

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Part 1

So, this what my life has become. One terrible disaster after another. It hasn't always seemed like that, but the last few weeks has been horrid. It started about three weeks ago. I was pregnant with my boyfriend's child, and we were ecstatic. At about three months along, I got into a car accident, and miscarried. I was totally devastated. My boyfriend blamed me for the accident, and in turn blamed me for losing the baby. And to finish off the hat-trick, he walked out on me.

I had to be hospitalized for several days, due to internal injuries the doctors wanted to monitor. I let my boss know what had happened, and she told me she understood, and would see me back at work as soon as possible. When I got back to work about a week later, she completely flipped the on me, and told me I should have been at work, and that the doctor's letter was clearly a fake. I showed her my bruises from the seat belt (and the still fading black eyes from the air bag) and she chalked it up to bad make up, and fired me.

And for the last two weeks, every job I've submitted a resume to, they call my previous employer, and she tells them how I am incompetent, and that I lied about being in a car accident and faking a miscarriage to get a free week off of work. Needless to say, call backs weren't happening very quickly. So I was sitting in an apartment with rent that would soon be due, mounting medical bills because my car insurance company was arguing paying for the miscarriage treatment, and not paying any of the bills they received.

Finally, when I thought things couldn't get worse, I got a call back for one of the jobs I applied for. The caller told me about the miserable things my previous employer had said, and decided to actually look into the matter. He said he knew some folks at the police department and hospital, and they confirmed my story. He also started his personal attorneys on getting me compensated for my wrongful termination, pro bono. All I had to do was come in and interview, and hopefully accept the job. I asked if his help would be pending on me accepting, and he assured me, it only pended on coming to the interview. I thanked him for his generosity, and scheduled the interview. I asked him what would be appropriate, and he said business casual.

I went to the interview a few days later, and I dressed as suggested. I was wearing a v-necked dark colored blouse, and a bra with just enough lift to make the cleavage from my C cup breasts noticeable, but not whorish. I wore a sensible, but tight pair of dress pants, but no panties, as I hate having any panty lines showing. I was wearing a pair of sensible flats. I put my fiery red hair up in a simple, businesslike bun.

I pulled up to the address he gave me for the interview, and saw that it was at a partial estate out in the country. "What am I getting into?" I asked myself. The gate opened, and I drove upto the house, and saw someone coming down the front steps.

"Stephanie?" he asked cheerfully, flashing a very handsome smile.

"Yes."

"I'm Robert, we spoke on the phone the other day."

It was nice to put a face to the name. He had short brown hair, flecked with gray, bright blue eyes, a chiseled jaw line, and aqualine features. He was wearing a polo shirt, khaki slacks, and like me, sensible shoes. He stood about 6'3", and had a strongly built chest, and the muscled arms suggested he worked out. I could imagine the abs hidden beneath his shirt.

"So I read your resume, and was thoroughly impressed. Unfortunately, we didn't have any positions open at the company. However, I think I could use your skills as a domestic assistant. You said, you were a records manager, correct?"

"Yes, I was responsible for archiving files at the law firm I worked for, and helping the paralegals with research. Mostly retrieving case files, so they could use previous precedents for whatever cases they were currently on. But, why as a domestic assistant? It sounds like you are hiring me as a maid," I chuckled.

"By domestic, I do mean around my house. And more importantly, I run a dog breeding operation here on the estate. And I need someone with your meticulous skills to handle registration paperwork, client lists, and, well, to be honest manage the whole thing. If you are interested, we can go back to the office in the kennels and we can discuss it."

I was very intrigued. I had never worked as a dog breeder, and wasn't quite sure what I was being asked. So, I agreed and we went down to the kennels. He showed me the estate, and explained the history, pointed out the stables for his horses and explained he also boarded for top horse breeders as well. The grounds were beautiful. I could only imagine getting to come work here every day. We got into the office, and I saw why he wanted someone of my meticulous nature. It was a wreck. Unorganized files, paperwork strewn about, and a sea of sticky notes.

"As you can see, my last manager was ineffective. He was getting the job done, but after I got an angry call from a client about him not showing up with a dog, I decided to check up on it. I came down and found...well...this. I called my accountant and asked about the income, and he looked into it, and it turns out, over the last few months, he had been charging. The right amount, but was skimming enough off the top to make it look like my business was just slowing down. He was just sentenced for embezzlement. Good riddance."

"So, Robert..."

"Bob. I like to keep things relaxed for people who work directly for me."

"Bob," I started again, "what would my compensation be?"

He went on to explain that I would be taking a hefty raise from the law firm I worked at, as well as having an apartment attached to the kennels, as well as free insurance and he would cover any costs to break my lease from my old apartment.

I was sold, and thanked him, and asked when I started.

"I was hoping today?"

I lost some, if not all of my composure, and threw my arms around his neck. After all I had been through my luck finally turned around. I regained my composure, and apologized.

"Don't worry about it. We are all bound to act like a human being from time to time," he chuckled. "I'm going to let you get started. Liz, my executive assistant, will be down shortly with your W4, and get your sizes for the uniforms."

"Uniforms?"

He explained that the staff all wore monogrammed shirts with the estate name, as well as employee names, khaki pants, and shoes that were all covered, as well as jackets and fleece vests for during

the winter.

With that he left, and I started trying to make sense of the mess. Liz, a fairly plain woman, came in and we sat down and completed all the paperwork for payroll, insurance, and she got the sizes for my uniforms.

I met with the breeding staff, and they were happy to help sort out the mess my predecessor left behind. By 9:00, I had sorted out most of the mess figured out, and had gotten an idea of how I was going to start organizing. I decided to call it a night and went to check out the apartment. There was a door marked "PRIVATE" in the office that opened to it, so there was no need to actually go outside. It wasn't much more than what I was staying in, but it was fully furnished, with a big screen tv, couch, table, end tables, and the bedroom had a comfy queen sized bed. I started to head to my car and was met by Bob.

"Working late?"

"Just finishing up. I was going to head back to my apartment for the night, and start packing. I'm going to need clothes and stuff."

"Sounds good, see you in the morning."

I got back home, and started throwing slacks and nice shirts in a garment bag, and all my everyday wear stuff went into a pair of suit cases. The next morning, I threw everything I packed, plus the other odds and ends I needed in the car and headed for the estate.

I arrived early and put everything away, and dressed for the day. I threw in slacks and a polo shirt (I needed to look like the rest of the staff), and started with the filing and organizing that I planned out the night before.

After another long tedious day, I went back into my new apartment and showered, and threw on a pair of panties and a t shirt. I heard the door close to the office, and opened my apartment door, and there was a bottle of wine sitting on the desk with a card.

"Thank you for offering to straighten out the mess. I can't imagine it is easy. Bob" it read. I grabbed a glass from the kitchen and opened the wine to have a glass. I wasn't much of a wine drinker, but then again, I wasn't going to turn it down either. I poured the wine, and decided that I would take a walk through the kennels.

There were eight individual kennels, and each one had a massive English mastiff. A male English mastiff. Then it hit me, What Bob meant by "breeding" was that he ran a stud service. Basically, he was a pimp for dogs. The thought made me giggle, and I realized again why I didn't drink wine, as I was already tipsy. I placed my hand on the kennel and balanced myself. When I had my balance, I went to the dogs and started letting the gentle giants sniff at my hand through the chain link. Most of them would sniff me and lick my hand, a couple gave a deep, rumbling "woof" and wag their tails. I really loved the dogs, they were all a beautiful tan, with dark faces, the perfect example of their breed. I drank the last of my wine, and decided to walk into one of the kennels.

