

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part 1

Steffi stepped out of the shower, eyes closed tightly as she groped for the towel in the unfamiliar bathroom. It was her first night in this house. It was also the first time she'd really been on her own. Recently graduated from high school, her parents had gotten her this job, house-sitting for their friends, the Jamesons, who were spending the summer vacationing in Europe. It was supposed to prepare her for when she started college next semester, teaching her to take care of herself, but still close enough that she could call home if she had any problems.

It was the perfect summer job. If you could call it a job; all she had to do was live here and take care of the house and feed the dog. She'd felt an intoxicating sense of freedom since she'd moved in this morning, even though her mother had "dropped in" to check on her this afternoon, and called again a half-hour ago before she and Steffi's father had gone to bed.

Steffi toweled herself dry and then stood naked, checking herself out in the big mirror. At just an inch over 5 feet tall and 103 pounds, she was a petite replica of her mother, right down to the green eyes and flaming red hair. With her hair in a ponytail and a smattering of freckles across a face that had always been called "cute" she looked younger than her 18 years. But her breasts, while not large, were a nicely shaped 34-B that jiggled nicely if she let them, and the bright-red thatch between her legs, which she kept trimmed to a neat little strip, bespoke her womanly status. Her skin was very fair, freckled across the shoulders and upper chest, and her nipples were a pale pink, turning bright red on the tips when they got excited.

As she stared at her reflection, she suddenly had the sensation of being watched. She spun toward the door with a sharply indrawn breath, but it was only Duke, the Jameson's German shepherd, sitting in the doorway watching her.

"Like what you see, big boy?" she asked, striking a coquettish pose. But Duke merely cocked his head to one side and continued to look at her. Steffi snorted. "Thanks for the enthusiastic response," she said sarcastically and turned back to the mirror.

She continued her self-inspection, but her eyes kept flicking back to her silent audience. It was silly, but she felt a little self-conscious with the dog staring at her naked, so she reached for her clothes. She pulled on a pair of baggy gray sweatpants and a t-shirt, not bothering with underwear since she was planning to sleep in the raw tonight (another first!). It gave her a lascivious thrill just thinking about crawling into the Jameson's bed naked, something she'd never dared to do at home. She had even thought about walking around the house in the nude until bedtime, but she had chickened out.

Steffi had the reputation of being a "good girl". She didn't smoke or drink, or do drugs. She got good grades in school and tried to always be polite to people. She was definitely not a party girl. That was the main reason that the Jameson's had agreed to let her house-sit.

Despite her reputation, she was no prude. She'd had sex with 4 different boys in her young life, having lost her virginity at age 15. But she'd done it only once since Bobby had gone off to college last year. Bobby, a Senior, had been her steady boyfriend for most of her Junior year and they'd had sex a lot. But then he'd gone away. She'd spent the first half of her Senior year pining away for him, writing him countless e-mails and texts that had been answered less and less frequently. Then he had finally come home for Christmas break, only to tell her that he was seeing someone else at college. But he didn't tell her until after he'd screwed her. It still pissed her off when she thought of it.

"You wouldn't do that to a girl, would you boy?" she asked, patting Duke on the head as she left the bathroom. He fell in step behind her as she padded barefoot into the kitchen to get a snack before turning in. She fixed herself a bowl of cereal and carried it into the living room and settled down on the floor so as not to spill any on the furniture. Lounging back against the sofa with her legs stretched out in front of her, she switched on Letterman and began to eat.

Duke, who had followed her dutifully, sat watching her for a while, licking his chops and hoping for a handout. When no food was forthcoming, he settled down with a sigh and laid his head across Steffi's lap. She put down her spoon long enough to scratch the dog's ears. She enjoyed the companionship; truth be told, she would have been scared here all alone. The big dog had taken to her right away, and she felt safe with him in the house.

Steffi turned her attention back to Letterman, who was just introducing Stupid Pet Tricks. She was eating her cereal, rolling her eyes at Dave's lame jokes when a dog on the screen barked. Duke's head shot up, knocking the bowl out of her hand. He growled, looking for the other dog. The bowl flipped over, spilling its contents and landed upside down on Steffi's chest.

"Yipes!" Steffi sat up quickly, her t-shirt drenched in cold milk. "You stupid mutt," she muttered, her good thoughts about the dog forgotten. She switched off the TV and turned the bowl upright, scooping as much of the cereal as she could with it. Duke quickly gobbled up what had fallen to the floor, then began licking the spots of milk off the carpet.

