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I have asked myself over and over but still can't believe the answer - how on earth did I get myself in this situation? It is so degrading and humiliating but . .

I suppose I ought to go back to the beginning but I can't really identify just when that was. Was it when my parents died or when Uncle Ralph died and left me his farm miles and miles from anywhere? That is probably as good a place to begin as any.

It happened when I was 22. I had finished a degree course in accountancy and had just started my professional training with one of the larger international accountancy firms. I knew that Uncle Ralph's farm was several thousand acres. I had helped him there during university vacations and I had enjoyed those experiences . I also felt that I could make a go of the task of making a living for myself out there in the wilds, among the beautiful scenery and the tranquillity his land offered. I had not really looked forward to being an accountant but it was the career my father had planned for me and while he was alive I had felt enough respect for him and his ideas to at least start on the career he had intended for me. But now things were different. Uncle Ralph's land would give me independence and the thought of just selling up and abandoning his life's work was anathema. That's how I found myself living so far from anywhere.

I suppose I should make it clear that Uncle Ralph's farm was not really a farm as such. It was a huge tract of largely unspoilt country, mostly woodland and forest with a few scattered patches of grazing land. Uncle Ralph had made a living by renting out most of these patches to more active farmers who used them for sheep and cattle. He also sold the timber from a small proportion of the woodland each year although even then he sold it unfelled, allowing the buyers access to fell and remove the timber for themselves. I was sure that with what I already knew about financial affairs I would be able to make myself a comfortable living while enjoying the bliss of my surroundings. So if you have been thinking of me as a big strong physical specimen of womanhood, you'll need to reconsider. My plan was to continue with Uncle Ralph's plan, make myself enough money to keep me in a degree of comfort while I devoted most of my attention to my real love - writing poetry and, I felt sure, a few novels.

My first few weeks were idyllic. I roamed over the whole estate, drinking in the beauty of the hills and valleys, enjoying myself beside the rippling streams and basking in the warm late spring sunshine. To make things even better I found an ideal companion. In my perambulations I discovered that one of my neighbours was a dog breeder who offered me a pale brown Labrador pup. He is so beautiful, and so friendly. My neighbour, Jerry, told me that he came from a good line and that he would make a good breeder when he was mature. 'And that's another source of income', Jerry told me. 'You just bring him round when he's ready and I'll certainly pay good money to have him service a suitable bitch.'

It was while I was still getting used to being a dog owner that a letter arrived from the solicitor who had administered Uncle Ralph's will. It seemed that there was some problem about some extra land that Uncle Ralph had committed himself to purchasing but had died before completing. Now the vendors were demanding payment. The solicitor felt that I should know but assured me that he would be able to sort out the problem without too much bother. So I forgot about it completely and carried on with my task of exploring the farm and enjoying training Roger, as I named the puppy.

Roger grew apace. Indeed he seemed to me to grow rather larger than I remembered Labradors but he was obedient and retained that friendly disposition while also behaving in a very protective way around me so that I felt totally at ease and confident as I went about alone in the wilderness which Uncle Ralph had spent his life protecting and nurturing. Almost before I was aware of it, he had

matured and Jerry suggested that it could be worth trying to breed from him. Jerry had a suitable bitch whose owner was prepared to pay handsomely if Roger should inseminate her so I took him across to the kennels for his first mating. It was a disaster. Jerry had the bitch prepared and available but when Roger was introduced to her he showed no interest whatever. Jerry tried for about half an hour but eventually agreed that Roger just couldn't be as mature as his physical age would indicate. 'Let's leave it for another six months and then we'll try again.'

During the next six months, the lawyer dealing with Uncle Ralph's estate and now my affairs kept me informed about the problem with the land. The contract that my uncle had signed seemed to be binding on his heirs too and unless I could find nearly \$100,000 to go through with the purchase I would be in serious financial difficulties. Not only would I be liable for the whole purchase price for the extra land but I would also have to pay damages and legal expenses for the owners' who had apparently lost alternative buyers after agreeing to sell to my uncle. It seemed that I had to find some way of raising the money or lose the land that Uncle Ralph had left me. Even then I would be left deeply in debt. So I was not in the best of spirits when I took Roger back to Jerry's for his second breeding effort.

I had tried to lift the gloom by dressing myself up for the day. Instead of the jeans and tee shirt that I had worn for the last few months I chose to wear the clothes I had worn for the interview for that accountancy job. A black business suit with a knee length skirt and a crisp white blouse. I even sorted out some better underwear - a lacy white bra with matching panties and sheer, barely black tights, worn with the almost new stiletto heeled shoes I had worn that day. I looked at myself in the mirror as I left the house and was pleasantly surprised and reassured by the sight of the smart and attractive young woman holding Roger's lead.

The drive to Jerry's took only about 15 minutes and Jerry was staggered by the sight of the woman escorting Roger. It was the first time he had seen me in full make-up and smart clothes. He couldn't avoid commenting and contrasting this 'vision' with the girl who had visited him before. He showed me into his private lounge before going off to organise Roger's soon to be partner, taking Roger with him to let him get used to the surroundings where it was all to happen. Jerry's partner, Linda, offered me a cup of coffee while I waited and told me that the bitch's owner was with Jerry. Linda told me that his name was Mark and that after he had made a fortune from mining he had taken up dog breeding as a hobby. Jerry had told him about Roger and his pedigree and he had chosen him as the perfect mate for his bitch.

I didn't meet Mark until after Roger's next fiasco. Once again he had shown no interest in the bitch, apart from a perfunctory sniffing at her rear end. Jerry thought that I might be a distraction and suggested that I went for another cup of coffee while he tried one last time to get Roger to mate with the bitch. So I went back to the lounge where I first met Mark.

Mark was about 45 I guessed and as he stood to greet me I felt as if I had shrunk - he must be well over 6 foot tall. He certainly towered over my 5ft 4inches. He offered an enormous hand, one that seemed as if two of them could easily encompass my waist. It was firm and roughened by hard work but surprisingly gentle as he shook my hand. We settled down with cups of coffee and Mark began, as most men will, to talk about himself. Unwilling to share any of my troubles I encouraged him to talk about himself by showing evidence of listening and interest. I asked little follow up questions whenever he seemed likely to stop speaking and with the occasional raised eyebrow, interjected 'oh' and satisfied 'ah', I managed to learn a lot about him without telling him any of my story. When he got on to the topic of dog breeding it was simplicity itself. But one remark almost stopped me in my tracks. 'A dog is the randiest creature on this planet. A male dog will mount anything female. If it has a pussy, any mature male dog will attempt to bury his dong inside her whether she is willing or not. I would go so far as to say that a male dog will fuck the female of any species that is available to

him.' I had just seen Roger showing absolutely no such interest so I had to demur. But attempting to contradict Mark was like red rag to a bull. He became even more insistent. 'I've been breeding dogs for years now. Just take my word for it young lady. Any dog. Any completely available female, whatever species.. Why I'm prepared to bet you a hundred thousand bucks that if you were completely available, your own dog would even fuck you.' 'You can't mean that. I'm absolutely sure that my dog would never even try to mount me.' 'Is it worth \$100,000 to find out?' 'I don't have that sort of money so I couldn't take that bet.' 'Well, I do. If you are prepared to put him to the test, what can I ask of you? I know. He's your pet, isn't he? Does what you tell him, goes where you take him?' 'Yes, that's another reason why this wouldn't be a fair bet. There's no way he would think of me as any sort of mate.' 'That's exactly my point. If he would take you, you'll have to agree that a dog would take anything female. So, the bet is this. You are set up and available to him. If he accepts and takes you inside half an hour, you'll be HIS pet for 12 hours.....12 hours for every time he takes you. And if he doesn't take up the offer inside half an hour, I'll give you 100,000 dollars.'

It was foolish, I know. But \$100,000 would save me. And I knew that Roger wouldn't even mount a bitch in heat. There was no chance that he would try to mount me. He'd never even humped my leg. It would be awful if he did, of course, but no, it was inconceivable. But such a tiny chance against enough money to solve all my worries? I wasn't really prepared to contemplate it at first. It seemed such a ridiculous bet, so one-sided. How could I take so much money? But from what Linda had told me about Mark it probably didn't seem a lot of money to him. I felt my scruples weakening and after a few more sips of coffee I was ready to consider the unthinkable. I made conditions, of course. Not a moment longer than 30 minutes. No-one to see. That was deemed unacceptable so I had to agree to just Linda to be the witness. And then, if it did happen and I had to spend 12 hours as Roger's pet, that would be somewhere private too. Mark said that he owned kennels and that he had a very private run where I would be alone with Roger if it happened. It wouldn't, couldn't happen, of course.

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## **Chapter 2: A new beginning**

I heard the door as Linda returned. Linda had Roger on his lead and I couldn't resist a slight shiver of anticipation as she came and set a kitchen timer on the floor in front of me. She had set it so that it would 'ping' in 30 minutes and as she pressed the start button, she released Roger from his lead. I saw him walk away from us as he set off to explore his new surroundings. That was typical behaviour and I felt a little more reassured by the way he was responding to what must be, for him as well as me, a very strange situation. He had been in rooms like this in the past and then he had been presented with a female dog, a bitch, ready for mating - and he had found the idea unappealing. Now, in a very similar room his own mistress was being presented to him in the same way and, I hoped with all my heart, he was finding the offer equally unattractive. I didn't know but I suspected that after his usual inspection, his sniffing at the places where other dogs had been before him in this room, he would be settling down in his most comfortable sprawl, waiting for something to happen. I watched the timer on the floor in front of me. One minute, two, three. After seven minutes I was sure that the \$100,000 was mine. My financial problems were over. This bet had been the perfect way out of my dilemma. Soon it would be time for Linda to take Roger away, release me from this frame and I could claim my reward. Mark was going to find that he had made a very expensive mistake. With his wealth, he probably wouldn't notice the loss but I would certainly relish the gain.

Nearly ten minutes had passed before I heard Roger again. I couldn't see him, he was behind me and in my position I could see nothing there. But I heard him as he stood and shook himself. Then nothing again. A few clicks as his feet clipped across the wooden floor. A sudden shock. I felt a cold nose touching my inner thigh and then a warm breath. The cold nose seemed to freeze my soul.

Suddenly I was not as sure of him. But I calmed myself. He had to actually fuck me for Mark to win. When he had been offered a bitch in the past, he had always, eventually, had a cursory sniff around her sexual parts. He had only breathed on my leg. Keep calm, I told myself. His interest will soon pass, just as it has in the past. I would have to accept that he would be curious about this new sight, these new scents. He had never so much as tried to hump my leg or put his nose beneath my skirt before. He would surely want to take advantage of the opportunity, explore the different scents around, just as he had explored the room. Two more minutes passed before his questing nose touched me again. This time it was my bottom. I became aware of a new sensation. I had almost got used to the full feeling that Linda's plug was giving me but now it felt as if it moved and I felt something new rub against the outside of my right leg. Again, I couldn't quite see what and supposed that Roger was moving behind me and had brushed against me. And then his cold nose touched against my outer lips and I felt an extra coldness as he drew in a lungful of my scent, followed by a warmth as he exhaled. He sniffed at me several times before I felt his warm wet tongue swipe across my crotch, from my pussy lips up to my anus. The warmth quickly disappeared as his saliva evaporated and cooled. Another lick, pressing harder this time. Again, still harder. Three or four more, each harder than the last and then I thought I felt my legs being pulled a little further apart and his tongue slipped between my labia. I couldn't resist a gasp and a little shudder as I felt his tongue slip just inside me. I can't claim never to have experienced sex or to be a virgin but I had never had a tongue penetrate me like that. Once he had found out how to do it, he did it again and again. Each lick now managed a deeper penetration. I knew that if he persisted he would reach far enough inside me to make contact with my clitoris, an organ I have played with a lot when on my own. When I do it myself I can enjoy the feeling and can play for quite a long time without making myself lubricate, although I rarely stop before managing that at least. When my friend Penny's finger first touched me there all those years ago as a young schoolgirl it took only a gentle contact to make me wet and to want more. Would Roger's licking have the same effect? And how would he respond if he tasted my juices?

I looked at the clock again. Fourteen minutes. But Roger was persisting with his licking and I knew that within seconds, that probing tongue was going to reach that spot. Despite being fixed down so firmly I did jump when it happened. I just couldn't make sense of my body's reaction at that instant. My brain was telling that this was wrong, that it was disgusting, frightful, horrifying. But a deeper part of me was reacting as if this should be happening, as if this was a normal sexual response to being caressed so tenderly, so lovingly, so excitingly. Try as I might to make my conscious mind keep control over my reactions, the unconscious part of me was giving out signals, starting to release inhibitions, starting to respond to Roger's ministrations. I just couldn't be sure that the wetness I was feeling inside me there was just Roger's saliva or my own juices starting to leak from deep within me.

Only fifteen minutes. Conscious brain again. 'He isn't fucking you, he's just licking. It's not all over. He did lick one of the bitches he was offered but he didn't mount her. Just a few licks and then he walked away and lay down behind her. Oh blessed relief. He's stopped. He just wanted to test me, taste me'. I heard the click of his feet again. And breathed.

OMG. What's that? He's behind me again. He's climbing up on me. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh, nnnnnnoooooooooooooo. I can feel his thing touching my bottom. I wriggle as much as I am able but I can feel him getting it closer and closer. He really DOES want me. And I'm in no position to resist him. There, he touched me with it just there. And his front legs are down around my waist, pulling me back towards him. He's so close! I know I am struggling wildly, trying to move enough to keep him away but I am so firmly fixed. He's stabbing at me with it and I just can't move enough to avoid it reaching me. Yyyahhhh, it's slipping in. But it's so thin. It slipped inside me so easily. It doesn't feel much bigger than Jenny's finger did when she first awakened my sexual responses. And now

he's thrusting it deeper and deeper into me, pumping his loins against me as he presses my body back against his thrusts. And he's leaking into me, making me so slippery inside there that further penetration is impossible to resist, however hard I try to hold him back. Does that mean he's finished with me already? Is it all over? It's been less than a minute. And I will have to be his pet for 12 hours for just a few seconds of being raped? No money. What a fool I have been.

But it isn't over. He's still thrusting himself violently into me. And with each thrust he seems to be getting bigger - IS getting bigger. Wider and wider, beginning to fill me. And deeper. Every push into me gets further inside me than the last. Is he really getting longer and longer? Or am I just letting him get deeper? He's certainly wider than before. I'm beginning to feel stretched. And something is rubbing against my clitoris sending urgent and almost irresistible sensations through me. I want to resist. I am trying to resist. I MUST resist. This is immoral, sinful, depraved. I CAN'T let this happen. Oh please, please stop it, please Roger, no more, no more . . . . .

.oOo.

But Roger took no notice of my bubbling pleas. He knew exactly what he wanted and he was getting it from me whether I was willing or not. He had discovered his mating urge at last and now nothing was going to prevent him from achieving his aim of planting his seed in the womb of the female beneath him. It mattered not a whit to him that the female was not of his species, that his seed would be wasted by being planted in infertile ground. His had to get his rocks off and I was the bitch he had been given to service. And service me was what he had every intention of doing. To completion.

And he did. It took him only three more minutes of frantic pumping before I felt him slow - and start to gush inside me. How foolish I had been to think that he had finished before. That had just been enough to make me slippery inside and easier to penetrate. This was a royal dose, a flood of very warm, almost hot jism that I could feel being injected inside me. Surge after surge. I felt each one. And I could almost feel myself filling up inside there as he pumped it into me. And then he was done, and I had been done too. His thing slipped out of me and as it left I felt a gush of warm liquid surge out from between my labia and start to dribble down the insides of my thighs, instantly cooling, creating cold sensations as it trickled down my legs.

I felt debased and defiled and totally shamed. What had I done? How could I have been so foolish? To let myself be fixed so helplessly so that my own dog could treat me like his bitch? And what was now to become of me? That contract. I was now bound to be Roger's pet for 12 hours. I became aware that I was sobbing, had been crying and sobbing from the moment Roger's sharply pointed thing had first entered me. And there were still another ten minutes of this. Another ten minutes before I would be freed from this frame. Another ten minutes during which Roger would have free and complete access to my body, to use however he wished. Would he recover from the fucking he had already given me? Oh God, let him be satisfied, please let it be over.

The timer had reached 27 minutes before it happened again. No licking this time. I was still wet and slippery and this time he had no difficulty finding the place to insert his tool. My feeble, dispirited struggles were to no avail. There was nothing I could do to hinder his entry and his assault was more urgent and powerful than his first effort, his first mating with me. The waist covering held me firmly against his powerful thrusts but I still felt myself bouncing backwards and forwards as he pounded into me. I became aware of the movement of my breasts as I was jerked about, felt myself being stretched wider and wider by the expansion of his weapon inside me. And, despite myself, I realised that he was awakening an unwelcome but somehow irresistible sexual response. In order to retain any semblance of humanity, I HAD to resist, had to control that response.



The timer pinged just as he released another flood of stuff into me. He had stretched me more this time and the seal between my vagina and his penis was incomplete. As soon as he started to fill me I felt the warm trickle down the insides of my opened legs and heard the humiliating splashes as his leaking cum dripped on to the floor. And as he dismounted there was even more shame as I was unable to prevent myself from leaking a gush of semen that poured out of me as the plug of his penis was removed. How stupid I had been to let this horrible thing happen to me?

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Chapter 3: Consequences

Linda took Roger away before releasing me. It was probably only a minute - the timer had stopped - but during that time I had to reflect on the awful predicament my rash acceptance of the bet had led me into. Now I would have to spend 24 hours as Roger's pet. Just what would that mean? Mark had mentioned his private kennels. And a run? Why would we need a run? I felt wretched and ashamed. I had let myself be bred with a dog. Albeit, it was at least my dog but Roger was still a dog. And that made me a bitch, his bitch. And his stuff was still leaking out of me, dribbling down the insides of my legs, dripping from the lips of my cunny and splashing on to the floor between my legs. And I could feel my tears running down my face.

Linda came back with towels and cloths. She handed me a towel before wrapping another towel around my lower body and somehow changed the angle of the support beneath me. As it lifted I found the bodice disengaging from it, freeing me as it allowed me to stand. Standing, of course, increased the flow of Roger's semen from my over-filled vagina and I felt it almost gushing out of me, flooding down my legs to the floor. I pressed the towel between my legs to stem the flow and Linda let me lean against her, offering me a paper tissue to wipe away my tears. It took me almost another half hour before I could compose myself enough to let Linda lead me from the scene of my degradation back to the lounge where Mark and Jerry were waiting.

"Well, you can't say that I didn't warn you", said Mark as I was led back. I accepted that he had been right, that I had lost and that now I would have to pay for my folly. But I could not have prepared myself for what has followed.

I was given a couple of days to tidy up at the farm and to do what I could to save something from the wreckage of my life that I had precipitated. Then I was collected by Mark in his limo and driven to a small airstrip about 5 miles away from Jerry's kennels. And when we arrived at Mark's place, my new life as Roger's pet began.