The big dog sat down patiently as I came into the kennel. I shut the gate and latched it behind me. I went to the big dog and knelt down beside him. I was talking to him, asking his name, while petting on him. He turned and stepped into me and started licking my face, and knocking me over on my butt.

"Ow," I laughed. "Does someone want some attention?"

I turned on to my hands and knees to get up, and he pushed his nose into my panties, and I could feel his breath push through the fabric and tickle my nether lips.

"Whoa there, big guy. I'm not that kind of girl. You need to take me to dinner at least."

I stood up, and walked to the kennel door, and when I turned around, he buried his nose in the crotch of my panties, sniffing and licking at my crotch.

"No, bad dog," I said in a raised voice. I was starting to get scared, and my voice was cracking. The giant dog pushed in between me and the gate, and I turned to walk to the other side of the kennel. When I did, 200 pounds of dog suddenly jumped on my back, and all 110 pounds of me went straight to my hands and knees.

I was paralyzed with fear. If I tried to get up, the dog will just knock me down, but I didn't want to stay on my hands and knees, because I didn't know what would happen. The dog continued to sniff and lick at the crotch of the panties. I told myself if I just held still, he would get bored and walk away. That thought went out the window the minute I felt him bite into my soaked panties and hear the tearing sound when he shook his head. I felt his cold nose poke into my cunt lips, and then his tongue licking my slit. And then I felt my body start to react to his tongue. I could feel my lips starting to part as my body told me it was becoming aroused, and I could feel that I was starting to get wet.

When his tongue hit my clit, it was like electricity. It felt good, and I was ashamed with myself. How could I think this is feeling good? I'm being molested against my will! This shouldn't feel good! And then his tongue hit my clit again, and I moaned, despite knowing this shouldn't be happening. Then he started probing my channel, his rough, bristly tongue reaching deep inside me. I moaned again as his tongue hit depths my boyfriend's (or any other man before him) tongue could reach. Somewhere in the back of my mind, a small voice was telling me that I should enjoy it, but my rational mind was telling me it wasn't ok. I could feel the pressure growing in me, and I was shocked that my body was betraying me by building towards an orgasm on the dog's tongue. He went back to licking my slit again, and when his tongue hit my clit again, the dam burst, and a big orgasm hit me. Completely despondent over my body's betrayal, I laid my head down on my arms and started crying.

In the dog's mind, with my ass in the air and my head on the ground, I was showing him my submission, and he jumped on my back again. When he got in position, he wrapped his powerful front legs around my hips and started humping. I was now petrified. I could feel a hard, wet object bouncing off the backs of my thighs. I knew it was his dick looking for the right spot. I looked below me, and despite my t shirt, I could see his big red rocket. And I mean big! The monster dog had a massive cock! It was at least 8 inches long and still growing, and about two inches across. As he kept humping, I could feel his cock getting closer to its mark. It was hitting my panties, then it was hitting in my lips, and then the tip was seated in my opening. When the dog knew he hit his mark, he shoved as much of his cock in me as possible.

"No!" I screamed as his cock roughly plowed into my pussy. He was driving into me like a jackhammer, with no mercy as he forced my pussy to stretch as he violated me. As his rough fucking continued. I could feel myself being filled like no man ever filled me before, and despite the fact that I knew I was being raped, that voice in the back of my mind was becoming more and more present. It kept telling me that this is what I wanted, to be thoroughly used. And before long it had taken over all thought, as my body was building close and closer to orgasm. I found myself thrusting my ass back to meet his powerful, frenetic fucking. As my orgasm drew closer, I could feel something that felt like a hot tennis ball pushing up against my pussy lips. I was so lost in trying to reach my own orgasm, I completely forgot about the fact that when dogs mate, they end up tied together with the

male's knot. I just didn't care. I was pushing back against his knot, harder and harder, as I felt it stretching my tight opening.

Soon it was about halfway into my pussy, and the end of his cock was pushing against my cervix. I threw my ass back at the dog and forced the rest of his knot inside me, and I felt it start to grow. It was swelling, putting constant pressure on my g spot, and the biggest orgasm of my life ripped through me. My contracting cunt was squeezing around his knot, making my orgasm carry on forever. Soon the dog's humping stopped, and then I felt a hot spray of dog cum coat the inside of my stuffed pussy. Jet after jet of cum was being unleashed in me, and that only added to the pleasure I was feeling.

Soon, he stopped cumming, and just laid on my back. After a couple minutes, he got off of me and stepped over my back so we were ass to ass, waiting in his organ to deflate so we could separate. I don't know how long we were like that, but eventually, he pulled away from me. It hurt like hell when his knot pulled out of my cunt, and my thighs were coated as a flood of dog jizz ran out of my pussy.

He walked past me, and for the first time I saw what was in me. His cock, from the tip to the base of his knot had to be 11 inches. I had never had a man with that kind of length or girth, and my pussy felt like it was stretched wide enough to have a train run through it and not feel it. As soon as I could stand, I stood up in shaky legs and let myself out of the kennel. I staggered down the kennel, anxious to get to the shower in the apartment and get cleaned up.

After my shower, I laid down and passed out. I didn't wake up till about 10 the next morning, my pussy aching. I got dressed and went out to the office, and found a box with a note on top of it.

"Stephanie, I need to see you when you get up. Make sure you are wearing what is in the box. If not, consider yourself terminated. Bob," the note read.

I opened the box and inside was a collar with a pendant. It simply said "Bitch". Seeing as how I didn't seem to have a choice, I put the collar on, and steeled myself for whatever Bob had in store for me...

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## **Part 2**

As I walked up to the manor, last night kept playing through my mind. I just wanted to meet the dog, and so I let myself into the kennel. Then before I knew it, he had knocked me down, and was sniffing me. Then he ripped my panties and started licking my pussy, driving me to orgasm against my will. When I thought he was done, he jumped on my back and raped me. But, the worst part of it was when I let myself go, and started to enjoy it.

I woke up this morning and found this note and the collar from Bob. The note said to put on the collar and go see him, or else I'd be fired. I didn't know what to expect, but I was scared. I'm sure he knew about last night. I wasn't sure how, but he knew, and he had me over a barrel. I walked in the front door, and was met by Liz.

"Stephanie, Bob is waiting for you. Please follow me, and I will take you to his office."

I followed her through the manor, completely in awe at the expansive building. It almost overwhelmed the dread I had of going to see Bob. She led me to a room with double doors, and opened one, and gestured for me enter. I took a deep breath, swallowed nervously, and stepped

inside. The door latched behind me, and I was alone with Bob in his office.

"Ah, Stephanie," Bob said, smiling gently. Come on over, and have a seat."

He gestures to a leather sofa to the side of his desk. I walked over and sat down, my hands folded on my lap.

"So, last night..."

"Bob, I can explain."

"No need. I have it all on camera. You see, each dog is pedigreed, and is worth about three grand. Eight dogs, three grand each, that is a sizable investment. So each kennel has its own camera, as well as a camera at each end of the walk way."

He picked up a remote, and pointed it at a tv across the office, and turned it on. There I was, glass of wine in hand, in my t shirt and panties, walking down the corridor, meeting each of the dogs. Then I walked into the kennel.