Steffi shivered. The sugary milk was sticky and cold, plastering the shirt to her belly and boobs. Her nipples were standing out stiffly with the cold. She would have to take another shower. She frowned at Duke as she picked pieces of cereal from her shirt.

"This is your mess," she scolded the dog, who looked at her and licked his chops hopefully. "All right then, you clean it up," she said, grabbing his collar and pulling his nose to her. He immediately began licking the sweet milk from her dripping shirt.

Steffi's irritation faded as the dog lapped with enthusiasm. She actually giggled as his wide tongue tickled her belly. Then it swabbed across her breast as he moved up to her chest. Steffi stopped giggling. She looked down as the dog continued to lick away, making her boob jiggle under the transparent material. It gave her a funny feeling in the pit of her stomach. Then the tongue licked directly across her erect nipple and a tingling thrill shot through her.

"Whoa!" Steffi pushed the dog's head away. "I think that's just about enough of that." But Duke wasn't finished. He crowded back up to her, nearly pushing her over as he fought to get back to his treat.

"Cut it out Duke" Steffi said, trying to push the big animal off her. But Duke had gotten hold of her shirt with his teeth. Beginning to get frustrated, Steffi commanded, "Stop it Duke! Bad dog!"

She tried to pull away, but the dog wouldn't let go. He was big, probably outweighing her by a good 25 pounds, and he was very strong. He planted his feet and held on stubbornly, as if he were playing tug-o-war.

"Let go dammit!" Steffi wrenched away violently to the sound of tearing fabric, falling back as her shirt ripped.

She sat back up slowly, looking down in disbelief. The entire front of her t-shirt was ripped away, leaving her titties hanging out in the open. Goose-pimples flushed across her belly and chest as the air cooled her damp skin. She looked at Duke, who still held the front of her shirt, now a useless rag.

“Bad dog!” she said crossly and swatted him across the nose.

Suddenly Duke let out a ferocious snarl and lunged at her, teeth snapping an inch from her face. Startled, Steffi shied away. He crashed into her, bowling her over onto her back. She froze in terror, arms raised protectively in front of her face with the big dog standing over her, straddling her body, his fur bristling, teeth bared and a threatening growl rumbling from his throat. What had been her friendly companion and protector had suddenly become a vicious beast.

Steffi stared into those wickedly curved fangs in shock, too scared to even breathe. Her heart hammered in her chest. The only thought she could formulate beyond her fear was: My first night on my own and I’m going to be killed by a pet. But after a moment, Duke stopped growling and bent his head down to sniff at her. Then he began to lap at her damp skin with his rough tongue.

Fine, Steffi thought. Lick all you want. She finally allowed herself to breathe again after it became apparent he wasn’t going to rip her throat out. His stroking tongue actually felt quite soothing after the fright she’d had. She didn’t even flinch when it rasped across her nipples, which were standing out even stiffer than they had been before. He worked his way down her breasts and belly, licking away the sweet milk. By the time he reached the waistband of her sweatpants several minutes later, her white skin was flushed and tingling. Her fear had subsided, but her body still trembled. Then Duke began licking at the damp top of her pants, working his way further down.

Steffi was beginning to have a strange feeling. She gasped as his nose suddenly pushed into her crotch. She moved her arms from in front of her face and lifted her head to look at the dog. He was no longer licking, just sniffing right between her legs. What the hell was he doing? Then he turned sideways to her as he nosed deeper into her crotch, and Steffi saw that his pink cock was poking out of its fuzzy sheath. Steffi stared in shock. It looked enormous, several inches of pink, glistening doggie-dick hanging below the fur of his belly. As she watched, Duke gave a little whine, his nose still buried between her legs, and his hips began twitching, humping at the air. Then even more of his cock came out, at least 6 inches popping out of the sheath.

Steffi panicked. She lifted her leg, placed her foot against the dog’s shoulder and pushed him away as hard as she could. She scrambled to her feet and tried to run, but only got as far as the kitchen doorway before he slammed into her from behind with another vicious snarl of rage. She was knocked sprawling, her bare breasts and belly smacking the cold tiles of the kitchen floor. Looking fearfully back over her shoulder, she saw him coming at her again. With a squeal of fright, she tried to kick the menacing animal, but he got hold of her pantleg and pulled, trying to drag her backwards.

