

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Chapter one - Sold

Once upon a time. . . that's how all stories start right? I couldn't believe that a collage student studying writing had actually said that when I told him that he needed to revise the beginning and get rid of that line. Low and behold six months later every paper he wrote still had that obnoxious first line and he failed my class. I hitched my purse up on my shoulder in agitation, walking briskly down the street to the bus stop. Low and behold, the worst student I'd ever taught was the son of the university president, And I no longer had a job. My car was in the shop and my boyfriend had left me less than a week ago. Could life really get any worse? I checked my watch and realized it would be another hour before the bus came. My eyes quickly moved to scan the street, but can you see me, with my carefully pressed suit and high heels walking into Dairy queen? Ah, but the book store. . . yes, that would do nicely.

The place was dim and crowded, rows of books scrunched together into the tiny bit of space. I scanned the shelves and occasionally lifted a book to scan it's back cover or even get as far as the front page before placing it back on the shelf and moving on. I was glancing down a row, not really interested when the bookstores strange way of organizing sparked an idea in my mind. The sections for Animals and Humans were side by side, joined by a book with an eagle soaring on the cover and another with a human man. In my minds eye I saw the two mingling to become one and found the idea fascinating. What if there were a whole world where animals ruled and humans were nothing but slaves, what if there were half animal mutants? It had been such a long time since I'd written anything. With the idea's buzzing in my mind I walked out of the store, but my happy thoughts were interrupted as I scowled.

An all too familiar jaguar pulled up to the curb and Jack stepped out. I started to walk away.

"Hey, Josi! Josi!" His deep baritone called after me. I kept walking and heard his quick footsteps behind me to catch up. "Josi, I heard about you and Steve."

How dare he bring up my ex. "My name's Jocelyn."

"You're Josi to me."

"Are you stalking me, J?" I stopped walking and turned cold eyes on him.

"No, I got a job here, the guy pays well. What are you doing out of work, class doesn't let out till three."

"I took a day off." I started walking again.

"You never take time off."

I sped up my pace as much as my tight skirt would allow and still let me look dignified.

"They fire you?"

He knows me way to well. "It's none of your business."

"I could get you a job."

I stopped. There was no point trying to out walk him. "Go stick your head in a lake."

"No, Jo, really, a good job." He persisted.

I glanced up and saw the bus coming. "I've got to go"

His shoulder's sagged. "I'll call you." He said.

I sighed as I took a seat near the front of the bus, my eyes unavoidably shifting out the window onto Jack Richards, the dark haired, bright blue eyed crush of my younger years, before I'd met Steve. All of this was Jack's fault. He hadn't been willing to fight for me then and now my life was a mess and he decided to turn up again? I tried to get my mind to shift back to that bright idea for a novel, but couldn't get my mind off Jack.

There was nothing really amazing about my house. Small, plain. I pushed the door closed with one

hand while the other reached up to release my hair from the restricting bun and let it fall in dark folds to my mid back. I paused, seeing Steve sitting on the couch in the living room.

"What are you doing here?"

"Where's Bax?"

My lips pursed. "Get out."

He stood up. "Where's m'dog?"

"I gave him away."

"Bax was worth a pile a money!"

"You left him here."

"I need that money!"

He advanced on me and I moved toward the phone. "Get out or I'm going to call the police."

"Get the dog back."

I stepped to the phone and picked up the receiver. Steve lunged forward, grabbing me around the neck from behind and jerking me back from the phone, making me drop it. "Let go of me Steve!" I shrieked, clawing at his arm.

"You sold my dog." He dragged me backwards outside and down the walk to where he'd parked his car, his tight hold around my neck making it hard to breath. He opened the back, outfitted with bars to keep a dog from climbing into the front and with a blanket down for the dog to lay on. He grabbed rope from the side and releasing my neck yanked my arms behind my back, tying them tightly.

"Steve, what do you think you're -" My words were muffled out as he gagged me. My eyes widened. This wasn't some stupid prank, he was serious. I fought and kicked, managing to land one good smash with the high heel of my shoe and he hit me hard in the side of the head. Forcing me to lay down in the back of the car he tied my feet to my hands and left my shoes sitting on the curb when he slammed the door.

I laid on my side as the car vibrated and then started moving. Tears came to my eyes. This was something from a story. It wasn't supposed to happen for real, not to me. It grew dark outside and I lost all track of time as the car traveled on. Finally it came to a stop and Steve turned it off. I jolted out of a half sleep at the change. My body was sore from the jolting ride, my legs were cramped and my feet were asleep. I heard Steve's footsteps and then a very different voice addressed him.

"Did you bring the money?"

"I brought you something new." Came Steven's anxious reply. "Just what you wanted for the program." He continued when the first man didn't say anything.

"Show me."

Steven's hurried footsteps moved to the back of the car and he opened the door. A sharp, hard faced man looked down at me, his eyes traveling slowly from my face to my breasts and crouch and then down my legs. "Will anyone miss her?"

I felt a chill. No, no one would.

"No." Came Steve's full reply. He always was blunt.

"She'll cover half."

"All." Steve demanded.

The man's eyes narrowed on Steve and then moved back to me, but he didn't just look. He leaned forward and I squirmed frantically as he felt my breasts and then down to as much of my crouch as possible, considering the way I was bound. Tears came to my eyes. This wasn't happening. I closed my eyes, willing myself to wake up from this terrible nightmare. The man looked back up at Steve and nodded. "Done. Bring her around back to the initiation building." The man walked away and the door was closed again. But my momentary respite wasn't to last long.

The door opened again and three men were there with Steve. Steve cut me loose while one of the men put a dog collar around my neck and attached a leash.

"What's the bitch's name?" The man asked Steven.

"Call her what you want." Steve responded as I was finally allowed to let the blood flow painfully back through my cramped legs. My hands were left tied and the three men pulled me out of the car. My leg's wouldn't support me after being cramped for so long and I fell to my knees. The men jerked me back to my feet and pulled me towards a door into a long grey building.

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## Chapter 2 - Initiation

The door to the small room in which I now stood closed with a sharp snap of finality that made me shiver. The three men, another door and a large picture of a pair of dogs were my only company. The man holding my new leash reached up to remove the gag while another stepped behind me to release my hands. The instant my mouth was free of the gag I spoke.

"I demand that you let me go, you have no right -"

The man slapped me hard, cutting off my words. Ok, no demanding to be set free, got it. My voice was much calmer and remarkably steady when I spoke again - it even surprised me.

"What do you want with me?"

Finally the one holding me spoke. "You will not speak unless spoken too. You are now the property of Sir William Henry Marshal. You will obey orders or be punished."

I opened my mouth to speak and stopped when he raised his hand to strike me.

The two men besides him grabbed my suit coat and proceeded to take it off of me. I shrieked, folding my arms tightly in front of me to prevent it. The response was the other end of the leash across my face.

"Arms at your side."

When I didn't reply instantly the makeshift whip struck again and again. Hands shaking, I dropped my arms to my sides. I could have endured a hundred more of those slaps from his whip. But one way or another, they would get their way, so what was the point of making them break me now. I'd escape later, when there weren't three men with both eyes on me. later. . . yes, later I promised myself. They pulled my jacket off and then released the catch and zipper on my skirt, letting it drop around my ankles. My breathing was quick, my heart hammering against my rib cage. Couldn't they have at least had women strip me? My shirt was pulled off to join my suit coat on the floor. They released my caged breasts and one of the men made a comment about how lucky they were to have such a perfect new bitch which made the other two chuckle. My panties joined the pile and my leash was jerked, pulling me away from my clothes. I saw the slight smirk that appeared on the lips of the one I deemed number one - the one holding my leash, as for a split second he surveyed me, standing there. I was afraid and any second now my heart was going to break my ribs in it's effort to escape my chest.

"Down on your hands and knee's" He snapped suddenly, off balancing me with a jerk on the leash. I half fell, half obeyed, to get to my knees. He smiled, intoning 'good dog' as he patted my head and I felt the blood rush to my face in utter humiliation. 1st held my leash tight and walked quickly to the door in the side of the room. I did my best to match his rushed pace, but in a matter of moments my knees were painful and I minced along, once or twice with an extra little yelp as he jerked on the leash. The next room was far different than the first. It was, without a doubt, a dog grooming station - grooming stand, bathtub, brushes and all. The two men besides first came over and I shrieked as they picked me up like a dog and put me on the grooming stand while first fastened the collar so I couldn't move my head. Then a strap went around my waist to prevent even more movement. 1st set to work on my hair while the other two proceeded to shave off the public hair around my crouch. I shuddered and jerked, feeling myself starting to moisten as their cold hands touched me. When first was done it was bath time and my long beautiful hair had been cut so short it couldn't even brush my shoulders.

I was probably as bad as the worst dog anyone has ever had to bathe as those three men's hands

covered every spare inch of my body. I swear, I'll never be so cruel to a dog again. Finally it was over and I was lifted back to the ground and quickly towed dry.

My poor knees felt like they'd been rubbed raw and I winced with every step as I pulled me through the next door.

This room was long and thin. The man who had negotiated with Steve stood waiting for us. Six dogs watched me intently from small runs on one side.

"Beauty, at last." He strode over and crouched down in front of me, taking my head in his hands and scratching me behind the ears like any normal dog. "Aren't you the prettiest little thing." He coo'd, patting my head as he stood up. He took the leash from first, eyeing me. "Doesn't this dog have any manners." He jerked on the leash. "Wag your tail."

You have got to be kidding me. I don't have a tail. But once again, my lack of obedience brought a sharp slap to my rear. It stung. I looked up at him. What in the world did he want me to do? I couldn't wag a tail I didn't have.

"Wag." He ordered.

The next slap to my rear brought compliance and I wagged, feeling absolutely stupid.

"Good Girl." Again he patted my head and his next words were directed to first. "Bring out the King."

My hands and knees were suddenly frozen in place as a large German Shepherd was led from his run, his attention fully on me. He was a gorgeous animal, his gate smooth and fluid. I like dogs, I really do, but right then I was scared to death.

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### **Chapter 3 - The Dogs**

Jack thrummed his fingers on the counter top as the phone rang once, twice. . . .seven times. He'd only called about a hundred times today.

"Come on, Jo, pick up the phone." He muttered, waited for one more ring and then slammed the receiver down.

"Somebody's mad."

"Shut up Oliver."

The big Red Macaw fidgeted on its perch, head cocking to the left as he watched his master.

Jack muttered something about the folly of teaching parrots to talk and pulled a carrot out of the fridge, taking a big bite out of it.

Oliver's sharp eyes were riveted on him, his body leaning forward, wings half spread. He flapped over to Jack's shoulder. "Give"

Jack ignored him.

"Give." Oliver insisted again in his high pitched voice. Again Jack ignored him. "Please." He reached down as far as he could without falling off Jack's shoulder.

Jack broke a small piece off the end and held it up for Oliver as he walked back over to the phone. He stretched his hand out for the receiver and then paused, almost turning away, but it was no good. He grabbed the receiver and punched redial.

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The King they called him. Point him out to me at any time when I'm dressed and standing upright as any self respecting human would, and I swear I'll tell you he's a gorgeous animal. My. . . must I really call him master? No, I think not. No 'Sir William' or 'Master' for me - oh no. But I have to call him something. My thoughts had wandered, but a cold nose on my side snapped me back to what was going on and I shied away.

Marshal laughed. "I don't think she likes you, King."

The dog didn't seem to take any notice of his master and I suddenly realized his leash and collar had

been removed and 1st was back over by the wall, smirking.

King didn't seem in any big hurry. He moved forward and touched my hip with his nose and I shied away. The third time I did that, Marshal kicked my thigh and snapped 'stand'. I took the word to mean you can stand up again and started to comply gratefully, only to have him jerk the leash sharply downward, bringing me right back to my hands and knees.

"Stand."

My heart was pounding wildly again as King took his good old time sniffing me over from shoulder to hip. A shiver ran through me as his cold nose touched my thigh. I turned my head to watch what he was doing and Marshal jerked my neck back straight. I heard the dogs nails clicking on the hard floor, but the cold nose left and I relaxed with a sigh. That must be it - the dog's satisfied that I'm the weirdest human he's ever seen, kneeling here naked like some dog myself - I screamed lurching forward at the sudden cold, wet thing that touched my vagina.

Marshal jerked me back hard, pulling me up off my hands and jerking my raw knees over the floor making them burn painfully. Kings nose touched me again and I tried to jerk, but Marshal had too firm a hold on my collar. Kings tongue brushed across my clit and opening, feeling like it was made out of velvet. I'd never felt something so soft. I nearly melted, and then he did it again and I could feel myself getting wet.

Wait a minute - this is a dog! This is wrong! I tried to pull forward. I didn't want this! I didn't! But my body was betraying me.

"Please, call him off. Call him off!"

The man ignored me as though I were nothing but a dog who'd barked.

Kings tongue became more vigorous, and despite myself I pushed back into him. Steve had never made me feel like this, like I could drown in pleasure and the rest of the world would just melt away forever. I couldn't help it, really. His tongue delved inside me and I jumped just slightly.

I barely noticed when Marshal un-clipped my lead and stepped back with a smile.

Kings tongue disappeared and my whine of longing could easily have passed for one from a real dog. I wanted that wonderful tongue.

I lunged forward when his weight suddenly fell on my back. "No, no, No!"

His forelegs were locked around my waist, claws digging into my hips as I struggled to pull away. No. His tongue was one thing. Not this.

His scepter poked me hard, searching for my opening and I heard a deep growl as I struggled harder. Then suddenly he found my vagina and rammed in like a freight train, jolting me forward. I gasped as I was thrown forward onto my elbows as he pounded me. He drew back and pounded again and again and then suddenly I screamed as the biggest thing I'd ever felt entered my channel. His humping stopped as the knot expanded, stretching me. Tears were coming to my eyes and I lurched forward, getting a sharp growl and feeling his hot breath and canines on the back of my neck. I fell still.

What would any of my friends think of me if they saw me now, taken by a dog.

King began to rock from one back foot to another like a kid that really has to relieve themselves and then he swung himself completely around so we were standing rear to rear, still connected, his tail laying on my back. I didn't move. My mind was fuzzy. I stared straight ahead at the blank wall. Whatever had happened to Jocelyn - to the writing teacher with her brilliant little story idea? I wanted to write it, not live it. I was a good girl. Now I was the worst sort of whore.

I remained there like a zombie as King pumped me full of puppy juice and then finally shrank and pulled out of me. I heard the click of the snap as the leash was reconnected to my collar and felt Marshal pat me on the head, muttering 'good girl'.

"She's perfect." 1st stroked me

"With a little training."

"Looks like she's in shock."

Marshal looked down at me. All of their words seemed to be sinking in slower than usual.

"What should we do with her, Sir."

"Put her in the kennels for tonight and have the Doc take a look at her. I want her ready to start training in the morning."