The camera showed everything that happened, and Bob made me sit and watch as the dog sniffed at me, then knocked me down. Bob paused the tape.

"Now, what happens for the next 12 minutes or so, is obviously against your will. I won't delude myself into thinking you wanted it. But let me fast forward, to about here, and let's turn the volume up, shall we?"

He advanced the security tape and started playing it with the volume up. And there I was in high def, clearly thrusting back against the dog's thrusts, moaning like a porn star.

"Clearly, you had a change. You obviously decided you liked it at the end."

"I...I...I don't know what happened," I stammered. "I was terrified, but something in me tripped, and suddenly, I...I...just wanted to cum."

"So, you admit that you became aware of your arousal?"

"Yes."

"Now, answer honestly. What did watching the tape do for you?"

"I'm not sure. I'm embarrassed, but seeing myself like that..." I trailed off.

"Was exciting?" Bob offered.

"Um, yeah, I don't know," I answered, shaking. I just knew it was about to get bad. "I don't know why, but seeing myself not being able to have control, it was turning me on."

Bob looked at me, and flatly said, "Take off your clothes."

"Wha-" and I was cut off with a sharp smack to my face.

"This is the last time I'm telling you. Take. Off. Your. Clothes."

He was glaring at me, and I had no choice. I stood up and started removing my clothes. I pulled my

polo over my head, and reached behind me and unclasped my bra, and pulled it off, freeing my C cups. I kicked off my shoes, and started to remove my khakis. After I was down to my thong, Bob stopped me.

"That's good enough. Sit back down and spread your legs."

I did as I was ordered, and Bob got on his knees in front of me.

"My, my. It looks like my new kennel bitch is turned on. Your panties are getting quite wet," he said with a smirk. "Go ahead, take them off and let me see that your bitch cunt."

I had never been so humiliated, or turned on. Sure my boyfriend liked to talk dirty in bed, but he was never this demanding or controlling. And against all my good reasoning, it was only making me hotter. I pulled my little thing off, and showed Bob what he was wanting to see. He was quite taken with my pussy, and started rubbing my lips, and running his thumb through the little landing strip above my slit.

"Your pussy seems to be in good shape after that little fuck session with my dog last night," he mused. He inserted two fingers in my wet tunnel, and began to roughly finger fuck me. "And you are still tight! Your pussy is going to make me a fortune."

What was happening to me? I was writhing with pleasure on the couch as he finger fucked my cunt, using me as a fuck toy. He then pulled his fingers out of my pussy, and started toying with my puckered anal ring. As he pushed the tip of one finger through it, I moaned. I had never had my ass fingered, much less ever tried anal sex. I was amazed at how it felt as he took control of my body.

"Now this is a surprise. Your ass is so tight. Tell me, bitch, have you ever had anal sex?" he asked.

"Noo," I moaned, pushing my hips to his finger.

While he continued to finger my ass, his other hand went to his pants and he fished out his cock. He was sitting where if I looked down my body, I couldn't see his dick if I tried. I grabbed my tits and started kneading them and pinching my nipples as he inserted a second finger in my virgin hole.

He quickly pulled his fingers out of my loosening ass. Then he roughly shoved his cock up my ass.

"Aargh!" I screamed as he penetrated me. He didn't let me have time to adjust to him. He immediately started slamming his cock into my ass. As he grudge fucked me, he reached up and grabbed my tits like he was trying to squeeze everything out of them.

"Your ass is mine now, bitch," he growled as he roughly plowed me.

Soon the pain was replaced by pleasure, and I started thrusting back to meet him. He was pounding me as hard as the dog fucked my pussy last night, but without the speed. It didn't matter, because I was already building towards my orgasm. As I moaned my pleasure to him he started fucking me faster and harder. Soon I was on the cusp of my release when he stopped and pulled his cock out of me.

He climbed up on the sofa and for the first time I saw his cock. It was huge! Easily as long as the cock that raped me last night, and he promptly shoved it in my mouth.

"Suck it, whore!" he yelled. "Clean your ass of my cock!"



I sucked greedily at his meat, sucking on his cock head till I could no longer taste my ass on him. He grabbed my ponytail and pulled my head back and started trying to shove all 11 inches of his manhood down my throat. Every time he hit the back of my throat, I would gag and choke on his dick as he face fucked me.

"I'm going to cum," he grunted, and you're going to swallow every drop."

Just then, he sprayed the back of my mouth and throat with his hot, sticky seed. There was so much, I didn't think my mouth would hold it all. Finally he pumped his last spurt of cum and he pulled his dick out of my mouth.

"Swallow it," he ordered.

I closed my mouth and tasted the saltiness of his load, and with an audible gulp, I swallowed it all.

"Now, put your clothes on, and get to work. I will come down to the kennel, and we will discuss your new duties as my kennel bitch."

With that, he climbed off of me and tucked his deflating cock back in his pants and walked over to his desk. I put my own clothes back on, glancing over my shoulder, and he was buried in paperwork. As soon as I had my clothes in hand, I retreated to my office at the kennel.

Back in the kennel, I went into my apartment and looked at myself in the mirror. My makeup was wrecked from this morning, and that damn collar was almost laughing at me. How could I have gotten into this situation? All because I decided to go into that kennel? And why did my body have to tell me that it liked being used by that dog?

A million more questions went through my head. I washed my face off, and reapplied my make up, and decided I had to just make it through the day. So I went back out to the office and went to work. There was a nice computer in the office, and I went through it, and saw that there were no records being kept there. I decided now would be the right time to start digitizing as many of the records as I could. I spent the whole day compiling client lists, appointments, shot records, and when they were due. By the end of the day, I had pretty much put the morning's events out of my mind.

Around seven, there was a knock at the office door.

"Come in," I yelled from my apartment. I heard the door open and close, and I figured it was Bob coming to discuss the new "duties" he mentioned this morning. At first everything was strictly the business, how I'd come on organizing everything. I told him about making sense of all the files, and then showed him the spreadsheets I put on the computer. He seemed to be very impressed with all I had done in the two days I had put into it.

"Very nice. Now to get down to the other business. First and foremost, our original agreement still stands. You will still get your normal salary, plus the room and board, and this weekend, you will have an opportunity to finish moving and clear the lease on your other place. But your new duties start now. You are to be my new kennel bitch. And as such, your dress code for after hours will be the collar. So go ahead..."

He waved his fingers to tell me to go ahead and disrobe. I no sooner had my clothes off, and he continued.

"Every day you will 'service' a different dog. And remember, I have security cameras, so I will know if you aren't. Also, if I call you during the day to come to my office, you will immediately. Come in

and lock the door, then get into your kennel attire. When I am done with you, you will go straight back to work. I will also have you entertain at functions. You will have the attire dropped off, and you will wear that. Nothing else, so if there are panties, you will wear those ones, and if not, you won't wear any. Also, for your services, I will be giving you a bonus. Under the table of course." He reached into a satchel he brought with him and pulled out a document.

"This is a non-disclosure agreement. Any and all activities you participate in, are for us, and whomever you are entertaining to know about only. It also states that in the event that you decide to up and quit working for me without due notice, videos and pictures of you will be sent to any places that you apply for in lieu of a letter of recommendation. And if you choose not to sign, I will terminate your employment, and the same goes as before. I will submarine any attempt at employment elsewhere. Understood?"

