

Dog Days of Summer

Crimson Rose

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The first I knew of my parents' crazy lifestyle was when my best friend April and I walked back to my house from hers late one Friday night when her parents got into an argument that made us feel unsafe. Coming home to a dozen cars parked in the driveway and yard, I used my key and opened the front door to a room full of men and women engaged in all manner of sex. Once my mother was alerted to our presence we were ushered to my bedroom. Their guests left a short time later and nothing more was said about it. Unfortunately, April had a big mouth which she eagerly ran at school the following Monday. Word got around to the kids of the parents involved and at the end of the school year we were packing our things and moving across the country to get away from the ridicule and death threats constantly barraging us from small-minded, bible-thumping bigots that could not see beyond the pages of their outdated fairytale book.

My parents never talked about their finances with me so I have no idea how my parents were able to afford a nearly eighty acre ranch, but that's what we moved onto in the middle of bum-fuck New Mexico. Being the summer break, I had little opportunity to meet new friends so spent most of my time split between learning to ride one of the dozen stallions we now owned and taking care of my first pet – a beautiful black lab I named Mystique.

Living on a huge farm was a pretty big change from the city life I was used to and not just in the increased size of the yard. Everything was so far away. At our old house it was nothing for me to walk to the small store at the end of the block and buy snacks or whatever. At our new place the nearest store was eleven miles away and forget about having pizza delivered. Country living also came with its own set of sounds I had to get used to. Not that I was scared or anything, but it took me a good six months to drown out the noises echoing through the much darker nights.

A year after being forced to move, I realized two things. First, my parents never did go back to work and when asked they claimed they now worked from home but I had watched them closely and neither of them lifted a finger to do anything meaningful. Hell, they even hired a few farmhands to take care of the horses because they did not have the first clue how. And second, they were once again throwing their swinger parties. This time, thankfully, they held them in one of the barns I was not permitted to enter under penalty of being grounded for life. I argued with them about it until I was blue in the face sure their lifestyle was going to force us to move again, but they assured me that would not be the case and life went on.

Fast-forward four years to my eighteenth birthday. While I had met many friends at my new school, those closest to me were the kids of the men and women my parents invited to nearly weekly orgies. We all knew what was going on in what we had dubbed the Banging Barn and while our parents were busy getting it on we spent the evening riding horses and just hanging out around the farm celebrating the fact I was now old enough to do whatever I wanted anytime I wanted to do it.

At the back of the farm is a large pond surrounded by trees with a single tightly packed dirt path leading in and out. Too far out of the way for my parents, I claimed it as my own private sanctuary and spent many days and night skinny dipping, sunbathing in the nude and contemplating my life and where the future was going to take me. It was late. My birthday party had drawn to a close and all but my closest friends were hanging out with my by the pond. As usual, the second we stepped beyond the tree line the clothes came off. This time, however, I sensed something not quite right.

Forming a circle around me, my friends all grinned ear to ear. “W-What’s going on?” I asked as I stared into my new best friend Jenna’s big blue eyes.

“It’s time for your initiation,” she replied as the circle tightened around me. “Now that you’re eighteen you’re free to do whatever you want, whenever you want, but before any of us declare you a woman there’s something you must do.”

“What in the hell are you talking about?”

“We’re all friends here,” my friend Carla answered “but the rest of us are so much more and we want you to join our little club.”

“Our parents come over here and have sex every freaking week,” Jenna cut in. “Don’t get us wrong, we’re grateful that your parents host all the time as it saves us having to answer a lot of uncomfortable questions, but it also means we’ve had to fend for ourselves every weekend for the last five years.”

“I’m sorry, but I fail to see how that’s my problem,” I shrieked in surprise as a hand grabbed my ass. Spinning, I saw my friend Heather smiling back at me – the hand that had been on my ass now firmly cupping my vulva. “W-What the hell are you doing?” Taken aback, I slapped her hand away. “You do realize I’ve had to fend for myself a whole hell of a lot longer than five years, right?”

“Which is exactly why we want you in our club,” Carla replied. “But first you need to pass the initiation.”