.oOo.

It wasn't meant to be a whole new life. Just twenty four hours. But it will take a little while to explain how that has happened so I'd better begin by telling you about those first 24 hours.

Mark had accompanied me through the passage of the kennel complex. There were doors at intervals on either side of the passage. He took me almost to the end before unlocking one of the doors on the right. "Roger is in this pen, dear. You're sure you're ready to be his pet for the next 24 hours?" I couldn't make myself reply but I nodded my assent and followed him into the room. Well, it was more like a little apartment than just a room. I noticed a small room that could have been a lounge on one side and another fitted out as a bedroom on the other and a small kitchen/diner at one end. Mark indicated the bedroom and said "You'll find everything you need set out for you in there. Strip yourself off and put on the waist protector. We don't want Roger to hurt you, do we? And you'll find a leather collar there that you should wear while you're in with him. When you're ready, go out

through the door at the end of the kitchen and you'll be in Rajah's pen. Put yourself on the mounting frame and the 24 hours will begin. When you are there you'll see a big clock mounted over the kitchen door. When that clock shows that you've been with him for 4 hours the kitchen door will unlock and you'll be able to come back in here for up to half an hour - if you want to wait for another 4 hours you can have a whole hour but the clock will stop while you're in here. All you have to do is to be with him as his pet for three 4 hour sessions to balance out that first time he fucked you but you must remember that YOU belong to HIM for that time so you have to do whatever HE wants and if that means mounting you, you MUST let him. You understand?" Again, I couldn't make myself speak so nodded agreement. THIS was what I had so foolishly let myself in for. "Once you have completed the first 12 hours you can come back in here until this time tomorrow when you will get the chance to work off your second 12 hour period. OK then? I'll leave you to get yourself ready for him. Oh, by the way, you'll find food prepared for you in the kitchen whenever you are free to come inside. So I'll say goodbye until your 24 hours are up."

With that he left and I made myself follow his instructions, stripping off the clothes that marked me out as a woman and fixing another of those curious garments around my waist. I found the collar with its attached lead and before buckling it around my throat I could not help but notice the silver engraved plate which now named me as 'Rajah's bitch'. This was it. Now I had to go through with my side of the bargain.

It was still barely light as I entered Roger's, well now I suppose I'd better say Rajah's, territory. I made out a solidly built shed/kennel attached to the back wall of my quarters and another bench like frame similar to the one back at Jerry's kennels. On either side a high chain link fence separated Rajah's pen from another similar one on each side. As far as I could see in the early morning light, the adjacent pens were unoccupied but I couldn't see inside the kennels; I could not be sure. Resigned to the need to go through with this ordeal, I made my way to the frame and leaned over it. The velcro-like materials caught almost immediately and I found myself unable to rise again. This was it. I was now fixed and available again.

I don't know how much time passed before anything more happened. At the time it seemed an age but looking back it seems much shorter. But the light was lot better when I heard Rajah stirring in his kennel. He emerged and seemed not to notice me as he went to a filled water bowl beside the entrance to his quarters but he somehow sensed my presence as he lifted his head from his drink. I noticed that there was an apparently fresh bowl of food beside his water bowl but once he had satisfied his thirst he turned his attention immediately to me.

He reached me in a couple of bounds, his tail wagging furiously as if he was delighted to see me, just as he had when I had left him at home while I went shopping without him before. He rushed up to me and began licking my face excitedly. But that was just the beginning. As far as I was concerned it seemed to take him no time at all before he was licking me elsewhere. And that elsewhere you can easily guess. There was nothing I could do to deny him. His tongue swept over my private parts - well, over the parts of me that had always been private before and now belonged to him. His nose pressed against my bottom and pushed almost inside my cunny. His probing tongue penetrated and found that part of me that was most likely to respond to such ministrations. I struggled to control myself, to resist the feelings which such contacts had evinced when I touched myself there or when I had willingly let another touch me that way. Despite my efforts at self-control I was aware that my body was responding at least a little. And as my body responded, Roger seemed to get more and more interested, even excited. His tongue grew more and more persistent, penetrating more and more deeply, forcing me into wriggles as I tried to keep some semblance of control over the situation.

It was hopeless, of course. It seemed to me as if the tastes of me and my reactions reminded him of

the events of only few days earlier. I felt the pressure of his paws on my arse and then my back as he started to mount me. I was not a willing mate for him but there was nothing I could do to stop him now. I felt his thing touching me between my legs and then higher. The frame had been set at exactly the height for him to penetrate me most easily and within a few minutes of trying he found his mark He was in.

Just as on the first occasion he had taken control of me, I was conscious of the ease of that penetration. With more experience I realise that he was just not fully engorged at that point. But that didn't reduce the speed and strength of his assault on me. He was jamming his thing into me at a frequency far beyond any of those who had been there before. I felt myself bouncing about on that frame, could feel my hanging breasts vibrating beneath me in response to his thrusts. And with each inward thrust the thing inside me seemed to swell in all directions, sinking inside me more deeply and starting to stretch me wider, making me ever more aware of the friction between it and my vaginal walls. And I was becoming aware of another feeling, a feeling that my earlier experiences had not prepared me. Now each new powerful thrust brought a feeling of something much bigger pressing against my labia, with each thrust seeming to threaten to push me open wider to allow its entry.

But worse, much worse was the fact that this penetration, this violent assault upon my womanhood was creating unwanted responses inside me. I hated the fact that the friction of this inhuman penis against my clitoris was awakening a response, a sexual response, within me. But unwanted though it was it seemed impossible to resist. I recognised those feelings of sexual arousal that Jenny had first set off with her fingers. Now it was Roger's penis that was rubbing against me, penetrating me, stimulating me - exciting me. I just couldn't resist, couldn't hold back the flow of lubricating juices, suppress the ever increasing excitement he was generating. And a part of me asking "WHY? WHY should you resist, why shouldn't you let yourself enjoy this thing that is being forced upon you? You have no will in this, that was abandoned when you first accepted Mark's challenge. You are Roger's pet and if fucking you is what he wants, then fucking you is what he will have. You ARE his pet for the day. Accept it and take what little pleasure from it that you can." Despite that other part of me that was giving me the exact opposite arguments the feelings of pent up sexual frustration won out and I found my resistance crumbling and a violent orgasm took me over. Not only that but I found that once my resistance had been broken, Roger drove me to several more orgasms before he eventually reached his own peak and filled me up with surge after surge of his own sex juices.

As he dismounted from me I felt the mechanism in that supporting frame engage, lifting me out of my crouch and allowing me to detach the bodice from the loops. Roger began by licking himself clean and then approached me to do the same for me. And subdued bitch that I had become, I let him.

For at least a couple of hours after that first mounting, Rajah (for that is how I have come to think of him) behaved more like the dog Roger I had known and grown to love. We played our usual games, chasing sticks and running around the way we had before. But after a quiet period, after he had returned to his kennel and eaten the food that had been left for him, he approached me in a rather less compliant way. He managed to catch the lead attached to my collar and led me back to the mounting frame. I had committed myself, hadn't I? I was HIS pet; I had to let him control me - so I let him lead me there and, since it was obvious what he wanted from me there, I crouched down once again over it and felt myself again gripped by the bodice and the frame. But this time the experience was to be different.

He did lick around me and did manage to stimulate the flow of my juices as his tongue massaged my sensitised clitoris. And, as before, he did mount me and immediately found the way inside me. Again, I noticed how easily it happened, as if his penis were only stiff, stiff enough to slip inside me without

much resistance or stretching. Once again his assault became more violent, more vigorous, shaking me around like a rag doll as his penis ploughed into me. It was moving in and out of me faster, faster than anything had ever moved in me before. I felt my breasts swinging and bouncing beneath me as I was bounced about on that frame. Once again I felt him swelling inside me, beginning to stretch me wider as he grew. But this time I felt something even bigger pressing against my labia as he fucked me, something much too big to get into me. But he was so persistent, gripping me around the waist, clutching me so tightly as he pushed, dragging me back towards that thing. I was as helpless as I had been before, incapable of resisting him, unable to pull away as he pounded away at me. And then something seemed to give, as if somehow I had broken and I felt that thing being driven inside me. I know I uttered a smothered scream as it was forced into me, fearful that, whatever it was, it would stretch me wider than I could accommodate and tear something, rip me open. Now, with every thrust I felt such friction against my clitoris, such pressure, such penetration. Unwilling as I was to admit it to myself, he was driving me towards orgasm. He was irresistible. And suddenly something inside me seemed to give and I felt the most overwhelming orgasm of my life - until then.

He was still in control of me, still in possession of me, still firmly wedged inside me. And the orgasms didn't stop. Wave after wave of sensation swamped my senses, overwhelmed my inhibitions as I succumbed to this terrible, awful, fantastic, mind numbing series of peaks. I realised that I was contributing, no longer passively accepting his right to use me like this but actively contributing in the process. Willing or not I know that muscles in my vagina were clamping around the penis within me, as if trying to squeeze every last drop of semen from him as he began to orgasm too. I felt the spurts of his semen being pumped inside me, filling every last space within me, warm and somehow comforting despite it's inappropriate destination. If I had ever been loved so effectively by any man I might not have got myself into this situation but now that it had happened I knew that I was not going to resist him the next time he demanded to use me.

I don't have any idea of how long he stayed inside me. It might have been hours or just a few minutes but it was almost a disappointment when I felt his penis shrinking, felt that enormous lump get smaller and realised that he was beginning to slide out of me. As he withdrew I was even more aware than I had been when he had withdrawn from me before of the flood of stuff that seemed to pour out of me as my entrance was unblocked. Almost involuntarily I felt myself clasp my legs together to somehow stem the flow but I only achieved a slowing of the flood. It dribbled down the insides of my legs, cooling on the late morning air. I remained slumped over my fucking frame, drained as our juices drained from me.

I think I must have dozed for a time, still held by the hooks of my bodice to the frame. I must have dozed because the next thing I remember is Rajah's tongue licking the insides of my legs, up higher and higher until he reached my entrance yet again. I was roused into consciousness when that tongue began to penetrate me again, licking out the mess that we had created, cleaning me - but also exciting me again. And him. Another monstrous fucking began. Monstrous this time not because I was being fucked by a monster but because once again I was driven to more and more of those peaks of physical sensation that confirmed his ownership of me. This time he had no need to force that lump inside me, it seemed as if his penis just kept growing longer and fatter inside me as I was used. Yes, I did feel myself being stretched wider and wider as he fucked me, drove me on to orgasm after orgasm.

This time, once he was firmly locked inside me, I felt his leg on my back and realised that he was turning. In a few moments he had completely turned so that I could feel the base of his tail between my buttocks. The thing inside me seemed to twist gradually inside me and I found it amusing to think of myself being 'royally screwed'. Then he frightened me by trying to move away from me. I could feel the tension as I was pulled, his tool still completely locked inside me. He was going to turn me inside out if he continued to tug at me like this. His tugs became stronger and stronger as he

sought to pull himself free. I was panicking as his tugs became irresistible. And then just I was sure that he was going to damage me irreparably he dragged me free of the frame. He started to drag me backwards and I struggled to hold myself at the correct height to relieve the almost unbearable tension inside me. He needed me just too high for me to crawl backwards on my knees and much too low to completely straighten my legs. I can't imagine how bizarre I must have looked as he dragged me about his pen, with me trying to relax the muscles of my vagina which held him clamped so firmly inside there. I have no means of knowing how long he dragged me around before he finally managed to pull himself free, his spend almost squirting out of me as I collapsed on the ground.

That was my lowest point. I lay on the ground, his sperm leaking from my abused vagina, knowing that the fucking he had given me had driven me beyond all resistance. I had been used in his run as his bitch now three times and each time he had overwhelmed any resistance I might have been inclined to offer, pushed me over that moral edge into depravity, letting myself experience orgasm. Technically there was a sense that he had raped me but I had cooperated in my own debasement. I deserved to be his bitch. I must be a feeble specimen of womanhood, not a genuine victim but a slut offering her body for his use. My tears and racking sobs were as loud as the voice of conscience in my head as I lay there, drained of any hope of redemption, exhausted by the pain, humiliation and effects of that last prolonged series of orgasms.

The only thing that gave me the will to continue was my belief that I was still in at least one sense, an woman of honour. I had made a foolish bargain but I would stick to it. Already at least four hours of the 24 to which I was committed must have passed. I would see this through and then somehow find a way to put all this behind me.

I began to raise myself to my feet but before I managed it I heard Rajah's low growl behind me. Oh God, no. But there was no doubting what it meant. He required me to stay where I was - he wanted to use my body yet again! I wondered if he would let me get back to the frame where I would at least have the benefit of support? Still on all fours I crawled back towards it. His nose was in my crotch as soon as I moved but he didn't prevent me from draping myself over it once again. No sooner had the barbs engaged than he started to mount me. I felt him lift himself up on to my back and then I felt his hot tool thrusting at me, seeking out the source of his pleasure.

It all began again. I no longer had the spirit to try to resist him. What was the point? I was his bitch now, controlled and compliant in my degradation. Just a few thrusts were enough for him to find my entrance. Once again, by submitting quickly, I found that it slipped in easily, without causing me pain, just humiliation. He pumped at me vigorously and violently at first, bouncing me around on the frame before I felt him swelling wider and wider, stretching me out again. This time though his assault seemed softer, gentler. It was still inexorable, irresistible but somehow it seemed more considered, as if the initial drives had just been violent attempts to breed and plant his seed inside a receptive womb while this was for his pleasure. There was a point when his thrusts almost stopped and he just held himself completely inside me. And while he held me I was aware that the thing inside me was still growing, still getting longer and wider, penetrating more deeply and making me ever more aware of what was controlling me. And that great ball just inside there was growing bigger, stretching me to my limit - and beyond. Then he started moving again, forcing my body to respond despite any effort I might make to control those intense feelings. I was so aware of the base of his thing massaging my clitoris while the sharp end seemed to be pressing right inside my cervix. I felt so completely filled as he drove towards my orgasm and his own. I could almost feel fulfilled, fully filled. And then I realised that there was more to come, more come. He started to pump more and more of his semen into my body and I knew that I had NOT been fully filled as even more stuff filled up all those remaining spaces. This time he was content to just hold himself inside me as he leaked his stuff into me, surge after hot surge. For a while it just filled every last space but eventually I really was full and despite the enormous plug in my vagina I could feel it starting to leak

out of me. And of course his juices were mixed with mine since he had forced me into repeated orgasms as he fucked me. Those orgasms reinforced my feelings of self disgust and I made myself accept that I had become his mate - or at least his playmate.

I don't know how long he stayed locked inside me before he first attempted to dismount but I do know that he didn't persist, didn't drag me off the frame. He just accepted after a few short tugs that he was tied there until he had shrunk. And when he did withdraw it felt like waterfall, as if I were peeing myself as so much liquid gushed out of me. I didn't have the energy to move myself from the frame. I had been fucked four times and had no idea how many times I had climaxed. I felt drained, exhausted and yet filled.

The flood had reduced to a dribble, keeping the insides of my legs wet in the drying air, turning the wetness into stickiness around my ankles before I was able to move away from my position. I tried to stand up straight, to walk normally, like a human being but found it difficult. I had no idea of time, of how long I had been under the sex machine he had become. The insides of my legs felt raw from the friction of his fur against them as he had pounded his weapon into me. Every joint of my back and legs ached from the violent fuckings I had received. But worst of all I felt such shame and humiliation because I had submitted to him willingly, had not resisted but had even co-operated in my own debasement. Four times already I had allowed him to use me as if I were just a breeding bitch. And I was committed to the rest of the twenty four hours I had so foolishly gambled with.

When I managed to get control of myself, my legs in particular, I made my way back to my own quarters. I was appalled to see that I had another three hours before I could get access to the rest and food that had been promised once eight hours had passed. Had I been foolish to promise myself that I would wait for eight hours before I allowed myself a break? I could already take a half hour break. Why not? In just five hours he had mounted me four times, fucking me almost to exhaustion. Even after walking as I had I could still feel his semen dribbling out of me, running down the insides of my legs, chilling in the air and reinforcing my humiliation and shame. How could an educated woman allow herself to be treated so awfully, submit herself willingly to such degradation? I was just a human bitch, a nothing, a cipher only fit to be used by an animal. No man could possibly want me now. I had fallen into a pit of depravity from which there could never be any hope of escape. For the rest of my days I would have to live with the knowledge that I had given up my right to be considered a female human being! Half an hour could do nothing to relieve that shame and humiliation. I could wait another three hours, would wait.

I dragged myself back, made myself walk, tried to fight off the feelings of despair. It would be over eventually. I walked around the edge of the enclosure. I suppose I was half hoping to find a weakness in the fence that offered some slight chance that if it should all get too much for me, I might escape. But I quickly realised that the sides would only give me access to the pens either side of ours and my only hope would lie in the extreme end of the enclosure. But any hope I might have had for that sort of escape was extinguished when I saw how much higher and stronger the fence was there. And outside did not look inviting. What looked like a vast expanse of open scrub lay between the pen and a range of rugged looking hills in the distance. And most of the scrub seemed to consist of thorn bushes. If I were to escape, it would have to be some other way than through or over the fence. And if it was to be over or through the fence I would need something to protect myself from those thorns.

I don't know how long I stood there, miserably staring at the dreary sight beyond the fence. Roger's semen still leaked from me but it had reduced to just the occasional droplet when I moved. I turned, preparing to make my way back down the other side of the pen when Rajah ran towards me. When he reached me, he pranced around me, as he had only a few days earlier when he wanted to play. I reached down to pet him and looked around for a stick or one of his toys to throw for him to chase. It

took me several minutes to realise that that wasn't the sort of game he wanted to play or the sort of toy he wanted to play with. No. I was the toy. Mounting me was the game. I started to make my way back to my place, the frame, so that he could enjoy me as he had already but he was impatient. He harried me into running back, with him hot on my heels as I ran. When I reached it he barely gave me time to crouch over it before he was up on my back, pinning me down and thrusting his penis at me immediately. I had cause to regret having kept him waiting because in that time his weapon had grown. This time it did not slide easily inside me, as it had before. His assault was violent and painful. He had enough experience now to find my opening with his first thrust but being so much bigger than earlier penetrations meant that he started to stretch me open from that first painful entry. There was no lubrication from his licking me there this time. I recognised this as rape. He wanted me. I had made myself available and now, HE WAS GOING to have me. This time, I was just his bitch. There was no suggestion now that I owned him. This was the point when he took possession of me. From that moment, I had to accept that HE owned ME.

He had wanted to use me and so use me he did. Planting his seed inside his bitch was the motivation, and I was his bitch. But he was also making it clear to me that he was doing this because he had recognised this as an exciting thing to do. And I had to accept that from his point of view, it must have seemed not only the most enjoyable thing to do but apart from eating, drinking and sleeping, it was the only thing to do. No wonder he had mounted me five times in only a few minutes more than five hours. At this rate I could expect to have to submit to him at least at least twice more before I could claim my break.