I sat there, stunned. He had me over a damn barrel. I couldn't quit, because I would end up crawling back to the only place I could work, and who knows if I would even get paid. And before I could job hunt, I would have to let him know. I was surrendering total control to him.

Seeing as I didn't have any choice, I signed the paper.

"Good, now let's go see what I'll be paying you extra for."

He stood up and led me by the hand to the kennels. He walked me over to one of the kennels, opened the gate and shoved me inside. I was still in shock at what was happening to me and I stood frozen.

"Part of being these dogs' bitch means you act like a bitch in heat. That means you get down and your hands and knees, and present yourself to be fucked. Don't make me have to fire you on the first day."

Shaking, I got down on my hands and knees, and lowered my upper body and spread my knees. This dog was easily larger than the one that raped me the night before. He walked around me and sniffed at my pussy. The humiliation at what was happening to me was making me start to get wet. The dog could sense my building arousal, and started licking at my cunt to get it good and wet. This time, with out my panties being in the way, he started lapping at my hole, pushing his tongue deep inside, getting all the juice that was building inside of me.

Tonight, now that I knew it was going to happen, I put all the humiliation and shame out of my mind. I decided that if this was what I was going to be, I was going to enjoy it as much as possible. I started pushing my hips back at the dog's face, forcing his long tongue further into my snatch. I started moaning as he licked at my pussy. The previous night, I was so terrified that I didn't appreciate what a dog's long tongue could do, but now I was enthralled. I moaned louder as my orgasm neared.

"Like that," I encouraged. "Keep licking me, I'm so close to cumming, Bob. Do you want to watch your bitch cum on this doggy tongue?"

I looked over my shoulder, and Bob had his impressive dick out slowly stroking it. I was getting so turned on, not having my own will. I was there to be a fuck toy, a cum dumpster for my boss and his dogs. And the realization made me so hot that I came.

"Oh god! I'm cumming!" I squealed, as wave after wave of pleasure rolled through my spasming pussy.

The dog, having lubed my pussy with his tongue, mounted me. He had about 40 pounds on the first dog, and his weight landing on my back send a flash of pain as my elbows and knees were found into the concrete floor. I could feel his hot slimy cock rubbing my mound and stomach as he humped at me, searching for his target. I tried I reach back and guide him to my hole, but I couldn't hold my self under his immense weight.

Slowly I felt his prick moving closer to the target. His dick was repeatedly hitting my clit, sending jolts of pleasure through me. Hornier than ever, and wanting that massive cock in me, I rolled my hips, and I felt his tip find it's mark.

With a massive push, he buried half of his meat in me, and I was in heaven. His cock was fatter than the other's, and I moaned like a whore as his girth stretched me. As he pumped me like a jackhammer, he pushed deeper and deeper inside.

"Bob, he's so big!" I moaned. "He's stretching my pussy. It feels so good." I was moaning I uncontrollably as the mastiff railed me out. Soon, I could feel his tip against my cervix, stretching me deeper as he forced the rest of his cock in me. Then I felt it, his knot was slapping against my obscenely parted lips.

"Mmm...fuck me...knot me. Make me your bitch. Tie up with your new bitch," I pled to the dog. Turning to Bob, I asked "Does the master like watching his bitch get fucked?"

"Master?" Bob chuckled. "Yes. 'Master' enjoys it," he answered as he furiously stroked his eleven inch tool.

Soon the dogs know was pushing in, then pulling out of my lips. Every time it went in, in would press into my g spot, driving me crazy. I was thrusting my hips back into him, trying to get him to tie me up. I was dying for an orgasm like the previous night, and I wanted to feel his cum spraying in me like a fire hose. Finally, I felt his know swelling just outside my pussy, to where it was larger than what I was opening. I spread my knees some more and threw myself onto his fleshy sword, and forced his know into my pussy. His knot continued to swell, stretching me further, and pushing against my g spot.

"Master, he's tied with me!" I moaned. "Pressing...g spot...God, I'm cumming!"

This orgasm was even bigger than the last one. My pussy clamped down on the dogs dick, milking it from the knot to the tip. My orgasm brought on the dogs own peak, and I felt a rumble deep in me as he started cumming.

"He's cumming in me! I feel it! It's spraying my walls... Filling me up."

After about two minutes, I felt his cock stop jerking and spraying in me.

"Is he done, bitch?" Bob asked.

"Yes, he's done," I panted...

"Pardon me?"

"Yes, he's done, Master."

Bob came into the kennel, and knelt in front of me with his cock out. He grabbed me by the hair and jerked my face up. I opened my mouth to suck his cock, but he just held me there, stroking his cock.

"Don't ever forget to call me 'Master' again, slut," he growled, and shot his load in my face. Rope after rope of his sticky seed hit everywhere on my face but my mouth. My face was left coated and he dropped my head.

I went to wipe up the cum, with the intent of swallowing it, but he slapped my hand away.

"No. You will clean up when I tell you. If you want to eat cum, wait a few minutes."

After about twenty minutes, I felt the swollen knot go down enough, and the dog started to pull away.

"Now, slut, before he pulls out, you are going to get your hand ready. As he pulls out, you will cover your cunt to hold the cum in. Then you will set back, legs spread, and then you can eat the cum that runs out. Understood?"

"Yes, Master."

I cupped my hand around the dogs cock, with it running between my fingers. As he pulled out, I did my best to block the semen with my hand and clamped my thighs shut to hold it all in. I sat back on my ass and spread my legs, and stared direct into Bob's eyes. I placed my other hand below my cunt, and let it pool with dog cum as I let it run out of my pussy. I brought it so my mouth, and noisily slurped it up. I was surprised at the taste. It was similar to a mans cum in flavor, but thinner, more watery. I had to be quite the scene: face coated in human cum, dog cum glistening on my lips and dripping down my chin, and my legs spread lasciviously and a pool of more dog cum gathering below my pussy.

"How does it taste?" Bob asked.

"Amazing, Master. Almost as good as Master's tastes."

"Then clean yourself up, we are done for tonight," Bob said as he turned to walk out. He stopped at the door, and said, "One more thing: you only call me Master when we are here or if I have you entertaining. During the work day, you will call me Robert, whether here or if I call you to the office. Understood?"

"Yes, Master."

With that, he walked out. I stood up and quickly made my way out of the kennel. I didn't want to take too long, because I didn't know if my thoroughly fucked pussy could handle round two. I walked through the office and to my apartment. I walked to the full length mirror in the living room and appraised what I saw.

My face was still dripping with cum from Bob and the dog. My knees and elbows were scraped up and raw from being fucked so hard on the concrete floor, and the last of the dog cum was trickling down the insides of my thighs.

"Have I lost my mind?" I asked myself. I had to admit, calling him master at first was more of a play on dog/master relationship, and I was the kennel bitch. Then it clicked: I was submitting to him, and I was getting off in it. Surely he was, because as soon as I said it, he really picked up his pace in striking his dick. The more I thought about it, the hotter it was making me.

So, I had a decision to make. Do I embrace this new side of me, and enjoy the pleasures afforded to me? Or do I just go through the motions, because of the blackmail plan Bob had put in place?

### Part 3

Two and a half months ago when I took the job at the kennel, I never knew it would lead to where I'm at today. Bob had hired me as his kennel manager, and it had some amazing perks, like the apartment that I stayed in rent free at the kennel. Then one night after too much wine, I went into a kennel with one of the dogs and was raped. But, to my dismay, I found that I wanted to cum, and was fucking him back as hard as he plowed me.