I took my leash and my aching, cemented feeling limbs obeyed the pull of the leash groggily.

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## Chapter 4 - Training

I was warm. A soft sigh left my lips as I pulled my knees up to my chest, enjoying the warmth. I was at home, in bed, and everything that had happened – or I thought had happened, was just a terrible nightmare. I opened my eyes.

The night before I'd been too out of it to take in my surroundings, but now I saw it all. I was laying on a dog bed at the back of a dog run, with only a simple blanket draped over me. The heater I'd been snuggled against was the source of that comfortable warmth. To my left was a small flap that looked as though it led outside. I brushed the depressingly small bit of hair I had left back with my hand and slowly sat up. My knees had been bandaged, but beyond that, the only covering I had, was my blanket and I clutched it to me, glad for what little I did have. My gut twisted and growled hungrily, and my eyes swiftly searched for food, even bread and water or mush. All they found were a set of shiny silver dog bowls – dog food, and water. I wrinkled my nose, my stomach could wait. Slowly I got to my feet to look over the cement wall that created the lower half of my new prison. My knees complained forcefully and I leaned against the wall to relieve them a little. There were at least twenty runs, exactly like mine, running the length of the building I was in. I looked down into the run next to mine. Another woman was asleep, curled up on her own dog bed, but she wasn't alone in her run. A big Doberman was resting a few feet from her, head on his paws. I quickly scanned my own prison again to make sure I was quite alone.

"Hey." I didn't dare raise my voice very high.

The dog's head rose to face me instantly and he growled. The woman opened one bleary eye to look at the dog. "Shut up, Ti."

"Hey!" I chanced saying it a little louder this time.

Both of the women's eyes snapped wide open as she looked up at me. "What do you think you're doing, get down."

"Where are we?"

"Get down before you get us in trouble." The woman got up on her hands and knees and the dog's interest was instantly off of me and on her. He sniffed her rear and she turned to playfully swat at him with her hand, moving across the run on her hands and knees and spreading her legs, sticking her femininity in the air for the brute. I sank back down on my new bed, hearing the sickening sounds of the woman's grunts and moans combined with the dog's grunts.

"Come on, fuck me harder."

I crawled outside to get farther away from the noise.

"Hey, new girl."

I turned looking for the source of the call.

"Stop looking for me, I'm in the run on your right. Act natural."

Act natural, exactly what does that mean when you're a human in a dog run? I shivered. The morning air was cold and the grass was wet under my hands and knees. I huddled up against the wall, deciding that was as good as anything.

"Who are you?"

"Nobody, just like yourself."

My face hardened. I was a writing teacher, one of the best and here someone was calling me a nobody. I chose to drop it – I had more important things to discuss.

"Where are we?" "You don't know?"

Dumb question. Would I ask if I knew? "No."



"Sir Williams Estate, deary."

"Why?"

The woman actually laughed and I shivered. "Wouldn't want to spoil it for you."

Spoil what? Was I the only one here who thought this was perverted? I was starting to shiver harder and I reluctantly crawled back inside and curled up next to the heater.

Maybe I dozed off somehow, maybe I was just staring at the stone wall the whole time, but awhile later after the disgusting sounds of miss next door had finally ended I heard the hard thumps of shoes in the isle outside my prison.

1st stopped, looking in through my door. "How's Beauty feeling this morning?"

I blinked.

He unlocked the door and pulled it open. In two strides he was across the room and he jerked me up onto my hands and knees by my collar, ripping my precious blanket off of me. I was afraid he was going to raise his hand and strike me, but instead, gentle words came.

"The master's waiting for you precious."

He yanked on the collar and I obediently started crawling. The bandages on my knees helped some, but each step still made me wince. He led me down the long isle between the dog runs. In each I saw a human and a dog. Normally they were women, but I did see one man, busy humping his dog. It was a good thing I hadn't eaten that morning.

1st led me outside and the wet grass froze my hands and legs, the chill breeze making me shiver. Marshal was waiting for us. I still need a better name for him, but I can't think of any that I'm not to polite to utter. Marshal was holding a small collection of oddball things in his hands.

He knelt down and grabbed my wrist firmly, slipping one of the things onto my hand faster than I could yank my hand away. He let go of my hand and I was forced to put it down as he grabbed my other hand. In an instant, both my hands were imprisoned in hard gloves. I couldn't move my fingers at all! He moved back, lifting both of my knees, but I was frantically trying to remove the nasty gloves.

"Get these things off me!"

"Walk her out, let her get used to them."

1st pulled on my collar and I pulled back and then reluctantly took the first step. I froze, looking back at my knees, where another contraption now kept me from fully straightening my legs. 1st jerked the leash hard and I yelped slightly, starting to move. He walked me a few feet away and then back.

"These will stay on for the extent of your training." He turned back to 1st. "Put her in with the girls."

1st led me away again around the corner of the long building where about fifteen dogs were free in an outdoor run. He led me inside and released me. I eyed the dogs warily, noticing with relief that they were all female. One of them cautiously came forward to sniff me and I shied away. Slowly all of them moved forward, milling around me, nosing me and sniffing me, wagging tails, and I started to feel more comfortable with them.

About an hour later a man came out and dumped dog food into the long trough for the dogs. They ran to the trough, some of them growling and being given wide births by the other dogs. I followed more slowly, my stomach growling that it needed something, no matter how disgusting it was. I walked up to the trough. I couldn't do this. Slowly I lowered my head, unable to use my hands to help me, and picked up a piece of dog food, chewing and swallowing quickly. It wasn't half so bad. I grabbed a mouthful and chewed and then another, glad to fill my empty stomach.

When I was done eating though, I found myself with a whole other dilemma. I had to go, right now. I walked around the large run a couple times, hoping they might have provided something. I couldn't wait any longer. I went to the most private place I could find and awkwardly dug a little hole with my imprisoned hands, relieved myself, and covered it back up. The female that had greeted me first was watching the whole thing and she approached me, sniffing me and then, quite helpfully, licking me clean like I was her puppy or something.



I spent three days with the females, snuggling up with them in the dog houses to keep warm, eating with them. My favorite of course, was the big all white german shepherd I dubbed Missy.

The morning of the fourth day I stretched as I came out of the dog house – as much as my restraints would allow anyway. After relieving myself, and whipping on the grass as I'd seen the dogs doing, I went over and laid down next to Missy.

Both our heads came up at the sound of footsteps, which signaled breakfast time. As always the man filled the trough and I moved in next to Missy, growling at another dog who got too close.

I heard the sound of the clip being attached to my collar and the next moment 1st pulled me away from the food and out the gate. Missy came running after me, tail waving slowly and she barked, calling me back. To my surprise I barked right back.

1st pulled me around the corner and there was Marshal, waiting for us once again. A lump of dread fell into my stomach, making my breakfast churn.

He pulled a bottle out of his pocket. "You just need one last touch." He pulled the lid off the bottle and poured some of the cold liquid over my privates making me gasp. "Now you're ready to meet your new partner."

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## **Chapter 5 - Choosing A Partner**

What now?

1st led me into another building that sat next to the kennels where I'd spent my first night. This building appeared large, but when 1st led me inside I realized it wasn't. The whole center was a fenced courtyard filled with dogs. Only a thin covered walkway surrounded it, giving the illusion that the building was large from the outside. More dogs. I obeyed as 1st led me around the outside of the courtyard, far more comfortable on my hands and knees now, but I was watching the dogs. These were males – all males. I shuddered, shying away from the fence when a bunch of them crowded around, looking at me. Most were labs, though there were some smaller breeds and several larger ones.

1st stopped at the gate and briefly took a brush to my hair. I was shaking. Oh how I wanted to run or simply vanish on the spot. They weren't actually going to throw me in with all those muts were they? There had to be twenty dogs in there.

1st opened the gate and pulled me whimpering inside.

He patted me on the head and released me.

The dogs milled around me, sniffing me excitedly. I growled, pulling away from the wet noses, but no matter where I went the dogs followed me. What was that stuff that Marshal had poured on me?

I had learned a little from my three days in with Missy, and I used every technique I'd seen to get the males to leave me alone. Eventually most of them did, but the one's that remained were far more interested and insistent, and I was getting tired of running across the pen on my hands and knees. My body was shiny with fresh sweat and my lungs were heaving. I paused to catch my breath, my arms shaking. I couldn't run any more. They hadn't actually done anything. Maybe I was just too paranoid after what they'd done to me with King. I chose to ignore my shadows. Slowly I walked over the water and took a good long drink, which, naturally, meant that I had to relieve myself. I squatted and did so, feeling the relaxing feeling start to wash over me as it had when I'd joined the females.

That was short lived.

I straightened up again, having ignored the 4 males that found my discharge so interesting. If I'd known much about the breeding habits of dogs, maybe I would have paid more attention. The fact that I had peed in front of them, seemed to trigger something. The yellow lab rose to mount me and I growled harshly, pulling away from him before he could get a hold. The Chocolate Lab tried to get up and I just sat right down, utterly frustrating his efforts. He pawed at me, whining. I ignored it,

but when he nipped me I squealed, jumping away, back on my 'feet'. But I keep forgetting that I'm working with more than one dog here. The pit bull was on my back, forelegs locked around me before I could hide again. I lurched forward, dragging the dog with me as his stick prodded, searching. But before he could find his mark the last of the dogs, a big husky Rottweiler added his weight, throwing me face forward into the dirt as he tried to shove the pit bull off my back and find my hole at the same time. The weight of the two large dogs was tremendous and I couldn't move, hearing the little battle that went on above me and feeling both of them prodding me. The pit bull found me and began pounding hard. I shrieked in pain whenever the rottweiler who was still determined to get me, unseated the Pit Bull, making him jerk painfully inside me. Suddenly I heard one of them yelp and screamed as the Pit Bull was torn out of me. Tears ran down my face. Both of them were suddenly gone and I swiftly dropped my rear out of the air.

I remembered that woman this morning, and wondered how in the world someone could ever enjoy this. I loved to play around. Me and Steve had gone at it for hours sometimes. This just felt like an invasion. I huddled there, hiding my face and shivering until I felt a cold nose at my hip and I jerked. "Leave me alone, go away, dog!" I shrieked, sitting up quickly to keep him from taking me. It was the big Rottweiler. He came around in front of me and just stood there, his scepter hanging, huge and dark. He stepped forward, straddling my knees and staring into my face. Suddenly he growled and I leaned back afraid that he'd take my face off. With that movement he lunged forward, knocking me onto my back and laying down on top of me, forcing my legs to spread on either side of him. He just laid their with his nose between my breasts and his belly pressing down against my crouch. I saw his eyes shift to look upward and followed them, feeling the vibration as the dog growled at Marshal and 1st who were looking down at me. Marshal smiled in enjoyment.

"Lyron seems to like you. He's the only dog I've had yet who enjoys to tease his bitch and take her on her back."

As he spoke Lyron pushed himself up higher on me without lifting even the slightest bit of pressure off my crouch and I gasped as it tickled my pleasure center. He did it twice more and I was getting horny and starting to squirm in the moments that he just sat there between the teasing motions. Finally he pushed himself forward one more time and I humped into him, with a moan that I couldn't control. At that moment he plunged into me, driving me hard just like all the other dogs had done, only each time he drew back and plunged in he made me gasp and squirm, humping back into him with the uncontrollable pleasure. He slammed his knot into me and I jerked with a cry of pain. He swelled, locking himself in place and then stood and turned, lifting and dragging me a few paces before he went down in a half crouch. We stayed like that, with Marshal and 1st staring down at us for quite awhile before Lyron shrank and pulled out.

Marshal slipped a collar on the dog and 1st clipped the leash back on mine and they led us both out, taking me back to the kennel and putting Lyron in with me.

I curled up, determined not to willingly allow another beast to pleasure me like that. I am human, it was just wrong.

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## **Chapter 6 - Finding the Truth**

The phone rang. Jack grabbed it on the second ring.

"Jack Richards."

"Hey, Jack, you haven't seen Jocelyn recently, have you?"

"Ran into her last week."

"She didn't appear to give her seminar at the writer's conference. Is she ill or something."

"I wouldn't know."

"You did hear about her break up?"

"Yes."

"You know, I never did think those two fit well togeth-

"I've got to go."

"Oh, alright, goodbye then."

He hung up the phone.

"Didn't make it to a seminar she was giving? Not even once in her life." He narrowed his eyes, thinking. he grabbed his keys off the counter and strode to the door. His pride and joy, the one thing he let himself splurge on, sat waiting in the driveway, as bright and shiny black as the day he'd purchased it. It could have rolled right out of the sale lot and into his driveway for all anyone would know by looking at it.

He brought the car rolling to a gentle stop. Josi's house was dark and her car wasn't here. He put the car in park and stepped out, walking up the brick walk to her door. He raised his hand to knock before noticing that the door was cracked.

"Jo?"

The door creaked as he pushed it open. A few leaves littered the entry floor and cracked as he walked on them.

The phone was hanging by it's cord, nearly to the floor and the little red 'message' light was blinking. He picked up the phone and hung it up.

His eyes scanned lightly over the simple living room and the kitchen with several dishes lying in the sink.

He walked back into her office. The computer was still on, displaying her half finished seminar.

His brow furrowed. Her day calendar still read for thursday last. He walked back through the house. Nothing seemed out of place.

Searching through her list of phone numbers on the fridge, he dialed her mechanic.

"Dolby's Auto Repair"

"I'm calling about the car registered to Jocelyn Ryan."

"Ah, yes, didn't you get my message? The car was finished several days ago."

"Thank you."

He hung up the phone. Car left at the repairman's, house empty since last Thursday, phone off the hook. He reached up to run a hand through his dark hair and his eyes fell on a half used cigar sitting on the coffee table. Steve.

He'd spent the last two days on the phone, searching every crooked joint, every bar or hooking joint in town before he found one who knew Steve. Now he looked up at the dingy building as he got out of his car, making sure to lock it.

The place was dark, the lights veiled by about 50 years of cobwebs. It had taken an awful lot of digging to find this place. The Gold Bar they called themselves. Jack fixed his eyes on the Bar and swallowed. There didn't seem to be any dress code in here, in fact, there didn't seem to be any clothes at all.

"Bit overdressed, aren't you handsome" The barmaid slid down the bar toward him. "Can I get you anything?"

"I'm looking for Steve Bartlet."

"Over in the corner." She pointed, disappointed. Jack rose and hurried across the room. Steve was entangled with three women.

"Steve, can we talk?"

"'bout what?"

"Can I buy you a drink?"

"howbout you join in."

"It's not my thing. Now, Steve."

"I'm coming. You'd think you were my fuckin wife or something."

He extricated himself from the three girls and walked over to the bar, leading one of them.

"What you want?"

"I said I'd buy you a drink."