Just as before he penetrated me completely. But this time that awful bulge didn't start inside me and grow bigger there. This time I felt it pressing against my lips with each thrust, that pressure increasing each time until it became irresistible and I found myself being painfully stretched as it was forced inside. This time too, he didn't stop thrusting at me once he was fully inside so I felt his extended tool reaching even more deeply into me than on any previous occasion. For a time I was afraid that he would do me permanent damage before the friction and movement stimulated those disgusting feelings inside me again, forcing my body to respond, however unwillingly, to the mounting sexual excitement my servicing generated. Once again I was made to give way to those depraved feelings as I was overwhelmed by wave after wave of orgasms until we were both exhausted. That, of course, is not quite true. He was exhausted in the sense that his ability to generate more sperm was exhausted; I was exhausted because I had no more energy but I was filled to overflowing as a result of his efforts. Even as he stood behind me with that awful thing still twitching inside me I could feel his spend leaking past that all too solid plug that locked us together.

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The next couple of hours passed painfully slowly. Rajah had retreated to his food and water bowl once he had finished with me and had then withdrawn to his kennel. For a while I wandered about the enclosure, conscious of the steady but gradually diminishing dribble of his come leaking from my abused organ. Eventually, because there was nothing else to do I joined Rajah in his 'den' and dozed beside him, just wishing the time away.

That might have been a mistake but I was lost anyway. When he awoke, his first response was to drink from his water bowl. I realised that I too was thirsty and managed to make myself crouch down and drink from the bowl labelled 'Ranee'. In crouching down to drink, however, I was presenting myself in the 'breeding position' and Rajah was not inclined to resist such temptation. He mounted me as I knelt there, finding his mark without difficulty and filling me once again with his seed. There was no point in resistance. I was his to do with as he wished. As his pet I had to just accept that this was going to happen whenever he chose to take me. In a sense there was a small consolation; now that I had accepted his right to use me as his bitch, I knew that he would give me pleasure too if I

could accept it. So I submitted like a good bitch and let him have his way with me and allowed myself to be pushed to more orgasms, orgasms that drained me of any remaining energy. By the time he had finished with me and I had recovered the strength to stand upright again I could see that my first 8 hours as his pet were completed and I made my way back to my own, human type quarters.

As promised, the door opened with just a push. And inside too everything was as promised. I could see food available in the kitchen with an already opened bottle of white wine standing cooling in an ice bucket. But first I wanted, needed, to get clean. I went straight to the bathroom and found that the shower was warm and available with an array of shampoos and body washes to choose from. I luxuriated in the shower for more than fifteen of my sixty allocated minutes before wrapping myself, still naked, in a warm fleecy towel and attending to my need for food. I was beginning to feel almost human again as I enjoyed my meal - a salmon salad which went so well with the cooled wine. When I had finished eating I felt sufficiently human to feel that I should wear something more than just the fleecy towel and went into the bedroom to find something more feminine. I had expected to find the clothes I had removed when Mark had brought me here but there was nothing. So I had to be content with the towel. I did find a bottle of perfume and some of my own make-up however and consoled myself by making my face at least look more like the woman I had been until so recently. By the time I had done that and sprayed myself with my familiar eau de toilette I realised that my 'free' time was almost over and that I should return to my role as Rajah's pet. I refastened my protective bodice and re-entered his domain.

The next four hours were even worse than the first eight. As soon as Rajah spotted me on my return to his enclosure he bounded over to me. At first he seemed happy to see me and have company again but within moments his mood seemed to change. It was as if he had decided that something about me was not right, something that he needed to do something about. He bounced back from me and stretched out his front legs, lowering his head. His lips curled back and he snarled at me before giving a peremptory bark. I knew it was intended as some sort of instruction but I wasn't then sufficiently familiar with his behaviour to completely understand what he meant. But I learned. He made me understand that I was to go to his fucking bench and make myself ready for him. I had no sooner hooked myself into position than he was on my back and I was being fucked once again. I told myself that it was only natural, that his eagerness to fuck me was the result of my absence for the past hour, that he had perhaps been looking for me wanting to use my body but had been frustrated in that desire while I had been relaxing. No wonder his need was so urgent.

But despite the urgency of his penetration of me, the mating was extended for what seemed far longer than any of his earlier efforts. My only means of assessing the length of these couplings then was by counting the number of times he induced an orgasm in me. It was still humiliating to have to accept that whether I wished it or not he had the power to push me to such feelings. It was a power that I tried to deny him but I was beginning to realise that my efforts were futile. I know that I reached seven but whether there were more I can't truthfully say since a degree of exhaustion overcame me. I do remember that his weapon swelled up inside me again, locking us together while more of his fluids were pumped inside me. Then we remained arse to arse until he shrank enough to pull out of me without turning me inside out. I had to stay there because his tugging to be free of me wasn't powerful enough to overcome the strength of the hooks in my bodice which held me on that frame. I did try at first to move myself backwards but I couldn't get enough purchase from my crouched, head down position and the frame was not lifted as it had been to allow me to slide off. So I was still there a little while later when he came back to inspect me. I felt him sniffing around my sex for a time and then around what he could get to of my upper body. I noticed his lips curl again as if he was dissatisfied with what he detected and then felt him licking my cunt lips, pushing his tongue inside and starting to generate those sexual feeling that I wanted to resist. I don't know if he

had made me damp just with his tongue or if his treatment of that part of me made me leak myself but it was only a few minutes after he started licking me that I felt him climbing on to my back again. Another mating, coupling, sex act, rape - whatever it was. Not as prolonged this time - I began to think that he was tiring either of sex or of sex with me - but just as devastating to my self-esteem as a woman. I recognised myself again as a bitch, a receptacle for his seed, a toy for his amusement, a source of pleasure - truly his pet.

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#### **Chapter 4: Another day - but no dollar**

At last my first twelve hours as Rajah's pet were over. For just a few seconds the door remained locked but there was such a sense of relief when I heard the click of the lock being released, allowing me access once more to the more private, human part of my accommodation. Food was not my first priority. I went straight to the bathroom and started to run myself a bath while I collected together the creams and treatments available to me there. Then a long soak as I tried to wash away the feelings of shame and degradation that almost overwhelmed me when I thought back over that day's experience. The fact that I had co-operated in my own debasement was almost insignificant when I reflected on the fact that his treatment of me had given me a perverse sort of pleasure. How could I not only have let an animal fuck me but offer myself to him, let his use of me drive to the point of orgasm? And not just once but repeatedly??? How many times had I submitted to him already? And how many times had he made me appreciate my submission, accept my role as his bitch, enjoy the rush of being used like that?

Eventually hunger overcame this morbid reflection and I climbed out of the bath, wrapped a warm fleecy towel around myself and went into the kitchen to make myself a meal. And then to bed. Sleep was difficult at first with so many regretful thoughts but at last I did fall asleep.

To be awakened in time to prepare myself a light breakfast before accepting the need to re-enter Rajah's territory.

I collected my collar and re-fastened it around my neck. It was a chastening experience because I knew that I was again accepting my role as Rajah's plaything. I also put on my protective bodice and then it was out of the door and into Rajah's territory. There was a dispiriting click as the door closed behind me. I was locked now into at least four hours of submission. But at least I could tell myself that I had already fulfilled half of the hours I had agreed to with that disastrous gamble.

Rajah must have been waiting for me. I had taken only few paces into his run before he was in front of me, sniffing at my crotch. I worried about the posture he was adopting. It was so intimidating. Something about me had upset him and from his short bark I guessed that I should get to my frame and prepare myself for another mounting. He was snapping at my heels as I rushed to get into position and I felt the air of threat. He was on my back almost before I had lain over that frame, already thrusting his weapon at me. For an awful moment I thought he was going to push into my bottom and I instinctively lifted myself as much as that bodice would allow and opened myself to him before that happened. I at least wanted it in the right place. But even as he found his mark and started to slide into me I was worrying about that thought. However had I reached this state? That I could think of my vagina as the right place for my own dog's penis?

Once inside he began to fuck me vigorously, pumping in and out more quickly than ever. And, of course, as he pumped he got harder and bigger. Within minutes I felt that now familiar pressure as something even bigger pressed against my entrance and to my shame I must admit that I opened myself up to it to allow it to enter me before it had reached its full expansion. I felt him stimulating



me in the horrible and shameful way that I had experienced the previous day, felt myself getting wet and slippery inside through my own spend rather than his and then felt that bulb grow and grow inside there until it wedged almost solid, stretching me to my limit. At that point, his thrusts were almost stilled but by then even the slightest movement inside me there was overwhelming. Overwhelming my will to resist the orgasm that had been building since his initial penetration. I really can't say now whether those orgasms were brought on by the stimulation of my clitoris or of some other part inside there. But they came, unbidden. And I came too, again and again.

He was locked inside me when he turned. It was hard to resist the excitement which he roused within me as that monstrous weapon twisted around in there. It was so tightly held that it seemed to take forever to screw around to match his posture behind me. And every moment of that turning seemed to generate stronger sexual feelings within me. The thought occurred to me that this is what it must mean to be 'screwed'.

I felt more shame than as I was aware that his dog arse was pressed tightly against my own, a feeling which removed any pleasure I might have felt from the repeated mini-orgasms that he forced on me as that thing seemed to throb within me before starting to fill me with repeated jets of his hot cum.

I don't know how long he stayed tightly lodged inside me. But he tired of just standing there and dragged me off the frame and over to his drinking bowl. He didn't care one jot that he was adding to my sense of degradation and ignominy by having to follow him with my arse pressed tightly against his. Eventually he did shrink down enough to pull himself out of me but that merely reinforced my degradation as what seemed like gallons of his spend flooded out of me. It made me feel as if I had wet myself as it poured and then dribbled down the insides of my legs. And those feelings were made worse because he insisted on licking me clean before settling down to clean himself and grant me a little peace.

For about an hour I would guess he seemed satisfied, his sexual desires sated by his repeated use of me. He drank from his water bowl, ate some of his food and then lay down and stretched himself out in the sunshine that was now bathing his pen. He made no move as I rose up on two legs and made myself take a little exercise. I needed to stretch my own legs, to walk about like a human being for a while, try to regain some of the feelings of humanity that were being taken away from me while I was obliged to play the role of bitch. I walked all around the fence that surrounded our pen. It was the first time that I had recognised it in those terms. It confined me as securely as it confined Rajah. But HE had a degree of freedom denied to me - HE chose when to mate with me. My choice was limited to choosing what I would do while he was not inside me. I found myself thinking back to the previous day. How many times had I been used? I tried to remember each one but the sessions seemed to blur into each other but I eventually calculated it as nine. Now it was ten. Would he fuck me nine times today too? Could my body withstand such treatment? Oh for this to be over. When I got back to the start of my perambulation I looked at the clock over the door to my quarters. Somehow two hours had passed. Only another ten and I would be free. Free to rejoin the human race - if the human race would still have me.

Rajah was still in the same spot, the same pose. I began another tour of the pen. I was only about half way to the far fence when he reached me. There was no doubting what he wanted. Remembering the pain of his entry the last time he had fetched me back for his pleasure, I rushed back to the frame and got myself into position. He followed at a more leisurely pace and for a few moments I wondered if I had mistaken his intentions for me. Whether I had or not I shall never know because I was now in position to be fucked and he needed no further invitation. There was a small consolation; he was still able to slide into me painlessly but slide in he most certainly did. And so I received another right royal fucking . . .

By the time Rajah was satisfied I had experienced several of those almost unwanted but nevertheless fulfilling peaks of joy which he was able to impose on me. It was exhilarating on the one hand to reach those peaks but also, on the other, dispiriting and draining as I was forced to acknowledge my degradation. It was this mixture of exhaustion and humiliation that led to my next mounting. I just lay across that frame, unable or maybe unwilling to rouse myself from the mood of despair until Rajah was ready to take me once again. That familiar feeling as he raised himself up on my back, the urgent searching for the entrance for his tool followed by another vigorous fuck. I was unresisting and just allowed him to use me. It was his right and I had neither the energy nor the will to fight it. His penis slid inside me so easily and the vigour of his pumping had its usual effect on me - usual now at least. And despite myself, more orgasms, orgasms that I could not resist but which nevertheless absorbed what little energy I had left. He too seemed tired when he was eventually willing to dismount although this time he rested inside me for long enough for his penis to slide out of me as easily as it had entered, allowing what seemed like another gallon of stuff to pour out of me. He did lick me clean before taking himself to his water bowl, sating his thirst and then settling down to clean himself too.

This time the frame tipped up to allow my release, almost depositing me on the ground as the bodice lost its hold. I wondered if I had served the first four hours of my day because, this time, I had decided to serve the day as three four hour sentences. I was delighted to find, when I reached the door to my quarters that almost five hours of my day had passed and so I was able to re-enter for a half hour break.

There was just time for a quick but thorough shower and a light snack, already laid out in my kitchen, before it was time to return to being Rajah's pet. I was not prepared for the welcome he gave me.

I remembered how tired he had seemed with me only half an hour before so it was rather a shock when he met me. His nose went immediately to my crotch and he sniffed at me there for only a moment before baring his teeth and adopting that threatening stance that had so intimidated me earlier that morning. His low growl and snarl sent me immediately to my place, my position where I could satisfy him as his bitch. There was no gentleness in this mounting. It seemed to me that there was anger in the way he entered me, anger that was only to be soothed by fucking me as vigorously as he could - and I can confirm that he can do that thing very vigorously indeed. I felt myself being bounced about on my frame as he hammered his penis into my vagina, felt my unsupported tits swing frantically on my chest and despite myself, felt the waves of excitement being stimulated by being so treated. It was not the most enjoyable fucking I had had, although I have to admit that my previous experience in that activity was so limited that Rajah had achieved that during the previous day. It more closely resembled a violent rape than anything he had imposed on me before. If being his bitch was going to lead to being treated this way again, I was going to regret even more having got myself into this situation.

It was a relief when eventually I felt that familiar surge of semen inside me and he at last dismounted from me. I was too intimidated to even attempt to leave my frame. Rajah left me there as the sun rose higher and I felt the soreness between my legs that I had assuaged to some extent with the creams from my bathroom return. My internal muscles too were tired, my vagina feeling stretched and weakened. His stuff was leaking out of me in a steady dribble, running down the insides of my legs, cool at first but becoming stickier as it dried in the sun. I couldn't see where he had gone and was afraid that he was already behind me, ready to pound into me again. I think I remember that I was crying at that point. It was certainly another low point as I considered how many more times he might mount me before my time as his pet was over.

Time passed slowly. I had time to recover from my tears and time to reflect on what might have

brought about this more violent treatment. Was this to be the norm now? Had he so accepted his right to use me whenever he wanted that any consideration of my feelings was now unimportant? Did he now see me as some sort of sex toy, a sex doll to be pummelled into sexual submission for his pleasure? I accepted that he had come to see me as being there for his sexual use but was it now to be sexual abuse? Or was it something I had done that had brought about this violence? I thought back to the way he had greeted me after my meal break. Was he frustrated because I had been away from him for too long or was not available when he had first wanted me? When had his attitude towards me changed?

I thought hard about my return. He had not immediately greeted me with growls and snarls. That aggression began after he had sniffed around my crotch and upper thighs. Was it the cream I had used on the soreness between my legs? Or was it just my smell? Could it be that by showering and cleaning myself so thoroughly down there I had made myself smell 'wrong' somehow? I know how much more sensitive to scents a dog is than a human so it was possible. Perhaps by washing myself clean I no longer smelled of him. Was it jealousy? Did my changed smell suggest to him that I had been 'unfaithful'? I didn't, couldn't, know but I resolved that during my next break I would be much more careful and make sure that I didn't entirely remove his scent from the clear focus of his interest in me.

My tears dried as did the mess that had leaked from my abused vagina. I was held in that fucking frame by the bodice and I lacked the energy and the will to struggle and maybe find a means of escape from it. I think my mind just blanked or perhaps I slept but the next thing I remember was the coldness of his nose between my legs and then the warmth of his tongue on my labia. Inevitably as he licked that tongue began to penetrate and then stimulate me. And, just as inevitably, this was just a precursor to another mounting. I had no means to resist and at this stage would not have resisted if I had been able. The fucking that followed was almost gentle. His thrusts were somehow more controlled as if he was fucking me for his own pleasure rather than through some desperate need to plant his seed inside me. That gentleness and the prolonged movement of his ever enlarging penis and the stimulation of some part of me that I had never been aware of before he had started fucking me provoked wave after wave of orgasms, unsought but impossible to resist, even if I had wanted to resist them. He was behaving so much more like a lover than the rapist who had enjoyed using my body earlier.

I can't say how long he was inside me or how often his persistent stimulation of those internal sexual parts of me drove me, now willingly, over the edge of control to bliss beyond anything I had ever experienced before. Nothing that had gone before had really prepared me for these feelings. He was no longer my dog - or my attacker. And I was no longer just his bitch but his willing accomplice. It was the moment when I accepted that he now owned me, that I was his to use however he wanted but most of all the receptacle for his seed and the receiver of all the joy that being so mastered could inspire. I wanted him inside me, desired him in a way that I had never desired any man. If this coupling could last a lifetime, I would happily spend my life so joined with him. This was my destiny.

Eventually, of course, it did end. He could prolong our mating no longer, could not sustain his size, the width that kept him so wonderfully locked within me. As his tool shrank our combined juices began once more to leak through what had previously been a secure seal and make his withdrawal inevitable. When it came there was the now familiar gush of warm liquid from my entrance and that feeling of loss as more and more of it poured out of me. I think he was as spent as I was myself because he sank to the ground behind me, lapping at the juices as they reached my ankles, resting there for quite some time before moving away towards his water and food area. As he left me, the frame tipped again, depositing me in a heap as the hooks of my bodice lost the controlling hold of the frame beneath me.

When I regained control of my legs I managed to make myself stand and walk over to the door to my quarters. It was a genuine surprise that the door was already unlocked and the clock indicated that I now had less than three hours as his pet. I needed a drink at least and the chance to ease the muscles of my legs. I realised that I must have spent a long period with my legs spread as wide as I could get them to allow him the fullest possible access to my pussy. I must also have been straining to push my body back at him to ensure that he reached as deep inside me as I could contain. The insides of my legs were red with the constant friction of his body against them but I was resolved not to use any of the cream that would ease that discomfort for fear of provoking another onslaught like the one that had greeted me before. I just bathed them with warm water and wiped away the excess fluid still dripping from my labia with a few pieces of toilet paper. I nibbled at the salad that had been set out for me in the kitchen and made myself a cool drink and while I sat drinking it, I reflected on my experience of the last two days. First, I worried that I had overdone the cleaning. Would I be received with a savage rape or did I still have enough of his scent to pacify his rage? Then I wondered how it had come about that I had accepted that he could take me, that I could genuinely have enjoyed being so taken? And then I wondered what my last few hours with him be like. Would it be humiliating as it was at first or would he want to repeat our last mating? And as I wondered I came to realise that I wanted him to want me that way again. Where I had dreaded the prospect of being mounted by a dog only days ago now I was troubled by the thought that he might not want me during the next couple of hours, that I would never again experience the ecstasy that he had given me only an hour or so earlier. He had taken me nine times yesterday and had already fucked me at least five times today. Would he be spent? Would he be able to mount me at all during this last period with him? Was I now condemned to having the memory of just one empty fuck in my lifetime, having that memory to ruin any future coupling I might have?

