."

"How do I apply?" said Michelle panting at the thought.

"The job is yours," said Julie leaning over and kissing Michelle's nipple then standing, "I will let Robert know you will be starting today."

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*Author's note: This series now continues from chapter 10 in a series called [Always Pull Your Curtains](#).*