Steve settled on the barstool, pulling the woman over to sit on his lap, straddling his legs. The barmaid asked us what we wanted and brought our drinks. The girl was grinding her bum into Steve's crouch and Jack was fighting the urge to run.

"I heard about you and Josi, What happened?"

"The woman didn't understand my needs."

Seeing as Steven had been sitting over in the corner with three women, Jack wasn't sure he did either.

"Did you argue?"

"What's it to you?"

"Just curious." He motioned for the barmaid to refill Steve's cup.

Steve was grunting and moaning and Jack was trying hard not to think about it.

"Where's Josi?"

Steve laughed. "Being taught a lesson."

"Where?"

"It's so horny to see a woman blasted by a mut."

Jack stared at him and croaked. "What?"

"Oh, da poor boys in wuv."

"Where is she you dirty son of a bitch!"

"Find her yourself."

Jack found himself on his feet. He jerked his hand, pointing over his shoulder and the girl instantly got away from Steve. "Did Jo ever tell you what I did for a living before she met me?"

"Never asked." Steve shrugged, standing up.

Jack grabbed his arm and yanked him closer, slamming his knee up into the man's crouch, hearing a sharp crack. Steve howled. "Maybe you should have." He held the man up. "Where is she, or I get my knife out and we get serious." The whole joint was watching them now.

"The estate of Sir William Henry Marshal, 4 hours northwest of the city." Steve gasped. Jack let him fall to the floor, turned on his heel and took a deep breath of the clean air outside before climbing back into his Jaguar.

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## **Chapter 7 - Training's Over**

Lyron seemed to feel it necessary to breed me at least every couple hours. I did the very best I could, but he'd always find some way to get me over on my back at least once or twice a day, even if he had to do it while I was relieving myself. I despised the dog. It became a hundred times worse when I came into season myself. The blasted mut wouldn't leave me alone.

Beyond that, daily training with 1st and often Marshal was a breeze. For those few hours I was free of Lyron. Of course, he made up for it when I came back. I was trained to assume many different positions on command, though none of them permitted me to fully stand. Unless ordered to do otherwise, I was always on my hands and knees.

Then, after my longest day of training - learning to breath underwater for long periods which I couldn't think of any sensible reason for, Marshal removed the old leather collar from my neck and replaced it with a fancy, black, jewel emblazoned one, and never replaced the restraints on my hands and knees. Oh, freedom.

"I'll take her, go get the dog." Marshal took my lead and walked me out of the water training area, but didn't head back to the kennels like normal. He led me out to the driveway where a car was waiting, a big van with 'The Estate, largest zoo in the states. Owned by William Henry Marshal.' On the side. He opened the side door and motioned for me to jump inside. The whole back of the van

was set up for transporting animals. There were no windows, and I couldn't see through to the front of the van. unless he opened a little sliding window in the wall between the front and back. No doubt set up to transport the human 'animals' around in.

Marshal un-clipped my leash and a moment later 1st ran up leading a bounding Lyron who was released in with me.

I was hoping for at least a couple minutes while Lyron sniffed around the compartment, smelling all the other animals that had been in here recently. It did smell odd, though I couldn't place what had caused the scent. Lyron however, had far different plans. I'd been gone for hours and he seemed to decide I was more important than the interesting smells.

I was dry as bone, but he still just jumped up on my back and rammed in - his aim had gotten far better. I screeched. Couldn't this dog ever even try and arouse me with his tongue? Tears sprang to my eyes at the terrible pain of both my receiver and his giver being utterly dry. It felt like someone trying to get their wet hand into a dry rubber glove. I jumped and lunged. Maybe the stupid beast liked it or something.

I felt the vibrations of the car moving and suddenly felt tears springing to my eyes. Why had Steve done this to me? How could anyone do this to anyone. Here I was, more animal than human any more. He knotted me and turned, shrinking and pulling out quite a bit later, leaving me aching worse than ever and leaking puppy juice onto the carpeted floor, as he moved off to clean himself. The van lurched to a stop and I whined like the dog I'd become at the pain the movement brought. Marshal opened the door.

"Come, beauty."

I whined but didn't move, it hurt too much. The pain was spiking through me like nails being driven into my clit. I hadn't disobeyed an order in weeks. I was glad he didn't just take the leash to me. I felt his footfalls through the floor of the van and he gently stroked my back.

"It's alright, my beauty." He shifted back to my rear and suddenly swore.

"The idiot dry boned her." "How bad?" 1st asked, I listened. I knew how it felt, but no more.

"He's torn her wide open. Damn, It'll be months before I can put her in a show." His hands gently reached beneath me and lifted me up. "Call the Doc, and get rid of this damn dog." He said, stepping out of the van

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Sir William Henry Marshal's Estate was well known - but for it's family friendly environment.

Jack brought his car to a stop behind a bus load of kids on their school field trip, looking up at the gate that read, as everything else around here, 'The Estate of Sir William Henry Marshal'. He tapped his fingers on the wheel, waiting for the bus to get moving.

He'd been here before. The place was great. Amazing zoo, trail rides around the large estate, and the place had it's own water and amusement park. It was like an all in one. But from what Steve had said, he was now afraid that this perfect family getaway had a rather dark underbelly.

The bus finally moved forward through the gate and Jack let his car slide right up next to the little booth with a small man who quoted the admission price like he'd said it a million times before and he was starting to lose his voice over it.

"I'd like a season pass."

"\$300" The man said boredly.

Man this wasn't going to be easy - but how does one dig up such illegal secrets as what Steve had eluded too? He handed over the money and received a small card once again with 'The Estate of Sir William Henry Marshal' across the top and 'season pass' in minuscule lettering below it.

The gate rose to admit him.

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## Chapter 8 - Recovery

I woke up, laying on a real bed, warm. I sat bolt upright. What was going on here? This was a different run than the one I'd been in before. There was a rug on the floor and the food and water bowls were just at the right height for me to eat on my hands and knees without bending farther down.

I slowly rolled off the bed onto my hands and knees. my rear felt rather numb – probably a localized anesthetic to relieve the pain of what Lyron did to me. My brain was slightly fuzzy. I crawled over to the water and drank before going outside to relieve myself. I stopped halfway out my doggy door. My eyes widened. There was no small plot of grass. The footing beneath my hands was soft and mossy, a small waterfall fell in the corner to my right, traveling down a small stream and into a large pool. Tree's spread their many small fingers out wide. Completely forgetting why I'd come out here I wandered around my new home. The outer wall of my fine prison was no longer chain link, but glass. Beyond it on both sides were exhibits similar to mine. In the one on my right monkeys chattered and screamed, bolting and swinging around like energizer bunnies. The other one appeared to be empty. When I reached the front I could look down a long walkway lined with such exhibits, though beyond those close to me, I couldn't make out most of the animals.

My body reminded me why I'd come out here and I relieved myself, wandering around a bit more before returning to my room and eating.

The door opened and I looked up. Marshal stepped inside.

"Hey there, beauty."

I eyed him warily. When did he ever mean good news.

"The doctor fixed you right up, but he said it will be a few months before we can put you back into our program here." He patted my head.

"What program?" My voice was scratchy from lack of use. His eyes narrowed and I shrank back, expecting a sharp slap. It didn't come.

"There are lots of people who will pay a great deal of money to watch a woman taken by an animal. The dogs are only for training or cheap thrills. My best girls get brought here, where the real shows take place." He sat down on the bed. "We can't put you in shows until you heal, but we won't waste that time either. By the time you enter the cages, you'll know more about what I expect and how to get the animals to do it than some of our longest residents."

I opened my mouth to ask a question and his lips pursed. I wasn't permitted to speak again.

Training started again that afternoon, but now it was different. I was learning how to be a female in each different animal society, learning what to expect from them when I did a specific thing. I learned that all of Marshal's animals were trained not to differentiate between a female of their own species or a human female. They were, however, still wild animals and they would kill me if I stepped over the line.

Two weeks later I was lounging on the soft moss in my exhibit. I'd finally stopped hiding all day when the guests wandered through the zoo. Marshal had mentioned the glass was a two way mirror. I could see out, but no one outside could see in. Still, it freaked me out when mother's walked by with kids, their eyes looking up right at me only a couple feet away, walking on all fours, naked. I had finally decided that the exhibit to the left of mine was empty, but as I stood up and stretched I heard men talking inside it and ran over to see what was going on. I was getting pretty good at moving fast on four legs.

Several men, including Marshal himself, were standing around a huge cat. It was caked with filth, but it looked like a tiger.

"Clean him up and treat his wounds before he wakes up."

"Sir, do you want us to move him out to the main zoo."

"We'll have to if they've ruined him, he'll be no use to us here, but leave him here for now."

I watched them work, cleaning off the muck until the big cat's deep orange coat shone beautifully. Marshal took me out for training and when I came back I ran to see how my new neighbor was

doing. He was lounging on a rock, looking down at the people walking past his exhibit like a king looking down over his domain. Man he was gorgeous. No wonder tigers were called king of the jungle.

A month passed and every morning I ate, relieved myself and came to sit where I could watch my king.

"Like Sebastian, do you?" Marshal smirked knowingly, clipping on my leash on.

What? He's just beautiful, that's all. I suddenly realized I'd subconsciously spread my legs, my opening soaking, back hunched expectantly, and was purring up a storm. I stopped instantly. Sebastian, so that was his name. I purred again slightly, running the name over again in my head. Sebastian.

"Find a different boy friend, sweetie. Sebastian's dangerous. He's leaving the first of next week." He patted my back. "And you have your first show tomorrow night."

Despite the feeling of shame at having him catch me wanting my King - a tiger - to take me, I whined and resisted when he pulled me to the door. I wanted to keep watching my tiger.

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## **Chapter 9 - Royally Screwed**

There was no training today - tonight was my first show. I was supposed to get whatever male I was put in with to mount me. Only once I had him interested I wasn't to be submissive to his desires. That would be easy. I don't want another animal raping me. . . well, I think I'd make one exception. I was staring at Sebastian. Big, beautiful, sweet Sebastian. I was aching so bad and soaking the ground as well as myself. I complained and revolted when First came to pick me up in the early afternoon.

I was taken into a grooming room, bathed, shaved and my hair brushed and trimmed. Had I been a dog I would have been show quality right then. The locked me in a kennel to wait and left. I dozed nervously, seeing as I had nothing else to do but stare out through the bars at a blank white wall.

Marshal came in, opened the kennel and clipped a leash to my collar.

"We're throwing you in with the kangaroo's tonight. There are two males - Alfred's the big red, Tron is the smaller grey. They both have other females of their own kind in with them. We want you to entice them both and get them to fight for you." We turned back into the main corridor, walking past the door to my exhibit. Kangaroos. I grimaced. Fate must like me though, or maybe it likes Sebastian.

I could see 1st walking another woman a good ways ahead of us down the isle, otherwise we were alone.

The door to Sebastian's exhibit was suddenly thrown wide and a man tumbled out, Sebastian right behind him, through the door before there was any chance of closing it. The man cowered on the floor. I felt Marshal stiffen beside me, and seeing my king with his ears back, pearly canines exposed to me made me feel afraid too. But oh man was he gorgeous. Sebastian eyed Marshal who stood his ground, staring right back. I held my breath, though I doubt it was completely out of fear. Slowly the big tiger's eyes shifted onto me and his ears seemed to lift slightly as though he were asking 'for me?' He reminded me of a great big teddy bear - only I knew better. He was twice, probably three times as big as me and a killing machine. One swipe of his large paw could crush my skull. His snarl lessened, he seemed to have some respect for Marshal. His large paw moved, drawing him closer to me. He eyed Marshal and then reached his head out toward me, the sound coming from his throat a strange, relaxing wuffing. I returned it with a pur. It was the best I could do. His nose almost touched my face and the whiskers tickled, bringing a smile to my face. Marshal's hand slid ever so slowly down the leash. He froze when Sebastian growled and then started moving again, even more slowly until he released the clip.

"Be careful." I only barely heard his words. I stepped forward, gently nuzzling with Sebastian,



feeling his soft fur against my cheek. I stepped forward, rubbing the length of my body against his shoulder, feeling myself tingle all over and moisten. I looked back over my shoulder. He was doing the same, watching me as I moved away. If only I'd had a tail, I'd have flicked it teasingly.

My king turned gracefully and followed as I led him back into his exhibit. I heard the door close, but I didn't care. My Sebastian wasn't a couple of buck kangaroo's that were going to fight over me. He was mine.

I stopped, my body tingling as he came up beside me. I was purring like mad, my legs spread, precum dripping from me. I couldn't remember ever being this turned on. Movement drew my gaze to a group of men watching outside. Marshal was watching me and appeared to be gripping the handrail as though his life depended on it.

A deep rumble sounded in Sebastian's throat and I felt his immense weight suddenly press down on my back. Whoa, man. My arms nearly collapsed beneath his weight. They were shaking like leaves about to fall from the tree to which they clung. His forelegs clung tightly to my hips and I felt his huge cock touch between my thighs and then prod closer before he found my vagina and thrust in. I fell quickly into rhythm with him, purring and moaning. I don't care if there is a whole crowd watching, tonight I was a tigress in heat, and I was going to enjoy it. I belonged to my king tonight. I suddenly remembered that I had been told to make the animals work for me - that's what the men paid to see. There would be time for that later. I was lost in a rush as I came and a moment later I felt his shaft pulse and spew me full of baby tiger seed. He slipped off my back way too soon for my liking, though had my arms had lips they would have sighed in relief. Next time I'd be more ready for that.

I turned, swatting playfully and jumping away. It took all of one momentarily scary instant for him to knock my legs out from under me, land me on my back and snarl in my face, but he wasn't serious. Don't ask me how I knew. There's just a difference. He started making that wuffing noise again. I got back to my feet, rubbing against him and nearly jumped as his rough tongue ran over my shoulder. I returned his attention, but with my hands - no hairballs for me. His tongue worked its way down my back and side and by the time he reached my rear I was soaking again afresh and still draining from our last. I did jump slightly as his rough tongue ran the length of my privates the first time. It was very different than a dog's tongue. A dog's tongue is soft and smooth, my king's was rough, but oh, he knows how to use it. I squirmed, but this time I knew I had to play hard to get. Oh, but I didn't want to pull away.

I drew away. What followed was the funnest game of tag ever. He could have caught me easily, but I think he liked it too. He came after me, swatting at my legs gently, playfully, like a cat playing with a mouse and encouraging it to run. I did so, occasionally whipping around and swatting back. It was a game and we both knew it. After maybe three minutes his tactics changed and he started to rear up behind me, swatting playfully with both paws and then falling back to the ground. After the third time he did this I crouched down, releasing my own version of his beautiful roar. He crouched over me, finding my hole much faster and pounding in more exuberantly. He stayed in far longer, finally turning around and remaining connected just like the dogs did. I was drenched in sweat. When he pulled out I just flopped on the soft mossy ground. My king lay down next to me and I shifted to press my frame up against him. He didn't seem to mind.