But my time to reflect on such thoughts was cut short by the alarm indicating that my 30 minute rest period was almost over and I readied myself to re-enter Rajah's territory.

He heard the door opening which heralded my return. As before he was ready for me and approached me, his nose going immediately to my crotch. I worried again that I had washed off too much of his scent provoking another violent assault and was a little reassured by the time he took with his inspection of me. He nuzzled at me, giving me the clear impression that I was to open my legs to give him greater access and I complied. His wet nose felt so cold when it touched me there but I was soon replaced by a warm tongue as he sought the reassurance of taste as well as scent. His tongue swept over my labia and a slight increase in pressure, assisted by my willing opening of myself, allowed a degree of penetration too. I recognised the frisson of anticipation that contact generated and realised that I really wanted him to continue. I felt myself opening my legs even wider to encourage him to push that exciting tongue further inside me and felt a degree of disappointment when he abruptly ended his inspection of me and turned back to his resting area. He didn't want me! His inspection had aroused me but not him. And since He was the master in this relationship I would just have to wait until he did. It was such a disappointment. I had spent so much of my rest period looking forward to at least one more opportunity to enjoy what I felt now was the most perfect form of lovemaking and now it wasn't going to happen. In a little over two hours my time with him would be over and I would have to return to being just a woman. A woman who had experienced bliss but who clearly could never allow herself to demean herself in the future to submitting to her dog. A sense of desolation overtook me and I felt as wretched as I had been the first time he had mounted me. Such a turnaround! I set off for a wander around our pen, trying to find comfort in the fact that my time as his pet would soon be over. But I didn't want it to end this way. How could I live after having been so beautifully fucked, knowing that I would never experience such joy again? My whole body was crying out to be taken like that again. Just thinking about it was exciting and also so depressing. I felt so empty inside, so confused, so frustrated. As I made my way back to the resting area I heard a sharp bark and for a moment my heart rose. He wanted me. I rushed back to him but

found him still lying where I had left him, eyes closed and breathing steadily. Another bark and I realised that there must be other pens, other dogs in these kennels, dogs I could not see somewhere over the other side of my sleeping quarters.

Apart from bringing me back to Rajah, my master, the second bark had another effect. It roused Rajah from his doze. He stood, stretched out his front paws as he always did when waking, pricked his ears and when he heard another bark gave a deep reply. Just one deep bark, as if to say, "I heard you, now stop making a fuss and let us all have some peace." Then he went to his water bowl and lapped at it for a few moments before stretching again and looking around. He saw me standing, dutifully ready to submit to his wishes and for a moment I had hopes that he would now want me. He did, but not in the sense that I wanted him. He wanted to play, the sort of play we had engaged in before where I would run from him and he would chase, demonstrating his control of me since he was so much faster, so much more agile. He encouraged me to run from him by nipping at my heels when I was too slow and then tripping me from behind as I ran away from him, bring me tumbling to the ground, down to his level. Once down he would lick my face and nudge me upright again with his nose. The evening was cooler than it had been during the day but the exercise brought me out in a sweat because he made sure that I didn't relax. I don't know how long he made me play this game but it was what he wanted and as his pet I was obliged to play.

It was well into the game before I recognised that he had chased me back close to my mounting frame. He brought me down again and instead of nudging me upright his nose found the junction between my legs. He sniffed deeply at me and seemed satisfied with my scent. That tongue again. Oh Rajah, please, please. Fuck me one last time. I didn't say it, of course, but it was what I felt. I know that I opened my legs to let him smell me, sniff at me there, lick me, own me. And then the nose nudged and I knew that my hopes were to be fulfilled. He did want me. I was up and over my fucking frame in no time, legs spread as wide as I could get them, hoping, longing for him to take me. Just thinking about it was making me slippery inside so when he came over to me and licked me there he must have been able to taste my readiness. Oh please Rajah, I want you now, please take me, slide it into me, fuck me like you did earlier, give me bliss, take me back to Nirvana, heaven, just one last fuck before I have to leave you.

I can't do justice to the joy of that fuck. There aren't words to describe the peaks that his wonderful weapon drove me to. I do remember it as being even more satisfying than that previous peak of desire and satisfaction. I wanted it to go on for ever, lost count of how many times my body responded. There came that point when I felt the first warm flush of his semen gushing into me and hoped he wouldn't withdraw immediately. He didn't. His knot held him firmly and my own muscles clamped around him, holding us together, prolonging our joining. I hope that he enjoyed it as much as I did. How would I be able to become an ordinary woman now? How could I ever be satisfied with the puny efforts of some man?

He turned and I loved the feeling of his thing sliding slowly around inside me, sparking new peaks of pleasure as it moved. Despite the lack of any movement from him I found I was able to prolong my own sensations by vaginal contractions until I felt the hot spray deep inside me as he finally released the last of his sperm. I had been owned, mastered, bitched, mated, covered, serviced and yes, I was truly fucked. It might have been the last time this would ever happen but it had been a truly satisfying experience. For the moment, I felt sated and fulfilled.

It was finally over. He slipped out of me, our spend seeping out even before he finally withdrew. And my time with him was over. I made my way back to my quarters and noticed that the clock indicated that I had overstayed my time by almost 30 minutes. 30 extra minutes of bliss, I told myself. Never again would I have that sense of completeness.

## Chapter 5: Contract completed

I let myself back into my own quarters with a tinge of regret. I told myself that I had had my fun and that now it was time to begin to rebuild my life as a human being and a woman. The irony struck me almost as soon as the thought occurred to me. Less than a week ago I couldn't imagine my experience during the last two days as 'fun'. 'Hell on Earth', 'Purgatory', 'A Living Death' would all have been much more likely descriptions. But in that two days I realised that I had been totally degraded and debased but also tamed and even seduced by my own animal. At least I could now begin to think of him as 'my animal' rather than of myself as 'his pet' or 'His bitch'. I had suffered the consequences of my folly and would now have to get back to thinking about how I would get myself out of the financial mess that had indirectly led me into that awful gamble.

As I let myself in I became aware that I was still leaking. I felt the stuff leaking out of me drip from my labia as I walked, heard the dribble splashing on the tiled floor. Holding my right hand down there over that entrance, I made my way into the bathroom. I removed the collar and the bodice before stepping into the shower and set about turning myself back into the woman I had almost forgotten how to be. I towelled myself off with one of the huge soft white towels available and applied some of the soothing lotions and creams to the insides of my thighs. Then it was into the bedroom where I found that the wardrobes had been filled with my own clothes from home as well as a number of elegant and expensive looking dresses, skirts, blouses and jumpers. The drawers were also stocked with lingerie, stockings and everything else that a girl could need if she were to regain her sense of humanity and even normality. I was too tired to consider dressing properly so I chose my most comfortable pyjamas and a silky housecoat. Then I went into the kitchen to find a meal already waiting for me on the table. I can't imagine how it was done but it was complete and hot - and tasty. I did make myself a cup of tea to finish my meal and then retired to bed.

I felt so tired. I realised that just being fucked so many times during a day was tiring. It wasn't because I had put much effort into resisting and thinking about it I had to concede that my part of that operation only involved lying over a frame - Rajah had been doing all the work. But the orgasms themselves had been the part that had sapped my strength. And my will to resist. But, now it was all over. No more submitting to Rajah. My two 12 hour periods had been served - I had served them while Rajah had serviced me! All I had to do now was to find a way of overcoming the financial problem that had led to my downfall. Even as I tried to concentrate on that aspect of my future life, the past few days interfered. How humiliating it had been to know that I was letting an animal, a dog, use me as his sex toy. And it had become even more humiliating as I discovered that my body responded to the vile treatment I was being subjected to. And now there was the added shame of knowing that at least for the last couple of occasions I had willingly offered myself and had genuinely enjoyed being so used. And now I could never allow myself such feelings ever again. It was so confusing. I hated it. I wanted it. It was disgusting. It was wonderful. I just couldn't sleep. That was another thing that was being denied to me.

I was aware that I was tossing and turning, desperately trying to control the contradictory thoughts jumping in and out of my head. And when I did manage a few fevered minutes of rest I was beset by equally confused dreams. In one I was the subject of vilification as people became aware of my debasement. In another I was being hounded from the estate by burly bailiffs. Or I was devastated by being denied the sexual joy that Rajah had taught me to seek through coupling with him. Any and all of these dreams found me forced back into wakefulness as they reached their climax. So although I did manage some sleep that night, I could not describe it as restful sleep. I felt almost as tired when the alarms sounded in the morning as I had when I had retired to bed, But there was no rush, was there? My ordeal was over.

The noise of the alarm got louder and louder. Hiding my head under the pillow did little if anything to make the noise bearable and I realised that only stirring from the bed would switch it off. So, wearily, I slid my feet out from the covers and sat up on the edge. The noise subsided a little but it was clearly only going to be silenced by me leaving the bed and even the bedroom.

As I made my way out of the bedroom the alarm subsided a little more but entering the kitchen seemed to increase the noise which diminished again as I went into the little lounge, where it ceased completely. I couldn't avoid seeing the large TV screen which showed Mark's face. He smiled. "Well done. You have behaved very well as Rajah's pet. But I suspect that you do not fully understand the situation. On the table in front of this screen is a copy of the contract that you signed a few days ago after losing our wager. You will remember that it committed you to spending 12 hours as Rajah's pet for every time that he fucked you. It may be that you believe that you have now fulfilled that obligation but I would advise you to read it a little more closely. You will see that there is no time limit on that obligation and, since he has coupled with you at least 15 times in the two periods you have so far spent with him you will see that you are now committed to at least another fifteen 12 hour periods with him as his pet. I think you will recognise that during that time he is likely to mount you again so your stay with us could extend for some time. We want you to be comfortable while you are with us so I should perhaps warn you that refusing him access will not be without consequences. In a few moments you will be able to watch a video of such consequences. The whole video lasts about 24 hours so you may want to skip parts of it or scroll through it a little more quickly. The star performer in this programme is Juanita who entered into a contract very like yours a few weeks ago. A couple of days ago she made the mistake of refusing to comply with the conditions of her contract, withholding the use of her body from her then owner Rex. (He's a German Shepherd actually.) The small print at the end of her contract, like yours, describes the procedure to be followed in such cases and you can witness it yourself. You now have an hour to watch as much of the video as you wish and to study the contract that you signed."

Then the video began. At first it showed a young woman being fixed to a frame like the one in Rajah's run and then the shot opened up to show a much bigger picture. She was being fixed in her frame within a hexagonal pen in the middle of half a dozen other pens. Her pen had just five barriers around it but the one directly behind her was missing. In five of the surrounding pens I could see a large dog. The dogs were kept within their pens by the five barriers of her pen. I was wondering what was going to happen when she had been made helpless. I imagined that she would be made to feel vulnerable since almost any one of the dogs would want to mount her. But it was worse, far worse. Once she was fixed as securely as her handlers thought necessary, they withdrew. And the pen within which she was fixed rotated. It stopped with her open barrier against the pen of the first dog. As soon as the machinery had stopped moving, that first dog was on her - and in her. He had clearly been anticipating the moment she would be available and immediately began fucking her violently. I skipped a little time, fast forward until he had finished with her and dismounted. As the dog withdrew to his own pen, her pen rotated and the next dog had her as his prize. I watched, appalled, as she was mounted again and fucked equally violently by this next dog. At last he turned, still connected to her and stood for several minutes with his arse pressed tightly against hers before pulling himself out and retreating into his own area to lick himself clean. Once again her pen rotated and she available to a third dog. I felt sick as he approached her lazily but intent on having her. I skipped a few minutes - I don't know how long but next saw her being taken again by a fourth and then a fifth animal. As her pen rotated next I noticed that the sixth pen now also contained a dog, also willing and able to mount her and fuck her. Occasionally the camera would zoom in to show her tortured face or a shot of her dripping cunt or her swollen belly. Her torment was relentless. The machine rotated as soon as each dog had had his fill of her - or had filled her to overflowing. I noticed that the dogs servicing her changed, being replaced by fresh animals so that she never had more than a few minutes without a dog's penis inside her. I left the machine running for a time while



I studied my own contract, the one I remember signing so confidently such a short time ago. The thought of being used like her horrified me. I had seen her pen rotated twice completely already and the timer showed she had been there for only a couple of hours. Would they really subject her to 24 hours of such treatment? That would mean at least a hundred fuckings! Her organs would be shattered. Could any woman survive such savage treatment?

I couldn't bear to watch any longer and tried to leave the lounge but found it impossible to open the door.

As I turned back into the room, Mark's face reappeared on the screen. There must have been a camera inside the room or perhaps my effort to open the door had triggered it. "Now that you have seen the alternative and have studied your contract, you will have considered your options. I think you will appreciate that you are now committed to at least another 15 twelve hour periods with your Roger. But I'm not a brute. I will allow you a complete day from now as the woman you used to be before you resume your duties as Rajah's pet. Go back to the bedroom and choose your wardrobe for the day and I'll meet you at the entrance to your little haven in an hour's time. I'm sure we can have a lovely day together. Oh, Juanita isn't still being given to the dogs. After every circuit she was given the opportunity to repent her resistance and accept the terms of her agreement. My men tell me that they have never known any woman to continue to resist after 3 circuits with many relenting after just one and almost all after just two. I look forward to seeing you looking your best in a little while."

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Chapter 6: Purgatory

I went back to the bedroom, totally dispirited. Another fifteen 12 hour sessions with Rajah? And how many times would he want me during each of those sessions? It seemed unlikely to be less than once - he had wanted to take me almost every time there had been a break. Would it be better if I spent the whole time with him? Let him get so used to me being available that he would get bored with me? But how could I survive out there in his/our enclosure all day and all night? And would his behaviour be better during the night? Would we both sleep or would there be periods of activity to keep me awake? Or would I just get to enjoy it more, get to look forward to being used like a bitch? How could I tell. But one thing seemed certain. Mark knew that I had already submitted to Rajah on fifteen occasions and few women managed to maintain their human status after being used that way even a dozen times. And none, he had said, for more than 18. I knew in my heart that not all of those experiences had been without pleasure. Indeed I could still remember a feeling of regret when I had left him the previous evening. Was I already broken, a useless wreck of a woman fit only to be bred with my own dog?

Mark had offered me a day's 'rest and recreation'. Could I make that re-creation, rebuild my shattered life so that I could go on with hope of eventual freedom and redemption? The only way to find out was to try so I committed myself to trying to re-create the woman who had arrived at the site of her personal defilement only days before.

I searched the clothing that had been left for me and chose the prettiest underwear and the smartest outfit there. Pink flowered bra', matching knickers, a matching suspender belt and stockings, definitely stockings rather than tights. There was also a very expensive looking flower patterned summer dress, a light stole wrap and a pair of delightful high heeled sandals. I finished my make-up and studied my reflection in the long wardrobe mirror and told myself that no-one could possibly imagine that the elegant female there could possibly ever have had sex with an animal. A final spray of what smelled like a very expensive perfume and a handbag exactly matching the colour of my shoes and I was ready to emerge and face down the world.

I heard the door of my quarters opening from the outside and went out to meet Mark. He made a show of stopping in his tracks as if amazed at the transformation before offering me his arm and escorting me from that area back into the more civilised surroundings of what I took to be his own home. He led me to cool conservatory looking out on to a patio surrounded by plants and with a large pool with three fountains jetting water across the surface of the water. We sat on a pair of fabric covered armchairs while maids and servants bustled about preparing coffee for us both. I could almost convince myself that I really was an ordinary woman again.

The coffee arrived with a tray of biscuits and little cakes. I felt myself warming to Mark as we chatted about my earlier life and he told me more about the way he had made his fortune, which he attributed to luck. My training in accountancy led me to believe, however, that his story displayed more shrewdness in assessing the time to make crucial decisions and great tenacity and determination as well as skill in turning those decisions into business opportunities and, for Mark, real cash. I wanted to hate him for letting me get myself into this horrible situation but kept coming back to the realisation that any fault was entirely my own. I had brought it all on myself when I had made that stupid bet. How could I have been so foolish to take such a risk, a risk that seemed would ruin my whole life. I could see no way that I would ever be able to fulfill my side of the bet. Every time Rajah had his way with me condemned me to another twelve hours and it seemed inevitable that at some point in that period of time he would want to use me as his bitch. And probably, from my experience so far, more than once. And even if he did have an 'off-day' occasionally when he couldn't raise the energy or desire to take me, there would always be others when he had me three, four or more times. Perhaps all that I could get from the rest of my life was some of the joy of those intense moments of sexual arousal that he could give me, and give me whether I wanted them or not.

After a while we adjourned from that conservatory and walked around the gardens and grounds, still talking about anything but dogs and the incongruity of a dog stud farm where some of the bitches were, or had once been, human women. And then a long and leisurely lunch towards the end of which Mark made his proposal.

Oh no - it wasn't marriage, but something far simpler and an example of Mark's ability to take advantage of an opportunity. "You must realise that your Rajah is a valuable asset. He's a potential champion of his breed and can and I'm sure, will win prize money at many if not all of the dog shows in which he is entered. But as well as that, he is a likely source of some very valuable breeding material. Not to put too fine a point on it his semen. As a stud dog in the usual sense I think we can both see that he is pretty useless. But you, my dear, can and have changed all that. With a normal bitch, he just doesn't perform. But with you? Well his willingness and stamina seem boundless. Now I accept that you, as his owner, have property rights on him, rights which I am prepared to pay for somehow. Either by direct purchase or through some partnership deal, that can be decided after negotiation. And I also accept that without you, none of his potential as a champion stud can be realised. And he has another asset, a trait that may well be genetic but is pretty rare and could add value to his semen - he knows instinctively how to mate with a woman. And is only too keen to do so. Imagine. There are very few dogs that will perform on a woman and most if not all of those need some expensive and not always successful training. If someone somewhere is looking for a dog that will mount a woman - and I believe such people do exist - how much would they be prepared to pay for the chance to breed one of their own that will do the deed instinctively rather than one that will need the training and may then still not make the grade? I think there is a clear market opportunity here and you, young lady, are well placed to take advantage of it. Whether Rajah's traits are genetic and transmissible have yet to be determined but I am prepared to bet that they are. So I am proposing a deal for an agreed price for all the semen that Rajah deposits in you and a rather smaller price for any that he may leave in any other female or receptacle. Since he is your dog you own both him and his semen so you could turn down any offer I make but I'd remind you that our

contract still exists. You may own him but in a sense he owns you in return. And Rajah and his semen are your only current asset. If you choose to reject my proposal out of hand, his semen remains unsold but will still be going into you and when he dies you will be free from our contract but with no remaining asset. Come to an agreement about a fair division of the proceeds of the exploitation of your/our asset and your time here could be worth a considerable amount. Think it over. After this meal, either go up to one of the rooms upstairs - I'm sure we can find you an acceptable one - or back to your own quarters and decide which way we are going to negotiate this idea. And this evening, let me know, in principle, which way you have decided. I'm sure we can settle details later. The choice is yours."