Steffi clawed at the slippery floor, her foot kicking in a desperate attempt to free herself. But the dog was too strong. The only thing that kept the frantic tug-o-war at a stalemate was the fact that his feet kept slipping on the tile floor. Then his feet found a good purchase and with a loud growl he gave a mighty yank, pulling the pantleg over her foot and her pants halfway down her thighs. Whining in fear, Steffi slithered forward, kicking her feet free as her pants slid the rest of the way down her legs. Now completely naked save for the tattered remains of her shirt, she scrambled to her knees and started to crawl.

But he was on her before she’d gone three feet. He came down on her back with a snarl that froze her blood, his front legs straddling her small body as his powerful jaws clamped down on the back of her neck. Steffi froze, utterly terrified, trembling like a hare caught in the jaws of the wolf. His wickedly curved fangs indented the tender skin and hot saliva ran off them and down her neck. She knew that he could snap her neck like a twig. She could literally feel his rumbling growl through his chest pressed against her back. She’d never been so scared, didn’t even know she was capable of

feeling a primal fear so intense.

How long they stayed locked in that position she couldn't tell, but it seemed a lifetime later that Duke began to shift his body forward. Keeping her neck between his teeth, he scooted up on top of her, walking his back legs forward. Crouched down on all fours, Steffi at first felt his fur tickling her bare bottom, then something hot and wet jabbed into the back of her leg, up high where the thigh met the buttock. Her eyes opened wide with a new horror as it jabbed again, nearer to the inner thigh, and she realized what it was and what it was searching for. She let out a high whine as it jabbed a third time, this time sliding over the curving flesh and into the crack, nudging up against her vulva.

She wiggled, trying to escape the questing dog-cock, but another savage growl and an added pressure on her neck stopped her short. A single drop of blood ran down the curve of her throat as one of the sharp fangs pierced her skin. She froze, entirely at the savage animal's mercy as the cock came forward again. This time it pressed directly against her pitifully exposed pussy. Another adjustment of the dog's hips and the tapered tip parted the quivering labia, wedging itself at the entrance to her vagina.

Steffi's mind reeled. She'd never been so utterly helpless. She couldn't believe she was actually going to be raped by a dog! She'd masturbated to rape fantasies before, but never even imagined it would happen to her. And by an animal! It was inconceivable! This could not be happening. Then suddenly, Duke snapped his loins forward, spearing his throbbing cock savagely into her delicate little hole.

Steffi's eyes flew wide and her mouth oveled in a gasp of surprised shock as her vagina was unceremoniously violated. Her tight little pussy hadn't had anything bigger than her finger inside it for a very long time, and now this doggie-cock was stretching it wide. It felt impossibly huge and unbelievably hot, as if it might burn her fragile flesh. It slammed into her, rammed in to the hilt by the merciless beast. He immediately began humping, driving his tumescent bone in and out of her at a teeth-rattling pace.

Steffi was completely controlled, unable to resist as the big dog satiated his animal lust on her frail body. She wanted to scream in terror, cry out at the humiliation of being raped by an animal, and yet she realized with a sudden shock that her pussy was responding against her will. The muscles of her cunt clasped at the violently thrusting pink spear, her juices frothing out around it as it churned her depths, stretching her silky vaginal walls this way and that. It was as if her cunny didn't realize what the situation was, it only knew that it was finally being put to use after a long period of dormancy. She was as helpless to control it as she was the dog.

Now Steffi did cry out, a high pitched wail of disbelief. Whether it was from the terror of the situation, the pain of the dog's teeth in her neck, or the forbidden, burning sensations of pleasure radiating outward from her violated cunt she couldn't tell. Duke's panting breath washed over her neck as he humped wildly, whipping his burning doggie-cock into her. She had never dreamed that something so depraved could make her feel this way. Before she knew it, she was grunting like an animal herself, lost in the sensations from her ravaged pussy.

"Oh God," she moaned as she felt the first tingling rushes that signaled the approach of a thunderous climax. Somewhere in the back of her mind, a small part of her reveled in the depravity of the situation, being taken against her will by an animal who literally held her life between his teeth. Then all thought fled as Duke let out a rumbling growl and his cock began spewing scalding hot dog-cum into her sucking cunt. It was enough to send Steffi over the edge, screaming out loud as her body was engulfed by wave after wave of pure bliss in the most intense orgasm she had ever

experienced in her young life.