Marshal was grinning, but I never noticed.

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## **Chapter 10 - Showtime**

The King, my king - Sebastian, belonged to no other. I was his only mate, but he was not to be mine. By day I paced the barrier between our exhibits or crouched, soaking the soft moss between my thighs as I watched him. I wouldn't call it love, more a deep longing to feel him on top of me, inside me. I turned my gaze down toward the innocent families walking by. That's where I really wanted to

be. With a good husband, a few kids. And yet here I stood, and I was happy with what had become of my life. I ambled slowly down to watch the people passing by. I didn't care any more that I was naked, that I walked around on four legs and was an animal whore. I jumped and shrieked when Jack was suddenly standing directly in front of me, looking straight at me. I know he can't see me. I bolted, curling up behind a tree. What was he doing here? My lover of ages ago, the man who'd let me get away and then turned up that oh so fateful day was here now. Wait, what if he was looking for me? Actually looking for me. . . . No, the jerk doesn't care that much about anything but that car of his. I crept back down to where I could see out, but Jack was gone. Just gone.

twenty minutes before closing time Marshal came to get me for my daily bath I didn't mind his touch any more. As a matter of fact, I much prefer him to any of the other workers. His touch never get's sensual or teasing. I'm a pet to him, a cherished dog. He's firm, but not really cruel. Of course, I'm sure I wouldn't have said the same before. I leaned into his touch when his scrubbing fingers found and itchy spot and he actually laughed, itching it for me before he continued with my bath and then lifted me to the floor, toweling me dry and replacing my collar around my neck. "I'm putting you in with the Dolphins in the big tank tonight. You know what to do." He said simply. He didn't hook the leash. It remained in his hand, but he only slapped it against his leg and commanded 'heel'. I obeyed, finding myself reveling in this new level of freedom I'd been granted. He led me down the long hall, past half the animal exhibits in the zoo and outside, down a path between two high fences, to the outdoor Dolphin Tank. Marshal had two 'buddy' [SPAM] of male dolphins. Both had been put together earlier in the large show tank so they could associate with each other before my show tonight. One of the [SPAM] was two brothers, the other was three males who had been raised together. I watched them. They were well trained to see human females as the same as their own, and they were watched and only given a girl when they were wanting to mate. Exactly how they knew, I wasn't sure, but I'd been told they did. Marshal strapped the needed Oxygen tank to my back, securing it around me and put a pair of flippers on my feet before motioning to the water. "Go."

I put the mouthpiece in my mouth and dived off the side, flipping my feet together like a mermaid. In moments the two brother's had moved over to me and moved around me, nudging me occasionally and starting to 'herd' me over further into their side of the pool and away from the other group of males. I didn't play easy to get and pretty quickly both [SPAM] were there, trying to get me off away from the rest. The group of three buddies won and the most insistent of the three kept nudging me gently and circling, keeping the other three away. Slowly I started to return the favor, touching him, circling with him as he shifted to swimming in circles with his flippers almost touching my arms. I glanced down, feeling his shaft between my thighs as I prepared to wrap my leg's around him and have my first underwater pleasure. I like these creatures. They're gentle, love and courtship is a mutual affair, not something the male demands and the female must give. The two brother's broke up our little love affair and though I actually tried to stay with my first lover, they successfully stole me away. I made it quite clear to the male that courted me this time that I wanted nothing to do with him, but he, and his brother were persistent and finally I gave in, letting the larger of the two flip onto his belly beneath me and wrapping my own legs around him as we began the underwater dance, belly to belly. His length thrust deep into me and the prehensile instrument seemed to hook slightly to hold me there and I squirmed with the discomfort it gave me, biting down on the mouth piece that connected me to the oxygen tank. It hurt. I wanted to scream. I don't even remember him shooting his seed inside of me.

The next thing I knew he was gone and I was sinking slowly to the bottom of the tank. I was going to feel that tomorrow. I flipped my legs feebly and felt a nose nudging me upward gently. I smiled as I found myself surrounded by the other three males who where pushing me gently up to the surface. I got myself a breath of air and then slipped back under the water. My original courter circled me, clicking softly and nudging me gently, I can only assume to make sure I wasn't seriously hurt. I ached and I thought I just might loose my dinner from the cruel hooking I'd gotten. . . I wasn't built

to take that. I just started to move toward the stairs when the dolphin corkscrewing around me, his belly facing me and I swallowed. I don't know if I can take that cruel babymaker again. I glanced up at Marshal through the water and he shook his head. I wasn't to get out yet. Alright. I fell into step with my courter, nervous when I saw the tip of his tool poking out of the pocket where it resided. For my gentle courter though, I chose to do more than just accept, I wrapped my leg's around him, teasing him as I rubbed my woman's gift over the entrance to his pocket until I felt him probing and then felt him enter. I was ready for that cruel hook that the other dolphin had used to hold me firmly against his frame, but it didn't come. Instead I felt his head exploring gently around inside me and the feeling made me climax, body shuddering against his sleek frame and I felt him release into me before pulling out and circling me. I knew then the thief was a younger male.

I dug myself a hole like a cat and relieved myself before covering it back up, moving between watching Sebastian and watching the crowds of people passing the exhibits, subconsciously watching for Jack and then berating myself for doing so.

My head turned as I heard approaching footsteps and I growled when 1st came into view. First never came for me. No one had taken care of me since I'd been brought here except Marshal. I snarled, sounding more like an animal then ever as I backed into the corner. This wasn't right. He grabbed my collar and clipped the leash to it, dragging me out and I struggled, fighting. I'd be good for Marshal. This didn't feel right. He turned and slapped me, commanding me to heal and I broke the silence code.

"Where's Marshal. Let go of me!"

He grabbed me roughly by my hair and jerked, getting only a tiny wimper for his trouble. "Marshal's out of town. I've got something special planned for while he's gone, and you're going to help me."

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## **Chapter 11 - A New Kind Of Show**

Jack was running out of ideas. This place seemed like your normal amusement park and zoo. Nothing unusual. Nothing at all. But Steve had said. . . .

How would someone find such an illegal operation if they wanted to watch such a thing? He should have asked Steve that. Now, short of bluntly asking someone about it. . . he really had nothing to do. Well. . . then again. . . . He smiled, heading for one of the information desks.

"I'm looking for information. . ." He paused, placing a twenty on the counter. "About the other program's Marshal offers to special customers."

"I'll handle this one Cris." A man in the back motioned for Jack to step around to the side and talk to him. Jack kept the twenty and obliged. Maybe now he was getting somewhere. "What exactly are you looking for?"

Jack smirked, leaning on the counter and keeping his voice low. "I heard from a friend that Marshal holds special shows. . . after dark with his dogs." He set the twenty back on the counter slowly.

"Private showings, Sir, I'm sorry, If you'll give us your name, we'll make sure Sir William is notified of your request."

Jack added another two bills to the counter top. "I'll make it worth your while."

The man glanced down at the bills and then back up at Jack's face and leaned forward, placing a hand over the bills. "There is a, uh, special showing over the weekend. \$300 a night for tonight and tomorrow."

"Where?"

"Be at the zoo gate by nine. If you're late, you miss out."

I hadn't been truly afraid of what was going to happen to me since I'd been moved here. I'd grown to trust Marshal. I knew at least that he wouldn't do something to intentionally cause me pain. 1st on the other hand, I was afraid of. I cowered in the back of the crate he'd put me in as he opened the

door, slapping me hard when I bit him for trying to grab my collar. He dragged me out of the crate and took me outside. Marshal's five other top girls were there, each held by another 'handler'. I shuddered. Seven men were standing mere feet away and they were watching us. Jack! He was staring at me and I dropped my eyes in true shame. What are you doing here Jack? You shouldn't be here.

"Now, I've told you what you're going to see tonight. After the show tonight, the five of you who paid me extra can pick out the girl you want. . ."

I watched Jack's eyes shifted off of me and he raised his hand slightly, making 1st stop. "I want to claim that one there, the hell cat." He said, nodding to her. Claim me for what? What were they going to do with us.

1st nodded. "As you wish. Follow me, if you would gentlemen."

I found out what 1st had planned fast enough. Marshal had a lot of animals, most of them male, but he was always careful not to put a brutal combination together and hurt his prize girls. First was doing just the opposite. I shuddered as I watched the men laugh or tease themselves. I watched Jack shifting his weight from one foot to the other, thumbs stuck in his jeans pocket like he always did when something was arousing him, but his mind wanted no part of it. Under other circumstances I might have smiled, but I was afraid. I couldn't see what was happening to the other girls as they went in, but they were shaken and battered when they came out. My hands and feet were hurting from walking on the rough cement when we reached the last exhibit. . . it was my turn.

I jumped and snarled when 1st slabbed something really cold all over my rear. He pushed me into the exhibit and I knew what to do. I also knew this wouldn't be pleasant. I swallowed, moving away from the gate and watching the huge horns of the bighorn sheep rise as they watched me. I hate mating with goats, and there were five males in here. I fell instantly still. They're attracted by movement partially. No need to excite them. However, it was quickly obvious that whatever had been crudely smeared on me would do all the exciting without me needing to use any of my knowledge or experience.

The ram's ambled over, sniffing and bleating in excitement. I propelled myself into motion, doing my best to avoid the mess and stink of musky male goats. Sharp hooves left long scratches on my sides as the goats tried to mount and I managed to twist away. But there were five of them and only one of me and I couldn't stop them for long. One of them got on my back and found my entrance before I could twist away. His seed was shooting inside me before he'd fully entered, but he never got himself fully seated as another ram reared up and knocked him off me. I splayed my legs and let my head droop to keep from falling over, aching from the pain of having the beast jerked out of me as a second lunged onto my back driving in hard enough to make me 'walk' forward. And Jack was down there watching me. I went down on my elbows, no longer with any will or care. Jack. My Jack. Watching me like this. tears flowed down my face as the crazed male's fought over who got to mount me next.

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## **Chapter 12 - Ruined**

I walked with no purpose, head hanging as 1st led me away from the Bighorns. I wasn't paying any attention to where I was being taken. I didn't care. I fought slightly as my wrists and ankles were chained to the floor and then just curled up on my side as 1st left. It's cold in here. Not like my warm bed and the stone is hard. I shivered slightly. Jack had seen me. I whimpered softly and then broke out in sobs, not caring who heard me.

"Jo, Josi. . . it's ok" I hadn't heard Jack come in. I flinched away as I felt his hand stroke my hair. I jumped to my feet, chains clinking as I frantically pulled away as far as they would allow when I felt his bare frame sidle up to mine. I'd never seen Jack naked. And now he was sporting an erection to be proud of, but I just shook in my chains and whimpered.

Jack got up on his hands and knees and crawled toward me like an ambling wolf, speaking softly, though visibly doing his best impersonation of one of my animal lovers. "Josi, it's alright. This was the only way I could talk to you, and I have to follow through or they'll get suspicious. We're being watched."

I just shuddered, cringing when he stepped up beside me, kissing my shoulder softly.

"Say something Jo. Talk to me. Please Jo." He said softly between kisses that trailed along my shoulder and onto my neck. I ducked my head. I just wanted him gone. I didn't want him here, seeing me like this. Why did I even care? He was just another man right? No. . . not really, not to me. He was my man. I'd always seen him like that. . . just never told him.

"I'm going to get you out of here somehow Josi." He said softly. He stopped his teasing and just moved behind me, I gasped as I felt his finger's tease me. I think he was just wanting to know he wouldn't be causing me pain after what I'd already been through tonight. I arched back like the whore I'd become and the move made me instantly feel dirty in his virgin hands. I would be his first, chained up and taken like a dog. . . a dirty whore, and he was giving up his virginity for me. My arms shook as I felt him gently grasp my hips and enter me. It felt so good to have a man on top of me, but I could feel it in his touch, any pleasure or joy he could have had with me had been sapped out of this. I spoke softly, my voice a bit hoarse from lack of use. "Jack, make it look good, they are watching us." I croaked. "Thank you for coming."

He leaned forward over me, his warm hands slipping under my belly and down to tease me as he moaned deeply in my ear. I arched back, the pleasure more than I could take.

"Oh, Jack. Why didn't you want me?"

"I always wanted you, Jo."

"You never said anything."

"I thought you knew. . . and then you told me you were getting married. . . I tried to tell you Steve was dirt. . . but you wouldn't listen. . . so I left."

"You didn't even come to the wedding you selfish bastard."

Jack fell silent for a long moment. "I was home, getting drunk and smashing everything breakable in the house because my girl was marrying that son of a bitch."

I turned my head to look at him. "Were you really?"

"me and every other boy who ever had a crush on you."

"You just dropped out of my life, Jack." I said softly. "You walked out on me first, Josi. I'm not letting you walk out on me again."

"Jack, I belong to Marshal now. I'm not Jocelyn any more. . . I'm Beauty. My life's not my own."

"It will be, Josi, I promise you that, it will -" He broke off and I felt him tense, his rod pulsing before he emptied himself deep within me and I gasped, climaxing a split second later. "T-tomorrow night, I'm supposed to choose which animal I want you mated with."

"The tiger, pick the tiger." I said, head drooping again. I'm so tired. "And Jack, call Marshal, he doesn't know about what happened tonight. He would never have allowed it. Call him, tell him."

Jack nodded, slowly pulling out. "I'll see you tomorrow." He smiled softly as he stood.

"No, I don't think you'll be seeing each other for quite some time." Jack turned to face 1st who was peering in the peak window. 1st opened the door with four men behind him.

Jack's lips formed a firm line. One against five. . . nasty odds, and I was no help, chained on the floor. He grabbed the first one by the head and slammed his knee into the man's precious package, turning to throw a hard punch and take out a second before he was clubbed in the back of the head and went down.

"Jack! No!" I lunged forward, trying to reach him as 1st ordered him taken out before he turned on me.

"Say one word of this to anyone. Anyone, bitch, and he'll pay for it."

The threat rang in my ears over the next three months and the fact that I'd missed my last two monthly's wasn't helping either. I was pregnant and it was starting to show. When Marshal got back

he'd kept going with business as usual. But after my first performance he knew something was wrong. There was no life in me, as he said. I told him there was nothing wrong and he showed me for the next couple of days, only seeming to grow more concerned and finally told me to have a couple of months off. He came in every day to give me my dinner, give me a smile, and then leave. But tonight the smile faded off his face and he cocked his head slightly, stepping up and bending over to run his hands over my belly and I tensed, gaze rising onto him.

"Who did this?"

I shuddered and he crouched down, gently stroking my head.

"It's alright, beauty, who did this to you?"

I shook my head, now afraid of the fact that I was refusing him an answer. But he didn't get mad at me. He just kept gently stroking my head. "Tell me, Beauty. Tell me who ruined my best girl."

I started to shake my head and froze when I saw 1st in the door. Marshal turned and stood. "Oh, there you are Shane. We need to have a talk."