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## **Chapter 7: The outcome**

I decided to go back to what Mark had described as 'my own quarters'. I wanted my decision to be close to the scene of my degradation so that I would not be able to forget it in more luxurious surroundings. I imagined that Mark might try to tip my decision in his direction, suspicious that perhaps something like this had been in his mind from the idea of the bet. Why else had it been made? Had he already known about the size of my financial problem? Is that how he had arrived at exactly the amount I had thought would see me out of trouble?

Back in the lounge of my 'apartment' thoughts like this returned. Was it possible that he already knew that Roger would be willing to take me when he had shown no interest in those true bitches? Had Jerry already told him about Roger's first fruitless visit to the kennels? The suggestion that there was something 'genetic' about that willingness that could be exploited? Surely he and Jerry already knew about Roger's ancestry. After all, Jerry had told me that he had bred Roger himself. Had I been set up? Thoughts like these kept interfering with my ability to make what I hoped and wanted to be a rational decision. If it had all been pre-planned, why should I co-operate with them? As I said before, I wanted to hate Mark for doing this to me. These thoughts strengthened that wish. Yet how would I punish him by refusing to consider his proposal? Who would suffer? Certainly not Mark - except that he would have to bear the cost of keeping me with Roger/Rajah until my dog was dead. For a moment I considered that thought - if I killed Roger myself, I would kill their golden goose. I would be free of the contract and could return to a degree of normality, try to rebuild my life. It was only a moment. I knew that I wouldn't be able to bring myself to the point of 'murdering' the only creature alive on this earth seemingly able to show me the slightest affection. Was there any other way apart from that awful deed?

My choice seemed to be between accepting being Rajah's ranee for as long as he, or I, should live. Or accepting Mark's proposal and eventually being released from that contract with some money rather than absolute poverty. As Mark had said, either way I was bound to be kept as Rajah's pet and that effectively meant being his bitch. Discounting the possibility of murdering Rajah meant accepting a state like that of marriage - we were bound to each other for at least until one of us died. Not quite a complete set of marriage vows but 'as long as we both shall live'. Then I began to try to monetise the possibility of accepting the proposal, at least in principle - which is what Mark had asked me to do. What was it worth to me to submit to being treated like a bitch for years, many years? How long do dogs normally live? I wish I had a good answer for that question but I was sure that it was more than ten. Hadn't I heard that a year in a dog's life equated to seven in a human? And I had no real idea of the price of dog semen, and certainly no idea at all of how much Rajah's semen would be worth if he really would produce offspring who would mate with women rather than other dogs.

As I was thinking these thoughts I recognised that I was already thinking the unthinkable, that I

really was 'considering' accepting Mark's proposal. How far I had fallen in such a short time. From worried landowner less than a week ago I was now contemplating becoming a whore for a dog. And I was even wondering how Mark would set about collecting Rajah's sperm from inside me. That surely would be even more humiliating than being serviced by him. I couldn't imagine the possibility that Rajah might wait before mounting me to give time for me to encase his tool inside some sort of condom that would contain the precious fluid. But I could imagine someone watching us copulating, waiting for Rajah to finish with me and then rushing in to harvest his juices from that hitherto private part of me. I would have to make sure that it couldn't happen that way. Oh what a hellish choice to have to make.

I needed time, needed to keep calm, needed a clear head, needed more information. I couldn't think straight. I needed a break from the depressing thoughts about a terrifying future. I was in a funk. So I did the obvious thing - I went into the kitchen and made myself a cup of tea!

The tea did its job. As I drank it I became calmer, able to think more clearly and block out the unwelcome thoughts that had kept intruding earlier as I had grappled with my problem. And of course, the answer was obvious. Faced with the need to choose between two odious options I had to choose the less distasteful. Neither choice was going to relieve me of being Rajah's bitch so that didn't need to be considered as a factor. I had to think about my situation when that part was over. Then it was a choice between being in penury or having some money. That some of that money would be tainted because it had been from a buyer of Rajah's seed intent on some evil purpose also had to be considered. There was a delay in my thinking for a while then because others thoughts interrupted my argument with myself - thoughts of some evil person breeding packs of dogs that would attack women and mate with them against their will, perhaps get loose and spread like a plague attacking women all over the world. It was only when I remembered that if they were Rajah's descendants they would probably have his indifference to mating with other dogs so there would be no progeny. Even so, I had to wonder why anyone would want to breed a dog that would only mate with a creature from another species like a human. I don't believe it is possible for separate species to have offspring. And in cases of similar animals like donkeys and horses the offspring, in that case mules, are always sterile, aren't they? Another few moments of jumbled internal argument before I managed to get back to my own problem. Those were other people's problem, to be dealt with by other people. Back to clarity. I had no desire to be thrown out like the waste after my dog's death, penniless, ravished and ravaged, probably ragged and ruined with no attractive career or life prospects. By then, being fucked by a dog was probably be all I would be fit for - and I had no way of telling what sort of dogs they might be. No, I would have to accept Mark's proposal, at least in principle.

The rest of the afternoon was spent trying to calculate what sort of deal I should press for to ensure that I came out at the end of my ordeal as well possible. Not knowing the strength of the market in any sort of dog semen meant that I didn't need to consider actual sums of money. I had to work out what proportion of any income I could successfully negotiate with Mark. Rajah was MY dog, his semen technically belonged to me, I was the sole source. Those were the arguments for a large share. I was Rajah's pet, my time with him was controlled by Mark, any collection of Rajah's sperm would also be Mark's concern, selling the sperm too and managing the whole financial deal with the outside world. Those seemed to be the arguments for a large share for Mark. He would probably demand a 50-50 split. I could ask for a 75% - 25% split but I told myself that he would probably settle for something closer to 60% - 40%. Could I negotiate something for my time? Surely once this sort of arrangement was in place, being held available for Rajah to service became more of a job than the result of a bet.

So, I decided. Yes to Mark's proposal in principle. Finances on the basis of a proportion of the income with details to be agreed for the first 3 months subject to review at that point but with my

%age always above 60%.

Other people might have been able to reach that sort of conclusion quickly and easily. But I suppose my mental arguments with myself were affected by my experiences of the past two days, clouded by such conflicting memories. The feelings of utter humiliation as I had first been the object of Rajah's intentions, the horror of knowing the inevitable outcome as he began to mount me, some of the pain of those early penetrations, the stretching as his knot expanded inside me, the agony when I kept him waiting so that his tool was already too big for him to penetrate me easily. There was the added shame of recognising that he was able to stimulate me, excite me, force me to orgasm, make me enjoy the experience so that at times I had offered myself too willingly for me to want to remember. How could I forget? Why hadn't I felt elated when I thought my two twelve hour terms with Rajah were over? Did I still deserve to be thought of as a woman - could I even consider myself a woman?

My feelings were very mixed when it came to the evening meal. I told Mark that I had considered his proposal and accepted in principle. I indicated my terms and he accepted them as a basis for negotiation. And he made me another offer.

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Chapter 8: Commitment

This offer was a surprise. I am beginning to work out why he made it but at the time it made little sense. Mark proposed that I should work 'a 5 day week'. I could take two days as rest days after every five twelve hour stints as Rajah's pet. All the other conditions would apply - I'd still have to allow Rajah access to my hitherto private parts whenever he chose to make use of them. I could have one day just like today - dress as much like a woman as if I really were still human - and another to do whatever I wanted but with the condition that I was to create within those two days a complete record of my experiences with Rajah. Mark would provide me with a laptop to prepare this record and the laptop would be secured by a password known only to me so that it would remain my private diary. There would be no access to the internet just a laptop equipped with word processing software. I would save each day's record as a dated, named file and would have to reveal the size of each day's file without revealing the contents.

The prospect of another day as a woman was really attractive. And I know I was already creating that record in my mind. This would give me a really human activity to counterbalance the rest of my time as Rajah's bitch. So I agreed. I had already worked out a secure password although I won't write it into the record in case some fragment, that particular fragment, should be read by another person.

The rest of that day passed almost happily. Mark did say during our time together that he and his technicians would be busy the following day creating a device that would enable them to harvest Rajah's semen - without the need for me to encase that doggy member in any sort of condom before our matings. And I began to create this record during the evening to give myself as much 'human time' as possible. As I was writing I realised that in fact it would be easier to at least make notes on each day after each twelve hour session ended rather than trying to remember for several days. Already the feelings I had during those first two sessions as Rajah's pet were less sharp than they had been only 24 hours earlier.

I spent the whole of the morning of that second 'rest day' remembering, writing, re-writing, editing and polishing my record of my first two sessions as Rajah's pet. It was, at times, emotionally draining and stressful with periods of depression and self loathing when I castigated myself for my shameless and wanton behaviour alternating with other periods when I tried to console myself with

the thought that I had at least been honourable in sticking to my word and carrying out my side of the terrible bargain I had made. And, at times, also admitting to myself that Rajah had, during that time, given me more sexual pleasure than I had ever had in my life before. That made me ashamed again!

And now it is time to re-enter our 'run'. What will Rajah's response to me be? Will he attack me and rape me viciously for leaving him without satisfaction for two whole days? I suppose I must rush over to my 'fucking frame' immediately to offer myself to him before he demands use of my body. And will there be any pleasure for me? I have to go.

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## **Chapter 9: The Harvest**

When I went into 'our pen' I was surprised because I did not instantly see my 'fucking frame'. I had already made up my mind that my best option was to get to it as quickly as possible, before Rajah noticed my arrival, in case my separation from him for two days meant that he would want to mount me immediately. I had learnt that much from my previous returns. I had started to move towards the spot it had been when I was last in there with him and so missed it, behind me as I had turned to get myself ready for him. It took me several moments to find out that it had been moved to the other side of the pen, the side furthest from Rajah's quarters. And not only had it moved but it was now completely different. Whereas before it had had four legs now it was supported on a single central pillar. Underneath the central 'body', with its velcro-like covering I could see a horizontal bar which went from the front to the back, extending a little behind the platform that would support me. I didn't spend too long studying it since I was anxious that Rajah should find me available and ready to give him what I suspected he would be only too eager to give me. I draped myself over the frame and as I did so the hooks engaged fixing me firmly to it and the front lowered so that my bottom rose up above my shoulders, holding me securely in exactly the right position to allow my mate the easiest of access. Not only that but that horizontal bar somehow split at the front and the back. At the back I felt it catch the backs of my knees, drawing my legs forward and open while at the front I found my wrists grasped and held back down below my breasts. I was thus perfectly presented as Rajah's fuck toy.

I think it was the sound of the mechanism which alerted Rajah to the return of his 'pet'. I couldn't see him but I imagined him emerging from his kennel and looking towards the spot where he had already taken me 14 or was it 15 times? Probably his ears would have given him some clue about my whereabouts but almost certainly it would have been his keen sense of smell that would have told him exactly where to find me. I am ashamed to admit that I had been thinking about what he was most likely to do when he found me and have to confess that I could detect a degree of dampness between my legs. Whether I wished it or not, my body was preparing to receive him. I can remember that I did still feel that shame, the shame of having allowed myself to be debauched by my own pet, but there was also the thrilling excitement of anticipating the peaks of joy he might engender within me as he took his pleasure. That was what was making me damp in there.

I heard his paws on the ground before he arrived. And what happened next confirmed my guess that he had missed me. He wanted to use my body for his pleasure and he had wanted me for too long already. I knew that because, as before when I had kept him waiting, he had already grown enough to make his entry uncomfortable, almost painful. He found his way inside me as quickly as ever, now that he knew the way. Immediately he started thrusting violently, causing me to bounce about on my frame. I could feel my breasts wobbling uncontrollably beneath me with no particular rhythm since their natural movements were completely unsynchronised with the speed of his thrusts. It was almost painful but I soon forgot that feeling as he swelled more and more inside me seeming to get

bigger and to stretch me more than he ever had before. I guessed that my vagina had recovered some of its earlier dimensions during the two day 'holiday'. Whatever the cause I could feel Rajah's 'knot' pressing against my cunny lips, unable to pass through and give me that extra pleasure. That pressure against my clit was stimulating me too and I began to experience a sequence of orgasms. I could feel my own vagina pulsing around his shaft deep inside me as if it was seeking to milk every last drop of his semen from him. And then he came as well. His period of enforced celibacy had given his body time to restock his supply and when he started to cum he filled me to overflowing. His knot was pressed against my labia but was not forming a seal and so after a while each extra surge caused an overflow, and I felt his semen, warm at first but cooling rapidly, leaking from the lowest point of my entrance. I felt it in the sparse undergrowth I had down there before it dripped down to the ground. A mercenary part of me regretted the loss. But how could I have prevented it? How on earth did Mark intend to collect the fruits of my subjugation?

All too soon he was finished. Because he had not knotted inside me Rajah was able to withdraw fairly quickly and easily. And then I discovered more about the frame I was fixed to. As soon as Rajah dismounted I felt another contact with my labia. Not quite as warm and comforting as Rajah's knot but more effective in preventing any further leakage of his precious fluids. That was followed by a very strange sensation as from exactly the right point something emerged from it and began to penetrate me. It is hard to describe the feeling but I believe that something like a thin tube was inserted into me and started to suck out everything liquid that it found. And when I felt myself empty inside, it withdrew, the pad over my entrance was removed and my frame tilted towards the back. That tilting loosened the hold of the hooks, allowing me to stand upright again. As I stood I looked back at Rajah. He was contentedly lying down and licking himself clean. After a few moments he came back to me. I felt his tongue swipe across my entrance but if he had expected to find more of his semen or of my sex juices he was disappointed because that one swipe was all I got from him. I had so wanted to feel his tongue inside me again but he wandered back towards his kennel, lapped water from his bowl and went back inside, leaving me to my own devices. That somehow put me in my proper place. As far as he was concerned my purpose was to be there when he wanted me. Otherwise he was as self-sufficient as any animal with a ready supply of food and water could be.

It is hard to describe exactly how I felt at that moment. He had given me a degree of pleasure - but I had wanted so much more. I could still remember the joy he had given me the last time he had fucked me, that feeling of completeness coupled with a sense of loss that it would be the last time I would have such an experience. I suppose I had built myself up to expect that sense of complete and supreme joy and this was not it. My body wanted more, my mind wanted more. And I didn't even have that wonderful 'full' feeling that he had left me with after a proper 'seeing to'. Worse still was the feeling that I had now offered myself to him as a degraded sort of 'prostitute', letting him fuck me for the money his collected semen would earn me. Perhaps I was wrong to have accepted his offer.

I was in a fit of depression for more than an hour after that. I had no purpose but to serve as his sex toy and he didn't need me even for that. There was nothing to do. I wandered about the caged pen reinforcing my opinion about the impossibility of escape from it. I studied the machine that had replaced my 'fucking frame' and wondered how it worked. I think I found a few photo-electric cells and guessed their purpose - to detect when Rajah dismounted, or just when his penis was removed from my vagina. I had to admire the design and its efficacy. It was exactly suited to its purpose of holding a human female in exactly the right position for a dog to fuck her. I supposed that it could be adjusted to match any dog with any female, or even if necessary a male. For my own amusement I tried to imagine Mark being fixed in it and left to the attentions of a dozen or so horny dogs. How many circuits could he stand before accepting his role as a dog's fuck toy? I reckoned that Juanita would love to see that happen. And as I thought about it I became convinced that it was not a 'one-



off' design just to collect Rajah's semen from me. I knew that there was at least one other female 'victim' here. How many other women had been tricked into the foolish sort of bet that I had entered into? This whole complex might be filled with other women like me, women who had given up their hold on humanity through some contractual obligation, some trick, or other form of exploitation?

Later, Rajah wanted me to play with him. That's right, me play with him, not him play with me. His game was very like the games we had played before - I threw a stick or a ball and he would dash off and bring it back to me. During the last few days he had come to recognise that I was indeed now HIS pet and so the game was changed. He would have the stick first. Then he would drop the stick and run as far away as he could get from me. I had to pick up the stick and chase him until I got close enough for him to accept the stick from me. I was a little slow to work out how to play and earned several nips of my ankles before realising what I had to do. And if I didn't reach him quickly enough I got more nips. I found it interesting at first as I tried to put myself into his mind and work out how he expected me to play but he wanted to play for far longer than I would have played with him before so I was hot and tired before he decided that it was time for me to give him his other sort of pleasure. I had to admire his wit as he finally had me running towards my frame with the stick while he waited for me there. And when I arrived his low growl and bared teeth reminded me of my status so I draped myself over the frame and was once again put into the right position to receive him.

I had known from the start of the day that I was unlikely to be able to reduce my commitment to Mark as Rajah's pet that day. Indeed I couldn't see any prospect of that ever. I couldn't imagine a time when Rajah wouldn't want to mount me at least once in a day. And within four hours he was going to take me twice at least.

There was a saving grace this time. Because I was available exactly when he wanted me his entry was painless and easy. He slipped into me with his first thrust and was soon banging me with slightly less vigour and at a slightly more comfortable rate than his early morning session. And because he had slipped inside me early his penis grew and grew there and his knot formed there too. It meant that I could enjoy being royally rogered. His treatment of me generated more almost continuous orgasms and his semen filled me until I felt I might burst. This time I was securely plugged so that very little of our juices were lost when he eventually withdrew. I was able to enjoy that full feeling and the ecstasy of his fucking of me for what seemed like hours. And when he did withdraw the machine beneath me did its work without any fuss before releasing me. I think I would have just continued to lie there as I felt the combined effects of the running exercise and the series of orgasms Rajah had given me that had left me drained but I was tipped off. I wondered how long I had been in with him and was surprised to see that I could return to my quarters for a break, if I so wished. Perhaps I'd see if I could get some of Rajah's tongue first . .

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Chapter 10: Frustration

In that I was disappointed. I did go over to him, I even sat down in a doggy sort of style - on my bottom on the ground, sitting up with my arms down between my opened legs, knees bent and feet flat on the ground. I so wanted him to do what he done before, lick me clean. But although he did sniff at my wide open space, one sniff was enough. There was obviously something about my smell now that I had been so effectively cleaned out that he had lost any interest he might have had. I wasn't even worth a single lick.

I stayed there until I became too ashamed of myself to stay any longer. I felt completely debased and I saw myself as my dog's whore, willingly offering myself to him but being rejected. I wasn't

prepared to do anything more degrading and so I got up and returned to my own quarters. There at least I could tell myself that I resembled a human woman, could quench the thirst that my morning's exercise had generated.