The next day, I found a collar with a pendant that said "Bitch" and a note in my office saying Bob wanted to see me. It turns out that Bob's security camera's recorded the whole thing, and he was blackmailing me into fucking him at will, and to service all of his dogs. When I resisted, he hit me, and scared me into compliance. That day he fucked me in the office, taking my anal cherry, and that night he watched as I fucked another one of his dogs while I sucked him off. Despite the total humiliation, I realized that submitting to him and the dogs was incredibly hot. This left me with my quandary: go through the motions, or fully embrace this lifestyle.

I decided that I would enjoy what was being given to me, but on condition. I gave it a couple days (and a couple excellent dog fucks) before I worked up my nerve to approach Bob. I went to the manor and to his office, where I broached the topic of my duties.

"Robert, if it would please you, I would like to talk to you about my duties."

Shutting the door behind me, he gestured to the couch that he ass fucked me on a few days earlier.

"Are you having regrets, Stephanie? You know the conditions, and you agreed to them."

"Yes, Sir. The last couple days, I've been thinking about it, and I willingly submit myself to you. But I am asking, as my master, please don't hit me. I will do as you say, when you say it, but hit me again, and I will walk away. I don't care about what you do to my career after that."

"Stephanie, what you said took a lot of courage. And I respect that. I admit, I was out of line. And if I lay another hand on you in anger, I will write you a glowing letter of recommendation."

We shook hands on the deal, and later that evening, he brought a new form for me to sign stating those very conditions. Over the next two months, it was a blur of dog sex, being used by Bob either in his office, or mine, or while the dogs were fucking me in the kennels.

One day, I left work to run to the feed store where Bob ordered his food for the dogs. When I got back to the kennel, I found a sexy cocktail dress, stiletto heels and crotchless panties hanging on the coat rack in my office. A note pinned to the dress simply said "My office, 8:30."

"Hmm... Looks like Master will have me entertaining tonight," I mused. The thought of being given to some other man to be used started my juices flowing. Since my submission to Bob, and knowing that I am to be used as a fuck toy, I've gotten aroused just getting called to the main office just to talk business.

I shut down operations early so I could get cleaned up and changed. I slipped into the crotchless panties, pulling the material against my thighs exposing my nether lips. I then pulled on the strapless cocktail dress. It lifted my full C cups to the point they looked like they defying gravity, exposing ample cleavage. The material clung to my curves perfectly, accentuating my ass and slender waist. I put on the stilettos and turned to check myself out in the mirror. Classy, with ample

sexy, but just shy of whorish. Like some TMZ socialite at a Hollywood gala, but everyone knew that they were going to get fucked.

I threw on a pair of sandals and walked to the manor. Once inside, I put the heels back on and made my way to Bob's office. Inside I was greeted by Bob and another man.

"Ah, Stephanie, come in, and shut the door please. And remember the rules."

"Yes, Robert," I answered as I closed the door. Once the door clicked shut, I turned to face Bob and the other man, and unzipped the little black dress. Concealing my excitement, I timidly lowered the dress, exposing my tits to the men. I stepped out of the dress and started to push my panties down and Bob stopped me, leaving me in nothing but the stilettos, panties, and my collar.

"Art, this is Stephanie, the new manager for my kennel. Let me tell you, she really loves working with the dogs. Stephanie, say hello to Mr. James."

"Hello, Mr. James," I said in a meek voice.

"I was talking to Art about expanding your breeding operations," Bob explained. "He also has a number of large breeds that he would like you to service as well."

"Yes," Art affirmed. "Bob told me you are very good with his dogs, and I am willing to pay \$1000 per breeding, based on what he had told me. What do you say?"

I didn't know what to say! That was a lot of money, and I was getting hornier as Bob and Art talked about the possible business venture. At a loss for words, I walked in front of Art, turned around, and lowered myself into the presentation pose that the dogs in the kennel taught me so well.

I was on the ground, on my knees, with my head lowered so my ass was exposed, ready to receive whatever stud animal was ready.

Art walked around me, enjoying the sight of his bought kennel bitch presenting herself for fucking. He stopped by my ass, and cupped my flesh in his hand. Then he slipped one of his fingers into my wanting hole.

"Damn, Bob. Your bitch is in heat. Is she always ready to go?"

"Pretty much. Why don't you get Titan, and see how he responds to his bitch?"

Art leisurely pulled his finger from my cunt, dragging it over my puckered ass hole, sending chills up my spine, and walked out the door. He returned about two minutes later with Titan.

"This is Titan," he said. "He is a gray wolf that I purchased from a collector. I planned on breeding him, and selling the pups, but the government won't give me a license."

I marveled at the size of the wolf before me. Although he wasn't built like Bob's mastiffs, I could tell that he was heavily muscled under his thick pelt. Art led him around me, and I felt his muzzle sniff my ass. Liking what was presented to him, his large, rough tongue started licking my pussy.

As his licking became for frenzied, I started moaning and spreading my knees to allow the wolf better access to my pussy. Once Titan was satisfied I was ready, he jumped on my back.

Once he was on my back, I truly felt the difference between Titan and the mastiffs. Where they were more lumbering, Titan was lean and athletic, his muscles rippling with raw power. As he began to

thrust against me, I felt the tip of his cock blindly jabbing into my ass cheeks. I reached behind me and took his growing tool on my hand and guided it to my opening. As soon as he felt my wet lips around the tip of his cock, he lunged forward, burying it deep inside me.

"Fuck!" I cried out. The last time I had been penetrated so deeply was when Bob took my ass for the first time. With his root firmly planted in me, Titan wrapped his powerful front legs around my waist and pulled me tighter against him. With each thrust, I could feel his cock driving deeper and deeper, and swelling in girth as it continued to grow in me.

"Fuck," I moaned. "Fuck me, Titan. Make me your bitch. Breed me..." I was moaning non-stop. I was overcome with wanton lust as Titan drilled me. He fucked me like a jackhammer, pushing me across the floor with every thrust. I was throwing my ass back at him, meeting him thrust for thrust as his tool pushed against my cervix.

Finally I could feel his knot pushing against my lips, and I wanted it me me. Titan was slowing down, but fucking me even harder as he pushed his massive knot through my tight opening. I was pushing back just as hard, trying to get his knot in me.

"Tie with me. Knot your bitch," I moaned. "Come on, harder. Make me your bitch! Fuck!" I screamed as his knot popped in me. The sudden pressure of his expanding knot on my g spot made me orgasm instantly.

My body trembled as waves of pleasure coursed through me. I was completely oblivious to the world. All I cared about was the wolf cock filling my pussy. I could feel Titan slowing his thrusts, and knew he was going to cum.

"Fill me up! Give your bitch your cum! Breed me!" I moaned. Suddenly, Titan stopped, and with one final thrust, he started pumping jet after jet of hot wolf cum deep in my box. The feeling of hot semen spraying my cervix made me cum again, my pussy spasming in time with Titan's spraying cock.

After a minute of nonstop spraying, Titan's orgasm subsided. He stepped over me gingerly, till we were ass to ass, tied together by the not in my cunt. I looked around and saw that Bob and Art were naked, stroking their cocks. Art had a very chiseled body, with a pleasant looking 8 inch cock that was nearly 3 inches thick. While not as long as Bob's it made up for length with impressive girth.

