

"So, you like playing with the dog's penis, do you?"

Lindsey gasped, the seven-year-old anthro's eyes wide with terror as she felt her father's hand grasp her shoulder from behind and haul her up.

Rosco, the family dog, had woken her by licking her face, and after giggling and wiping the dog slobber from her face, she had immediately peered down between his legs to see if that little tip of red was visible. How her heart pounded on seeing it! She knew that it was wrong—that she shouldn't touch Rosco down there—but there was something so alluring and titillatingly naughty about seeing it that she had forced herself to ignore the gnawing voice telling her not to do it, reached forward tentatively, and felt of the strangely slippery, smooth appendage. Rosco had barked in surprise, making Lindsey snatch her hand back, but when Rosco looked back at her with a happy grin and lolling tongue, she had reached down to feel of it again, more gently this time.

That was over a month ago. Ever since, she had made it a point to feel of his furry sheath, fuzzy balls, and as much of his little red rocket as he would show her. Over time, her nerves had abated—except for the occasional time when she thought she heard one of her parents walking by—and she had gotten bolder, even going so far as to grasp Rosco's sheath and pull it back, watching transfixed as he began to hump forward and backward, his pointed tip slipping between her fingers and spurting little droplets of clear, salty liquid—she tasted it a few times—against her palm. The first time had scared her. Feeling his penis swelling in her hand and seeing the big bulge in his sheath in front of his balls, she thought she had hurt him or somehow given him a disease. But when she let go and he eventually stopped humping the air and licked himself down, she realized that everything was okay.

The big lump slipped out of his sheath one time, and once more, Lindsey thought she had hurt him, but once again, he licked himself down and was right as rain. Over time, curiosity got the better of her, and she squeezed the lump. Rosco had held very still and thrust very hard. A jet of liquid shot out of his penis and hit her dresser in front of him; Lindsey was amazed how far he had been able to shoot.

But in all that time, she had never been caught. Until now.

She was still in her pajamas from the night before. Rosco was lying on his back, his red rocket throbbing in her hand, the big lump fully exposed, and she had been squeezing it with both hands, seeing if he could shoot so far as to hit the ceiling when her father walked in. The tall, burly, deep-voiced patriarch was not amused, and he hauled his daughter to her feet.

"Young lady, you are *not* to touch that dog's penis ever again," he roared in her face. "If I catch you doing it again, I will make sure that you *never* put your hand on him again!"

That incident scared her straight for over a month, but curiosity once again got the better of her, and for his part, Rosco actively seemed to encourage her to play with him, poking himself out every time he saw her and whining when she refused to reach under him. At last, she couldn't take the anticipation anymore, and she started playing with him again.

"Lindsey-Cheryl!"

The seven-year-old's face went white. She didn't turn around; she held stock-still and hoped that *maybe* her father couldn't see her hands squeezing Rosco's knot.

"What did I tell you about touching that dog's penis?" her father demanded, hauling her up again and turning her to face him.

Lindsey gulped. "Y—you said n—not to..."

"And what *exactly* are you doing?"

Lindsey's lip quivered.

Her father took a deep breath, then let it out. "Take off your nightie," he said quietly.

"W—what?"

But her father's expression was stern and determined. Trembling all over, Lindsey grasped the hem of her nightgown and slowly pulled it up over her head. She was far from starting puberty, and she looked it. Her

chest was flat, and her hips had not yet begun to widen for child-bearing. She had not yet had her first bleed, and although she found the feel of air on her naked body titillating, she had not yet put two and two together to understand what the opening between her legs—the opening that Rosco didn't have—was for.

Seeing his daughter standing naked in front of him, Lindsey's father shifted his stance and subtly adjusted the fabric over his groin.

"Get down on all fours," he said, his voice husky as he reached for his belt buckle.

Lindsey's eyes bulged, then closed as she began to cry.

"Please don't spank me, Daddy!" she wailed.

"Then get on all fours," her father replied roughly. "Right now."

She was shaking so badly that she practically fell onto the ground. Her father's belt clinked, and she squeezed her eyes closed and bit her lip, *knowing* he was about to belt her.

But the clinking lasted much longer than it usually did. When he was going to spank her, it was usually a deft jerk that got his belt out of his pants. With her anticipation building, she opened her eyes again and gasped. She had never known it, but her father's pants had been concealing his own appendage very similar to Rosco's. He was currently holding himself and lightly squeezing and rubbing forward and backward, not unlike the way Lindsey had rubbed Rosco before. Fear turned to uncertainty and then to outright curiosity. Her father's rocket seemed much larger than Rosco's, but unlike the dog's, her father's tip merely oozed a clear liquid rather than squirting it.

"Spread your legs, Lindsey," her father said, catching her looking. "More. *More!*"

Finally, he released his rod, leaned forward, grabbed her knees, and pulled them wide apart. Lindsey shivered.