When she came back to her senses, she found herself lying on the floor, arms and legs flung out, with no memory of having gone down. The tiled floor cooled her flushed cheek, as well as her sweating breasts and belly as she lay gasping for air. She could still feel Duke's fur tickling her thighs as he lay panting between her parted legs. She didn't even move when his snout pushed into her crotch once again. She felt too weak to fight even if she had wanted to, drained by the sheer power of her climax.

Duke's hot breath sent a shiver up her spine as he sniffed at her, and then she shuddered and moaned out loud as he began slowly lapping up the sloppy mess of their intermingled juices leaking out of her freshly-fucked pussy.

"Oh Christ!" she gasped. This time she didn't fight at all, merely tilted her butt up into the air to give him better access to her cooch as he licked out his own cum. Her quivering labia and especially her still-throbbing clitty were ultra-sensitive so soon after she'd cum, and she let out a whimpering sob each time his rough tongue stroked across them. In a matter of moments, her pussy was creaming anew, and Duke lapped faster to keep up with the increased flow.

"Bad dog," Steffi whimpered even as she involuntarily pushed her twat more insistently into Duke's relentless tongue. "Bad dog, bad do-OOOGGGGGGUUUUUUUHHHH!" It was the first time she had ever had more than one orgasm.

Still cumming, she finally could take it no longer. Getting her hands under her, she heaved herself forward. Quickly scrambling, she achieved a few feet of separation and managed to flip over into a sitting position, her hands instinctively going to cover her still-spasming pussy as Duke started to rise.

"Stay!" she cried out desperately.

Duke obediently stopped where he was, but his eyes remained intently locked upon her, as if sizing up his prey.

"Good dog," she breathed. "Now sit. Sit!"

Duke sat back on his haunches and his look finally seemed to soften as he began panting, long tongue lolling out of his grinning mouth.

Steffi shuddered at the sight of that tongue, acutely aware of the wetness it had left between her legs. She inched backwards, still cooing, "Good dog. Stay. Good dog."

Not trusting her legs, which felt like jello, and not daring to again turn her back on the unpredictable animal, she continued scooting backwards on her butt, all the way down the hall, keeping one hand firmly clamped to her vulnerable little pussy lest the sight of it stir the savage lust in the beast anew.

Duke remained where he was, panting and watching her curiously. When she reached the bedroom door, she gathered herself like a coiled spring, then leapt through and kicked the door shut behind her to the sound of Duke's toenails scrabbling on the kitchen floor. The door slammed an instant before he got there.

Steffi backed up against the bed and hugged her knees to her chest. Duke scratched at the door and whined to get in.

"GO AWAY FUCKER!" she screamed.

The noise stopped. She listened intently, trying to determine if he had gone. The silence was deafening.

BRRRIINNNGG! Suddenly the phone rang, causing her to let out a startled, high-pitched scream as she nearly jumped out of her skin.

She sprang to the bedside table and snatched up the phone before it could ring again and rattle her senses even further.

"HELLO!" she fairly shouted.

"Steff? What's the matter?"

"Mom?"

"What's going on dear? Is everything all right?"

I JUST GOT RAPED BY A FUCKING DOG, she wanted to scream. But how could she ever admit that? Would anyone even believe it? She would not believe it possible herself if it had not just happened.

She took a deep, steadying breath, fighting down the hysteria threatening to overwhelm her. In as calm a voice as she could manage, she lied, "Everything's fine. The phone just startled me is all. I'm in bed. I was almost asleep."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, honey. Are you scared there by yourself?"

Steffi hesitated. I wasn't, she thought. I could just say that Duke doesn't like me, that I'm afraid of him... But that would be admitting that she couldn't even handle one night on her own, that she was still a child who couldn't take care of herself.

"Don't worry, Duke is there to protect you," her mother interrupted her thoughts.

"Uh huh," Steffi deadpanned.

"You can even take him to bed with you if you are scared. That's what Lenore does when Charlie is out of town."

"Yeah," Steffi replied noncommittally.

"Okay, dear, I can tell you're sleepy so I'll let you go. Call if you need anything. Love you, good night."

"Night. Love you."

As she hung up the phone, Steffi realized she was tired, utterly drained both physically and emotionally. She pulled the remains of her ruined shirt over her head and tossed it aside, then crawled naked into Mr. and Mrs. Jameson's bed. Suddenly it didn't seem so sexy, sleeping in the nude, just very comforting having the crisp, cool sheets against her skin. She quickly drifted off, curled into a fetal position with her hands cupping her poor abused vagina protectively.