Slender. Delicate features with almond-shaped green eyes and long, wavy black hair cascading over her shoulders, my friend Amber looked like an elf straight out of Rivendell as she stepped in front of me. “We’ve learned a lot from our parents over the years and have used that knowledge to come up with an initiation we’ve all taken on our eighteenth birthday and if you want to continue being our friend then you’ll do it right now tonight.”

“What in the hell are you talking about? What initiation?”

“We’re all going to go head down and ass up and you have until dawn to pleasure us all to orgasm using only your fingers and mouth,” Jenna answered.

“Um, you know I’m a virgin still, right?”

“Which makes it all the more special. If you get us all off then we’ll do the same to you tomorrow night and you’ll be one of us.”

“You’re out of your damn minds! I’ve spent my entire life doing everything in my power to avoid becoming like my parents and I’m not about to change that now just to be your friend so if that’s what you want then you can all get the fuck off my property and never come back!”

“If you make us leave then we’ll take our parents with us!” Carla countered as if that was somehow going to suddenly make me change my mind.

“Go right ahead but I’m pretty fucking sure they’ll find more perverts to party with. GO!” I yelled at the tops of my lungs. “Get the hell off my property and don’t come back! And don’t call, text or contact me in any way, shape or form because you’re absolutely the last type of people I want to be friends with.” Breaking into tears, I shoved past Jenna and ran to the Banging Barn. It had been heavily insulated so I heard nothing when I approached but the door was locked meaning the party was still going full swing. Beating the side of my right hand against the heavy wood, I did not stop until it eventually opened.

“Paige?” Carla’s naked father Adam answered the door. “What’s going on?”

“Your daughter, all of your daughters are fucked in the head!” I angrily replied as I pushed my way into the barn. “STOP YOUR FUCKING FOR TWO GOD DAMN MINUTES!”

All eyes turned to my tear streaked face and a moment later bodies untangled from one another and my mother walked over to me.

“What’s going on, sweetie?”

“Don’t sweetie me, you fucking pervert!” I said, jerking away from her hand on my shoulder. “You’re all a bunch of god damn weirdos and your daughters are no different. Heather just grabbed my ass and vulva without permission while the others tried convincing me to spend the night pleasuring them! If you don’t want me pressing charges against them I suggest leaving and never coming back! Go find some other family to ruin because I’m not going to let you ruin mine anymore.”

“Honey, no one is ruining this family,” my dad stepped in. “We’re all consenting adults here and…”

“I didn’t consent to her touching me so if they don’t leave I’m calling the police!”

Feeling as if the entire world had suddenly turned against me, I stormed out of the barn, skirted around my no longer friends and ran into the house – slamming the door behind me so hard it knocked a cup off the counter which shattered on the tiled floor. Ever my constant companion, Mystique followed me to my room and curled up at my feet and I buried my face in my knees and cried.

A few minutes later there was a knock at my door. “Please open the door and let us explain,” Jenna said.

“I told you to get the fuck off my property and I meant it! Now leave before I call the fucking police!”

“Fine! Be a fucking bitch. We were only trying to have a little fun with you.”

“Come on,” Heather said. “Let’s leave the little baby to cry.”

Her words striking a cord, I jumped off the bed scaring Mystique half to death as I stomped across the floor, threw the door open and slammed her against the wall with my hand choked around her throat. “You fucking touched me without permission so I would have every right in the world to kick your fucking ass.” My grip tightening to the point her face was starting to turn purple, I did not let go even when Jenna and Carla attempted to pull me off. Going into a blind rage, I started swinging.

There was a lot of commotion and yelling around me, but the blood pumping in my ears made it impossible for me to tell what was being said and by whom until my left fist connected with something and I suddenly found myself pinned against the hallway wall. Vision clearing, I looked up at my still naked father and then my eyes drifted to the right where my mother was holding her cheek. Going limp, I slumped to the floor and sobbed.

“All right everyone, I think it’s time to go,” my dad said.

As he ushered everyone out of the house my mom knelt in front of me. Her lips parted as if she were going to say something but the only thing that came out was a grunt as I threw my arms around her and hugged her tight. “I am so sorry! I didn’t…”

“Sshhh…it’s okay. Your father and I are the ones that should be apologizing.” Braking the hug, she leaned back and lifted my chin until we were staring eye to eye. “Why didn’t you ever tell us how you felt?”