Inside I prepared the meal that had been left for me, ate it and then attended to my other needs. My two previous sessions with Roger had taught me that I should take precautions against the sun and against the friction involved with being a bitch. I sought out the creams in the well stocked bathroom cabinet and applied the appropriate ointments and creams liberally. By the time I was finished I had to rush to get back to our run.

I realised that I should have been less liberal with my creams when I got back. Rajah's reaction to my return would have been predictable if I had thought about it more carefully. I clearly gave off the wrong scent on my return and, putting myself in Rajah's place, I should have known that he would either be jealous that some other creature had enjoyed use of me while I was away from him or that his own ownership of me was no longer obvious from his scent on me. Suffice to say that he immediately reminded me of my station inside his pen and demanded that I present myself on that frame. I can't say that I enjoyed that session. He was imperious and I felt no sense of caring from him. His tool plunged into me almost as soon as I was available and our mating was definitely on his terms. The whole event made me feel so used, so unworthy of the status of woman. I was just a common bitch and plaything for my dominant master.

He didn't tie with me. This had just been an exercise of power, his demonstration of his position as my master and of mine as his pet. So he was able to dismount from me as soon as he had ejaculated and once again the machine set to work to clean me out. And I was 'dumped' from the frame. There followed a seemingly interminable period of boredom. I had nothing to do, no purpose in that pen apart from satisfying him. He withdrew to his kennel and stretched out in a state of rest. He did clean himself off, of course, but I held no further interest for him. It was as if he knew that he could have me whenever he wanted and wanted to show me that my wants and needs were unimportant. So he ignored me, dozed, roused himself for the occasional drink or to take more of the food from his bowl. His treatment of me had merely aroused me but had given me no satisfaction. It had been so rough and so relatively short and I hadn't properly prepared myself for it. And I was denied the earlier satisfaction of his tongue. On reflection I realised that he had even stopped his previous practice of preparing me with that instrument of pleasure. Today it had been almost immediate entry, a period of violent activity inside me followed by a variable amount of spend within me, spend that the new machine had thoroughly removed from me. I was even being denied what I had come to enjoy, that fully filled, fulfilled, feeling after he had pumped his seed into me. Now, after the machine had milked me of his semen I just felt an emptiness inside me. Oh how quickly I had descended to the level of dog's whore . . .

What followed seemed like hours of just wandering around the pen, walking around the perimeter, counting my steps from one corner to another, studying the grass, wondering if it was short because it was cut regularly or was a slow growing variety. If only I had something to do. The boredom was depressing or rather my own thoughts depressed me. I found myself trying not to think of my earlier life, the life that I felt was never going to be regained. He had already condemned me to at least another two periods as his pet and I still had hours to go before I could get back into my own space. I tried to cheer myself up by planning what I would do during my next rest period and for my 11 hours of release from this servitude later. I determined that I would make a point of dressing myself as much like a real woman as possible during my overnight recovery period. I'd have to create my record of the day, of course. Ah that was a thought. I could be planning that while I had nothing else to do.

Eventually Rajah roused himself from his resting and came out into the pen to join me. He just

walked beside me in a companionable way for a while but there came a point when he seemed to be directing where we should go. I recognised his intention but didn't instantly make my way back to my frame. He allowed me to take a leisurely, circuitous route but made sure that I got there in the end. His command was clear when we got to it - 'get yourself on there because I'm ready to have you again.' He couldn't speak, of course, but everything about his demeanour made that order clear. I draped myself over it and was once again grasped by the hook-loop system as the device moved to present me in the most appropriate position. Once again he slid inside me easily, growing longer and swelling wider as he began to work on me. I was aware of the first flush of precum making me slippery, lubricating me just as my own juices were doing. and this time he fucked me in a more gentle, controlled way. I still felt myself bouncing about on the frame, was still aware of my breasts flopping but this time his rhythm was close to the rate of their swing so I felt their oscillations getting bigger and bigger before falling out of synchrony with his movements. His knot grew bigger and bigger too, stretching me wide so that I was grateful for the way my frame held my legs wide open. And, needless to say, this time he drove me to a series of passionate orgasms so that my body rocked and shook with both desire and satisfaction. I have no idea how long our coupling lasted but I know I was reluctant to let him go after he had deposited another full load of his semen inside me. I tried hard to squeeze my vagine tightly around him to prevent his escape, felt it pulsing almost in time to the throbbing, trembling movements of his pleasure giver.

It did end, of course. disappointingly he didn't turn and hold himself there, just slowly shrank until he could just slip out despite my efforts to keep him there. And, immediately, I was first plugged and then drained out by the machine beneath me before being released. Once again I was denied that extra pleasure of being cleaned by his wonderful tongue. and it was time or my second break of the day.

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## **Chapter 11: An experiment**

During that second break I did eat, drink and clean myself a little. I was cautious not to remove all traces of his contact with my lower body though. And I had an idea.

I remembered that in my earlier life, when Roger had been my pet rather than me his, I had once mistakenly bought a supply of dry dog food. Mistakenly because Roger wouldn't touch it. As it happened I ran out of the food he had been used to and the dry food was all that I could get quickly. When he saw it in his bowl he had just turned away and left it. For a time I was able to tell myself that he would get hungry enough to at least try it at some point. But his will was strong and although he did drink from his water bowl, he steadfastly refused to touch the food offered to him. What I remembered was how I had won him round. I had used a proprietary brand of powdered beef gravy. I mixed up and heated the mix with water and a little milk before pouring it over the dry food. I have to admit that the smell of that gravy was certainly beefy - and it worked. Roger was tempted to try the mixture and was soon satisfying his hunger (and my concerns). My idea was to search the supplies in my little kitchen to see if I could make a similar potion - for me.

The ingredients I found did not completely match those I had used before but I did manage to create something which smelled to me very like it. When it was sufficiently cooled, I painted my labia (and just inside) and my breasts and also soaked some sheets of kitchen roll in it. These I put inside a plastic sandwich bag and tucked inside my hook-loop bodice. Then I went back into our pen.

It worked - oh how it worked!

Almost as soon as I re-entered our run, Rajah approached me. Not with the threatening manner of

the earlier parts of the day but in a curious, I want to know more about you, sort of way. I'm sure that his nose was telling him that I was somehow more interesting than I had been before. And, as I had hoped, he wanted to use his nose and, best of all, his tongue to find out just how I was more interesting. I leaned down so that he could reach my breasts and was gratified that he wanted to taste them. The feeling of his tongue over my nipples was so exciting. He licked one and then the other before concentrating on my left breast. His licking became firmer and firmer as he licked more and more of my tasty 'sauce' from it. I found the combination of his tongue over the nipple and the movement resulting by his increasing pressure was making me long to feel him on my right breast. I forced myself to be patient, confident that he would turn his attention to that target at some point. I wanted to enjoy every moment of this new sensation. Eventually, it came and I felt just a slight pang of remorse as my abandoned breast lost that magic contact quickly followed by more waves of pleasure as he began to massage the other with such determination. I know I was beginning to leak just a little before he turned his attention to my labia - and inside. I just stood and let it happen, despite the fact that my knees were beginning to shake and I wanted him to drive me to my frame. I was afraid that my legs wouldn't carry me as far as that frame unless I began to move there so started to edge towards it. He realised what I was doing and aided my progress with a pressure from his head. I was hardly aware of what I was doing by the time I had draped myself over the frame and it had positioned me to receive him. He too had been aroused by the added flavour of my juices which by then were flowing fairly freely. I was offered up to him. Perhaps I should admit that I offered myself up to him - and he took me. I have no idea how long our coupling lasted by it is true to say that it was by then already the most satisfying act of coition for me yet. He grew larger, longer and wider within the tight constraints of my vagina and I loved every moment of it. And, of course it ended with a massive spend from both of us, although I know that his greatly exceeded mine. Unfortunately though, when it was over, it truly was over. The machine cleaned me out and dropped me off and Rajah withdrew to lick himself clean with no further thought for me.

Despite the fact that I had just enjoyed such a degrading sexual assault, which I recognised that I had initiated, I wanted more. I had come to like those feelings which Rajah had generated in me during those first two days, feeling full of his sperm, being tied, even being dragged around with his thing firmly lodged inside me but most of all, the sensuously gentle 'coming down' feeling as his tongue cleaned out the mess which reached the outer limits of my body. I wanted to feel his stuff leaking out from me, cooling rapidly in the outside air, dripping from me, running down the insides of my legs - all those indications of my degradation, my punishment for getting myself into this situation. And that solicitous tongue, that tongue.

So I was started on the road to perdition, away from any hope of ever again achieving the status of human woman. I committed my next act of utter folly, the act which has led to my ultimate debasement. I can blame no-one but myself and I am so ashamed to confess it. Even to myself in this intimate and private diary. I retrieved that plastic bag with it's foul contents from inside my bodice. I wiped that scented secretion around my nether lips as I had before. I hoped that the scent would rekindle his interest in licking me clean and give me that last morsel of satisfaction. I would regret it. But it was done.

Unsurprisingly it had no immediate effect. Can you imagine how let down I felt by that failure? In effect I was being rejected by the creature who now owned me. He wasn't interested in giving me what I desired and I was left, still wanting. I know that I moped about our enclosure for what seemed like an age, an age during which I beat myself up for falling so low. Any self esteem I had developed through the success of my 'gravy' idea was overwhelmed by the recognition of the price I must now pay. To make myself an object of desire to my own dog? How could I have been so stupid, so reckless, so weak? I couldn't even justify calling myself a 'foolish woman'. F\*\*\*ing Bitch was the best I deserved.

No immediate effect, maybe. But there was an effect. Rajah's sexual needs must have been sated - after all, he had enjoyed the use of my body five times already that day, So could it be said to be surprising that sex with me was not anywhere on his list of priorities? No. Drinking from his water bowl, eating the fresh food always there for him, resting in the late afternoon sunshine - these were much more important to him while I was embalming myself. It was just a matter of time.

I had thrown myself down at the far end of our enclosure in defeated dejection, my head in my arms and my eyes firmly closed against the world when I became aware of him again. He was sniffing around me, showing an interest in the scent I was then giving off. Whether it was the now stale gravy smell, the smell of my own juices or that heady mixture of his and mine intermingled I don't know. But I was aware that he began to pay particular attention to my sex tunnel. I expected him to want me to go to frame and drape myself across it again and half prepared to get up from the ground. But driving me back to the frame was not on his mind. By judicious nudging with his head and nose I realised that he wanted me to turn over on to my front. Then he wanted my legs open so that he could reach me there. I was so keen that he should lick me there that I didn't resist and allowed him access. He licked and sniffed for several minutes before he began to nudge me again. This time he wanted me to lift my bottom from the ground so that his tongue could more easily reach my sex. Because I wanted to feel his tongue I gave in to him and raised myself up on my knees with my head still on my arms. He excited me with his licking while also seeming to demand that I lift my bottom higher. Gradually he got me into a position with my legs bent beneath me but with my feet on the ground and my chest and head still down on the ground. When he moved to mount me I found myself rising up to position myself so that he would hit my labia rather than my anus so, once again, I contributed to my degradation, even reaching behind me to ensure that he entered the proper hole. 'The proper hole'! How could I have come to think that I could ever possess a 'proper hole' for a dog's penis? But at that moment I did and I guided him into me - and enjoyed my f\*\*king too, especially the later stages after his knot had withdrawn and the copious collective spend inside me began to leak out and was met by that longed for tongue.

The fact that his semen was inside me, filling me even as it leaked and was not being collected for some later sale from which I would benefit gave me a small satisfaction - in addition to the satisfaction achieved through our coupling. At least for this encounter I could get no financial benefit and so I could avoid labelling myself a dog's whore. His bitch I may have become but on this occasion I had that small saving grace. And afterwards we lay together warmed by the late sunshine and the warmth of our bodies in such close proximity, with me stroking and petting him while he gave me long luxurious face licking kisses. And that ended another day of my sojourn as Rajah's pet.

I had been used six times during the day as far as I could recall. That meant that my penance would now last at least another five days. I think that means that I now serve at least another twenty days of this sentence.

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Chapter 12: A different tale

That evening I did, as I had promised myself do my best to transform into some semblance of a woman. At least I could look like one even if, inside, I could still only think of myself as Rajah's bitch. After I had showered, dressed and eaten I went into my lounge hoping to find some entertainment on the large television - the one that had previously shown me that poor girl being abused, as I thought then, interminably by a succession of dogs. I switched it on but the screen was blank and no amount of fiddling with the controls changed anything. I gave up and moved to sit on the sofa. That was when I noticed the long, thin box on the table beside it. The box was labelled 'For Rajah's Ranees'. I wanted to resist, a small rebellion against the idea that I could be so labelled. Somewhere

in my deeper memory there was the thought that a Ranees was the wife of a Rajah. Or at least one of his senior wives. But at least it was a title. I had been thinking of myself as a concubine, a member of his harem, his whore, maybe his mistress in that other sense than the status I had been made to abandon. Or just his pet as my gamble had termed me.

In the end curiosity won and I opened the parcel. Inside I found a long tail like device, a pair of things I can only describe as gloves and a letter of explanation. I read it carefully, trying to make sense of the wording and the instructions. I won't try to copy the whole text but you will have guessed by now that it was an artificial tail. The first part of the letter explained that their monitoring instruments (I wondered if that meant cameras, despite the assurances Mark had given me that any coupling between me and Rajah would be private) indicated that Rajah and I had paired during the third session somewhere other than on the frame. Suspecting that during that coupling there had existed the possibility that Rajah could have used the wrong entrance and that I might not welcome such an eventuality, the tail could be used to plug that other entry and so prevent any such outcome. The 'tail' was remotely controlled by sensors inside the 'gloves'. Bending down any one of the fingers would produce an effect and other effects could be obtained by bending two or more fingers. The two most important controls were for entry and removal. Pressing together the first finger and the thumb of the right hand would expand the base and the same action with the left hand would cause the base to shrink back to its original thin pencil size. Suitable lubricants to ease entry could be found in the medicine cabinet in the bathroom.

This was very hard for me to cope with. Could I ever bring myself to use such a device? I remembered that during my first 'deflowering' session, the event which had got me in this position Linda had asked me about anal sex - and I had indicated my dislike of the idea, She had suggested the use of a plug to prevent any possibility of it happening and I had accepted. Was this the sort of thing that had been used then? There had been no indication then that it was a tail that I could control. It could have been a tail but remotely controlled from elsewhere. Linda was supposed to be the only person able to witness my downfall so had she been in control of the tail then? I had a faint memory of something brushing my leg just before Roger mounted me that first time. Had his mounting of me have been prompted by some instinctive understanding of a bitch's body language - or tail language? Was drawing the tail to one side a bitch's signal to her potential mate that she was ready and willing for him to mount her? Was that what had motivated him to mount and fuck his erstwhile mistress? If only I knew more about the matter.

My first problem was having to decide whether I could bring myself to use the tail. Could I bear to have something stuck up my bottom for ages each day? I suppose it depended on whether I ever wanted Rajah to take me when I hadn't offered myself on the frame. I know I had felt very nervous about where he would enter me earlier in the day, that I had deliberately lifted myself up to make sure he reached the 'proper' target. Wearing the tail would avoid that problem. But so would just getting on to the frame. Being on the frame, however, seemed also to mean giving up any hope of that sensuous licking I found I craved. Back to self loathing. Low esteem again. Just there for a dog's pleasure, but getting pleasure from being used. Stop it, think, think.

I decided that before I made any decision I would have to try the thing. Apart from that one occasion with Linda, and Roger, I had never had anything go in there. I went into the bathroom and found some suitable creams, something I could bear to think of as a lubricant for the horrid thing. Then I went into my bedroom, hoping that I really did enjoy the privacy I had been promised, at least there. I removed my skirt and slip, hesitating before removing the knickers too. The business end of the device did look very thin. I thought it would slip inside there without too much discomfort. I readied it, and myself with generous quantities of the cream and then managed to make myself start to insert it. I was really surprised at how easily it went in. I put on the gloves, both hands. It took me several minutes to get myself to the state where I could let my first finger and thumb touch. When I

did at last make myself do it I was surprised by the effect. Very gently the end that I had inserted swelled up and started to push me open as it slipped a little deeper inside me. The effect was not painful, as I had expected and it only swelled enough to lodge it firmly in position. Almost immediately I touched my finger and thumb together with my left hand and was relieved when it responded to the control and shrank back to its original size. I made sure that it could slip out easily before re-inserting it, making sure this time that I had the tail the right way up; it was pretty obvious I realised because the hairs grew longer on the bottom of the tail, giving it a feathery look. I closed my finger and thumb together again and started to experiment with the controls. I knelt down on the floor in front of the wardrobe mirror so that I could see what was happening. I found out how to hold the tail straight upright and how to make it wag from side to side in that position. I could draw it down and back between my legs so that it completely covered my sex - and to draw it down beside one leg as I guessed Linda had done. I could make it bend a little up and down or side to side and wondered what if anything such movements might mean to another dog. Another dog? Was I really thinking of myself as a dog with 'another dog'? The self-pity came over me again. I touched the control with my left hand and withdrew the offending instrument. I threw myself on the bed and felt myself rocking with my own sobs of despair. And that is how I fell asleep.

I awoke early the next morning. I spent half an hour or so creating my account of the previous day's events before hearing the sound of my instructions to prepare myself for the day ahead broadcast into my bedroom. I can't say that I was feeling better but I knew I had to get myself ready for another day as Rajah's pet. Should I wear the tail or not? As I made a meagre breakfast of toast, marmalade and coffee I decided that I would split my day, as before into three parts. I'd not wear the tail for the first session, wear it during the second session and decide after that what to do during the third. I also decided that for the first session I would not prepare my beefy gravy! So, hook-loop bodice donned, I re-entered my master's domain.

Rajah seemed still to be asleep when I found him in his kennel section. I wondered if I should just accept my status and drape myself over the frame until he came and gave me my morning 'seeing to'. That seemed too demeaning even for me in my low state so I chose instead to just creep into the kennel with him and share some of his warmth. We dozed together for some time until he woke up enough to recognise my arrival. He stood up, stretched, turned himself round and came to lie closer to me and resume his doze. I was grateful for more rest. My disturbed night had not been restful and I found that I could also nod off in the warmth of his kennel. It must have been a couple of hours before he became active again, going to drink from his bowl and eat the meaty food put there for him. I noticed that his water bowl and food tray were mounted beside the wall and although I hadn't seen it happen I imagined some mechanism (or person) rotating the surface on which his refreshment was loaded so that periodically the old dishes would be removed and replaced with fresh food and water. After he had eaten he went out of his kennel and I realised that he had gone to the place in the pen where he relieved himself. I was glad that we had established that sort of routine while he was mine and that his hygiene habits had not been lost. I should have realised all this much before, of course, since I had been his companion for 36 hours already. That was why I had never encountered any sort of mess around the run.