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## Part 2

Steffi sat on the couch watching Duke as he lay on the floor languidly licking his own balls. It had taken all her courage to come out of the bedroom this morning. In fact, if not for the fact that her bladder had been ready to burst, she might be in there still. Duke had been lying outside the bedroom door when she emerged, but he did not even get up as she quickly crossed to the bathroom, merely thumped his tail against the floor in greeting.

She had felt better after she had peed, showered, and dressed. And Duke had been nothing but friendly towards her, showing no signs of the vicious, sex-crazed beast from last night. Gradually throughout the day, she had grown comfortable with his placid presence. But now, looking at his big black balls rolling around under his long tongue, the events from last night were flooding back over her. However, it was not the terror she had experienced that was foremost in her troubled mind. It was the mind-blowing orgasms she'd had.

She could see the furry sheath that covered his penis, and staring at it now brought back memories of how big and how hot it had felt as he had relentlessly driven it into her vulnerable little pussy. God help her, the memory was making her wet. Before she knew it, she had unbuttoned her jeans and had her hand down inside her panties.

Duke continued licking his balls obliviously as Steffi touched herself. She was getting hotter and hotter thinking about it, and as she slid her fingers into her hot, wet vaginal canal, she began to think the unthinkable. She wanted to do it again. She told herself that there was no way she could ever do it. Last night she had had no choice. The lust filled beast had held her very life between his deadly jaws as he had remorselessly taken what he wanted.

Now she was the one becoming filled with raw lust. She told herself she couldn't do it, wouldn't do it, but in the deep recesses of her mind, where the primal animal dwelt, she knew she was going to do it.

It was becoming so hot, she was sweating and having trouble breathing. Pulling her hand out of her pants, she sat up, pulled her t-shirt off and tossed it aside. In one quick motion, she slid her jeans and panties off and threw them aside also. And just like that, she was naked. She hadn't really planned it, she was just so hot...

Her movements had caught Duke's attention, and now he was staring at her. Steffi shivered under that unrelenting gaze. She slowly spread her legs. Duke's eyes followed her hand as it went back to her exposed pussy. God it was wet. She pushed two fingers in and slowly finger-fucked herself in front of his watchful eyes. She half expected him to attack her at the sight of her wanton display, but after a few moments he laid his head on his paws and closed his eyes.

"Duke?" Steffi called, opening her legs wider and spreading the lips of her vagina invitingly. But the big German Shepherd merely perked up his ears and rolled his eyes to look at her, not even lifting his head.

Frowning in consternation, Steffi slid off the couch and eased forward. Keeping her legs spread wide, she moved closer and closer, willingly offering herself. The dog, however, remained distinctly uninterested. Although he did raise his head at her approach, he turned to the side and started panting lazily.

"Duke? What the fuck?" Steffi couldn't believe it. Last night he'd literally torn her clothes off to get at her coochie and now she couldn't get his attention with it offered up on a platter. She stuck her fingers in her yearning hole, fucked them in and out several times, getting them good and wet, then



held them out in front of Duke's face. Although he sniffed and began licking the proffered nectar, she could not lure him any closer to her burning crotch.

Growing increasingly frustrated, Steffi changed tactics. She turned over onto her knees and elbows, ass held high, and backed up towards him. She wagged her tail directly in front of his nose, even reached between her legs to grab his collar, but he still would not budge.

"God damn it, fuck me you stupid mutt!" she blurted out loudly.

Just then, Duke jumped up, and Steffi thought for a moment that he was finally going to pay some attention to her, but instead he trotted right past her toward the kitchen, tail wagging. She looked up in consternation, about to yell at him again, but was struck dumb by the sight of her mother Anne standing in the doorway, mouth hanging open in shock.

Steffi gaped up at her mom in horror, paralyzed. She could literally feel the intense blush climb from her chest to the top of her scalp, until her face was burning and her hair felt as if it were standing on end. It felt like an eternity that they stared at one another, neither moving until finally her mother looked down at Duke, who was nuzzling under her hand insistently, demanding attention.

The spell broken, Steffi scrambled up and onto the couch, grabbing up a loose pillow and clutching it to her front, doing her best to try to cover her nakedness. She curled up behind it, making herself as small as possible as tears of humiliation and embarrassment sprang to her eyes. She buried her face in her hands as her mother came over to sit beside her.