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## Chapter 13 - Child

Marshal skipped the trips he'd planned, keeping a close watch on everything. I was pregnant, which meant a man had been with me. It frustrated him that I refused to tell him, but he stopped asking, seeming to know I'd been threatened.

He moved me up to the house to stay as my pregnancy progressed. I don't know what I was expecting. . . women I suppose. What with what he did on the side, I would have thought he'd have a different lover every night. I was wrong. There was never anyone else in the house. I wondered why, but never was brave enough to ask. Mostly I just followed Marshal around when ever he was in the house, and when he left to hold the evening shows I'd wander curiously through the mansion. He never bothered to lock me up. It was surprising how much he trusted me. Especially considering my silence on the issue of my child.

Jack. My mind was rarely ever on anything else. What had they done to him, where was he? Had 1st let him go? I doubted it. He shouldn't have come after me. He should have just stayed away. Now who knows where he was - in chains? Locked away, beaten, starving? Dying? I shivered at the thought. But 1st never came to the house. Marshal had asked me once if he was the father. I had shaken my head no.

I wanted to tell Marshal, to see if he could help Jack. I didn't care about me. This was my life now. But Jack, wherever he was. . . he'd only wanted to help. I didn't want him hurt.

The months passed peacefully, though I did miss Sebastian nearly as much as I worried over Jack. Marshal just said he didn't want him hurting the baby. Then half a smile would appear on his face and he'd assure me that Sebastian missed his mate just as much as I missed him. It made me wonder just how bad Sebastian was being for the handlers. No doubt he was being a brat. . . and that was putting it nicely. I could see him, sulking, snarling at the handlers, looking at Marshal with those big accusing brown eyes and demanding to know where they'd taken me.

Like any proper animal mother, I wandered off into an unused room to have my child alone. I'd made myself a bed in one of the many spare bedrooms and I retreated to it. It wasn't nearly as bad as they showed it in the movies. I'd been pounded and stretched so many times. I just sat down with my knees bent and spread wide, leaning back, hands flat, arms supporting my upper half. It was simple really. When the contractions came, I pushed; when my body allowed, I leaned my head back resting for those few moments before I had to push again. I was breathing hard, but I had managed not to scream - like this could make me scream after everything I'd been through. And finally the child came, screaming for all the world as though he'd been doing all the work.

Now what?

I had no idea what I was supposed to do. He needed to be cleaned, and the cord needed to be cut. Both were obvious to me now, but I'd never thought of either one before and I had no strength to stand and deal with it. Then the door opened. Marshal of course. He must have been looking for me. He strode over, setting a bag down beside me. "Harder to find than a whelping fox." He grumbled, though his face had a half smile on it. I was a little nervous as he took my son from my hands, tying off the cord and cutting between the two ties before he set to work cleaning him. I watched in silence, resting gratefully. My son. Jack's son.

Marshal passed him back to me. "Little 'J'." I whispered, choosing to use the nickname I'd given Jack, bringing him to my breast to let him suck.

"Did you love the man, Jocelyn?"

My eyes snapped up to Marshal. I didn't even know he knew my name. He'd never used it before, never admitted that I was human. I was a pet, a dog. . . his Beauty. "Yes, Sir." I spoke softly, not in the habit of speaking to Marshal.

"Steve?"

My eyes narrowed at the mention of the name, a growl escaping me. A habit I'd picked up from Sebastian. "No."

His smile widened just slightly. "I didn't think so."

"Why'd you ask?" I couldn't restrain my curiosity.

"Because he badgered one of the handlers into telling him you were pregnant and I was keeping you here. Since then he's been claiming that he snuck in to be with you and demanding that the child belongs to him."

I clutched the child closer to me.

"Relax, my little Beauty. I wouldn't send your child away from you."

We were back to master and bitch. Was I still allowed to speak? I did anyway. "What will you do with him?"

Marshal surveyed me for a long moment. "There are a lot of options. I haven't made up my mind yet. Show him like I do you - Use him as a stud for the other girls and expand my kennels - or make him my head handler. No doubt he'd be the most knowledgeable of any I've ever had, raised by you. Perhaps I should even make him my heir. Someone to pass all this on too. We shall see." Marshal stood. The conversation was over. "You'll stay here until you get your strength back, and then you'll be returned to your run beside Sebastian's. As soon as you're recovered enough you'll start showing again."

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## **Chapter 14 - New Life**

Life on Marshal's estate returned to normal. I wasn't back in the shows yet because my tummy was still baggy from pregnancy, but Marshal put me in with one of the males, always followed by a session with Sebastian every day. Afterward I returned to little J. He had Jack's same blue eyes and dark hair.

Things got all too normal the day Marshal said he was leaving for a couple days. I worried. . . but nothing happened. He returned and I felt relieved. Perhaps 1st had learned his lesson. So I wasn't so worried the next time Marshal said he was leaving. I should have been. He wouldn't be back for a week.

He couldn't have been gone long enough to make it to the airport.

The door opened. I was nursing J. 1st grabbed my collar and snapped a leash to it. I resisted as he pulled me out, leaving my son laying on the bed. Three men were waiting outside.

"This is her, nursing just like I promised."

One of the men stepped forward, leaning down to feel my breasts. His hands were harsh. I jerked away. I didn't like this.



"She'll do."

The leash changed hands and the heavy man who had felt me passed me to one of his companions. This one had the same build, but was thinner. He pulled and I pulled back. The third one, slighter than both the other two with a sharp, cruel face grabbed me around the waist and lifted me. They carried me outside and threw me into a kennel in the back of a van.

"You can't do this! I belong to Marshal. You can't do this!" I screamed. The back door slammed. Of course my opinion didn't matter. When you're nothing but property, it never does.

I heard the three men climb into the front and then the floor vibrated and we were moving.

I don't know how long we drove or how far we went. It felt like forever. I curled up on the bottom of the kennel. It was just like it was happening all over. Locked in the back of a car, no idea where I was going or if I'd ever go back. The van came to a stop. The three men came around to the back and the door opened. The skinny one reached in and pulled me out. Tears sprang to my eyes as my hands and knees hit the coarse gravel.

"Tell the boy to get her ready for the show tonight." The fat one said.

The skinny one jerked on the leash and I walked gingerly on the gravel where he led. I did not want to get dragged on this.

He took me to a large barn. The walls were lined with cages and stalls. The predominant animal was definitely horses. Miniature horses. They were beautiful creatures, but they scared me. Once we passed the stalls we were passing cages. Screaming monkeys of all kinds leapt around their cages. Dogs watched curiously as I was led past. I looked up ahead and froze. The biggest horse I'd ever seen was watching me. He was huge. The plaque on his door said simply 'Ben' He was white and beautiful from the normal human perspective. But he made me cower. He was too big.

The man leading me laughed. "What, you think he's big?" He laughed again. And changed direction, leading her back outside through a different door. Now their were slightly larger cages, kangaroo's, deer, bulls and. . . I gasped. An elephant. No. He laughed as I shook, turning around and leading me right back inside and up into the loft, past a bunch of odd contraptions and into a small room lined with yet more cages. The man grabbed what appeared to be a metal bra and strapped it around my chest before leaving me in one of the tiny cages. I couldn't even stretch out.

I glanced around me at the other women. They didn't even bother to glance at me. None of them looked anywhere near as well cared for. I shivered. I missed Marshal's place. I shouldn't, really, I didn't want this life at all, but when I looked at what was around me now, I missed Marshal's estate and the sure but gentle way he handled me.

I huddled in the back of my cage until a young boy came into the room. He couldn't be older than fifteen. He came over to my cage, snapping the leash to my collar. His touch was more gentle. He led me out into the room with all the strange contraptions. The one he led me to was stuck back in the corner and looked like a short grooming table.

"Up." I looked at it once and then jumped up. He secured the leash and then removed the bra thing, moving away and returning with a bucket. I was confused until he stuck it under me and reached for my breasts. Oh no. I was not a cow. I jerked, fighting whenever he touched me. He slapped my side hard and said "Stand." I growled which made him smile. He took my breast and I jerked away again, but this time he just tightened his grip painfully. Alright then, I'll hold still. He milked me dry and then put the bra back on, checking me over.

He released the leash and I jumped off the milking stand. But he didn't take me back to my cage.

"They won't let me watch the shows."

I looked up at him but said nothing. What was that supposed to mean? He led me downstairs. Oh, no. I pulled back and glared at him.

"Don't look at me like that." He said, grinning. "The boys are very friendly."

I wasn't convinced.

"I'm going to start you on Ben."

I shivered, remembering the size of the horse. But I didn't have a choice.

"My name's Tom."

Not that it made any difference to me. He led. . . no pulled. . . me downstairs and I dragged which didn't seem to make him happy at all. Finally he turned to scowl at me.

"They said you were trained for this."

I glared at him. He struck out sharply and I yelped at the pain of the blow, shocked. Once again, I really shouldn't have been shocked.

He tied me up outside the stall, bringing the great big stallion out. My eyes widened as I looked at the size of his hooves. They were as big as my head. . . no, bigger. I shuddered again. He tied the big stallion up beside me and I cowered, literally, at the size of his sex. I'd never taken something that big. That long. . . . The boy brought over a step stool and then untied me.

"Well, come on, get on him."

I was confused.

"Get on the horse."

I climbed the step stool and swung unsurely onto the horse. He was soft under me and I felt the soft rise and fall of his sides as he breathed.

"Well, common, rub on him, up and down his back with your sex, get yourself nice and aroused."

Ah, so it was his way of arousing me so that Ben would be interested. I leaned forward, not really happy with this, but I'd done worse.

My hands ran over Ben's neck and my legs tightened around him as I shifted forward and back along his spine, letting my whole body rub along his neck and back. Tom moved the stool. . . I ignored my audience. This was just another show, the audience wasn't important. I jumped in shock when his cold hands touched my hips. He was on the horse behind me. I glanced over my shoulder and instantly shifted as far forward on the horse as I could. His fingers tightened on my hips and he pulled me back, up against his stiff cock. His tongue swept across my back.

"Let me go!" I screamed frantically, trying to shift forward, but he only chuckled.

"Around here, girl, the animals share with their masters." His hold on me was firm, tight and I was too afraid of falling off the great stallion to squirm too much. "It's so hot watching a girl play with the animals. Now, you just keep playing with Ben like a good girl." His wet tongue brushed over my shoulders and he shifted forward, leaning forward and pressing me down onto Ben's neck, his rod running up my crack onto my back and I felt drops of precum fall from his tip. I refused to move, to give him what he wanted, so he started to move, sliding up and down my back, grinding his hips against me, his rod lubricating my crack with every pass. His hands moved back to my rear and I suddenly realized what he was planning.

"No!" I screamed, struggling as he spread my cheeks, exposing my tight rear hole. No one had taken me there. No one. "No! Get off me!"

The door at the end of the barn opened. It was the big broad one. For a moment I felt Tom freeze behind me, just as the man froze in the door. They'd stop this. Then the fat old toad laughed.

"That's the way to do it boy, break her in."

I couldn't see it, but I'd bet anything that Tom grinned in that instant where I froze in shock right before he shoved all 5 inches of himself inside me. I screamed, clutching at the horse as the boy began to thrust. In and out, in and out, dragging my body forward and back, making me shudder as my womanhood was brushed fiercely along the slight ridge of Ben's spine. Slowly though, my body adjusted to the pain.

Pain was something I was going to feel a lot here.

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## **Chapter 15 - Showtime again**

The boy took his time and before he was done all three of the men were there watching, stroking

themselves. I just let myself slip away, fade it out. Until that is, I suddenly snapped out of it because our 'bed' was moving. Ben was shifting from side to side, snorting and pacing in place. At that instant I felt the boy release inside me. It made me sick..

"You didn't even make her hot boy. Get off and let Ben finish with her while you get the monkey's ready for tonight."

Ben slipped out of me and then pulled me off the horse. I obeyed when he jerked on the leash and pulled me over to a table, strapping me down on my back, my legs spread wide. He swung something over my body, locking it down and then I felt the whole thing rise higher. What in the world. Then the words toad had said hit me. Ben. I heard the rhythm of hooves and struggled. The big horse sniffing excitedly between my legs and then the beam over me groaned as the stallion mounted. I was in the perfect position, ready and waiting for him. He gripped the fake mare tight with his forelegs, walking forward until I felt his tip touch my entrance. And then he was inside me. His thrusts were hard and strong, slamming me hard with each stroke. But the pain of his size was nothing to how he was crushing my precious uterus. He was simply too long. I couldn't accommodate him. My mouth was open in a silent scream, my eyes misting over. I blacked out.

I opened my eyes slowly. I was back in my cage. From somewhere downstairs I could hear the sound of laughter. No doubt the show was going on. I thought longingly of Marshal, of Sebastian, of Little J. . . of Jack. . . and I cried. I was never a big one for tears. They didn't help anything. I hadn't cried when Jack left me, or When Steve took me to Marshal. But here, in this pit of Hell, I cried. At least for Marshal I had had some bit of dignity left to me. I had never been his plaything. Here. . . I cringed as one of the men walked in, but he ignored me. Here I wanted to die. I had been ashamed when Jack saw me at Marshals. If anyone I knew saw me here. . . I didn't think I could stand it. At least there had been pleasure in it at Marshals. It had been a talent there, being able to seduce the males. I stood up, searching for water. There was none. It seemed hunger was another thing I was going to grow very accustomed too.

The next day started out exactly the same. The boy came to milk me. He stroked and caressed my breasts as he worked. I hated him. Again he took me downstairs when we were done, and I fought all the harder, This time he released one of the dogs, a great big rottweiler. I hated dogs. Ever since Lyron. I would have fought him anyway, but I fought all the harder as he made me straddle a bench that was open in the middle right under my womanhood. He got three nice scratches down his face too. I wish I'd been able to give him more. He shoved into me just as hard and rough as yesterday as the dog went underneath us and his soft tongue caressed me. I'd never been able to resist a dogs tongue. I moaned and cursed myself for it.

The boy pulled me back on top of him, laying me out and the dog took it's cue, coming out from under us and mounting me from the front. I struggled and fought against both males as they pounded me together, but my body wanted it, even if I didn't I couldn't keep myself from moaning and groaning at the pleasure of them filling me, just as I couldn't stop the wave's of shame that filled me seconds after that.

When Tom was done with me he took me back to my cage and fed us all. . . a few mere scraps. I looked at mine sadly, sighed and ate it.

That night, One of the men came for me. Showtime.

I had been Marshal's top shower. He'd been proud of me, of my abilities to entice the males. No doubt these brutes expected a show worthy of all Marshals talk. I would disappoint them. I was Marshal's girl. Marshal's girl and no one else's.

There was a whole crowd of men waiting when I was led down stairs. They stepped aside to let us pass, but many leaned down to brush their hands over me as I passed. Marshal never would have

allowed that.