Once properly rested, fed and watered, Rajah went in for a series of stretching exercises before nudging me out of the kennel. I wondered if I should rush over to the frame so that I could be presented in the proper position for him. I decided to exercise the little bit of free will that I still possessed and wait for him to insist. Perhaps he was just in the mood for some running about fun. Would he chase me around until he was ready for me and then drive me over to the frame? Or would he just make it obvious that I should go there directly because he wanted me? It turned out that what he wanted was his morning walk - and I was to go with him. Where before we had walked with me choosing the route while he explored the interesting sights and scents around him, now he chose

the route and I was expected to follow meekly behind him. If I digressed from the path he had in mind there would be an immediate low growl followed, if necessary, by the showing of his teeth. I got the message and complied, walking almost in his footsteps as he meandered around our enclosure. Inevitably it was just a very long way round to that frame and the instruction that it was time for me to offer myself up to him. And so I did what was expected of me as his pet and received my first shagging of the day, the one which ensured that my penance would not be shortened yet. There had by then been so many that I can't really be sure where that coupling would rank in terms of the pleasure I derived from it nor of course his. But he did satisfy himself, did stretch me to fit him again, did fill me with his sperm although I'm not sure that he knotted with me. Once he was ready to dismount he did and once again the machine performed it's function of collecting our spend and cleaning me out. Rajah just went back to his kennel while I was being dealt with, as if I had served my purpose for the time being. I knew that almost certainly, perhaps even before my first session of the day was over, I would have to submit to him again.

Lacking the tenderness of his post-coital comforting, I fell back to my feelings of depression, followed after a time with that overwhelming boredom. The boredom just reinforced the depression as I had time to reflect on the mess I had got myself into. Just being Rajah's pet for a day or so had not seemed such a desperate and difficult thing to stand when I had first lost my bet with Mark. But to be just an object for the sexual pleasure of a dog was so tedious and degrading. I had nothing to look forward to. This was going to last for years and years - for as long as I could imagine. How would I be able to cope? Was I coping at the moment? Would I be able to adjust and become a willing, mindless, sexual plaything. However do the women who do this sort of thing with men manage their lives? At least, by doing it with men, they could still think of themselves as women. What was I? What could I ever be? Would I ever see any reward from Rajah's semen? Did an expectation of any reward make me a dog's whore for all time?

Surprisingly Rajah made no more demands on me before the end of that first, morning session of the day. When the door to my quarters was open, I went back and prepared myself for what I had decided earlier. I did remember getting more satisfaction from being Rajah's whore the day before. This time I would be his bitch - and look like it. I was going to wear the tail, and since that would prevent hm from entering the wrong way I would encourage him to take me, and satisfy me by using the gravy trick again. Wish me luck.

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### **Chapter 13: The tale continues**

When it was time for me to re-enter the enclosure with Rajah I found myself in a state of total indecision. I had fitted the tail and was aware of it in there. I had practised a few of its possibilities but the source of my uncertainty was just how I would present myself in there. Until that point, at all times but one (apart, that is when I was draped over my frame), I had been upright. The one exception was during that last mating with Rajah when I had assumed a dog like stance to submit to him. Standing upright while wearing that tail felt a little ridiculous even when I was in my own quarters but I found it hard to accept that the alternative was to crouch on all fours. That seemed to be total submission, acceptance of my complete loss of human status and succumbing to my lowly position of Rajah's bitch whore. In the end I did walk upright as I went through the door but found myself sinking down as I heard the door close firmly behind me. I was wearing the tail, I had smeared myself with my beefy gravy attractant and had a reserve supply tucked inside my bodice. Surely I had already admitted defeat. What was the point of resisting any longer. I was his bitch, I had enjoyed being 'serviced' by him. To all intents and purposes, I was his mate. So, a few paces from his kennel, I dropped down. Crawling on my knees was slow, ungainly and a little painful so I adopted a sort of crouch that let me use my feet and hands. I had to keep my knees bent a bit

under me, of course and after a few paces like that discovered that my progress was eased somewhat if I kept my feet apart by a foot or so. I kept my tail raised up and as I saw Rajah eyeing me from his prone position just outside his kennel, I wagged it from side to side. I hoped that the signal I was giving him meant that I was pleased to see him – that was how I had always interpreted it when he had been my pet. He looked a little puzzled as I approached and stood up slowly, watching me intently. I wagged the tail a little more vigorously. He came towards me and, a little surprised with myself for my own behaviour, I felt the need to retreat from him. That meant turning away from him and showing him my rear. Suddenly ashamed and fearful, I started to walk away. Then I tried to walk faster, as he followed. I wanted to run but somehow felt obliged to maintain this crouch and I couldn't master the coordination to do it. So anyone watching – and I wonder now if anyone was in fact watching – would have seen me walking away from Rajah with my tail held high in the air while he followed with his nose inches from my behind. He didn't get any closer despite my inability to run but seemed to keep the distance between us constant however fast I managed to move. After a complete circuit of our enclosure I got enough control of myself to wonder why I was moving away from him. I had smeared my labia with that meaty gravy that had excited his interest in me before. I had done it because I wanted to feel his tongue on those sensitive parts of me, parts that had ached for him to touch me. Now I was moving away from what I had previously desired. So I slowed. Even then Rajah just kept the same distance between us. It was as if he loved the scent of me and liked the anticipation of what would follow when he caught me. So I gave in, and stopped. At first it was just his nose. It's wetness made it seem cold and I felt myself flinch as it touched me there first. If what I wanted was to happen he had to go further. He did. I was so ready for it but yet so unready when it happened. His tongue. Warm, with just a hint of roughness, swiped across my labia, up from my lowest folds to the base of my tail. And again. Each lick was a little firmer than the last until the pressure reached that point where it slipped inside a little. It was so degrading, so humiliating, so forbidden but such delight. I felt my body begin to react to his actions and my own desires. I knew I was getting at least a little damp, more damp than the saliva he was planting and also removing from my sex. I began to want, to want more, to want something else. My juice began to flow a bit more freely. I wanted to go to the next stage, wanted to feel his joy giver closer to me, inside me, stretching me, stimulating me, teasing me, pleasing me, controlling me. I wanted him to enjoy using me, owning me, oh I've thought it so I must say it, fucking me. I wondered if that signal I felt that Linda had used, the tail held away from the sex and down beside the leg was what I thought it meant. Why else would Linda have made that other tail do that. I tried to remember how to do it, found out which finger bending would achieve it. I don't know whether it was the signal or just that he too had reached that point but as I made the tail move beside my leg he started to mount me. Between us, we found the right position to ensure that his now erect dick pushed into my entrance. It was thicker than on some other entries but it wasn't painful, just extremely satisfying and comforting as it started to slide into me. He seemed in no hurry. He had his compliant bitch beneath him, her legs opened to ease his entry and, if that signal was true, more than ready to let him fuck her to kingdom come. And that bitch was me. It was true. At that point I was absolutely ready. I wanted his thing inside me more than anything else in the world, longed to feel it slamming into me, wanted him to grow longer thicker, hotter. I even wanted the lump near the base that I could feel stimulating my clitoris with it's pressure push past the blockage that was my labia and be lodged completely within the confines of my vagina. I couldn't help myself. I was opening my legs wider and wider as I tried to help it into me. His front legs were gripping me so tightly around my waist, pulling me back on to him. And, oh wonder of wonders, he got it in. Another surge of pleasure for me. And although his movement was now much more restricted, it was still enough to keep me on the edge of another cataclysmic orgasm – and over that edge. Not just once but more times than my memory of it now will tell me. I don't know if any woman has been given that much pleasure from coupling with a man but I do know that Rajah has given me far more pleasure than any man ever. My experience with men has been limited though, so I must leave other, more experienced people to judge.

He didn't turn, just held that throbbing, shaking magic wand against my pleasure ground for ages. I reached a point where I could no longer support his and my weight on my arms. I don't know at what point in our mating it happened but I did become aware that my shoulders were now on the ground and my breasts were rubbing the grass beneath me. And, oh bliss, when he did withdraw, releasing the pent up flood from inside me, I received the ultimate pleasure - and more orgasms, as he cleaned my organs with his marvellous tongue. My legs, by then, failed to support me and he leaned down over me as he licked me. I turned on my back, aware that my legs were splayed lewdly to receive him and accepted my role as his bitch, whore, concubine, mate and even, if he was a Rajah, his Ranees. And I think we both fell asleep.

I woke up the first time to find him sleeping with his head on my belly. The next time he was just beside me. When I at last became fully conscious, he was nowhere to be seen. I roused myself and went to find him. He was my mate, and my place was by his side. And when I found him outside his kennel, it was only fitting that I should lie down beside him.

I did wipe my reserve gravy soaked cloth over my snatch while I was with him and he did give me the pleasure of licking it off me but he didn't demand to use me again that session. I think, between us, we had reached that stage that some people call 'shagged out'.

It was hard to think straight while I was so close to him and the memory of that shagging was still so fresh so, when the door to my quarters opened, I withdrew, attended to the necessary duties and tried to decide what to do during my last session of the day with him.

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Chapter 14: Self-pity

I came to that decision in a rather strange way.

'The necessary duties' involved the bathroom. At first I was just concerned about cleaning up the parts that Rajah had been using. Well, I suppose I mean 'the part'. It did feel a bit 'used' so I used some of the creams and ointments to soothe it. It was when I looked at myself in the mirror that I realised that the last session had taken more from me than I had noticed at the time. My face was flecked with dirt and grass stains where he had pressed me down into the ground. It was also bruised and swollen on one side. More creams. And my forearms were also scraped and bruised where he had pounded into me and forced me down, pushed me along in his enthusiasm, driven me beyond the point of noticing such distractions. My breasts were also scraped and now felt so tender to my touch that even trying to smooth the creams across them made me wince. My legs and arms ached from the unaccustomed exercise of running around on all fours. And looking at my reflection in the mirror, at the damaged former human being I now saw aroused such self-loathing again. I found myself berating myself for my depravity, for accepting myself as a dog's whore, for being so weak as to actually have offered myself to him, for having fallen so low as to have really wanted him inside me. 'You feeble, weak-minded slut, you fucking c***, you shameless apology for a woman. How could you let yourself sink so low?' This and so much more that I can no longer remember. But I did become aware that I was shouting these profanities at my reflection. And that I had been doing much the same for some time. That was after I had sunk to the floor in tears of rage and shame.

It took me a while to pull myself together enough to get some idea of what I would do next. That tail was not being worn during the last session of the day. And I was NOT going to try to tempt him into taking advantage of me. If it happened then it happened but there would be no gravy train for him. I was required to be his pet, to allow him to have me whenever he wanted but I was not going to encourage it any more. It must have been the sheer boredom of being there as his pet with nothing

else to occupy my mind than the thought of the sexual pleasure I could derive from being coupled with him. No more.

All of this takes little time to tell but occupied the whole of my 'rest period' leaving just the time for a glass of water before it was time to re-enter 'the dragon's den'.

I re-fixed my hook and loop bodice and let myself back into 'our pen'. I took myself to the furthest corner, as far from Rajah's kennel as possible and lay down in a sort of foetal posture while I tried to close my mind to all the negative thoughts that were swirling around my head. It didn't really work, of course. That part of me that had been aroused by his treatment of me kept intruding with arguments like 'well, what else are you going to do in here?' and 'come on, admit it. It did feel great, didn't it? Better than anything a man has ever done for you?'. Or 'it's not dishonourable. You are only fulfilling your side of a bargain. You lost the bet. The only honourable thing you can do is to go through with it. No need to beat yourself up for doing 'the right thing'.'

Strangely, Rajah didn't come and seek me out so I had no idea of what he was doing. In the end I was the one whose curiosity overcame lethargy and I went to see what he was up to. It turned out that he had a bone and was spending his time worrying at it, testing the strength of his bite against it and generally enjoying his other doggy pleasures. I had no such distraction so eventually I decided I would just drape myself over the fucking frame and wait to see if he would want to use me.

I don't think it was much of an idea. Once I had lain across it I was trapped. The hooks engaged and held me in my fuckable position so any knowledge of what Rajah was doing was lost to me. Those 'give in' 'resist him' ideas remained within my head despite my resolve that I would only submit to him when I had to. But I was wondering why, if that was the case, I had chosen to make myself so available.

That session passed very slowly. I tried several times to disengage myself but it was fruitless. That bodice was too effective. I did begin to wonder if there was some way that I could fasten it on myself that would allow me to lift myself away from the frame, leaving it behind but from that position that was just speculation. Just before the session ended Rajah did come looking for me and finding me there exposed and in place for him, he perfunctorily licked me there before mounting and sinking his tool into me. I tried and tried to prevent myself from getting aroused but he persisted, pumping into me regularly but not as excessively rapidly as on some occasions, swelling and growing longer as he worked on me. Perhaps I should admit it, worked his magic on me.

By the time the machine had cleaned his semen from inside me and had tipped me off the frame my day was over. Just another 24 hours added to my sentence.

When I re-entered my sanctuary I found a note beside the meal set out for me in the kitchen. 'When you are ready, please go into the lounge. I think we need to have a chat. Mark'

I decided that since he had said that I should be ready, that chat would happen on my timetable. So I cleaned up with a shower and the usual creams and lotions, ate the meal, enjoyed a nice glass of Pino Grigio and retired to my own room to choose a suitable outfit for the rest of the evening. Crouching over that frame I had decided that for the future, whenever I was in my own quarters I would present myself as much like a woman as I could. If that meant being a stereotypical woman, than so be it. I would wear the most feminine clothes available to me and take as much care with my make-up and hair as I would if I were a society hostess. Just because I was a slut bitch while I was at Rajah's disposal didn't mean that I shouldn't allow myself to pretend to be human for the rest of my time. So it was almost two hours after my private period had begun that I went, as invited, into the lounge. I had expected Mark to be there, waiting for me. I was wrong, of course. There was another

note. It just said 'Turn on the television receiver'.

When I did and a picture appeared it was of an empty chair in that part of the property I had visited with Mark. And after a very short pause, Mark appeared and sat in the chair facing the camera and therefore me.

I'm not going to try to pretend that I remember every word of that chat. But I'll tell you the gist of it and the outcome.

It seems that somehow my rant before the last session had been overheard. So Mark knew directly that there were times when I had enjoyed being mounted by Rajah - and that because of the pleasure, I had even offered myself to him. Mark suggested by wearing the tail and letting Rajah pursue me as I had, that I had willingly aroused him, had made myself into Rajah's natural mate. 'And you are, aren't you? He's never had any other.' But he did acknowledge that as Rajah's mate I was entitled to take pleasure from being mated and the fact that the cleaning out process seemed to inhibit Rajah's natural response to the ending of a f*** meant that he and his team had a duty to ensure that that fault was overcome. Mark also explained that the machine had other limitations at the moment. Our bodily secretions were extracted by the machine and then transferred to capsules within the device and sent through a vacuum tube to the laboratory in the apartment next door to mine. I assumed that it was the people working there who had heard my anguished rant earlier in the day. At the moment, the device could only capture the fluids from four sessions in any 12 hour period. If Rajah mounted me more often than that, the machine would just not trigger the cleaning out routine so Rajah's response would presumably be the same as it had been with the earlier device. So Mark and his team would work on finding a way to overcome Rajah's reluctance to finish off as he had before but if it really mattered to me I could at least fully enjoy the fifth and subsequent matings in any one 12 hour period. Knowing that I had also enjoyed being mated, he said, explained a lot about the constitution of the collected semen samples. So please, he had said, stop feeling guilty about what you are doing. Having sex is a natural thing to do. Males and females are entitled to enjoy the activity. The fact that Rajah is a dog and you are a woman - all woman, I hasten to say - shouldn't be allowed to get in the way. You'll probably agree, from what I've heard, that he is very good at pleasing his mate - and he has exactly the right equipment for the task.

He went on to tell me about the arrangements he was making for the storage and marketing of Rajah's seed and of the financial arrangements being set up to ensure my income from that operation. And to remind me that I would be with Rajah again the following morning

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## **Chapter 15: Submission**

My next session with Rajah was a turning point.

He greeted me almost immediately when I went into the run and effectively told me to 'get over that frame ready to receive me'. There was no point in resistance so I complied and was fixed down with my legs spread for him by that machine. He gave me a little pleasure by licking around my sex for a few minutes before, inevitably, climbing up on to me, grasping my waist with his powerful front legs and humping at me, sliding between my labia at only his second attempt. I can't deny that now that I had abandoned pride and shame the humping he gave me began to arouse me very quickly. And as he humped I could feel his tool growing longer and wider until it was as deep as it had ever been in there and I was stretched almost to my limit - a limit he had extended with his regular use of me. I let myself enjoy that stretched feeling and the contact between the tip of his thing and what I imagined to be my cervix. I had no idea if that were true since I could only respond to the contact I

could feel without that knowledge of my own anatomy. And then there came the extra stretching as what I now know as his knot expanded inside me and stretched even more, exciting me more as it happened. And then during the ensuing orgasms, one after another, the sensation of warmth as his seed pumped into me, filling me to overflowing. His night's rest had restored his drive and refilled his testicles, and I was receiving the benefit.

He stayed locked inside me for some time, his member pulsing sporadically while waves of satisfying strength moved in my vagina with each extra orgasm. I can't be sure whether the extra liquid inside me was the result of my spend or his, perhaps both, but I did enjoy that overfilled sensation within me. But it did end eventually and he shrank enough for him to withdraw. Only a little of that fullness leaked from me before the machine supporting me set about cleaning out every trace of it's presence. Rajah's interest in me persisted just long enough for him to lick that small overflow from the inside of my outspread thighs before he withdrew to lick himself clean outside his kennel.

Once I had been cleaned out I thought I felt the sort of vibrations inside my fucking frame that might indicate the package of his semen, and my spend, being sent off from underneath me but very soon afterwardss the frame tipped me backwards, the hooks and loops disengaged and I slid to the ground. My knees had buckled beneath me and I landed in a heap. Rajah noticed my collapse and returned to me, nuzzling at my chest and stomach, licking my face in a show of concern or affection. It was at that point that I recognised that he alone seemed to have any feeling and concern for me. To Mark I was just a source of potential income and neither Jerry nor Linda had shown much interest in the situation I had landed myself in. So, I hugged him back and when he went back to lie in his kennel, I went with him, lying beside him like the dutiful bitch I was becoming.

At least a couple of hours went by before Rajah demanded that I offer myself to him again. That coupling was not as satisfying as the first of the day, more a case of Rajah having nothing better to do. And since I had nothing better to do either I accepted my status, crouched there and hoped that it would be better another time. Because I had no doubt, there would be another time.

He wanted me again during my second session of the day. I had taken the precaution of mixing up some of my beefy gravy and wiping it over my clitoris and labia during my rest period so I did get the benefit of a thorough licking before his mounting, a licking which stimulated my juices enough to interest him more and ensure that once again I experienced a satisfyng series of orgasms but again, once he had finished with me I held little further interest for him and he withdrew to attend to his own needs. I spent the rest of that session walking about the pen and trying to interest him in playing one or other of the games we had devised. But mostly I was completely bored.