"Honey?" Anne laid a gentle hand on Steffi's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Momma," Steffi sobbed uncontrollably. "It's just been so long... And then last night..."

"What about last night?"

Before she knew it, Steffi had blurted out the entire story of Duke raping her, and how she couldn't stop thinking about it. By the end, at least her tears had stopped, helped by the fact that Anne listened sympathetically, seemingly without condemnation.

"It just felt so good, Momma," she confessed. "It's been so long since..."

"Since you've had sex?" Anne finished for her. At Steffi's shy nod, she continued, "Pretty young girl like you? I didn't think that would be a problem for you."

Steffi's tears started anew. "Not since Bobby left," she sniffled. "Oh, Momma, I'm so embarrassed..."

"Don't be, honey. I've been there, believe me. Still, that shouldn't have happened. It goes against his training..." She trailed off, looking at Duke curiously as he lay at her feet, panting. She turned back to Steffi. "Now, dry up those tears," she ordered as she rose and began unbuttoning her blouse.

"H-huh?" Steffi stammered, looking up in surprise.

"I really didn't think I had to worry about you with Duke, but if you're going to be using his special talents, I'd better teach you how."

Steffi's jaw dropped in shock as her mother shrugged out of her shirt and tossed it aside, then reached down to untie her shoes.

"Honey, Duke is a very special dog, specially trained. Do you know what ED is? Erectile

dysfunction?"

"Uh, yeah," Steffi answered hesitantly. "You see the commercials on TV all the time for the pills."

Anne kicked her shoes off, then unbuttoned her jeans and shifted her hips as she slid them over her rounded bottom. Steffi's face flushed anew as she saw her mom's thong underwear and bare white asscheeks.

Anne continued speaking as she undressed. "Right. Well, Charlie, Mr. Jameson that is, suffers from ED. But he can't take the pills because of his bad heart. Mrs. Jameson-Lenore-was growing more and more sexually frustrated, until she found out about a place that trains dogs to be sexual surrogates, as it were. Duke is trained to satisfy a woman's needs. Do you understand?"

Steffi tried to take it all in, watching her mother in disbelief as she casually reached up to unhook her bra.

"I-I guess so," she said, trying not to stare as her mother's breasts spilled free. "But then, why wouldn't he...? Just now, I couldn't get him to...?"

"He's trained not to respond to sexual situations unless you give him the special command. It's a discretionary precaution, so he doesn't try to hump every woman he meets. I don't know what happened last night, why he attacked you. Perhaps he sensed your sexual frustration. I'm so sorry, honey, that shouldn't have happened." As she spoke, she pulled down her panties and stepped out of them. "You see?" she said, sweeping an arm towards the relaxed dog. "You can be naked in front of him, tempt him, even be having sex in the same room as him, but he won't respond 'til you give him the command."

Steffi couldn't help but check out her mother's body as she listened in wonderment. She hadn't seen her completely naked since she was a little girl, but here she was, standing casually, fully nude in front of her daughter as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

Anne's hair was the same fiery red as Steffi's, except she kept it short. Same green eyes and freckles, although she wore large round glasses with tortoise-shell frames. same alabaster skin. Although 38 years old, a bit taller, and a bit more plump, she looked more like Steffi's older sister than her mother. Her breasts were bigger than Steffi's, heavier, full and hanging, with fat red nipples and wide pink areolae. Her waist was slim enough, with a bit of plumpness to her soft white belly. Her hips were full and womanly, her ass round and soft. Her pubic region was shaved bare, and Steffi could see her plump pink labia protruding from her vaginal cleft.

Steffi suddenly realized her mother had stopped talking and was looking at her. She blushed anew at having been caught staring, but her mother merely smiled and held out her arms in a show of openness.

"See? Nothing to be embarrassed about. We're just a couple of naked girls!"

Steffi smiled in spite of herself.

"But Momma, how do you know all this?"

"Because," Anne answered gently, "your father suffers from ED also." She let that statement sink in for a long moment, gauging Steffi's reaction before continuing. "And although he can take the pills-and does-he doesn't like to do it very often because they give him a headache."

Steffi's first thought was, poor Daddy. But after a brief reflection on her own lack of sex over the last year, she thought, poor Momma!

"So, you..?" She gestured toward Duke.

Anne nodded with a wry smile. "Lenore knew what I was going through, and offered to share Duke with me. At first I was like, no way! I can't have sex with a dog! But I got so desperate, I finally let her talk me into watching she and Duke 'do it'... My God, it got me so horny! I jumped right in and never looked back!"

