

# **Canine Cravings**

**Faye Valentine**

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I'm telling you, Lacey, they're doing some fucked up shit at that place and if you can get in it just might be the story you need to finally make your name as an investigative journalist."

"Okay, and what sorts of fucked up shit are they doing, Trish? What specifically have you seen? And how did you see it? Do you have evidence?"

"All questions a great journalist would ask," Trish said, her cheeks turning pink. "The thing is I didn't see them myself per se, but..."

"I'm just going to stop you right there," Lacey said, shaking her head in irritation. "I'm not falling for another one of your ridiculous stories."

"It's not ridiculous! Unless you're calling Haley ridiculous."

"Haley?"

"She's the one that told me what she saw and we both know she isn't a liar."

"Fine, what did she see and does she have evidence of it?" Lacey asked, taking a loud sip of coffee that told her best friend that she was more than a little annoyed.

"She confided in me so you've got to swear never to tell anyone you heard this from me. Anyways, a few nights ago she couldn't sleep and while she was getting out of bed to go for a walk she saw her mother leaving. Curious, she followed and had this been from any other person I would've called bullshit, but it's Haley we're talking about here and, well, you know how she's been acting weird lately? Yeah, anyways, according to her, she hid in some trees and watched her mother get out of her car, strip naked and then crawl on all fours to a group of men that, um, well, you know."

"No, actually, I don't know."

"God, do I really need to spell it out? They screwed her."

"Okay, but I fail to see how that's fucked up or news-worthy."

"It gets better. A lot of the people, both men and women were wearing what Haley described as animal costumes and after a while her mother put one on as well and then...I swear to god I'm not making this up, she said she watched them all have sex with...with animals. She said mostly dogs, but some were jerking and sucking off horses and five women, her mother included were strapped to benches and actually fucked by them. Now, if that isn't some fucked up illegal shit then I'd like to know your definition of what is."

"She watched her mother have sex with a horse? Come on, Trish, you can't possibly expect me to believe that."

"I'm only telling you what she told me. That sort of thing is illegal, right?"

"Yes, bestiality is illegal, but..."

"Then go get the story and shut them down."

"It's not that easy."

"Sure it is. You take your camera, drive over there and catch them in the act."

"Assuming they're at it."

"According to Haley they do this sort of thing seven days a week. I know what you're going to ask and she said she followed her mother there seven nights in a row and saw her doing the same thing each time. Well, not exactly the same things step by step, but she watched her get screwed by gangs of men, woman and animals."

"And in all that time she didn't get any evidence?"

“She did, but nothing she was willing to give me. I’ve seen the pictures, Lacey, and the look on her mother’s face as she was fucked by dogs and horses has been permanently burned into my brain.”

“Does her dad know? Does he go there as well? Did she recognize anyone else?”

“No, no and if she did she isn’t telling.”

“Fine, we’ll go check it out, but if this turns out to be another one of your sick jokes I’ll never believe another word out of your mouth.”

“Cool, let me know what you, wait, did you say *we’ll* go check it out?”

“I did. And your reaction is telling me you’re full of shit.”

“If I’m full of shit then Haley’s full of shit and we both know that ain’t true. Besides, I’ve seen the pictures and that’s enough for one lifetime thank you very much.”

“We both go or neither of us do and I won’t negotiate on that.”

“Fine. I’ll go home and change and then I’ll come back over here around ten. Wear something black.”

“Before we do this I just have one question, if what you say is true then why come to me with it? Why don’t you and Haley go to the police?”

“Haley’s parents are out of state on vacation right now so if the shit hits the fan in the next three weeks they won’t be involved.”

“Unless whomever owns the place drops her mother’s name.”

“Fine, but I still smell one of your tricks and I really don’t like it.”

“I don’t know how many times I have to say this isn’t a trick so I’m not even going to bother. I’ll be here at ten to pick you up. If you’re dressed and ready to go we will, if not, then, well, I guess you consider me a liar and I’ll have to re-evaluate our friendship.” Huffing, Trish stomped across the hardwood living room floor and threw the door open so hard there would have been a hole in the wall had there not been a doorstop in place.

Sighing, Lacey closed the door, picked her phone up off the coffee table and then dialed Haley to confirm the outlandish story she had just been told. “Hey, Haley, you got a minute?”

“Sure, what’s up?”

“I need to ask you something very important but before I do I want your word you won’t be pissed at Trish.”

“GOD DAMN SON OF A MOTHERFUCKING GOD DAMN IT!” Haley angrily shouted so loud Lacey held the phone at arm’s length and could still hear her friend loud and clear. When it stopped she slowly put it back to her ear. “She told you about my mother, didn’t she?”

“Is it true?”