I wrinkled my nose in disgust as I saw what was waiting for me. Monkeys. Chimps, a gorilla and a few breeds I couldn't identify. One or two might have been baboons. . . but I wasn't entirely sure. I'd never been trained with Monkey's. Marshal didn't have any. Perhaps they were simply too human for his tastes. I was only now starting to realize just how good I'd had it at Marshals.

The door to the large cage was opened and I was pushed in. The men gathered around close to the mesh fencing to watch. Me? I laid down.

The monkeys weren't sure what to do with me. They're curious critters. They came over, sniffed me. Touched me. One or two pinched my arms. But I wasn't in season or doing anything remotely arousing. They left me alone. I closed my eyes, listening to the angry murmur of mens voices. I knew then that I was going to regret this, but I didn't care. I wouldn't give them a show willingly.

The gate squealed open and I was jerked up sharply by my collar and pulled out. I was jerked onto my feet and toads face was an inch from mine. He struck me. "Worthless bitch!"

I spat in his face.

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## **Chapter 16 - Marshal**

William Marshal stepped out of the car and took the time to dump his things inside on the couch before heading out to the kennels. He had three young new bitches that he'd brought back with him. One of them had real promise, the other two not so much. He'd check on them after their initiation. He headed back to the larger exhibits, glancing in at all his girls on the way. At Beauty's exhibit he pulled out a ring of keys and opened the door calling softly, "Beauty." For half a second he waited, but there was no answer. He frowned, closing the door softly and walking out into the outer portion, searching for her or 'little J' as she called her son. He'd named him James on his own records. The exhibit was empty. He glanced automatically through the glass into Sebastian's exhibit. Sebastian was in a bad mood. She wasn't there either. That made no sense. The baby should be here even if Beauty was working, and she wasn't supposed to be working.

He turned on his heel and hurried out and back to the initiation building.

"Shane!" He threw open the door, ignoring the three women standing there, one of them nervous, the other two almost excited, and strode right up to Shane who stood half an inch shorter than him. "Where's Beauty?"

Shane took a half step back from the hard gaze. "There was a break in sir. She was the only thing taken."

"Why wasn't I notified immediately?" He growled coldly.

Shane opened his mouth and closed it again. He had no answer.

"Where's the boy?"

"One of the other women is caring for him."

William turned to leave and then paused, turning briefly back to Shane, eyes narrowed. "Finish up here and then report to me." His phone was out of his pocket before he left the room.

He spent the next hour on the phone, searching through his connections to see if anyone had seen or heard a word of Beauty. Perhaps someone gloating over their new shower. Nothing. He snapped the phone shut with a sigh and glanced at his watch. Shane would be here soon. He paced the room, waiting. When Shane knocked he walked to the door, pulled it open, grabbed Shane by his shirt collar and yanked him into the room, throwing him to the floor. Shane looked up at him, shocked.

"I left you in charge and you lost my most prized bitch!"

"I'm sorry, Sir." Shane started to get to his feet and William kicked him back down.

"Stay down there, dog."

Shane Froze.

"I learned a few things on my calls to the shadier side of the business boy. Things like the fact that

you've been holding shows while I was gone and then giving the brutes free reign on my best girls." Shane's hands slowly balled into fists. He tried to get up and William kicked him hard in the side. "King."

Sharp nails clicked on the hardwood floor and the big German Shepard trotted out from behind the desk.

"No!" Shane scrambled to get back to his feet and received another sharp kick to his side.

William grabbed a leash off the desktop. "Where's Beauty." He demanded.

"I told you, the kennels were broken into."

William slapped him hard across the face with the end of the leash, bending over him and reaching around to his front to undo his belt and Jeans.

"No, no, no, no, no!" Shane fought, grabbing at his hands and trying to get up. King growled, baring his teeth and lunging for his face. Shane ducked his head covering his face with his arms and William jerked his pants down to his knees.

"I'll ask one more time. Where. Is. Beauty?" Shane didn't answer. "King." The dog obeyed instantly, moving around behind Shane, sniffing excitedly. Shane jerked away from the dogs nose, tripping over his own pants.

"Call the mut off! She's at the Corden place! It's two hours from here on the highway! Just call the Dog off!"

"King, heal." Marshal growled. King moved to his side and sat down obediently. "Go back to your duties Shane."

Shane scrambled to his feet, jerking his pants back up and half running for the door. William reached down to stroke Kings head. "Don't worry King, we're not done with him yet. But now, we have a girl to get back."

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## **Chapter 17 - Rescue**

William debated how best to go about getting her back. There was always offering to buy her back. But he'd had to deal with the Corden's before. They'd refuse and take her somewhere else or kill her so he couldn't get his hands on her. Then, the most sensible option would be to go in at night and steal her back, but he didn't like that one much either. It meant that she'd have to stay one more day in there. A lot could happen in a day. He was pacing again, King watching him with his head on his paws. That left only going in during the day, now. The Corden's would not let her go easily. He glanced over at King and stopped pacing. Slowly half a smile crossed his face. "I couldn't ask for a better army could I boy. Come King."

The tires crunched on the gravel as the van came to a stop. The tiny farmhouse and grounds were empty. He got out of the van slowly and walked around to the back to open the door. Sebastian pulled back his lips in a snarl behind the bars of one of the two cages that divided the back of the van. Two dogs sat waiting patiently in the other. King and Riptide. He opened the dogs side first and then held up the blankets from Beauty's bed for Sebastian. He stopped growling at once when he caught the scent.

"Find her for me, Sebastian." He reached up and opened the cage, stepping back to let the cat pass. Sebastian leapt out, pulling back his lips and calling for her. There was no answer, playful or otherwise. William waited. Sebastian broke into a lope toward the barn and he followed the cat, both dogs flanking him. Sebastian shrugged through the door ahead of them and exactly two seconds later William heard the screams.

He stepped through the door. "I'm sorry, am I interrupting a party?" His voice was cold, hard, angry. An isle had formed up the middle of the barn to the place where Sebastian lay crouched, one paw over Beauty, snarling at the nearest man. Something spiked through Marshal at the sight of Beauty laying there as though dead. Was it worry? Fear?

He ignored the other men, some of them leading animals, and women in the room and almost ran to Beauty. Sebastian allowed him to approach. The fat Corden made to move forward and Sebastian snarled. The man stepped back and Sebastian nuzzled Beauty, licking her shoulder and making soft sounds. There wasn't the slightest response. Beauty's body was limp, lifeless, though her chest did rise and fall. She was alive.

"Beauty, my dear Beauty." He whispered, unstrapping her arms and legs, taking in her beaten, shrunken frame. She'd been starved, beaten. Her wrists and ankles were bloody from fighting her bonds. He lifted her carefully, walking right out. No one stopped him, not with a giant tiger walking at his side. He climbed into the back of his van, laying her down carefully in Sebastian's cage. Sebastian jumped in behind him. He grabbed the blankets he'd brought and laid them gently over her.

"Beauty." He said softly. Sebastian laid down on her other side.

"Marshal." She murmured.

"I'm here, Beauty."

Her eyes opened slowly and widened.

"Just rest, beauty. Let me get you home." He started to stand and she grabbed his hand, her grip weak, but he paused.

"1st. . . Shane. . ."

"I know, Beauty, I know."

She let him go. "We'll talk more when we get home."

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I watched him go and turned my face into Sebastian's warm fur. I'd thought I was dreaming. It wouldn't have been the first time in the last week. The toads way of training was simply to allow no respite. To force and then force again. My mind had taken to imagining all sorts of things. I tried to imagine that it was Sebastian on top of me, or that Marshal had come to rescue me. This time it wasn't a dream. Sebastian licked my face with his rough tongue and I actually managed to giggle slightly as my fingers weakly stroked his fur. This was my home. It didn't matter that I hurt, or that my mouth was parched with thirst and my tummy didn't remember what it felt like to have a good meal. I was going home. No one would ever hit me again. Had Sebastian killed those three rotten men when he saved me? I closed my eyes, smiling as I imagined that. It was a nice thing to imagine. But my mind easily shifted to other imaginings as Sebastian's tongue continued to lick me clean. I couldn't take him now, I was too weak, I knew that. But I would soon. I must thank him for getting me out of there after all. His rough tongue felt so good.

He pushed the blanket back bit by bit to allow his tongue to work over a new bit of me. I closed my eyes as his tongue worked over my breasts. This boy wasn't mad at me. He would think no less of me because I was a man's whore as well as an animals. It didn't matter to him. I didn't notice when he shifted lower, even as I automatically spread my legs to let him in, until his tongue brushed over my inner thigh and he started to clean my womanhood. I arched, more in pain than anything else, a tiny cry escaping my lips, but his rough tongue continued to stroke me and slowly the pain was replaced by comfort and then pleasure and I pushed back into his tongue, enjoying the warmth of it and the way his whiskers tickled my inner thighs. This was my Sebastian. Nothing he gave me could be unpleasant.

I felt the van still beneath me and heard the front door open and slam. We were home.

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## **Chapter 18 - Home**

Marshal carried me back into my exhibit, and returned Sebastian to his. I could hear Sebastian complaining about it from next door, but Marshal didn't want him to go too far, or hurt little J. When

Marshal returned he was carrying my son and followed by the doctor. He put J in my arms and then proceeded to fill my water and food bowls for when I was able to eat. The doctor checked me over and gave me a few pills to take, all under the carefully watchful gaze of Marshal.

When the doctor left, Marshal took his chair beside me. "Who is the boy's father?"

I looked up at him, surprised by that question. I decided that secrets, now, were unimportant. "Jack Richards." I said slowly.

"Why were you afraid to tell me before?" Marshal was gazing at me, intense.

I swallowed, holding little J closer. "First - Shane threatened to hurt Jack if I said a word." A tiny smile had played over Marshal's lips as I stumbled over Shane's name. I wondered if he was wondering what I called him in my head.

"He has Jack then?"

I nodded. "They found him out right after he gave me my child."

Marshal's face darkened. "It's been nearly a year."

"1st Promised he wouldn't hurt Jack if I didn't tell." I said in a rush, half sitting up. I completely forgot to use 1st's proper name.

Marshal leveled his eyes on mine. "Do you really believe he's keeping his word?" No, I didn't. I wanted to. . . but I didn't. "Shane has been running his own program, his own shows, behind my back in some of the old buildings we don't use anymore I believe. No doubt he's using Jack for one of his showers."

My eyes grew wide and I shook my head slowly. Jack, my Jack, being trained and used by 1st. It had been hard enough for me with a trainer like Marshal. I couldn't even imagine what 1st would be like away from Marshal's careful supervision. I shivered. Yes I could. He'd be like Toad.

"I have plans for Shane." Marshal said quietly. "He's going to lead us right to his hideaway and we're going to close it down tonight. If your Jack is there, I'll bring him to you late tonight."

I felt myself nod.

"Rest, Beauty." Marshal stood and I laid back on my bed slowly. He paused with his hand on the door. "If you call Shane 'First' then what do you call me?"

I smile spread across my face. I was wondering when that would come. "Marshal." I answered simply and then grinned. "I never did come up with something bad enough for you."

Marshal grinned, laughing softly as he stepped out the door and closed it behind him.

\*

Jack flinched as Shane kicked at him. Chains clinked as Jack shifted, pulling back into his corner. There were others in the room. Men and women both. All of them shrank back from Shane. Jack settled back down, shielding his manhood from sight or touch with his own body. Shane grabbed his collar and dragged him out, forcing him to walk. Shane pulled sharply when he wasn't moving fast enough. They stepped out into the rain, crossing a small open space to a different building. Two more men were waiting. They grabbed him and lifted him up onto a table. The chains came off, leaving raw sores behind them.

"The horse suit" Shane said simply, leaving. "And make sure he does what he's supposed to tonight."

The men nodded, shaving him carefully. He didn't move, just let his head hang, eyes closed.

His once smooth back bore heavy scars from use of the whip. He had fought and fought hard. No more. Well. . . not without reason at least. A harness was strapped on him, giving him a tail and a horse head. Humiliating? Not nearly as much as what was coming. They lifted him off of the table and one of them grabbed his collar, snapping a leash to it. They led him out into another room. Sharp hooves were secured over his hands and he resisted as they grabbed his head and forced his mouth open, fitting an odd contraption in and strapping it behind his head. He opened and closed his mouth once experimentally and the extended jaws opened and closed with him. They fit in just perfectly with the length of the horse head. He jerked when one of the men reached under him to



apply a cold cream to his length. The man persisted, rubbing it all over his hips and rear. This was new. Jack hated new. New was never good. Oh what he wouldn't give to have just one chance to be unchained and alone with anyone of these men – but especially Shane. One day. When the man finished with the cream they opened yet another door. The last one. A wave of noise washed over him. Men laughing, jeering, taunting, betting, hooting and laughing some more. Then the leash was jerked and he walked forward obediently, the sharp metal hooves clicking on the hard cement floor. They walked around behind the crowds of men and few of them even glanced back at them. They were far more interested in what was going on in the ring. Jack couldn't see the ring, and he really didn't care what it was that was happening. As they walked around to the entrance the men around them started chatting. The show had just ended. They were waiting while the next was prepared for. There was a break in the benches and crowds of men. And now he could see the ring. Three miniature mares were jockeying for the position at the wall closest to the stallion that hadn't been put in with them yet. Jack sighed inwardly. A heard of mares in heat and two stallions. The man that had applied the cream knelt down and once again Jack jerked when he touched his cock. The man stroked it until it hardened.

The gate was opened, the leash un-clipped as he entered and the miniature stallion was taken where the mares could no longer see him. Much as Jack might love too, now was not the right time for rebellion. The floor in here was soft, sawdust, dirt and a million things he didn't want to think about. He moved forward and the mares came over to check him out. He let them sniff him for a moment and then got down to business. He chose the pushiest of the three mares, a fancy looking little buckskin. He moved behind her, surprised that the stallion hadn't been put in yet. Normally he had to fight the stallion to get the mares. He raised up on his knees, wrapping his arms around her flanks and hauling himself forward to bring his length to her entrance. She helpfully lifted her tail out of the way and he slipped inside of her, picking up a hard rythem. He fought the waves of pleasure that washed through his body, but it was impossible to keep grunts and groans from escaping his lips. He pumped her harder, trying to pull himself into a position to get deeper. He froze, releasing his load inside the mare and then slipped out, his length glistening and hanging, but already stiffening despite his unwilling mind when he saw the next mare.