"Master, your bitch still has holes that can be filled," I said to Bob in a plaintive voice.

Bob and Art came over to me, and presented me their cocks. I took each one, sucking the impressive tools in turns, teasing their heads with my tongue.

"And which hole should be filled by which dick?" Bob asked.

"You're my master," I moaned. "I will take whatever you give me."

Bob walked behind me, and ripped the crotchless panties high enough to expose my pucker.

"Well, since I already own this, I will fill it up," Bob said as he squatted and forced his swollen head past my sphincter.

I had never been dp'ed before, and the fullness of his oversized manhood coupled with the dog knot in my vagina was exquisite, and I came almost instantly. My moans of pleasure were muffled, as Art was trying to force his cock into my throat.

As my mouth and jaw loosened up, Art started to throat fuck me, matching Bob's cadence as he fucked my ass. They pounded me mercilessly from both ends, and I could tell by their swelling members, that their own release was near.

"Asshole is so tight," Bob moaned. "Can't hold out... Coming!"

With that, Bob grabbed my hips and slammed all eleven inches deep in my guts, where he unloaded his seed deep inside my rectum. As Bob's cum sprayed in me, Art grabbed my head and buried all eight inches of his dick in my throat, where he came. He came so hard that his legs turned to jello, and he dropped to his knees as I swallowed spray after spray of come.

After a few minutes, Titan's knot shrank enough for him to pull out. When he did, a river of dog cum poured out of my pussy. Art and Bob also pulled out of my mouth and asshole, and I collapsed on the floor due to exhaustion.

After taking a couple minutes to recuperate, Art reached in his pocket and pulled out a roll of cash. He thumbed through the money till he separated out the \$1000 and tossed it to me.

"Bob, thank you for demonstrating your new breeder. I'll be sure to bring some of the other dogs by later."

"Can't wait for you come back," Bob answered.

With that, I stood up and walked with shaky legs to gather up my dress to go back to the kennel.

"If it pleases you, Robert, I still have a dog to service tonight. Permission to go back to the kennels?" I asked.

"Go ahead. Don't forget, I'll see if you don't."

"Yes, sir."

Not even caring if any of the evening staff saw me, I walked dress and heels in hand back to the kennel. When I got to the office, I put the money in my desk. Then I took off my torn panties and dropped all my stuff at my hamper, and walked out to the kennel with nothing on but my collar...

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## **Part 4**

Stephanie walked into the kennel, still reeling from the fucking Bob, the dog, and his new client gave her. She was amazed that after her thorough plugging that she was actually horny for what she was about to do.

She walked to one of the pens where one of her more aggressive canine lovers was housed and grabbed him by the collar and led him into a pen with another dog. Once inside, she got on her hands and knees, presenting them a bitch ready to be fucked. The dog who resided in the pen walked up behind her and started licking her well fucked pussy. Stephanie moaned with lust as the broad tongue drug across her swollen lips.

After a couple minutes of licking her abused cunt, the large mastiff climbed on top of her, ready to claim his bitch. After a couple failed thrusts, he got the tip of his cock in the entrance of her channel. With a hard thrust, he forced all seven inches of cock into her pussy.



"Fuuck!" she moaned at the penetration, but quickly started thrusting back at the dogs frantic thrusts. As Stephanie's orgasm neared, she could feel the dogs knot forming at her lips. Wanting to be filled, she doubled down her efforts, moaning obscenely as she forced the knot past her lips to have it pulled out again. As she fucked the dog as good as he gave, the knot continued to swell until, with a mighty thrust, the dog pushed it through her lips where it tied him to her. As his knot grew, Stephanie was a moaning, shaking mess, as the knot put pressure on her g spot, but continued fucking her with short, rapid strokes. Stephanie was on the verge of cumming when the dog stop, and she felt the first hot spray of dog jizz hit her cervix.

As each spray of dog cum washed her walls, she thought her orgasm was starting over as her pussy gripped, tugged, and milked the come from the dog cock. She collapsed, completely spent. In her orgasm's after glow, she wondered how she would be able to possibly service the second dog. It took about twenty minutes for the dog's knot to recede enough for him to pull out with an audible "pop". A river of cum ran down her thighs, and the more aggressive dog decided to take what was his.

Stephanie chose this dog because in sessions past, he would fuck her so hard that she would be driven across the pen. Add to that, that he never performed the dog version of foreplay. He wouldn't lick and slurp at her pussy trying to clean her and get her ready. He was the male. She was the bitch. A receptacle for his cum, and nothing more.

When he approached her, Stephanie braced herself. She knew what was about to happen. When he mounted her, she rolled her hips just a little to far, and she felt his probing cock push up against her puckered rosebud. With the next thrust, he pushed the tip past her already loosened anal ring, and started hammering into her back door.

"Uh...uh...uh..." she grunted as he pushed his cock deeper and deeper into her ass. Soon she could feel his swelling knot ,which she knew was larger than the first dog's, press up against her stretched asshole.

"Knot me!" she cried. "Make my ass yours!" She pushed back against the dog hammering her ass, until she felt the growing knot push into her rectum.

She screamed, half in pain, half in ecstasy as the knot stretched her ass and entered her. Once he was fully in her, she could feel his knot rapidly expand, sealing himself in her.

Desperate to come again, Stephanie reached between her legs and furiously rubbed her swollen clit. Between her self manipulation, and the fullness in her ass, she was on the verge of her next orgasm.

When the dog stopped fucking her, she felt the white hot surge of cum spray deep in her bowel, and set her off on her own orgasm. She was howling in ecstasy as her ass contracted and squeezed the semen out of the large dog cock buried in her ass. Spray after spray went into her, and added to the fullness, prolonging her orgasm. As her orgasm subsided, she collapsed on the floor, enjoying the coolness of the concrete on her hot, flushed skin. After about twenty minutes the dog turned around, and unceremoniously pulled his cock out of her ass.

After collecting herself, Stephanie stood up on shaky legs and led her last fuck of the night back to his pen. Once the door was secured, she went back to her little apartment and collapsed on the bed, completely sated.

The next morning, Stephanie woke up, vaguely aware at the soreness in her ass and pussy.

"Did last night really happen?" she wondered.

She got dressed and went out to the office, and there were several pictures of her getting double penetrated by Bob's friend and his lovely dog, and stills pulled off the security camera footage.

Stephanie smirked at the thought of the dog whore she was becoming, and took the pictures back to her apartment. She cooked breakfast for herself, and as she ate, she prepped the breeding pen of the kennel. She arranged with a local mastiff breeder to bring a bitch in to be bred.

When the breeder arrived, she introduced herself, and discussed the breeder fees: \$1000 plus pick of the litter. While going over the fees, Stephanie looked over the breeder. D (as he introduced himself) was a well built black man, about 6'2", 220 pounds, and heavily muscled.

She led D and his female mastiff to the breeding pen. His bitch was turned loose in the pen, while Stephanie retrieved the appointed sire and turned him into the pen.

Within minutes, the male Stephanie turned in with the bitch was sniffing and licking at her.

"I don't know about you," D said, "but I always get a little horny watching the dogs breed."

"Are you hitting on me?" Stephanie asked with a laugh.

"Naw. Naw, just thinking out loud."

"Oh, because if you were, that would be an additional fee."

"You're joking?"

Stepping forward and grabbing the front of his pants she said, "I take my breeding very seriously." Squeezing the growing cock in his pants, she turned and started walking back to the office. D followed her through the office, and into her little apartment.