Steffi's mind reeled. It was getting so hot in here, hard to breathe again. "And you both do it, at the same time?" she asked breathlessly.

"Mm-hmm. Usually we watch each other do it, but we often can't wait our turn..."

"Momma!"

"What?" Anne giggled innocently. "What's a little girl-girl action when you're already sexing the family pet? Now, pay attention. The most important word you need to know..." She turned her attention to Duke, who was still lying in front of her. "Duke!" She snapped her fingers. "Attend!"

Immediately he jumped to attention, sitting up and fixing his eyes on her intently. Anne held her hand up, palm out like a stop sign, holding him in place, and turned to Steffi again.

"That's your on/off switch," she explained. "You want to start him up, or you want him to stop what he's doing, use that word, forcefully. Got that? Good. Then you can give him further instructions." She turned back, pointed at her crotch, and commanded, "Duke, service!"

The dog shot forward and buried his snout in her crotch. He immediately began to lap at her slit with such gusto that he pushed her off balance. She gave an excited little squeal and fell back onto the couch laughing. Duke followed her all the way, eagerly going for her pussy.

"Attend!" Anne held up the stop sign again, calming the excited dog. She spread her legs, exposing her vulnerable vagina, then pointed at it once again. "Okay, Duke. Service."

Duke went in softer this time, and began licking Anne with his long tongue.

"Ooh yeah, that's it. Good boy! Good boy!"

Steffi looked on with her mind in a daze. She had never seen her mother like this. Not only openly discussing sexual matters and getting naked in front of her, but to actually be doing it? And with a dog? It was inconceivable! But in a strange way, it made her feel proud, that she was treating Steffi like a woman, not a child anymore. Plus it was making her hot as hell, watching the dog's tongue swabbing Anne's wide open pussy. She had never seen another woman's vagina in real life, and between licks she could see everything: the wide open labia, pink and red, the wet inner folds, even the purplish bud of her erect clitoris as it was manipulated by the lashing tongue. Steffi felt herself getting extremely wet, her pussy starting to throb with need.

"Attend!" Anne commanded once again. As Duke dutifully backed off and sat at attention once again, she rubbed her now sloppily wet vagina with a satisfied chuckle. "Now, when you are sufficiently warmed up," she rose and moved to a nearby chest, still explaining as she removed a blanket and began spreading it on the floor. "Duke is trained to do several positions. Of course the classic-and my personal favorite-is doggy-style," she grinned at Steffi as she dropped to her knees on the

blanket. "Oh, by the way," she paused, adjusting her glasses. "The blanket is to keep the carpet clean. I don't know if you noticed during your...encounter, but he pumps out a lot of semen."

Steffi, still staring in a daze, muttered, "I noticed..."

Anne giggled. Now sitting on her haunches, she called Duke. She hugged him to her, running her hands along his back and sides, luxuriating in his softness. "Kisses," she sing-songed, puckering her lips to receive licks from the dog. Steffi was shocked again when her mother opened her mouth to let the lapping tongue flick in and out, even meeting it with her own pink tongue. Then she hugged him close, reaching under to fondle his genitals. "Are you ready for me, Dukie?" she breathed. "Ooh, you are-Good boy! Come feel, Honey!"

As if in a dream, Steffi found herself sliding off the couch and crawling over. She could already see the pink appendage hanging below the dog's belly. Her hand joined her mother's, groping at the big hanging balls, the furry sheath, the rapidly growing cock. It felt hot and smooth and moist. She met her mother's smiling eyes.

"It's big, huh?" she said softly.

"Uh huh, and about to be a lot bigger! These boys are bred for the size of their...penis," Anne whispered the word. "When he's fully erect, Duke's got a full 8 inches below the knot!"

"Knot?"

"Oh, yes, dear! Dog penises have a knot near the base that swells up when they ejaculate. Duke's is about as big as my fist-believe me, if he gets his knot in you, you'll know it! If he does, just don't try to pull away or it will hurt like the dickens!"

Steffi nodded, eyes wide with wonder.

"And he's bred for stamina, also. A normal dog will be finished in like thirty seconds. Duke can last for four or five minutes. I know, that doesn't sound like very long, but the way Duke does it, it's plenty!"

Steffi blushed. "None of the boys I've been with lasted that long."