He walked up behind her and she sidled away from him. He went back after her, working her into a corner and then getting insistent as he tried to mount. She turned and got away again. The men watching were laughing and making jokes. He worked hard not to listen to them, but went after the mare again. He got halfway mounted this time and she kicked, catching him hard in the stomach and he stumbled back. He ran after her again, taking a different approach this time. He went into fighting mode. He snapped at her side, driving her, chasing her, biting at her sides as he ran her around the edge of the ring. She tried to kick at him and he dodged the blows, driving her harder until he thought maybe she'd had enough and then once again he tried to mount, clamping his teeth firmly at the bottom of her neck and pounding himself into her. He was facing away from the door in, his only concern the feisty mare under him. The sudden weight on his back made him lurch forward, trying to get away. His body was pressed firmly against the mares by the stallions weight. Hoots and laughter from the stands made his face flush in anger and humiliation, but he had no maneuvering room. The stallion moved forward, his long rod probing around Jack's thighs. The horse pulled himself higher onto him and found his mark. Jack jerked forward but it was no use. The painfully long and thick cock pounded into him forcing itself deeper. And now the stallion was driving both of them, his motions pumping the mare with Jack's cock. The stallion pounded in till Jack was full of him and nearly swooning from the effects of the stallion on him and the mare beneath him. The Cock inside him was throbbing it seemed in perfect rythem with his own. Jack gasped as the stallion released, triggering his own release. The stallions seed poured into him, more and more, long past when his own was expended and then with a squelching sound the stallion withdrew and Jack slipped off the mare. He was a little weak on his feet. He stumbled slightly before he was able to move easily as he headed for the door. That had to be all. But the door wasn't open for him. Then he felt the stallion behind him. No. He turned his rear into the wall, striking out toward the stallion with

a front hoof. The stallion snapped at his hip and Jack turned fully, teeth wide, hooves striking to fight him, but the stallion only danced away and moved around behind him. Twice more the same thing happened before Jack finally annoyed the stallion too much. The stallion lunged in and bit him none to friendly on his thigh. Jack jumped, trying to get away from the teeth as the stallion made to strike again. But the instant Jack was no longer carefully protecting his rear the stallion's tactics changed. He mounted, grabbing hold around his hips letting his weight drag Jack to a stop before he pulled himself higher, his teeth grabbing hold of the harness at the back of his head as he drove himself inside again.

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## Chapter 19 - 1st

Jack fought to keep from arching back into the stallion. But it felt so good. He hated his body. It betrayed him every time he turned around. It was betraying him again. His droopy length was stiffening. He dropped his head, neck muscles straining as he fought to control himself.

The noises above and around him, outside the ring, had changed. Had it been sudden or had this change come gradually? He couldn't remember.

He forced his gaze up, trying to understand what had changed. At that moment a German Shepherd jumped down into the ring, barking. It lunged straight for the stallion who slipped off Jack. Jack's eyes followed the dog, wondering if this was some new twist, but the dog only cornered the stallion. It paid him no mind.

Slowly he raised his eyes back to the benches normally filled to bursting with men laughing and stroking themselves as they watched the action below. All the men were running for the exit, running away from a different group of men who had come in through the handler entrance along with half a dozen dogs. They weren't policemen. No uniforms. Who then? Or did it really matter. Then he picked up a bit of what they were saying as three of them made their way down to the ring. "Let the men go, it's Shane and the handlers we want." The one in the lead hollered up to the other men. "And get a few handlers out to deal with the showers." A few of the men disappeared back the way they'd come.

The door into the ring opened and the three men entered. Why did it always have to be more than one man? And why always when he was weak?

"You, get the horse." The leader motioned and one of the men hurried forward to obey. "King." The dog left the horse and moved to his master's side. Jack eyed it, instantly defensive.

"The dog won't hurt you." The man stepped forward. "Help me get this absurd harness off." He added to his companion. It took them a few minutes to figure out how everything disconnected, but first the fake hooves and then the mouthpiece followed by the fake head and tail were removed. To Jack's surprise the man then removed his collar. "Jack?" He asked curiously. It sounded like he might have asked it a dozen times already.

"Yes." His voice was scratchy from lack of use.

"I'm William Marshal."

Jack just stared at him for a long moment. "What are you doing here?"

Marshal smiled. "Cleaning up a hornet's nest on my property if you look at the big picture. But I'm also here to get you."

A growl escaped Jack's lips. "You should have left the collar on."

"Not as a prize." Marshal glanced around the room once. "This is not how I show my girls." He said with distaste. "Or boys." He added. "We're here to deal with Shane. As for you and the rest of the showers, we'll take you back to the manor, give you some clothes and enough money to get started again, and you're free to go on your way. In your case though, I know Beauty would like to see you."

"Beauty?"

"Jocelyn."

"I'll go with you, but I want to see what you do with Shane."

"We'll go see Beauty first. Then we'll deal with Shane." Marshal straightened slowly. "Can you stand?"

Jack didn't answer, but stood slowly. His legs were a bit shaky, but he'd get used to using only two again. Marshal led the way out. The other showers were being unchained and put in a van by several other men. Marshal led the way to another van, putting King in the back and handing Jack a blanket. "It's not much, but we'll be stopping by the kennels before we get to the house. If you want to cover yourself."

Jack took it gratefully.

The drive back to Marshals main estate wasn't long. The part of the grounds that Shane had been using had been abandoned years ago, but they weren't far from what was in use. Marshal brought the van to a stop outside the exhibit building and led the way in.

Jack paused in the doorway only for a moment, noting the child that lay beside her, and then moved to her side.

"What happened to you?"

"Shane, J, what else?" She reached up to touch his cheek and he flinched away. She dropped the hand. Her gaze swept down his frame and her eyes seemed to darken when she saw the blanket he had wrapped around his hips. "I wanted you to meet your son." She said softly, offering him the child.

"My son?" He took the child carefully, eyes wide with amazement.

"James Marshal Richards." She answered quietly. She glanced up at Marshal who was standing in the door. "You aren't staying?"

He looked back up at her. "I want to see what they do to Shane. Do you want to come?"

She shook her head. "No, J." She looked at him for a long moment. "I'm glad you're ok."

Jack just nodded, handing the baby carefully back to her. "I should go. Don't want to miss anything." He stood up and left.

Marshal shut the door slowly. "I thought you loved her."

Jack glanced back at him. "Did Josi tell you that?"

Marshal shook his head.

"This is the initiation building." Marshal said as he brought the van to a stop some twenty minutes later. They'd stopped at the house to get Jack some clothes. Jack stepped out of the van, watching as two men led Shane inside. He followed slowly behind Marshal and King who was once again walking at Marshal's side. "Well, well, well, what have we here." Marshal surveyed Shane coldly and then stepped up to him, putting the collar he'd taken off of Jack around Shane's neck and attaching a leash to it. He nodded to the two men and they started to pull his shirt off. Shane jerked away from them, crossing his arms firmly across his chest. Marshal brought the end of the leash up to whip him hard across the face instantly. "You know how this works Shane, arms at your sides." Marshal demanded.

Shane glared back.

"Would you like me to show you what kind of a mood I'm in Dog?" Marshal demanded. "I'm already using the leash, would you prefer I went back to the methods I used this morning?"

Shane dropped his arms slowly. The two handlers pulled off his shirt, dropping it to the floor and then undid his jeans and pushed them down, followed by his boxers.

"You are why I don't like to have handlers who haven't been on the other side. They're needlessly brutal and careless. Down on your hands and knees." He commanded the last bit, jerking Shane off his feet when he didn't obey instantly. Marshal crouched down in front of Shane, speaking softly. "Every one of your prisoners is going to get their freedom, but you Shane Marshal. . . you are going to spend the rest of your days in the kennels."

"You can't do that to me." Shane growled.

"Can't I? After all the times I've looked the other way to your over abusiveness. After what you did

behind my back. Yes, I can. Shane Marshal died tonight. From now on, you're just Rover."

Jack was watching in shock. "Your . . ." He interrupted.

"There is no blood relation." Marshal said quickly. "I was brought here 20 years ago and sold to the late Sir Edward Ryan Marshal as a shower, just as Beauty was sold to me. I served my master well and he named me as his heir. I took on his name and title as an adopted son. This. . . thing." He nudged Shane with his shoe. "Is the Grandson of Edward Marshal. The Marshal name and estate has not passed traditionally from father to son, but rather from master to prized shower for generations." Marshal turned his attention back on Shane. "King."

The dog moved forward instantly, sniffing at Shane who lunged forward, trying to get up and being harshly jerked back down by Marshal. King licked at Shane's hole. Shane started pleading, begging. Marshal ignored him.

Jack felt himself growing uncomfortable in his pants as he watched the dog lick at his hole. There was a strange sort of satisfaction in it. In watching the man take what he'd given. In watching him plead and be ignored as he'd done to so many. The dog rose onto Shane's back, rod poking around, searching and suddenly his enjoyment in it ceased. Had it been like that for Josi? He cringed and went back outside. Marshal followed after a moment.

"Do you want to go see Bea - Jocelyn? I'm sure she'd be willing to help you with that." Marshal grinned, indicating the tent in Jack's jeans.

"I don't need a whore." Jack snapped without thinking. Marshal's face hardened instantly.

"Then I think it's time for you to leave."

"Well, that's what you've turned her into isn't it? Was it like that for her too? Did she beg?"

"I'll tell her you said goodbye." Marshal said coldly, getting into the van and taking off down the road.

Jack stood there, the soft rain falling all around him.

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## **Chapter 20 - What was Lost**

I had been overjoyed to see Jack again. Somehow I'd thought he would understand me, hoped he would be able to love me and forgive me like Sebastian. The first clue that I was wrong came when I saw the blanket wrapped around him. Poor, shy, Jack. It was so like him to want to cover himself. . . and yet it made me feel all the more exposed. When he left I curled up in shame and humiliation that I hadn't felt here for a very long time. I had thought though that he would at least come back to say goodbye himself. But it was just like before. Someone else told me he was gone. Gone, vanished, like a wisp of smoke. And I'd let myself care about him again.

I didn't let Marshal leave me off work for the three months he'd planned for my recovery. I needed a distraction. I needed to work, and I needed Sebastian, so I wouldn't go insane. I knew Marshal saw through me. I didn't understand how he knew how I felt. How he knew how deeply I'd been hurt, but he seemed to all the same.

I pressed myself back into Sebastian's thrusts with the same urgency I always felt these days, hearing his soft wuffing in my ears. My breathing was erratic, urgent. Sebastian's giant paws pressed against my stomach. He didn't care if my mind sometimes wandered back to Jack when he was on my back. He didn't care if I longed for Jack's Kisses when he licked me, or remembered the way Jack's body had pressed against mine when I took his weight on my back. Sebastian didn't care if I cried freely while he loved me. I was his girl and he knew it. He didn't mind how I snuggled closer to him to sleep, how I clung to him and sobbed after waking up from dreams of Jack in the middle of the night. Sebastian always forgave me, always licked my face clean of salt and lulled me back to sleep with that odd wuffling purr. I arched my back, trying to get just a little bit more of him in me when he thrust one last time and I hit my high as he pumped my cavern full before slipping out, the spines on his cock making me shiver at the painful exit.

I heard the door open, but just curled up next to Sebastian. My eyes closed. None of the handlers came near Sebastian. Probably they were just filling the food or water bowls.

"Josi?"

My eyes flashed open and there he was. I felt the blood rush to my face as I leapt to my feet, a deep growl escaping me as I backed away from him, tears that I refused to let fall fogging my vision. Shame made my face burn and I tried to cover myself. There he stood, erect, clothed, looking at me and Sebastian didn't even seem to mind. Usually Sebastian got very protective.

Jack seemed to have lost his nerve after my reaction. He stood there like an idiot, watching me, staring at me. Finally he spoke.

"Marshal offered me a job. But I don't want to take it unless you want me too."

I said nothing.

"It's the job of head handler." He said, trying to smile.

What did I care if he took the job? Marshal was the one who handled me. I wouldn't have to work with him.

"It would mean I'd get to see the baby more often. . . and you." He seemed to be losing his nerve now. He was looking at a tree a few feet to my left rather than at me.

Jack bit his lip, closing his eyes as once again, his only answer was silence. He seemed to be holding his breath for a long moment before he let it out and blurted. "This was a mistake."

I shivered in place. He turned his back on me slowly.

"Goodbye J."

He looked back at me and I thought I saw something inside him crumble at my note of finality.

"Goodbye, Josi." His voice broke. Slowly he walked back to the door and I just sat there, noticing for the first time that Marshal was standing by the door. He had his arms crossed, a displeased expression on his face. Displeased with me? No, he was looking only at Jack. I looked away from them, moving back over to curl up beside Sebastian. Peeking over his back as Jack reached the door. I expected to see Marshal open the door and let Jack leave, but he didn't.

"What do you think you're doing?" Marshal demanded.

"Going home. I shouldn't have come back. Thanks for the job offer, but I can't."

Marshal grabbed his shoulders and spun him around. I ducked my head down, trying to hide behind Sebastian so they wouldn't know that I was listening.

"How do you think she feels right now?"

Jack didn't answer immediately. "I don't know how she feels."

"No, I don't suppose you do." Marshal growled.

"What do you want from me?" Jack snapped. "You told me she wanted to see me. You were wrong. She doesn't want to see me. She never wanted to see me. It's the story of my life." Jack was trying to talk softly, trying not to let his voice carry to me, I could tell.

"Look out there, boy. . . what do you see? A house? Floors swept, couches against the wall? No. You see trees and grass. You saw a tiger treating that girl better than you are. She doesn't want to go back to the world you and I live in. This is her home. You're the one piece of her old life that followed her here, the one piece she wants, and you shame her."

"How have I?"

Marshal sighed, exasperated. "Take your clothes off boy and crawl out there."

"You wear clothes."

"I am her master, not her equal. You walked in there and made her feel ashamed of what she is, ashamed that she was uncovered in front of you. I believe she expected you to understand."

"I'm a man, not an animal."

I didn't want to hear anymore. I was an animal then was I? I got up, thinking of getting Sebastian to mount me again. . . but I didn't have the heart for it. I just moved farther into the exhibit, away from the door until I could neither see the door or hear their voices. I appreciated what Marshal was trying to do, but the simple fact was, Jack didn't want me. He wanted a girl that was long gone. I wasn't that girl anymore, and I didn't really want to go back to being that girl. To getting up, going

to work, coming home. No time for a boyfriend. . . no time for a life.

Marshal was right. I didn't want to leave here. I wanted to stay with Sebastian. . . to continue my simple life. Clothes would feel strange. Walking upright. . . unthinkable.

I glanced up at the sound of footsteps. They sounded like Sebastian's, but there were too many. Jack was with him, looking nervous and uncomfortable next to the big cat and continually half crouched as though trying to hide his manhood from view.

"You shouldn't have let Marshal bully you into coming."

"He didn't."

I greeted Sebastian, rubbing my frame along his.

"Oh, it was your idea to come out here like this was it?" I snapped.

"No. . . Marshal thinks I left. But I only made it as far as the car and came back. The lock was easy to pick."

I ducked my head under Sebastian's chin to survey him. "Come back to play with the animals?" Sebastian turned his head to start licking my shoulder. He'd work his way back slowly and then get playful until I presented and accepted his advances.