"What kind of fee are we talking?"

"\$500."

"Seems a little pricey. I could get a whore off the street for \$100."

"But how many will do more than lay there? How many would bring one of those big stud dogs in to fuck their pussy while you shove that big hard cock in my ass?"

"Now that makes sense."

"Wait here."

Stephanie walked out, and a couple minutes later, she led one of the mastiffs into her apartment. She shut the door behind her, and walked over to D and knelt in front of him. She quickly unzipped his jeans and pulled out his massive black cock.

It had to be at least ten inches long, and as thick as her wrist, and it was only half hard! She rolled her tongue around the head of his massive black snake, eliciting a shudder from him. She wrapped her lips around his tool, and sucked him into her mouth, making him groan. Stephanie was watching her hands stroke D's cock, marveling at the contrast between her ivory skin and the dark black hue of his cock.

"You ever have black dick before?" he asked her.

Without pulling his cock out of her mouth, she shook her head no. D reached behind her head, wrapping his meaty fingers in her hair, and pulled her onto his meat, roughly fucking her throat. Stephanie gagged on his cock as it pistoned in and out of her throat, frothy drool ran down her chin, looking like cum dripping. Cupping D's heavy balls, she could feel him tensing up as his climax neared.

Stephanie pulled his cock out of her mouth, "Can't have you cum just yet," she grinned. She stood up, and started removing her clothes. "The for the real fun," she smirked as she pushed her panties down. "I can't wait," D replied as he finished taking his clothes off, and relaxing on the couch.

Stephanie sauntered over to the couch, and straddled D, lowering her wet cunt onto his massive tool. D sucked on one of her pert nipples, biting it, and making her groan wantonly. As her lips stretched around his cock, she could feel her juices leaking around him. She lowered herself slowly, enjoying the sensation as the big black cock filled her.

"You like that big nigger dick?" D asked.

"Mmm...it feels so good in my little white pussy," Stephanie moaned, starting to ride up and down, using her juices to lube his cock for her ass. Soon she was in her rhythm, throwing herself down on his cock, pushing herself to orgasm.

"That's it. Ride my cock. Fuck that nigger dick, you cracker slut," D growled. Stephanie was now tucking him with abandon, turned on even more by the racial degradation. She loved being taken by this strong black man, being used like a little white fuck toy. Finally, she came, her body quaking as wave after wave of pleasure swept through her, till they crashed into her womb, making it contract on the large dick impaled there.

"I think I'm ready," she panted. She stood up on shaky legs, and turned around, lowering her tight pucker to D's well lubed cock.

"Take me," she begged. "Make me your white slut, shove that big nigger dick up my...Uh!"

He didn't even let her finish. He grabbed her hips and yanked her down on his cock, shoving nearly half of it through her rosebud. Tears formed at the corners of her eyes, as even the dogs had never rammed into her like that. She sat there, mouth open, unable to breath, as D began to bounce her on his rod, pushing further into her rectum.

"You like that, slut? Big nigga cock in your little white ass? Lean back, and spread those legs, so that dog can get to his bitch's cunt."

Stephanie did just that, laying back on D's chest, splaying herself open. The dog took notice, and walked over and started licking her open cunt. Stephanie moaned obscenely as the dogs broad, rough tongue drug across her swollen lips and clit, then pushed inside to lick up her juices. She bucked her hips, relishing the huge dick up her ass, they way it slid through her passage as she fucked back against the mastiff's tongue.

Finally the large dog stopped and mounted her, his large red cock at the ready. With Stephanie splayed open, he had no trouble finding his mark, and in one thrust, pushed his cock in all the way to the knot.

"Fu-uh-uck" she moaned as the dog drilled into her waiting cunt. Her body shook as each powerful thrust drove her back onto D's cock. Then she'd thrust back forward, pulling several inches back out, screaming in ecstasy each time she was pushed back onto it again.

"That's right slut, fuck this nigger dick while that dog breeds you," D growled in her ear, as he began to really fuck her stretched ass. He continued to call her white slut, cracker whore, tell her how he would love to own a white sex slave to just use as a cum dump, and Stephanie ate it up. She was giving as good as she was getting, throwing her pussy at the knot threatening to invade her canal, and slamming her ass down again, begging D, "Use me! Fuck, make me a nigger's fuck toy! Share me with other niggers! God, fuck me!"

Finally, the dog's impressive knot pushed through her opening, tying them as he shot his load deep in her womb. The added sensation of the throbbing dog knot in Stephanie's pussy was too much for D, and with a grunt, he bottomed himself out in Stephanie's ass, and came, filling her bowel with hot semen. The growing pressure as her cunt filled with dog cum, and the hot blasts of cum in her ass, were too much for Stephanie, and she came again, slumping over and twitching as her body spasmed from the pleasure. Unable to move, Stephanie laid there sandwiched between D and the large dog, till she felt the dick in her ass shrink and pop out, cum draining all over him. Finally, the knot in her over stuffed cunt shrank enough for the dog to hop off and go clean himself, while a river of cum poured from her cunt.

"Well, now that he's, done, you can clean up," D told her. As she stood up, he grabbed her by the hair and pushed her face into his crotch. "Nah, slut. You clean me up. You think I'm going home to my wife smelling like slut and dog cum? You want to be my white slut, then you clean this nigga dick that was in your ass!"

Stephanie did t know what to do. If she hoped to get paid, she knew she had to suck the cock that was in her ass. Slowly she opened her mouth, and stuck her tongue to his still weeping helmet. While not the most pleasant taste, it was t unbearable, and she sucked as much into her mouth as she could, swallowing that last of his cum, and her anal secretions down. She pulled his cock from her mouth, licking the rest of his shaft clean, sucking the dog and man cum from his pubic hair, licking his thighs and sack, even tonguing his asshole to get all the cum off him.

"Now that's thorough," D remarked as he stood up to get dressed. Stephanie grabbed her clothes and jumped in the shower to rinse off, and threw her slacks and polo on, sans undergarments, and walked with D out to the kennel. In the pen, the dog was still tied to D's bitch.

"Looks like the breeding went well," Stephanie remarked. "She should have had time to get bred twice, so she should take."

"And you shut it off, just like that?" D asked. "Just five minutes ago, you were ready to be my fuck toy."

"Mmm.." Stephanie hummed, grinning at D. "As much fun as being a nigger's little white cum dumpster, I have a job. Now, if you wanted to have me come over for a while, and maybe personally see to the breeding," she suggested, rubbing his chest. "Maybe you know some other bitches that need breeding, or maybe just have another stud or two, I could see about that."

"Come over? You heard me say I had a wife right?"

"Tell you what, bring your dog back next week, and bring your wife. Perhaps I could get her ready to breed too," Stephanie suggested as D paid her for the breeding...

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## Part 5

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Stephanie smirked at the thought of the dog whore she was becoming, and took the pictures back to her apartment. She cooked breakfast for herself, and as she ate, she prepped the breeding pen of the kennel. She arranged with a local mastiff breeder to bring a bitch in to be bred.

When the breeder arrived, she introduced herself, and discussed the breeder fees: \$1000 plus pick of the litter. While going over the fees, Stephanie looked over the breeder. D (as he introduced himself) was a well built black man, about 6'2", 220 pounds, and heavily muscled.