"You poor girl," Anne joked. Then, rubbing herself between the legs, she groaned, a grimace of need coming over her face. "Okay, enough talk! Duke's ready, and so am I!"

Steffi backed away. Scooting back to the couch, she brought her legs up, wrapping her arms around them and resting her chin on her knees as she watched her mother get on all fours.

"Duke, mount!" Anne commanded.

Duke, who had been standing patiently all this time, leapt into action. He rounded behind and jumped onto her back, hips already humping as he grabbed onto her with his front paws.

"He's a little excited..." Anne began, still looking at Steffi as she was jostled by the dog's enthusiasm. "Sometimes you have to guide him-UNH-OH-GOD-UNH-He's in-UNH-UNH-Oh God yes!"

Steffi gaped at the sight of her mother being violently rocked by the wildly humping animal on her back. Her hanging titties swung wildly. Her hands gripped the blanket. She grunted and moaned, as

much an animal at the moment as the one fucking her. Steffi could not believe this was her church-going, straight-laced mother, former member of the PTA, the ladies choir, the bridge club. Getting fucked by a goddamn dog, and loving it!

For several long minutes, Duke kept up his frenzied pace, laying on Anne's back, holding her hips with his front paws as his back end humped like mad. Steffi was having flashbacks to last night, feeling that big dog cock violating her just as relentlessly. Her heart was thudding heavily, her breathing quick and shallow as she anticipated doing it again, getting what her mom was so obviously enjoying at the moment. Steffi's pussy was literally drooling with envy.

"OH GOD-AH! AH! AH! There's the knot! He's got it in me! Oh God-BINGO! BINGO! BINGOOOOO!"

Steffi would have laughed at her mother's corny climax call-out if it hadn't been so fucking hot watching her cum on a dog's cock. And knowing that with the fist sized knot, she had nearly a foot of that dog cock in her pussy.

"YIPES!" Anne suddenly cried out. "Oh...Darn it!" She looked over at Steffi, her face flushed. "He slipped out," she explained in a disappointed voice as Duke dismounted and she turned to face him. She corrected her crooked glasses as she continued. "I can Bingo two or three more times if we stay knotted...Come, look."

In a hazy, lust-filled daze, Steffi crawled forward as Anne gripped Duke's swollen cock by the root. It looked absolutely huge as she bent it backwards between his legs. Duke whined, stepping nervously.

"Duke, attend-Stand!" Anne commanded, freezing him in his tracks. "See, honey, if you want more you can bend it back like this, back your rear up to him and..you know. That's when it helps to have a helper, to hold it for you, you see?"

She grinned at Steffi, who nodded mutely, still in a dream-like trance.

"Or you can sit on the edge of the couch and use it sort of the same way," Anne continued. "You can make him roll over and you can get on top. You can get underneath him, you know, sort of do the work yourself. Or you can just let him be and in a few minutes, it will go back down, and you can start from scratch, so to speak. As long as you keep playing with it, though, it will stay this erect for a good long time."

Steffi felt prickly heat all over her body. Sweat beaded her brow, her upper lip, trickled down from her armpits as she stared at the giant pink club of a cock in her mother's hand. "It's still squirting," she breathed, noting the little spurts of clearish liquid coming out of the strangely blunt tip.

"Oh yes," Anne replied. "Like I said, Duke puts out a lot of semen. This is the point where Lenore likes to suck him."

Steffi's eyes grew even wider. "She sucks him? Like a blowjob?"

"Mm-hmm."

Steffi was even more shocked. Fucking a dog was one thing, but she had never even conceived of giving one a blowjob. "H-have you done it?"

"I have," Anne admitted with a sheepish giggle. "But it's not really my thing-I've never been much of an oral girl. That was always a 'special occasion' type of thing between your father and me. But Lenore loves it! Even swallows his stuff, you know. Give it a taste, it's not bad..."

Blushing even more deeply, if that was possible, Steffi cupped her hand in front of the twitching pink missile and caught a few squirts. It was thinner than boy cum, more watery, almost clear. She brought it to her mouth and cautiously dipped her tongue. It was quite salty, wild and gamy, primal. It made her head swim, animal lust threatening to overwhelm her, but like Momma said-it wasn't bad.

"So," Anne caught her attention once again, "that's what Duke can do...Are you ready to give it a try?"

Steffi looked at her mother, her eyes glassy with need, her teeth gritted in a hungry grimace.

"Yes," she hissed. "Oh fuck yes!"