“I thought it was pretty evident after the last time we were forced to move, but seeing as how you went right back to the way things were I figured you didn’t really give a shit how I felt.”

“Oh honey, nothing could have been further from the truth. Of course we care how you feel.”

“Just not enough to stop having orgies every damn weekend. I get it, you love sex but god damn at what point do you have enough?”

“You’ll understand when you start having sex.”

“I’d rather remain a virgin for the rest of my life than become a whore like you!” I shouted at my mother in humiliation. I knew the words hurt her deeply but at that moment I could not have cared less as I pulled away from her and locked myself in my room. Ignoring her knocks and demands that I open the door, I crawled into bed and cried. After a few minutes Mystique joined me but not even his loving nature and soft fur were enough to calm me down.

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I woke hours later to the feeling of something long and fat steadily licking my vulva and occasionally spreading me open to include my exposed clit. The room was dark and as I clamped my legs shut I felt fur at the same time Mystique yelped and jumped off the bed. Quickly turning the light on, I ran over to make sure he was okay – the fact that he had just been licking me a distant second to his well-being. “I’m sorry boy, I didn’t mean to hurt you.” I said as I hugged him to me. God, you probably need some water and to go out, huh?”

Arf! He barked as he excitedly got to his feet.

Opening the door, I let him out and after he had his fill of food and water, opened the back door and left him run. Not really wanting to go back inside, I took a stroll to the pond and always my protector, he followed. Never too late for a swim, I took a few laps if only to wash away the earlier events of the evening and when I was done I crawled out and was just about to get up when Mystique’s weight landed on my back.

“W-What the fuck? What the hell are you...oh my god!” I screeched as I felt the pointed head of his cock jabbing all over the place in an attempt to penetrate me. “NO! Bad dog! Get off me you crazy animal!” but he continued hunching his hindquarters. I pushed back. His cock glanced off my hooded clit causing me to moan in surprise. A second time almost had him in me so I switched tactics and dropped flat on my belly. He stopped trying to fuck me and instead started sniffing and licking from clit to asshole – his huge tongue hitting every inch seemingly at once.

As if they had a mind of their own my legs parted and my hips came up about a foot while my face remained flat on the cool grass. Mystique attempted to mount me again but I was too low for him so after a moment he went back to licking. Mount. Lick. Mount. Lick. Part of me was mortified at what my dog was doing but another part recognized the pleasure and registered it with my brain which told my lower body to comply with the dog’s lapping tongue. Again acting of their own accord, my hips raised several more inches. Mystique mounted. A voice in the back of my head told me what I was doing was wrong on so many levels, but it was drowned out by my mother repeatedly telling me I would never understand until I started having sex.

The tip of Mystique’s cock glanced off my clit, slid between my outer labia and then nearly penetrated my asshole as his fast, frantic movements had him wildly humping all over the place. And then it happened. I lowered my hips and spread my legs as he shifted his weight. At first I was in too much shock to react but when my brain finally let the signal through that I was being fucked, I dug my fingertips into the ground, threw my head back and let out a long, pleasure-filled moan that carried and echoed in the night. His front claws scratching my back, hips and sides, his hind claws digging in and scratching my calves, Mystique held on for dear life as he pounded me without mercy. The pleasure of his cock growing bigger inside of me by the thrust outweighing the humiliation I know I should have been feeling, I raised up until my forearms were flat on the ground and let him make me his bitch.

Though Mystique had been my one and only true friend for the last five years I had never seen his cock and knew nothing of canine sex so imagine my surprise when the base grew so large that it got stuck inside of me. Freaking out, I tried pulling away but it hurt us both so I eventually stopped and waited it out through three intense orgasms. When he eventually pulled out maybe fifteen minutes later a flood of semen poured out of me and he immediately started licking what did not spill to the ground.

“I love you so much, boy,” I purred. Letting him clean me to his heart’s content, I eventually rolled over to see him sitting maybe ten feet away just looking in my direction. I went for another swim to wash away all evidence of what we had done and then lay next to him, my fingers absent-mindedly petting his black fur. “I’m yours whenever you want me,” I whispered. Closing my eyes, I curled up next to my canine lover and let sleep consume me.