She led D and his female mastiff to the breeding pen. His bitch was turned loose in the pen, while Stephanie retrieved the appointed sire and turned him into the pen.

Within minutes, the male Stephanie turned in with the bitch was sniffing and licking at her.

"I don't know about you," D said, "but I always get a little horny watching the dogs breed."

"Are you hitting on me?" Stephanie asked with a laugh.

"Naw. Naw, just thinking out loud."

"Oh, because if you were, that would be an additional fee."

"You're joking?"

Stepping forward and grabbing the front of his pants she said, "I take my breeding very seriously." Squeezing the growing cock in his pants, she turned and started walking back to the office. D followed her through the office, and into her little apartment.

"What kind of fee are we talking?"

"\$500."

"Seems a little pricey. I could get a whore off the street for \$100."

"But how many will do more than lay there? How many would bring one of those big stud dogs in to fuck their pussy while you shove that big hard cock in my ass?"

"Now that makes sense."

"Wait here."

Stephanie walked out, and a couple minutes later, she led one of the mastiffs into her apartment. She shut the door behind her, and walked over to D and knelt in front of him. She quickly unzipped his jeans and pulled out his massive black cock.

It had to be at least ten inches long, and as thick as her wrist, and it was only half hard! She rolled her tongue around the head of his massive black snake, eliciting a shudder from him. She wrapped her lips around his tool, and sucked him into her mouth, making him groan. Stephanie was watching her hands stroke D's cock, marveling at the contrast between her ivory skin and the dark black hue of his cock.

"You ever have black dick before?" he asked her.

Without pulling his cock out of her mouth, she shook her head no. D reached behind her head, wrapping his meaty fingers in her hair, and pulled her onto his meat, roughly fucking her throat. Stephanie gagged on his cock as it pistoned in and out of her throat, frothy drool ran down her chin, looking like cum dripping. Cupping D's heavy balls, she could feel him tensing up as his climax neared.

Stephanie pulled his cock out of her mouth, "Can't have you cum just yet," she grinned. She stood up, and started removing her clothes. "The for the real fun," she smirked as she pushed her panties down. "I can't wait," D replied as he finished taking his clothes off, and relaxing on the couch.

Stephanie sauntered over to the couch, and straddled D, lowering her wet cunt onto his massive tool. D sucked on one of her pert nipples, biting it, and making her groan wantonly. As her lips stretched around his cock, she could feel her juices leaking around him. She lowered herself slowly, enjoying the sensation as the big black cock filled her.

"You like that big nigger dick?" D asked.

"Mmm...it feels so good in my little white pussy," Stephanie moaned, starting to ride up and down, using her juices to lube his cock for her ass. Soon she was in her rhythm, throwing herself down on his cock, pushing herself to orgasm.

"That's it. Ride my cock. Fuck that nigger dick, you cracker slut," D growled. Stephanie was now tucking him with abandon, turned on even more by the racial degradation. She loved being taken by this strong black man, being used like a little white fuck toy. Finally, she came, her body quaking as wave after wave of pleasure swept through her, till they crashed into her womb, making it contract on the large dick impaled there.

"I think I'm ready," she panted. She stood up on shaky legs, and turned around, lowering her tight pucker to D's well lubed cock.

"Take me," she begged. "Make me your white slut, shove that big nigger dick up my...Uh!"

He didn't even let her finish. He grabbed her hips and yanked her down on his cock, shoving nearly half of it through her rosebud. Tears formed at the corners of her eyes, as even the dogs had never rammed into her like that. She sat there, mouth open, unable to breath, as D began to bounce her on his rod, pushing further into her rectum.

"You like that, slut? Big nigga cock in your little white ass? Lean back, and spread those legs, so that dog can get to his bitch's cunt."

Stephanie did just that, laying back on D's chest, splaying herself open. The dog took notice, and walked over and started licking her open cunt. Stephanie moaned obscenely as the dog's broad, rough tongue dragged across her swollen lips and clit, then pushed inside to lick up her juices. She bucked her hips, relishing the huge dick up her ass, the way it slid through her passage as she fucked back against the mastiff's tongue.

Finally the large dog stopped and mounted her, his large red cock at the ready. With Stephanie splayed open, he had no trouble finding his mark, and in one thrust, pushed his cock in all the way to the knot.

"Fu-uh-uck" she moaned as the dog drilled into her waiting cunt. Her body shook as each powerful thrust drove her back onto D's cock. Then she'd thrust back forward, pulling several inches back out, screaming in ecstasy each time she was pushed back onto it again.

"That's right slut, fuck this nigger dick while that dog breeds you," D growled in her ear, as he began to really fuck her stretched ass. He continued to call her white slut, cracker whore, tell her how he would love to own a white sex slave to just use as a cum dump, and Stephanie ate it up. She was giving as good as she was getting, throwing her pussy at the knot threatening to invade her canal, and slamming her ass down again, begging D, "Use me! Fuck, make me a nigger's fuck toy! Share me with other niggers! God, fuck me!"

Finally, the dog's impressive knot pushed through her opening, tying them as he shot his load deep in her womb. The added sensation of the throbbing dog knot in Stephanie's pussy was too much for D, and with a grunt, he bottomed himself out in Stephanie's ass, and came, filling her bowel with hot semen. The growing pressure as her cunt filled with dog cum, and the hot blasts of cum in her ass, were too much for Stephanie, and she came again, slumping over and twitching as her body spasmed from the pleasure. Unable to move, Stephanie laid there sandwiched between D and the large dog, till she felt the dick in her ass shrink and pop out, cum draining all over him. Finally, the knot in her over stuffed cunt shrank enough for the dog to hop off and go clean himself, while a river of cum poured from her cunt.

"Well, now that he's done, you can clean up," D told her. As she stood up, he grabbed her by the hair and pushed her face into his crotch. "Nah, slut. You clean me up. You think I'm going home to my wife smelling like slut and dog cum? You want to be my white slut, then you clean this nigger dick that was in your ass!"

Stephanie didn't know what to do. If she hoped to get paid, she knew she had to suck the cock that was in her ass. Slowly she opened her mouth, and stuck her tongue to his still weeping helmet. While not the most pleasant taste, it wasn't unbearable, and she sucked as much into her mouth as she could, swallowing that last of his cum, and her anal secretions down. She pulled his cock from her mouth, licking the rest of his shaft clean, sucking the dog and man cum from his pubic hair, licking his thighs and sack, even tonguing his asshole to get all the cum off him.

"Now that's thorough," D remarked as he stood up to get dressed. Stephanie grabbed her clothes and jumped in the shower to rinse off, and threw her slacks and polo on, sans undergarments, and walked with D out to the kennel. In the pen, the dog was still tied to D's bitch.

"Looks like the breeding went well," Stephanie remarked. "She should have had time to get bred twice, so she should take."

"And you shut it off, just like that?" D asked. "Just five minutes ago, you were ready to be my fuck toy."



"Mmm.." Stephanie hummed, grinning at D. "As much fun as being a nigger's little white cum dumpster, I have a job. Now, if you wanted to have me come over for a while, and maybe personally see to the breeding," she suggested, rubbing his chest. "Maybe you know some other bitches that need breeding, or maybe just have another stud or two, I could see about that."

"Come over? You heard me say I had a wife right?"

"Tell you what, bring your dog back next week, and bring your wife. Perhaps I could get her ready to breed too," Stephanie suggested as D paid her for the breeding...