"D—Daddy, I—I don't like this," she said timidly.

"You're not supposed to. This is *punishment*. I want you to remember that next time you think about grabbing Rosco's penis," her father replied gravely. "Rosco. Up, boy."

It took a few seconds for the dog to figure out what was being asked of him, but once he got it, his tail began wagging furiously, and he leapt up onto Lindsey's back.

Lindsey gasped, her heart beginning to pound with fear as she felt him wrap his paws around her waist, felt his hips beginning to slam against her bare buttocks. He had thrust like that countless times into her hand before, and she remembered feeling his little, pointed member poking her pretty hard. Now he was driving it against her hips. If he did that, wouldn't it—

"Ow!" Lindsey yelped, instinctively trying to crawl forward and squeezing her legs together in an attempt to protect herself.

"Spread your legs!" her father bellowed.

"But it *hurts*, Daddy!" Lindsey cried.

"You want a belting, too?"

"N—no, Daddy..."

"Then spread your legs."

Squeezing her eyes closed, Lindsey forced herself to spread her legs back apart. Rosco had taken all of this in stride and had never ceased thrusting. As Lindsey lowered herself down, his rocket suddenly found her untouched slit and pushed inside. Lindsey gasped in surprise. The dog, encouraged by the sudden sensation of warm moisture around his prick, pulled Lindsey's hips back roughly against his own and shoved himself balls-deep into her. The young girl's surprise quickly gave way to panic.

"O—ow, ow, ow! Daddy, make him stop!" Lindsey cried, clawing at the floor in an attempt to get away.

Her father moved in front of her and knelt down, putting his cock right in front of her face. In the back of her mind, she could smell the unfamiliar stench of his groin, but more pressing than that was the fact that he was blocking her from getting away from Rosco. Desperate, she turned to try to move past her father, but he reached down, grabbed her by the shoulders, and pulled her up against his crotch.

"You like playing with cocks so much, young lady? Well, now you've got two. Open your mouth."

"N-no, Dad—"

"OPEN YOUR MOUTH!"

Tears streamed down Lindsey's face as she opened her mouth and her father stuffed himself into it. He was gamy-tasting and smelled and tasted unpleasantly like old cheese. She shriveled her nose and tried to pull back, but her father held her firmly in place.

"That's it, boy. She's all yours now. Do what you gotta do."

Lindsey cried around her father's cock. The sensations in her private place were so intense that it made her feel like she was going to pass out, and each sharp, audible slap of Rosco's balls against her made her flinch. But that wasn't the worst part.

Lindsey had seen Rosco's big lump before and had even watched it grow. She *knew* how big it could get, and as she now felt something swelling inside of her, stretching her out more and more with each relentless thrust, her eyes bulged on realizing what was happening. She began to beg her father around his penis to let her go, that she didn't want Rosco to put his big lump inside of her, but her father's only response was to wrap his paws around her muzzle, preventing her from talking.

And still Rosco continued to thrust and grow inside of her. Already his knot was stretching her painfully each time it shoved in or slipped out. Already it hurt how much it filled her when it was inside. And yet the force of his thrusts battered her inexperienced vulva, forcing them to let him pass in and out, over and over again.

That is, until he was too big to pull out again. Lindsey's eyes snapped open when he tugged hard but couldn't stretch her enough to break free. She whimpered around her father's malehood, squirming as Rosco's inflating knot began to spread throughout her passage, forcing it to stretch all around to accommodate his considerable girth. Mild discomfort turned to outright pain as he swelled fully, locking himself in place and making sure she couldn't go anywhere. She began to pant and whine continuously and to shift this way and that, but nothing gave her any respite from the incessant presence demanding her full attention.

All of a sudden, Rosco jumped off Lindsey's side, the movement accompanied by a sharp tug of his oversized knot inside of her. Lindsey let out a grunt of pain and squeezed her eyes closed again.

But as Rosco settled himself in for what would turn out to be a good, long cum, his knot shifted inside his underage bitch, pressing up against something hard. Lindsey's eyes opened again as a completely new sensation washed over her, something she'd never felt before but that felt *really* good. Her tears stopped, and she tried to look back behind her, but her father kept his hands firmly wrapped around her muzzle.

"Now that he's settled down, you can start thanking me for this lesson, young lady," he said gruffly. "Now, suck and lick Daddy's cock. Go on, get licking!" he barked.

Afraid of what else he might have in store for her, Lindsey began inexpertly running her tongue all over her father's penis.

"Slow down. Long strokes. And lick the tip."

Before she could comply, Lindsey was suddenly distracted by a new sensation at the other end. What had started out as an almost imperceptible tickle as Rosco spurted his pre into her had now become an insistent pressure building inside of her, bathing her womb with so much heat that she felt herself beginning to sweat.