“Unfortunately. Please don’t tell anyone else. And for the love of god, if you value our friendship you’ll leave my mother’s name out of it.”

“Out of what?”

“Don’t act dumb with me. We both know the only reason Trish told you is to get you to investigate and the only reason you called me is to confirm what would otherwise be another of her ridiculous stories. Unfortunately, I can assure you that after following my mother every night for two damn weeks, every word of it is true.”

“Does your mother know you followed her? Does she know you took pictures?”

“No, and until school starts back up in the fall and I can get the hell out of here I’d like to keep it that way. I’m sorry I screamed at you. I was just pissed she told you despite me begging her to keep it to herself.”

“To be honest she did tell me to keep it to myself and had it been anyone else I would have, but you know how much she likes playing tricks on people so I had to confirm her story before she comes back to pick me up.”

“You’re going there?”

“How else am I going to get the story?”

“Jesus Christ, Lacey, are you out of your mind? You have no idea what those monsters are capable of. Please, just drop it.”

“You know that makes the journalist in me want to dig deeper, right?”

“I can’t prevent you from going, but you’ve been warned so if anything happens it’s on your heads.”

“What are you talking about? Come on, Haley, what aren’t you telling me?”

“Trish doesn’t know this part. No one does. So if it gets out our friendship is over and I’ll make it my life’s goal to discredit your journalistic etiquette. As I said before, I followed my mother every night for two weeks, but what I didn’t say is that I was caught on the last day. Things were winding to an end and my mother was pulling out of the driveway so she was thankfully not there when it happened. Anyways, I.. I um, moved in for a closer look and as I was quietly making my way towards a better vantage point I stepped on a twig and suddenly had a dozen startled men and women glaring at me. I don’t want to relive all the details so I’ll just say one thing led to another and...and I...they...I was strapped to a bench and fucked by seven dogs and four horses,” Haley said. A moment later she broke down and cried incoherently.

“OH MY GOD! Are you okay? Do you need me to come over?”

“I was fucked by animals! And...and...the m-men. And aft...afterwards the women l-l-licked me clean. NO I’M NOT OKAY! I’m barely holding it together! Please, Lacey, you can’t go there no matter how much Trish pushes you in that direction.”

“If they’re having sex with animals and forcing others to do the same they need to rot in prison. I promise we’ll be careful and as soon as I’ve got the evidence I’ll take it to the police and have them shut down. That being said, if they do this every night, there’s no need for me to go there right away. Would you like me to come over?”

“For what?” Haley snapped back in embarrassment. “Sorry. I mean, sure, a shoulder to cry on would be great, but only someone that’s been thorough the same thing could possibly understand what I’m feeling right now and the only one I know who has is my mother and I can’t even look her in the eyes anymore because it’s her damn fault this happened to me.”

“I understand. That is, I understand why you don’t want me there, but I’d still like to come over just to make sure you’re okay and to give you that shoulder to cry on.”

“I appreciate the offer but I’d honestly like to be alone right now. Just promise me you’ll be careful because those people don’t mess around with trespassers.”

“Can I ask you an incredibly fucked up question?”

“I know what you’re going to ask and the answer is humiliating, degrading, painful and unbelievably, mind-blowingly orgasmic. Which is one of the reasons the whole experience was so damn humiliating and degrading. And to answer your follow-up question, no, I have not done it since nor will I ever do it again. Now, if that’s all I’d really like to never talk about it again.”

“Then you’ll never hear me bring it up, but even if I can’t understand what you went through I’m here for you Haley no matter what.”

“Thanks. Let me know how things go at the ponygirl playground.”

“The what?”

“Trish didn’t tell you? That’s what they call their ranch.”

“Ah. She mentioned something about them dressed as animals, is that true?”

“Yeah. Honestly, the outfits are really well made and some might even be kind of cute in an incredibly perverted way, but they’re all modeled after various animals all the way down to the tailed butt plugs with the plugs being anatomically correct silicone versions of the real thing.”

“Holy shit! Wait, how in the world did they manage to get animal dick plugs made without someone turning them in just for asking?”

“You haven’t shopped for sex toys recently have you?”

“Um, no, why?”

“They’re all over the internet. Google it sometime. Apparently, since it’s not a real animal it’s perfectly legal. Anyways, be careful Lacey, and don’t let Trish talk you into anything stupid.”

“Thanks, and I won’t.” Hanging up the phone, Lacey put it back on the coffee table and then spent the next three hours pacing back and forth – her mind racing between what both of her friends had told her and the risk of the same happening to her should she and Trish venture too close. Finally concluding the reward of sending a bunch of perverts to prison vastly outweighed the consequences or chances of getting caught, she ultimately went to the bathroom, took a shower and then put on the only black clothes she owned that was not a dress or skirt.