"No, I. . . I offered to buy you from Marshal. He refused to sell. Is this really the life you want?"

"Yes, it is, Jack. I wasn't happy before. The adjustment wasn't easy for me, but I like what I do here now. And I have Sebastian. . ." His rough tongue was running over my hip and down my backside with each long stroke. Since Jack was here, he was going to have to just tolerate my lover. Or leave. Jack's eyes had moved to the cat and I saw a flicker of fear, almost hatred. I realized he didn't see the animals like I did.

"Marshal trains his animals well, Jack, and he's careful. He works hard to make sure the animals don't hurt us. We're much more valuable to him."

Jack shifted his gaze back to me. "So, this time it's a cat who gets you. . ."

"He doesn't judge me because I spend time with other animals. And he didn't judge me when 1st sold me and I came back defiled by men." I spread my legs just slightly as Sebastian's tongue reached my warmth. I was already wet and his rough tongue picked up every bit of it in only a couple swipes and then began to delve inside me for more. I pushed back into him.

"Can't we talk alone?" Jack asked and I watched him shift uncomfortably. Watching us seemed to be arousing him, but I forced myself not to glance under him to check.

"If it bothers you you're free to leave." I said, my voice heavy with pleasure. I spread my legs wider, planting myself firmly, feeling Sebastian's great, soft, warm. . . and immensely heavy frame pull on top of mine, his paws tightening around me as he pulled himself higher, his length probing for a moment before he found my entrance and began thrusting, making both our bodies rock forward and back. I was breathing hard as Sebastian grunted and picked up speed. Jack seemed torn. He wanted to leave. . . but he stayed. I watched him, trying to understand what was going on in his head. Then he seemed to lunge forward and his lips were on mine, fingers knotting in my hair. I groaned into his lips as Sebastian shifted, working to get himself farther inside of me. This was what I wanted. Both of my boys. Jack's kiss was hungry, lustful, almost wild and I wished that I could raise my hands and pull him closer.

It seemed forever, that perfect moment, but it was too soon when Jack took his lips away, holding my face, his chest heaving and I could see his beautiful erection. He wanted me. "I want to be part of your life, Jo, with Sebastian and whatever else. . . just. . . let me be the only father to your children."

I leaned forward and he met me half way, lips crushing mine with his urgent need. Sebastian huffed on my back as my lips left Jack's, trailing down his jaw and neck, he leaned forward as I trailed farther down, onto his chest. But it was only when I continued to head south with my lips over his belly that he seemed to catch on with what I wanted and he knelt up obediently. I kissed and licked up his length from its base and then took his tip ever so gently in my lips, sucking on him, my tongue running over it, memorizing it. I slipped him into my mouth, teasing every little bit that I took in. He was partway down my throat before I started gagging and then I had to be careful not to bite

down on accident as my throat constricted, trying to force him out and making him shiver at the feeling. Sebastian's thrusts pushed me farther onto him and slowly the gagging reflex stopped as I relaxed, swallowing, trying to take him deeper until my nose touched his belly and his balls bumped against my chin. Jack took my head gently and started moving in and out in concert with Sebastian's thrusts. I closed my eyes, groaning through his cock as both of them pounded me, both of them grunted and shivered. Jack spoke my name and Sebastian made that deep wuffing sound.

I felt Sebastian thrust in just a bit deeper and my whole body shivered in pleasure as he took me with him when he released. I felt Jack's hands shaking and he thrust in just a few more times and then stiffened, his sticky fluids shooting down my throat as Sebastian's filled my womb. Both of them lingered inside me as the flow softened to a trickle. My arms were shaking from the intensity. Both of them seemed to decide at the same time; Jack pulled out and I flicked my tongue over his tip, tasting his sweetness one more time. Sebastian did the same, his tongue cleaning up my thighs and any of his own juices that leaked out of my opening. I shivered, closing my eyes and laying down on my side. I felt Jack's soft lips on my jaw as his body pressed warmly against my own and I pulled him into my arms as Sebastian laid down at my back, his soft coat brushing comfortably against my flesh.

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## **Chapter 21 - Welcome To My Life (One Year Later)**

Most people live normal lives, wear clothes, go out to restaurants or movies for entertainment and raise their children to be business men and hopefully get a good job that pays well. But I doubt they're as happy as I am.

". . . and their tentacles probably feel something like this. . ." I squealed, splashing water all over Jack as he tickled me.

"Hey. It's you that's supposed to be getting a bath, not me." He complained.

"Marshal did not ship in an octopus!"

Jack laughed. "Of course not. A male octopus dies after it mates. But we do have something new for you."

"What?" I looked up at him curiously as he went back to washing me.

"I promised Will I wouldn't tell."

"Oh yes you will."

He grabbed my hands as they moved toward his waist line. "Not till after the shows. You have two tonight. Can't have you worn out before they even start."

"What is it, Jack?" My voice turned pleading.

"It's an experiment. A private showing just for Will and a couple other big players. They chose you because you're one of the best in the business."

"Well, it can't be anything dangerous. You'd never agree to it."

Jack chuckled, lifting me out of the tub and toweling me dry quickly before pulling my growing hair back into a ponytail. Marshal generally kept his girls' hair short enough to be easily managed, but Jack liked my hair long, so he always put it up before a show. Usually it was just a ponytail, sometimes he did something more elaborate. I brushed my cheek lightly against his pant leg and he reached down to stroke my cheek. Jack did wear clothes whenever he was on the job. But when he came home for the night. He left them at the door like someone else might leave a coat.

"Come on, Will wants to fill you in."

I fell into perfect step at his side as he led the way, the thin chain and small dog tags that had replaced my thick collar clinking slightly. "So then, other than this mystery animal, what else am I being shown with tonight?"

"The Kangaroo's."



"Don't you get too hard watching me." I looked up and saw his lip twitch, but he made no comment. I smiled. He led me to a private show room I had been to only once before. Marshal, or William or Will as Jack called him was waiting for us with a couple of other men that I had seen on occasion. Marshal liked to show me off, especially for the other big players in this business. I was his pride and joy. I rather liked being shown off too.

"You've all seen my Beauty, Josi before." Marshal came over to pat my head and crouch down in front of me. "We want to try something different. A couple something's actually, if you're up to it." Jack raised an eyebrow. Apparently this was news to him too. Marshal continued. "The second one was a suggestion from Mark." He motioned over his shoulder at one of the other men. "First though, we have a Sea Lion for you. They're known too be rough with females of they're own kind, so be careful and we'll be ready to pull you out in an instant. The second is an Alligator, trained to respond only to the scent of a woman. But they've never actually put a woman in with him. Mark doesn't think it'd be any more dangerous than going in with a tiger, and we have bound his jaws so he can't bite you, but it's never been tried . . ."

He was leaving it up to me. I smiled.

He took that as a yes. "Alright, then, here's what you do. . ."

I opted to take the gator first. Jack seemed nervous. To be honest, the gator. . . Ben, looked rather cute. He was an albino and watched me avidly as I entered on all fours and slipped right into the water. I felt him enter the water a moment later. I had a little breathing tank on my back since gators usually mated underwater. The water was clear so the men could watch. I evaded the ghostly alligator for several minutes and then let him catch me. I'd been with dolphins before several times, but it was nothing like this. We writhed and twisted, spinning in the water. It was exhilarating, and also highly arousing as the males body rubbed my own. I found myself clutching at him, rubbing hard, wanting more, much more. And I had been expecting to simply be pushed under and mounted. He stopped moving and I sensed that he had simply been playing with me. It was a nice kind of play. He floated up to the surface and I let go, slipping away. Instantly he was after me, He pulled himself onto my back, pushing me under the water. It didn't last long. His legs locked around me and he moved around a bit till he found my entrance. Short and sweet and then he slipped off, but hung near. I moved toward the bank and the instant I moved he grabbed me again, pushing me under and mounting again. This happened five times before I crawled out of the water, a little tired, but I smiled at Jack, walking to the door and he let me out.

"It was fun when he played with me to start with. After that it just got a little boring." I said when I realized Marshal was waiting for my report. He and the other men started talking.

"Do you want a little break before you try the sea lion?" Jack asked me, removing the breathing tank.

"Not unless I can have it with you."

"It would hardly serve as a 'break' if you have a cock in you, Jo. Be patient." But he ruined his stern tone by grinning at me.

"How was it to watch?"

He looked down at me. "You look hotter with Sebastian."

"Do you think the Gator will get added to the shows?"

Jack shrugged. "I doubt it. They don't look overly impressed."

I rubbed against Jack's legs.

"You could try and look professional."

"You do that enough for both of us." His lip twitched up into a smile but he didn't reply and I fell still at his side as the men turned their attention back on us. Marshal spoke.

"Are you ready to try out the seal?"

"She is." Jack answered for me.

I entered the sea lions little exhibit through an underwater door, swimming up to the beach and coming out of the water. I ignored the sea lion, just moving up onto the beach. There were four

females in here with him already. I moved up among them. I tried to play with this male, avoid him, and that was a game he seemed to know all too well. I grunted under his weight when he forced me to hold still simply by sheer mass. His large body pulled on top of me. His body ground me into the sand with the sharp thrusts that roiled through his whole body and mine. There was no room for me to move, only to enjoy the ride. His length was short and I really wished it was longer so I could have felt those rolling waves in me as well as over me as they rippled through his body with his thrusts. That ride was over too soon and I was returning to Marshal and the others feeling hot but unfulfilled. I groaned softly. I wanted to jump Jack so bad. Marshal seemed to see it in my face. He beat Jack to me. Usually he left my care all to Jack these days. He patted my back lightly.

"Good girl. Jack, would you take her and put her away. I think she's had enough of this for one night. I'll use one of the other girls for the show tonight."

I shivered happily at that. Just Jack and Sebastian.

Jack nodded, trying to assess my expression. You would think by now that he could tell when I was going to jump him the instant we were away from an audience, but apparently he hasn't pegged what this look means yet. He patted his leg in the typical motion to heal and I obeyed, walking at his side. We walked out. My eyes scanned around. Jack did not like an audience, and neither did I really. I was sure I looked hotter with both my boys together than I ever did in any show, even with Sebastian. He gave me a long sidelong look.

"Wait till we're home, Jo, really, it's not that far."

I grunted.

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## **Chapter 22 - Private Time**

Home. My exhibit and Sebastian's had been seriously remodeled the month that Jack and I were on our honeymoon. There was only a single door (that no longer had a peep through window) and the indoor parts of the exhibits had been enlarged. There were four rooms, the main room with a kitchen in the corner, the bathroom, little James' room and me and Jack's room which could be closed or opened to the whole exhibit. The whole house was carpeted in soft, deep carpet and, besides the bed, there was absolutely no furniture. We sat on the floor. We hid nothing from James. Mom and Dad, often with Sebastian, played right in front of him. He would grow up very used to the world his mom was a part of.

I walked in still beside Jack. Sebastian was lounging on the floor, flicking his tail and James was giggling, trying to catch it. He raised his head to watch us as we entered. I was surprised when he didn't get right up and come over to claim me. I glanced up at Jack and sensed perhaps a little of what Sebastian had felt. I was all his, at least to start with, tonight. He was discarding his shirt and kicking off his shoes. I grinned at him and danced away nimbly. His socks and pants joined the shirt. He didn't wear boxers any more. Then he was on his knees and coming after me. A playful shriek made it through my lips followed immediately by a giggle as he made a snatch for me and missed. He made another snatch and caught my ankle, dragging me back and catching me around the waist and pulling himself onto my back, his lips leaving trails of fire on my neck. I shivered, bucking playfully under him as he prodded, searching. His hands moved to my breasts and I arched my back, baring my neck to him. He found my rear hole and entered, steady, gentle, but fast. This was normal, but it always made me gasp and throw my head back. It felt so erotic. Jack on me like a dog. Owning me like a male with his bitch. Jack rarely took my prize, but instead took my rear or my mouth so as not to get me pregnant since he didn't much like wearing protection. He said it felt different and he never wanted to feel anything but the inside of me again. He stroked me harder, making me scoot forward. I arched and pushed back against him, breathing hard as the release I was craving finally came. He gasped as my contracting muscles triggered his own release. His arms tightened, jerking me harder onto him, sheathing his full length in me. I could feel his rapid breaths, feel the beat of his

heart, every twitch or spasm of the oozing length inside of me.

Jack withdrew slowly, but kept one arm firmly around my waist, pulling me to our room. I was surprised, but not unwilling. The bed was in the corner, low and round, looking like a giant fluffy dog bed really. He moved over to it, kneeling down and pulling me onto his lap. I straddled him, grinding my hips against him hungrily. I never seemed to tire of either of my boys. Jack's hands rubbed my back, holding me tightly to him as he kissed me. His hands, his lips, those were the things I couldn't get from any other lover. They made me gasp in pleasure and long for more. I kissed down his neck onto his chest.

My lips moved towards his length and I made a sound of annoyance as Jack pulled it away from me. He chuckled, pulling me up over him as he laid back. I heard the soft creak of the door as Sebastian shouldered into the room.

"You need protection." I murmured, lips brushing over Jack's chest, feeling his hot length already stiffening against my thigh.

"Not tonight. I've been watching Sebastian. You're in heat."

"You had better put some protection on." I pulled back and his arms tightened around me and he rolled me under him, hungry eyes gazing down into mine.

"I have permission."

"No you don't" I squirmed.

His chest pressed down against mine, my legs spreading without thought to admit him when he asked them too and I felt his hunger against my heat. I kept squirming playfully until his lips spread and he threatened with teeth around my neck. They rested there for a moment until I felt him turn it into a sucking tongueing kiss and slowly withdraw to speak. "You're my wife, Josi, I don't need Will's permission to give you a child."

I writhed as he rubbed his cock over my aching warmth.

"Stop teasing."

He chuckled and rubbed harder.

"Jack. . . It'd pull me out of showing for a year."

"Mhmm." He kissed my neck, driving me insane with the warmth of his cock so close but not fulfilling. I writhed for a different reason now, wanting him in me.

"Jack!" I pleaded. He chuckled and slid into me, making me moan. He rolled us over and I felt Sebastian's long tongue brush up my thigh and over my backside. I felt a quiver run the length of me as I wiggled down on Jack, getting him in deeper. Sebastian started tonguing and Jack gave him the signal to mount. I held my breath and then the big cat was on my back, sandwiching me firmly against Jack's chest. Jack was dragging the pony tail holder out of my hair and his fingers knotted in it instead as Sebastian probed and found my tight little rear hole. I squealed softly into Jack's lips as he entered, the big cat setting the pace. I quivered and couldn't keep my mouth shut over the pleased squeals and groans as both of them moved inside of me. I could feel Sebastian's deep wuffling through his chest, hear it in my ear. Jack was moaning around my lips.

I am Jocelyn Richards, the happiest woman on earth.