"You just ignore him. He's getting his just desserts for you teasing him all this time," her father ordered. "You get him all excited and then don't follow through; that's just *mean*. So now, it's his turn to get what he wants, and in the meantime, you're gonna get back to sucking my dick! Right *now*!"

For emphasis, he jammed his cock deep into her throat, making her whole body shudder and gag. The building pressure in her abdomen paled in comparison, so she hurriedly followed her father's instructions, running her tongue all over the tip of his prick. His penis jerked and bobbed in response, and he adjusted his grip on her face, gasping in pleasure.

"I knew you were gonna have a good mouth," he murmured as he began lightly thrusting into her muzzle. He let out a hoarse hiss, his hips bucking a few times. "I'm about to cum," he said, steeling his voice, "And you're going to swallow every drop like a good girl. You spill a single drop, and I'm gonna let Rosco fuck your ass when he gets done in your pussy."

The threat worked. Sure enough, a few seconds later, Lindsey felt something thick and bleachy-tasting shoot into her mouth. She coughed as the spurt hit the back of her throat, making her gag, but though her cheeks puffed out from the cough, she managed to keep her father's spooge contained. Even as another spurt tickled her tonsils, she began swallowing the unpleasant-tasting stuff down. It was hard with her father's thick, throbbing cock pressing against her tongue, but she finally managed to get it all down. Only then did her father let go of her face and pull his rod from her mouth.

Lindsey gasped and sputtered, drooling on the ground and feeling woozy. No longer supported and held in place by her father's cock and hands, she felt herself wobbling unsteadily. Finally, her arms collapsed, and she lay with her ass in the air, groaning and whimpering incoherently as her mind began to focus on the pleasure she was feeling in her groin. She was still scare—to be sure—but the good feelings seemed to take the edge off. She realized that she could feel Rosco's knot throbbing against her every time he squirted, each pulsation against her g-spot sending another ripple of ecstasy coursing up her spine. She began to pant again, but this time from arousal rather than pain.

Rosco shifted, rubbing roughly against Lindsey's g-spot and sending out a shock wave of arousal that radiated from Lindsey's groin. Lindsey moaned loudly, squeezing her eyes closed and doubling over as she experienced her first-ever orgasm, so intense that it made her toes curl and her whole body shudder. Fireworks went off in her mind, and she felt as though she had achieved something important, though she could not say what.

But even after his captive climaxed, Rosco didn't let up. Lindsey began to squirm, feeling even more sensitive now than before, and once again, she began to feel a hint of panic. But as Rosco's knot rubbed her sensitive nub, panic gave way to delirium. Lindsey began to mutter incoherently, her body occasionally twitching as the dog's knot pushed her over the edge twice more before he finally finished his own orgasm.

The next part happened suddenly. Lindsey had been lying with her face on the floor and her ass in the air, her eyes half-closed, when she suddenly felt him shift much more drastically than he had before. A squirt of cum splashed out of her pussy, streaking her buttock. She opened her eyes and started to get back up on all fours when Rosco abruptly took a step away. The pain from before came back all at once as his still-too-big knot yanked against her deflowered passage, eliciting a yelp. He tugged again, and Lindsey felt something give. A shiver crawled up her neck as the dog pulled once more, her passage stretched, and with a yell from the beleaguered seven-year-old, he pulled free and immediately laid down to lick himself down.

Lindsey stood stock-still on all fours, paralyzed by the abrupt shift from pleasure to pain to relief, but before she could fully process it, she felt Rosco's cum beginning to leak out of her, itching furiously as it streamed down her inner thighs. Shriveling her nose, she started to sit down.

"You stay there on all fours until Rosco is done with you," her father ordered.

"But it *itches*!" Lindsey protested, reaching down to wipe at the thick, slippery liquid dribbling out of her pussy.

Her father snatched her hand and held it to the ground alongside her other one.

"When he is done, you can touch yourself," he reiterated firmly. "Not before."

Fortunately for Lindsey, Rosco finished licking himself promptly and, tail wagging, snuffled up between her legs. Lindsay gasped, feeling a tentative lick from the dog's warm, soft tongue. She instinctively squeezed her legs closed, but then she groaned lewdly as that same tongue plunged inside of her. Arching her back, she spread her legs wide, giving him full access.

Playing with Rosco

© 2023 Jack Doe. All characters belong to their creator. Do not distribute without all copyright notices and disclaimers intact.

Rosco's ministrations were just as eager as his humping, but much gentler. Within no time at all, he had licked his cum out of her passage, off her folds, off her legs, and off the floor, making her prepubescent body climax one more time before he was done.

"Now, young lady, if you ever feel like playing with Rosco's dick again, you show him your pussy like a good bitch and let *him* do the touching," her father growled, standing and refastening his belt. "If I catch you touching his dick with your hand again, I'll let him fuck your face until you suffocate. You want that knot in your mouth so you can't breathe?"

"N-no..."

"Then be a good girl."

Playing with Rosco would never be the same.