For the third and last session of my day I once again used the gravy trick but the boredom of the afternoon had stimulated a wild thought. My fucking frame could only cope with four semen collections during a day. If I could persuade Rajah to take me for a fifth time perhaps I could get that extra satisfaction, the attention he had given me before the machine had taken over and collecting semen had become important. And it worked - oh it worked.

He demanded that I present myself very early during that session and I have to confess I was happy to oblige. Not because I expected much of our coupling but because I really wanted to know how he would respond when I offered myself to him for a fifth time in the day. As expected it was a rather perfunctory affair, prompted as much by his desire to taste my gravy laden sex as by any desire to mate with me again. When it was over I made myself wait and wait to allow his body time to recover, to build up enough semen to at least lubricate his action. It was during this period that I recognised that now I had truly become his bitch, his Ranees. This mounting, when and if it happened, would not be financially beneficial to me so I wasn't acting as his whore, was not prostituting myself in the hope of gain. I was going to offer myself to him because I wanted to, wanted to enjoy being taken by

him, wanted an experience that so recently I would never have considered, could never have expected to be pleasurable. I wanted to be filled with his seed, wanted that fullness, longed for the wonderful feeling of his semen dripping from my nether lips, running down the insides of my thighs, of his tongue cleaning it from me there and from inside me. The waiting was almost a perverse pleasure in itself. I was teasing myself with my imagined responses. My whole consciousness was committed to those thoughts. I could think of nothing else, just the anticipation of what would be the culmination of my day.

And when it did happen, such bliss. It was everything I had been longing for. From the moment of his first tentative lick of my pussy, the physical shiver of excitement as I felt his cold nose touch the inside of my thigh through the mind shattering series of orgasms he imposed on me to the sheer depravity of his post coital exploration of the whole of my sex; I was transported. If this is what it meant to be Rajah's mate then this was my heart's desire. And I really think that Rajah enjoyed it as much as I did - because he mounted me again before my late session ended.

When I finally withdrew to my own quarters I knew that it mattered not at all that I was now committed to another 5 days as Rajah's pet. I was his mate and wanted only to be just that. I wanted to feel wanted, wanted to be taken, enjoyed, wanted to be his sex toy and his whore as well as his mate. I would do the same again tomorrow. I had no hope of ever fulfilling my side of the bargain and escaping this fate now. I was committed.

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Chapter 16: Purgatory

The next few days - even the next few weeks passed painfully slowly. The time was made even worse by Rajah's occasional 'off days'. The days immediately after that previously described session were bad because Rajah seemed to have lost the stamina to take me more than a couple of times a day. Enough to extend my time with him without any of the really satisfying encounters of that day. I did manage to arouse enough interest in using my body for his pleasure (and mine too) a few times but those efforts were counterproductive, from my point of view. They just decreased his interest again. So, on many days, I had to be satisfied with an early morning reminder of his ownership of me with perhaps another perfunctory coupling later in the day and long periods of utter boredom between his mountings. There was a brief period of more satisfying activity about 2 weeks in. I recognised one night that I was 'on' and alerted Mark to my condition, begging for a couple of days away from Rajah. Mark agreed to my request so I had a couple of days to nurse my regular blinding headache and depression before being obliged to return to my 'duty'.

That return was a revelation. Somehow Rajah recognised my state immediately when I re-entered our pen. He was barely prepared to allow me time to drape myself over my frame before he started on me. Well, in me. That first coupling was really prolonged. I really don't know how long he held himself in me. I know that he seemed to be pumping his seed inside me almost all the time. He did dismount and turn while still in me. Once again I felt that incredible twisting sensation as his tool slowly rotated against my so sensitised vagina. I came several times as his knot rubbed over my clitoris as he turned - from the inside. With our arses pressed tightly against each other I was so aware of the sort of trembling shiver that was running right through him - and me - exciting so much more response from my already overworked sexual organs. I was exhausted, drained of all ability to control myself, wanting it to be over so that my poor overstretched cunny could relax but aware that without any will from me it was still pulsing in response to him. I wanted it to stop but I wished it could continue , , ,

When he did withdraw the machine seemed unable to cope with the sheer volume of cum inside me.

Maybe there was more of mine this time too but I did feel a little spurt leak from me as he withdrew and before the machine engaged, sealing my entrance and sucking out our spend. And, oh mirabile dictu, that was enough to encourage Rajah to do me the honour of a thorough cleaning of the insides of my thighs and, when the machine had finished its task, the rest of me. By the time our coupling and Rajah's cleaning of me was over, I was incapable of holding myself upright when the machine tipped me up and I slid down in a heap on the ground. This elicited more solicitous behaviour from my lover and reinforced the bond between us. Well in me anyway.

That encounter was followed a short while later by another of almost the same passion and intensity. Rajah waited only for me to recover from that mating enough to stand unaided and to walk a few steps towards his kennel. I was so thirsty I would have been prepared to drink from his bowl - but he didn't give me time to get there. And I received another right royal fu**ing and once again he stayed inside me for an age afterwards,

When he was satisfied and withdrew to his kennel, I went with him and lay with him in my proper place as his mate. I may have dozed but it seemed no time at all before the clock over my quarters told me that I could regain entry. I needed some time alone to recover, something to drink although food held no attraction. I had little doubt that the next session would be equally demanding so I applied a little of the precautionary ointments and creams before returning to my mate. At first I thought he had already exhausted himself but it was less than half an hour after my re-entry before his re-entry. I was used twice during that session with three more satisfying but less energetic couplings during my third period of availability. Those last three, of course, had the added benefit of being outside the machine's ability to collect our joining material so I was pleased anew by his tongue after each one. I slept soundly that night!

Rajah recognised my breeding condition by mating with me five times the next day, despite having conquered me seven times the day before. But he could manage only four the next day and then the less intense, more boring days followed again. But whatever else happened I was always taken at least once every day so my penalty always increases and never reduces. There is no way that I can ever see myself clear of this contract so I just have to make the best of it for myself.

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## **Chapter 17: Breach of Contract**

The rest of that month went slowly, largely because I had nothing to do apart from wait for Rajah to want me enough to mount me. And then those couplings were so often just his Thanks to allreasion of his rights over me as his mate, sex toy, pet, plaything and whore. During that month Mark told me that he was arranging a special weekend to explore with some of his contacts in the dog show promotions business the possibilities for Rajah as a show dog and stud. I'm sure now that the timing was deliberate but I didn't realise that until it was over.

He chose the weekend of my next two day break from my duties, the weekend of tormented headaches and utter inability to cope with anything apart from the workings of my reproductive system. Mark did tell me that Rajah would be shown to his guests but at the time I had no inclination to get involved. Mark said that it would be best if Jerry and Linda, as his breeders, were responsible for any presentation and showing of Rajah especially given my own relationship with him which might affect his behaviour. I was perfectly happy to leave it all to them and just withdrew to my own quarters for a couple of days of rest and recreation.

Those two days passed me by completely. I had no idea what had been happening and was rather surprised during the evening of the second day, as I was beginning to feel a little more human again,



when Mark appeared in my quarters to invite me to take another day away from Rajah and attend the activities of the following day in Mark's part of the complex. To encourage my participation he showed me the clothes he had purchased for me to wear. Real clothes, clothes that any woman would be glad to wear, clothes that showed off my curves, made me look so much more like a female human being than my lowly status as Rajah's Ranee. So, the following day I dressed to the nines, clean satin underwear, sheer nearly black hold up stockings, ridiculously high heeled stiletto shoes and the marvellous day dress - all pale green and flowered with a knee length skirt. I felt, and Mark said that I looked, a million dollars when I was introduced to the assembled company at lunch. I was introduced to everyone as Rajah's owner although inside I knew that to all intents and purposes it was the other way round - he was my owner. During the afternoon, Rajah and some of the other dogs in Mark's kennels were shown and judged by a group of the assembled experts. Rajah was clearly the best dog on show and was rewarded by being acclaimed and such. Jerry and Linda were congratulated on their breeding prowess and I was given a degree of credit for having spotted a potential champion among a litter of puppies. Mark behaved in a very proprietorial way towards me and intervened several times when men approached me and appeared to be getting 'too friendly'. He even had me wondering whether he himself had feelings of affection towards me. Later in the day there was a special dinner. Everyone had withdrawn for a one hour break before the meal giving me ample time to change into the dress that Mark had bought for me - a wonderful confection of white satin and lace with a full skirt and scope for an impressive display of cleavage. I really did feel wonderful as I sat at the head of the table beside Mark feeling all eyes upon me, especially aware of the men and the dark looks those men were getting on occasion from their own partners. It seemed that everyone had agreed that Rajah did indeed have a future as breeding stock and his seed would command a premium price.

The meal ended and people began to take their leave at around 10 p.m. Mark suggested that I withdraw to the conservatory while he settled matters with some of the more influential guests, telling me that he would join me for coffee in a few minutes. I found my way back there. The conservatory was brightly lit and the darkness outside turned the three angled banks of windows into mirrors reflecting the room behind me and giving me three images of myself as I stood in front of them. I'm not sure whether it was the effects of the wine I had drunk with the meal, my own enjoyment of the day, my pleasure at the sight of myself as the genuine female human being I saw reflected there or the warm glow given by the knowledge that Mark would be joining me soon. Whatever it was I found myself twirling around in front of the windows, admiring the woman I saw.

I wasn't aware of the door behind me opening and a few moments must have passed before I realised that I had been joined in the room. Not, as I had anticipated, by Mark. No. It was Rajah. When I did see him he was standing near the doorway watching me intently. I had spent so much time with him that I felt that I could understand what he was thinking. He seemed to recognise me as the woman he had known as his Mistress. I felt that he recognised me and moved towards me with a degree of joy, as if he had found a friend, someone he had been missing whose company he had enjoyed and wanted to renew that acquaintance. And as he got closer he paused, as if puzzled. He watched me intently for a minute before coming closer. And I think that as he got closer some other sense alerted him. If it was my scent there was still a little uncertainty. I was wearing a new perfume that Mark had given me, one that I loved and surely would have overwhelmed any of my normal scent. He came closer, edging towards me as if uncertain of his next actions. There came a point when I recognised that his perception of me changed. He recognised me as his Ranee. Not only as his Ranee but as his bitch, and his bitch was in season! I was, and I was. Now I really knew his mind. He wanted to have me. Part of me wanted to surrender to him too. But we were not in his pen, it wasn't a time when I should expect to be 'his pet'. Should I refuse him? Would it earn me Juanita's punishment if I did? Did I want to? I could see him growing. If I was to surrender I should do so soon, before he had grown too big to slide into me easily. Who would see? We were alone. But what

if Mark arrived? This sort of joining couldn't be finished quickly. I have to decide. Now!!!!!!

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Chapter 18: Breach of contract (part 2)

So many thoughts went through my head in the next few seconds. So many reasons why I shouldn't just give in to his demands. But in my heart I knew, as I expect you do too, that I would let him have his way with me. Because after submitting to him so often over the last couple of months it wasn't so unthinkable as it had been. And because during previous encounters I had been taught how to enjoy being coupled with him. Anyway, I was ready, I was in season and I was his.

It was really just a case of finding the most suitable position. There was no frame here. I had accepted him on all fours in our pen but that had been an uncomfortable experience. Today I was dressed as a woman and would have to remove some of the defences that my clothing afforded. The little lacy knickers at least. And the only suitable position would be over the back of the seating units near the windows. I scooted round behind the seats slipping my knickers down my legs as I scuttled round, and then leaned over the softly padded back of the central seat with my head down on the cushioned seat. I thought I would best be able to protect my waist from his claws by lifting the hem of my dress above my waist as I threw myself over the seat. Rajah was on me before I had settled into anything like a comfortable position there. He definitely wanted me. I felt him thrusting behind me, failing to find his mark with several attempts. I straightened my legs a little and spread them. The heels kept me at the right height to ensure that he could reach me and soon he hit his target. He was so ready for me - and I for him. The time between deciding that I would submit to him and getting myself into position to receive him may have been short but it had been enough to stimulate my juices and his precum. I was so well lubricated by the time he found his target that despite his greater than usual size he slipped inside me easily. And then the humping he gave me was monumental. So fast and vigorous at first. Without the control of my frame and bodice I found myself being forced forward violently against the chair. I felt my clothes moving about me and it was during that most violent phase that he burst me out of the top of my dress. And not only my dress. I felt my breasts also being bounced out over the top of the strapless push up bra' I had worn to emphasise my cleavage. But at least we were in private and surely it would be less embarrassing to have to display my breasts than to be seen letting myself be fu***d by my dog. And I was being truly f***d. Needless to say I was also enjoying it. This was one of the most exciting of my life and there had been some truly memorable such experiences during the last few weeks. Rajah had grown and grown inside me. There was no problem about him getting his knot into me since it had grown to full size while already implanted there. After that first period of violent thrusting, during which I had orgasmed several times, Rajah had slowed his pace as if he too was savouring this most wonderful f***. He seemed to have grown even bigger than ever inside me and I found myself trying to spread my legs further and further apart to accommodate him. Every movement sent another marvellous sexual thrill through me as he moved regularly in and out until his movement slowed and diminished. It was as if we were then so tightly bonded together that further movement was impossible. He made me so aware of every little shiver, throb, tremble, jerk and pulse. Then he was still for at least a minute before, ever so slowly, he started to turn. I think he moved slowly because he too felt so firmly lodged inside me that he feared the pain involved with the twisting of his wonderful weapon in there. To me it became a joy stick again. I felt it slowly turning inside me, rubbing against parts of me that had never been touched before my encounters with my lover, parts that sent waves of pure lustful joy as they were stimulated by that wonderful tool. If the G spot exists, Rajah most certainly found mine and I felt my whole vagina pulsing around him as yet another orgasm swept through me. I became aware of my own groans and moans of pleasure and satisfaction as he turned inside me. I wanted this to go on for ever. How could any woman not want to be mated with such a pleasure generating instrument? How fortunate I was to have fallen so far into ecstasy?

Once he had turned, of course, he was still locked firmly inside me and for a few moments he was content to rest there, as I was to be able to hold him. But something disturbed him and he began to move away. I had no choice, of course. I had to follow. Or rather, had to allow myself to be dragged behind him, still with my arse pressed tightly against his. At that point I had no idea what had attracted his attention, could not fathom why he was walking away from the seats where we had coupled and towards the windows behind me. I tried to keep my arse up with his but the stiletto heeled shoes made it impossible to move backwards with my legs anywhere close to straight. I very quickly found myself sliding across the floor on my knees, dangling from his hind quarters. I won't say what I felt like at that moment. He dragged me closer and closer to the windows. He seemed to be attracted by a tapping sound. Then he turned and dragged me to the windows on the left of the room, still keeping close to the window. And then my whole world collapsed.

As he had turned he let me see those windows. And it was what I saw that caused me more embarrassment than I had ever felt until that awful moment. All around me I could see faces at that window. Faces staring at the sight of me, in my white lace dress, my breasts exposed for all to see, my skirt rucked up around my waist, my arse bereft of knickers and a dog's dong lodged firmly inside my cunny. For a moment I tried to crawl away from the window but I was impaled. And Rajah was far stronger, had a far better grip on the polished flooring that I could manage with my stockinged knees. I felt myself glowing red with shame, frantically tried to pull my dress higher to cover my exposed breasts. But what point was there in that? Everyone could still see me being dragged about the room by the powerful dog that had taken me. Or probably worse, that they had all seen me offering myself to! I recognised the faces of the people I had met that afternoon and evening, the ones who had said flattering things about my sagacious purchase, the men who had looked at me with appreciation, the women who had shown their disapproval of that appreciation. Now those faces showed all sorts of emotions from lust and lasciviousness to disgust and condemnation. I so wanted to be able to disappear, vanish, even die. But I was firmly held on Rajah's end and could only allow myself to be dragged from one window to the next as his attention was attracted by one person or another outside the glass. And Rajah, despite this new distraction was still pumping more and more of his seed into me as he displayed his captive mate for all to see. Even with my eyes firmly closed I felt shame and humiliation and felt the tears squeezing out. Not only tears but Rajah had filled me to overflowing and some of his seed was leaking past his knot, wetting us and adding to my shame.

That part of my humiliation may have lasted ten minutes or ten hours. I don't know. It seemed like hours. The spectators eventually started playing a game. Someone at one end of the windows would attract Rajah's attention so that I was dragged across in front of everyone to that end. Then someone at the other end attracted him dragging me back again. By then I was just allowing myself to be dragged like a rag doll behind him, to and fro across the room, studied, ogled, gawped at, laughed at until at last his knot shrank enough to pop out of me - followed by what felt like gallons of his seed. By then, any pleasure I had derived from our mating had completely evaporated and I just felt shame and despair. I could never appear in public again. I would have to live out my life here as Rajah's mate and even when that was over find some secluded hole in which to hide away from the rest of humanity. For a brief time during the afternoon and evening I had enjoyed the thought that on some occasions I might go with Rajah to witness his success as a show dog but now? Such a prospect could hold no attraction. The near certainty that somewhere in the crowd was someone who had witnessed my degradation, or had at the very least have heard about it from someone who had, made such an activity profoundly disturbing. No. I was doomed. Was there now any point in doing what I had only moments ago so desperately wanted to do - rush away from the site of my debasement? As I climbed to my feet and began to make my way on unsteady legs to the door of the conservatory I was aware that the crowd at the windows was dispersing. Perhaps if I just hid in the passage outside for a few moments I could return to a degree of seclusion.

I did my best to adjust my clothing to regain a little dignity before re-entering the conservatory. I went straight to the windows to check that I was no longer being watched, aware with every movement of the stuff leaking so profusely from where Rajah had left it. Rajah was curled up on a rug in front of the seats and so I flopped down close to him and let my tears flow. I was still tearful when Mark came in. I had had a little time to think by then and was ready.

“You’d better set about making arrangements for me to leave”, I said as he came towards me. He looked a little surprised but not nonplussed. “Why?” was his short reply. I reminded him of our contract, the one which had led to my downfall and debasement. In it it had been made clear that my sessions as Roger’s pet were not to be witnessed or videoed or recorded to be seen by anyone, with the sole exception of that initial session with Linda. “My contract is now null and void because you have allowed others to see him take me.” For a moment, despite my utter hopelessness about my future, I felt a degree of triumph. But it was shortlived. Mark held the upper hand, as he always had. “If you read that contract carefully you will see that it is only during your time as his pet that filming and viewing by others is not permitted. If you think back about this recent experience you will see that those conditions don’t apply here. You were here as a free woman, not bound by any of the conditions of the contract. You were not acting as his pet. In no way were you obliged to mate with him - you chose to let him mate with you. So I’m afraid, my dear, that you are still bound by it. There has been no breach from our side.”

I am defeated again. Whatever can I do now?